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DUBLIN

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCXXXI.

JULY, 1860.

VOL. LVI.

THE FRENCH TREATY OF COMMERCE.

THE immediate effects of the Treaty of Commerce recently concluded with France are to deprive the British Treasury of almost all duties which, having for many centuries been levied on imports, are called "Customs," and greatly to reduce the few remaining. In fact, the United Kingdom has nearly ceased to look to her custom-houses as a source of revenue. Whether the increase of commerce counted upon will, in other ways and after some years, reimburse her Exchequer, remains to be proved. The dogma of free-trade, viz., "buy in the cheapest market," is mere A B C in the horn-book of political economy, as easily learned as the first problem in Euclid. There is, however, neither serial sequence nor mathematical certainty that Foreign States will accommodate their systems of taxation to suit our liberal tariff. Customs are now leviable on five articles only, viz., wine, spirits, paper hangings, pasteboard, and plate. The three latter being insignificant, we have but to consider the two former. The duty last year on these two articles amounted to £2,748,024. It was calculated that

the receipt this year, diminished by the reductions of the treaty, would be about £1,500,000; but since this calculation, the excise levied on French brandy in its own country has been doubled! Should the clever ministers of French finance contrive, by less direct imposts on viniculture, to heighten the price of French wine, we may conceive that its consumption, never great among the British people, will not redound to the credit of this treaty, unless, indeed, the Earl of Elgin be recalled from Peking and sent to Paris to remonstrate with the mandarins of the latter metropolis against raising existing taxes on this rival drink to tea. Let us suppose, however, that French landed proprietors, bent on "a roaring trade" in the bacchanalian beverage, will have sufficient power to protect their interests in this matter, and let us proceed to indulge in rosy, but just ideas of some of the probable results of the late holocaust offering on the altar of Commerce, confining our view to the principal branches of industry among our allies.

Metalliferous products were de-

La France et l'Angleterre devant le Traité de Commerce, par M. Goldenberg; containing "Le rapport des Ministres à l'Empereur." Paris. 1860.

Statistique de l'Industrie de la France, par M. A. Moreau de Jonnés, Membre de l'Institut. Paris. 1856.

Reports on the Paris Universal Exhibition. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of Her Majesty. Three parts. 1856.

Budget de l'Exercice. 1861. (The French Budget.) Paris. 1860.

Le Régime Douanier in 1860. Paris. 1860.

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servedly accorded the first rank in *Exposition Universelle* held in Paris in 1855. It is scarcely possible to over-estimate the value of coal and iron in calculating the causes of the wealth and prosperity of any civilized country. The English people owe daily gratitude to Providence for the abundance of the mineral combustible which tempers the inclemency of their climate, and enables their many millions to enjoy more comforts than have fallen to the lot of any other nation. The statistics of coal in France are so unsatisfactory, it is impossible to compare her wealth in this particular with ours. A statement of the general situation of coal industry in France, in 1859, furnished on the authority of the "Colliery Committee," a body composed of proprietors and workers of mines, state the consumption in that year as 119 millions of quintals (100 lbs.), of which 65 were native, and 54 imported. Of these latter, 31 were received from Belgium, 13 from England, and 10 from Germany, the first supplying the requirements of the capital and the north, and the second exclusively supplying the littoral demand, being used for navigation purposes and on the railways abutting on seaports. Now, can faith be reposed in these figures? May it not be suspected that they exaggerate the quantity of home supply? Take one test alone: the number of miners is estimated at 55,000; and though this number may also be an exaggeration, it seems insufficient for the production of so huge an amount as 65 million quintals. Our suspicions are warranted by different estimates in the *Statistique*, numbering the miners at 23,402, and the total of quintals consumed at 77 millions. Perhaps the accountant employed by the committee was a native of Gascony, or of a southern climate, which is not the classic land of statistics. Since 1835, till the last imperial decree of 1853, the duties on foreign coal have been reduced five times. The committee asked that they be made uniform at 36 centimes per quintal, and sought to strengthen the demand by all the arguments

known to protectionists. However, uninterested authorities were of opinion that the existing prices and profits were too high; and, contrasting the contentment felt by English miners with a profit of 5 and 10 centimes the quintal, with the outcry of the French, though their profit is from 30 to 40 centimes, recommended the latter to lower their prices, and extract more coal, as the best means of sustaining their profits. The exigencies of war are pleaded as a reason for fostering the development of the native collieries, whose owners insist that, since coal is become an indispensable element in the art of war, as well for the wants of industry, apprehension should be entertained lest, in case of France becoming too dependent on England for this article, she will virtually become her vassal.*

Metallurgic science may be said to be in a state of childhood in France. Even to this day, one may see the *maitres de forges* carrying on, in the depths of the forests, operations as superannuated as those of the goblin Drwingar, or wood-men (workers in iron) of Scandinavia. The war of 1792, in compelling the French nation to call Vulcan to the aid of Mars, seems to have given a strong stimulus to her industry in iron.

"It is only," says De Jonnés, writing of his own country, "eighty years since iron first began to be rendered soft, malleable, and docile to the human will. In 1788, among twelve hundred students at Rennes college, few had the luxury of a knife with an ivory or bone handle, closing with a spring, and reputed of English make. We poor scholars had, like other Bretons, the shapeless knife called an *Eustache*, the coarse, unskilful work of Armorican savages, with a blade made by smiths, and the handle by makers of wooden shoes, worthy descendants of those who furnished the Gauls with swords, the blades of which cheated their courage by bending when they struck the enemy."

Any one who may have compared Scandinavian with Celtic weapons in the museum of the Royal Irish Academy, will have understood why the Danes became masters of Ireland.

The high price of fuel in France, and consequently of iron, compelled

* "L'Industrie Houillière en France, sa situation en 1859." *Revue Contemporaine*, 15 Jan., 1860.

attention to economic uses of both articles; even at this hour, the spades and shovels are too small for working with; and as to the millions of ploughs and agricultural implements, there is much to learn in a country where they are the work of the village blacksmith. The advantage of the proprietors of forests was so consulted, that legislation kept up the price of charcoal, and treated the manufacture of iron as a matter of secondary importance. To raise the price of iron was to raise the price of wood; so one of the first acts of the Restoration was to augment the duty on the manufactured article, then only 35s. per ton; and in 1822 it was again raised, so as to bring it to £11 a ton for heavy bars made with coal. Notwithstanding this protection, the manufacture was not so profitable as before; and, while the ore formed only 11 per cent. of the cost of the iron, the fuel, exclusive of cutting and carriage, amounted to 39 per cent. The raising of the tariff had, in some districts, trebled the price of wood. The average value of French iron was above £20 per ton, and of some qualities £24, showing an excess over English of £10 per ton. In order to compensate iron-masters for the excessive and increasing price of charcoal, a tariff was drawn up, almost precluding foreign competition in ironmongery. Relaxations, however, were, at length, adopted; in machinery, the reductions rose from 40 to 16 per cent., the largest being on agricultural machines.

During the period of these diminutions, an immense increase took place in the English export trade with the relenting country. Between 1840 and 1853, the average annual increase had only been one per cent.; whilst, in 1854, the first year after the Paris Exhibition had been announced, there was an increase of 23 per cent. over the preceding year; and, in 1855, the increase over 1854, actually reached nearly 90 per cent. It has been estimated that the French *Douane* has been benefitted by an increase of as much as £2,000,000 since 1853. Great as these results are, many greater are, doubtless, in store.

Metallurgy, producing six millions of quintals of iron yearly, consumes sevenfold as much coal, low price of which is so indispensable, that all the

large metal establishments are situated on coal-basins. The solidity of interest which unites metallurgy to this mineral requires the same conjunction for all the manufactures of iron: these works being the offspring of an economy which thus employs the small coal that otherwise would be wasted. Abundance and cheapness of this moving power are also needful to the railways of France, now consuming ten millions of quintals, and certain to require half as much more when completed; and these qualities are also necessary for her steam-shipping, which at present is dependent on foreign supply. All parties are agreed that the lowest possible price for this indispensable article is a grand national desideratum:—but not as to the mode of ensuring it; for while partisans of free trade preach abolition of *droits à l'entrée*, proprietors look to the development of the national resource, which, say they, will only proceed by taxing the foreign article. These latter, therefore, propose to exclude the cheap commodity until their mines shall produce at the same rate.

In England, the working of collieries and ironstone mines has hitherto been almost entirely confined to individuals, owing to the non-success which has attended the application of associated capital to this purpose. Subdivision of capital in France, by the law of succession, manifestly impedes the exploitation of her mineral wealth; and in order further to produce equality, the owner of the soil is not owner of its minerals, the State having power to grant them to a discoverer; and therefore, to guard against intruders, the lauded proprietors do all they can to prevent discoveries of which they cannot share in the profits. So the effect of having attempted to force open the coffers of the earth has been to make those nearest the doors act like misers; whereas in England, where no one attempts to break the doors, they open readily.

Simultaneously with increased importations of coal, the forests of France will be grubbed up, and the ground depastured or tilled. Hitherto, the proprietors endeavoured to sustain their sales of fire-wood and charcoal by the instrumentality of taxes on foreign coal and iron. In

1846 no less than 519,991 tons of charcoal were consumed in the manufacture of only 282,683 tons of iron. Being protected, the forge-masters who adopted the use of coke and other points of the English system in iron-works, and whose localities were suitable, made splendid fortunes. Situation has, indeed, been the secret of success; for the ironstone is seldom in the vicinity of the coal; and as the cost of the iron depends upon the price of the fuel, the distance between both explains the backwardness of iron industry in France. The effect of free admission of English coal will be to give birth to forges in places accessible to shipping; and the competition thus impending is what is chiefly feared by existing interests. By the adoption of our processes, the French have, since 1819 to 1856, increased their production of coal-made iron one hundred and fifty-fold.

Another cause has long rendered wood a warm rival of even the native combustible fossil, viz., the national repugnance to the latter sort of fuel, not yet dissipated, although the extravagant price of wood in Paris has compelled this capital to give the example of using coal in domestic fire-places. It is hardly twenty years since French hearthstones began to see their ancient paraphernalia of *chenets*, "dogs" or handirons, the utensils on which wood is laid to burn, displaced by *grilles* full of less cheerfully igniting fuel; and such is the constancy of some *Parisiennes* to their old flame, that they simulate it in their saloons by an iron imitation of wood, lit by jets of gas, giving the idea of a pleasant wood-fire.

It is rejoicing to know that our allies are about to benefit by freer admission of English iron, since, in the words of Turgot, iron is above all a necessary instrument to mankind. The superior construction of English over French machinery has been testified on the hundred occasions of agricultural exhibitions held in France, when the former invariably carried off all the prizes. As regards cheapness, the implements in English depôts in Paris are, for the same quality and workmanship, which latter is difficult to obtain in France, twenty per cent. less than the country prices. The successors of the energetic Mrs. Mary Wedlake are now

likely to do good business on both sides of the Channel, while Deane's "Old London Bridge" monster emporium is already bombarding the Seine with every sort of hardware; and Ransome, who has just published a French translation of his list of implements, will be worth a "king's ransom" to Gaulic agriculturists who can afford to purchase freely.

The industry of Hemp and Flax is the most ancient in France, and probably in Europe. It is the only one thoroughly indigenous and popular, and is practical even in the wildest districts of the northern provinces. There is every reason to believe that, precisely because it is the most vulgar of industries, and the one of which the origin is the most remote, it is the most sunk in the wheel-ruts of routine, and the least progressive. M. de Jonnès, in his interesting work, ascribes its introduction in Europe to the Celtic hordes, who, coming from central Asia, brought from the borders of the Oxus and Iaxarte, seeds of the cereal and textile plants they were accustomed to cultivate:

"This cannot be otherwise," says he, "as one sees, in countries inhabited by the purest aboriginal races, such as Armorica (Brittany) by the Celts, and Cambria (eastern Normandy and Flanders) by the Cimbri or Gauls, the practices of spinning and weaving exercised to-day as they were centuries ago, with a sort of rude, popular instinct, obstinately opposed to all improvement, one recognises a primitive industry preserving its Celtic character in spite of Roman civilization and this of our times."

Cambray, the chief seat of fine linen fabrics, whence cambric derives its name, seems to have been the principal town of the Cambrians, who, as sprung from the ancient Cimmeri, also gave their tribe name to Cumberland, and to Cambria, or the *Pays de Galles*; and it is remarkable that French writers consider the words "Gaulish" and "Welsh," as synonymous. We may also observe that Arras, a neighbouring town, gave its name to the first manufacture of tapestry. Scattered as the general operations of the flax and hemp industry were and are, no one deigned to collect statistical clues as to the amount of production, until 1788, a period of unexampled prosperity in France, when a government inspector of ma-

manufactures obtained the following account of the value of the goods, of hemp, flax, and cotton fabricated that year:

	Fr.
Linen, and linen cloth of hemp, flax, and cotton,	200,000,000
Thread hosiery,	6,000,000
Lace,	10,000,000
Thread, tape, laces, nets, ropes,	10,000,000
	<hr/>
	226,000,000

From this total must be deducted, says our authority, nine millions francs worth of cotton hosiery, and some small, but unascertained sum, for cotton stuffs. Estimating the then population of France at twenty-five millions, the value of the above fabrics was but nine francs per head, which must be considered a very low proportion, as at that time, the lowest classes wore linen instead of woollen stuffs; for body and household linen were not, as at present, for the most part of cotton. The greatest triumph of modern civilization—the rendering articles formerly rare and luxurious, of common use—has not been attained in the matter of linen, because of the rivalry of cotton. Nevertheless, there is an admirable contrast between the ancient times, when little could be said for the textile industry of countries whose kings were almost the solitary examples of possessing articles of clothing now worn by the million. When the Valois dynasty and their court were dressed in brocades and silks, embroidered with gold, imported at great expense from Italy, shirts, now indispensable, were so rare, that the heir to the crown, Henry of Navarre, had not a dozen, and what he had were torn. Yet, even to this day, the wages of the French workmen employed in linen works are lower than the average in the totality of other manufactures, because this fabric has kept its old course, working slowly: while new industries, having assumed a faster pace, are better remunerated. Again, though France is the original seat of the European linen trade, Ireland has of late years made such marvellous progress in this particular, that “Irish” is the world-wide term for excellency in linen.

The Irish linen trade would benefit greatly by complete removal of re-

strictions in France, a country offering a vast outlet for medium and coarse goods, and Paris alone would absorb the produce of half the fine looms in Ulster. Besides these two débouchés, the French fabricants would take immense quantities of our coarse flax, and we should import less of their fine fibre, of which the existing mills of Belfast could consume double the present quantity, wherever it comes from. Moreover, the growth of flax in this country might well be extended over a quarter of a million acres. To be wholesome, the extension should be gradual, because several points in the management of this plant demand traditional skill, and so much attention, that success in its cultivation may be declared to be a test of intelligence and care on the part of farmers. Modern science has, by its inventions for watering flax, obviated one of the stumbling-blocks in the way of uninitiated cultivators. Yet it is much to be regretted that attempts to establish flax-mills in the South of Ireland, such as that of Mr. Pownall in the county of Wexford, which attracted the attention of the trade on the Continent, should not have been rewarded with complete success. The processes of carding and braying or breaking, flax by machinery are becoming more usual all along the north coast of France and in Flanders. The processes of *tillage et broyage de lin à la mécanique* at Courtrai is described as simple, the expense of the first establishment not costly, and requiring but slight native power. By this system, it is possible to card the shortest flax as well and as easily as the long, and with the certainty of obtaining as much flax as by the best operation by hand, there being no loss either of the head or of the foot of the plant. Samples of the three operations, called in Flemish *verslegen vlas*, *vertoerd vlas*, and *schoon gemackt vlas*, are now exhibiting in the Paris Palais de l’Industrie; and to judge by them, the mechanism used is very suitable to both long and short qualities; and, therefore, the wooden hand mallet is well supplanted by the mill.

When the commercial treaty between France and Belgium was made, the latter was bound to keep up the same prohibitory duties as France; but, a few years since, a law was passed in

Belgium permitting the manufacturers to import linen yarns free of duty, on giving a bond to export an equal weight of linen. This permission is largely availed of; a good deal of cheap Irish linen yarn passes the Belgian frontier into France, manufactured into Belgian linen, and paying the low duties accordingly. It would be more the interest of France to admit our linen yarns direct, at the low duties, and allow their own manufacturers to reap the profit of the manufacture. Evidently, there has for long been an annual loss to the French by the high duties on linen and linen yarns; the nation paying for the former article at least one-fifth more than it would do under a moderate system of duties; and this loss is no trifle, for it amounts annually to at least 2½ millions sterling. Their revenue loses a handsome sum formerly derived from this source, while the aggregate capital employed in the flax spinning trade is not greater than the yearly loss sustained by the nation in keeping up these prohibitory duties.

The linen manufacture of France retains an encouragement of which ours has long been deprived, for in that country, the cotton lords do not exercise a potent influence on the government, and consequently, in both the army and the navy, the shirts, trousers, sheets, &c., are of linen; as the French government wisely judges that, though the first cost may be a little higher than cotton, yet the longer durability of the former material renders it much the cheaper article. It seems that other continental nations are of the same opinion. This is a simple question of economy, in which Belfast might, after fair and sufficient trial, be victorious over Manchester. Meanwhile, it is to be regretted that suppression of the duties in France on cotton and wool has not included linen.

After shirts, it is natural to take up trousers and coats, which, as every one who, fearless of the peg-top cut of the one, and of the tight make of the other, may have ordered them of a French tailor, knows, are dearer than in England, owing to two or three higher expenses attending the rival woollen manufacture.

The superiority of some French and other continental cloths over English goods is precisely in that quality

of fineness, which, as in the case of the richest silks, is only suited to a limited demand; while British articles excel in the common and popular descriptions. The introduction of Spanish or merino sheep into France is the well-known cause of that superiority. De Jonnès speaks of the indigenous breed of sheep of his country as "Celtic," as if they were, like her aborigines, of Gaulic blood:—no other designation however, offers itself, and the whole topic opens up a brief and interesting archæologic retrospect. We have seen that Cambrai, the ancient seat of French linen manufacture, is understood to derive its name from the Cimbri: and somewhat similarly, the department of Seez, in Normandy, was so called from a Celtic tribe, the *Saii*, who may have received their appellation from being clothed in the woollen stuff, still known at Leeds as "Sayes." The shirt or frock called *la Saine Gauloise* seems, however, to have been indifferently linen or woollen, and to have resembled the Roman *togum*. Mediævally, it was worn by every man-at-arms over his coat of mail, which it preserved from sun and rain; and its modern types are the French blouse and the English smock-frock. The more antique and half-savage dress, the cow-skin coat, shaggy with hair, is still seen in the streets of Paris, being much worn by the sweepers.

Statistical researches show that, in the reign of Louis le Grand, the woollen manufacture, comprising serges, camlets, and other inferior tissues, furnished only a yard of stuff to each of the population, which proves that at that period of court splendour the bulk of the people were clothed in coarse fabrics made under the domestic roof. The few figures collected clearly point to an epoch of extreme, but narrow luxury, and general indigence. Thus, there were then 17,300 workers in lace, or thirty per cent. of the number of contemporary workers in wool; a singular proportion, showing how, in the seventeenth century, sumptuous productions exceeded the demand for necessities. Before the revolution of '89, clothmaking was so rare that *un habit de drap* was considered as much an outward sign of a nobleman as a silk gown of a lady. During the seventeenth cen-

tury, the custom of wearing silk and velvet at court had retarded the woollen trade; and not until the approach of the revolution did the *noblesse*, beginning to imitate the simplicity of English gentlemen, generally re-adopt plain cloth, yet still continuing to have their breeches and waistcoats of silk—for fashion deemed cloth unsuitable, save for a morning and negligée toilette. Meanwhile, the renaissance of this important fabric having been aided by the wise minister, Colbert, it was vigorous enough to clothe in the national colour (blue) the vast armament arrayed in 1792 against foreign invasion. The precedent of this patriotic effort is now upheld to encourage traders of the present time to struggle with the same courage and success against the most redoubtable foreign industry. As to the prospect of success, we extract this paragraph from the *Statistique* work above cited:

Number of Sheep in France.		Produce in Kilogrammes of Wool.	
33,827,000	Indigenous,	55,500,000	
1,809,000	Ameliorated breeds,	3,921,000	
201,000	Merinos,	603,000	
35,337,000		60,024,000	

	Quantities.		Value.	
Carded Wool,	31	millions of kil.	62	millions of francs.
Combed Wool,	35	" "	190	" "
Totals,	66	" "	252	" "
Employ of Raw Wool,	5	" "	10	" "
Total of Wool employed,	71	" "	262	" "

Notwithstanding the vast extent of light soil in France, she possesses fewer sheep in proportion to her population than either the British Islands, Denmark, Spain, and Prussia. And not only has England more than double the advantage in this respect, but the superiority of her ovine breeds furnish her a much larger production of wool per head, the difference between her fleeces and the French being nearly half. Climate is, of course, the cause of the thinner quality of the latter wools, and therefore deficiency in weight should be made up by increased extension of the merinos and other fine-woolled sheep. The following contrast between the value of the indigenous and foreign articles is drawn in the *Statistique* :—

"Raw wool is of two sorts, of which the origin, the nature, and the industrial treatment differ considerably. The one is that arising from the race of Celtic

"A great economical event renders the conversion of our ancient Celtic wools into Spanish, Saxony, and English wools a pressing necessity. This is the unforeseen production of superior kinds of sheep-skins from the innumerable flocks in Australia, which colony, in 1819, furnished England with only 74,000 pounds weight of wool, but, in 1852, sent there the enormous quantity of seventy-five millions of pounds weight, worth 215 millions of francs. This overflow, which threatens the countries of the Continent, will allow the English to make woollen stuffs at such low prices that all competition will become impossible. It is a grave subject for meditation. The English woollen stuffs, fabricated with Australian fleeces, at thirty per 100 under the price of ours, will possess themselves of all the foreign markets, and we shall lose a commerce which rose in 1851 to 150 millions."

The following calculation was made in 1812 :—

flocks. This is the common wool; it is black, brown, or white, formed of crisped threads, frizzled, entangled, like the hair of a negro; it requires carding to prepare it for spinning. The other is the long, shining wool, more or less fine, that is obtained from the sheep of Spain, of Saxony, and of the ameliorated flocks of England. Instead of carding, it is necessary merely to comb it. The following figures make known approximately the proportion of each of these different sorts in the wools spun in France in 1860 :—

"There is nothing in the past that one can compare with these curious and important statistics, the facts which they represent being contemporaneous."

The "Celtic" sheep-skin was manifestly not the fleece Jason went in search of. The modern commercial quests of the same nature seem to show that the "Golden Fleece" of our days comes from a newly-discovered region, the Antipodes.

The recent increase in the export of woollen goods from France is wonderful. It had averaged yearly—

From 1835 to 1844, . . £2,540,000
From 1845 to 1854, . . 4,960,000

It reached £7,200,000 in 1855. Such a progress is prodigious. England took nearly thirty years, and France scarcely twelve, to double the exportation of woollen manufactures. The total production of yarns and tissues of wool is ten millions sterling in Austria, seventeen in the Zollverein, thirty-six in England, and exceeding forty in France. As a last fact, the consumption of foreign wool is sixty-six millions of pounds in England, and seventy-seven millions in France. Thus this latter country is the greatest market in the world for wools, and has the most considerable manufactory of woollen articles, notwithstanding a restrictive customs tariff.* The French woollen trade, especially abroad, being the branch of commerce most menaced by English competition ever since the prodigious multiplication of flocks of sheep in Australia, and of the mechanical power of British manufacturers, its supporters look to sustaining the contest by means of increase of sheep in France, and above all, by amelioration of the quality of fleeces, "objects which," says our author, "are worthy of the solicitude of the Government." If, however, these desired improvements, on any extended scale, are to await aid from that Hercules to whom Frenchmen always pray, our cloth-merchants may calculate on performing the part of Atlas, as far as concerns upholding the woollen trade of the world.

The silk manufacture in France is that of which the nation is most proud, and to which it justly attaches prime importance. It has the advantage arising from contiguity to the districts producing the raw material. The following statistics, the want of which is deplored in the *Reports*, and which show the great value of this branch of industry, are taken from M. de Jonnès' work:—Twenty-four millions of mulberry trees, surrendering their foliage, in 1846, as

sustenance to the silkworm, produced 12,529,058 kilogrammes of cocoons, valued at 49,334,290 francs, or nearly two millions sterling. To this vast source of wealth, the department of Gard, supplying a superior quality of silk, contributed as much as 11 millions of francs. So essential to success are traditional knowledge and care, that any plantation they fecundate yields twice as much as another where they are wanting. On the average, each hectare, equal to 2½ English acres, contains 600 trees; their leaves, gradually removed and applied to nourish silk-worms, produce 300 kilogrammes of cocoons, valued at £48, an enormously profitable return per hectare, and contrasting notably with the yield from corn, which seldom surpasses £8, and is burdened by the loss of a naked fallow every third year. Confident that the present production, exceeding two millions sterling in value, could, without extraordinary efforts, be doubled, the trade hope to see a rapid spread of the plantations on which multiplication of the precious worm depends; but the obstacles are far greater than those besetting extension of the growth of flax, a plant matured in one year, while the tree yields little until it be five years old, and is not fully profitable until it reaches a growth of 15 or 20 feet. Hence, proprietorship of land is not only essential to induce plantation, but the law of succession in France, prohibiting liberty to entail, and favouring partition and sale, deprives proprietors of that motive for outlay which obtains in England from the sense of security that the future benefit to the heritage will be reaped by a primogenital representative of the family. Importation of the raw material had increased tenfold in thirty-three years previous to 1849, when it amounted to 2,358,000 kilogrammes, of an actual value of 83 millions of francs; but De Jonnès argues that native production could soon displace importation to the extent of 100 millions yearly. France is stated by our author to hold second rank in the silk production of the world, Lombardy and the Venetian

* The "Business-man's Note-Book for 1857," which takes the above from a private French authority.

provinces claiming the first by an annual product, some years back, of 3,500,000 kilogrammes. This sum, reduced by a million, represented the amount furnished by French industry. Third on the scale came active Piedmont and Genoa, supplying a round million, surpassing the importations of India and China, and exceeding the product of Persia by 400,000.

Transported into the Morea by the wise emperor Justinian, the *serica*, or mulberry tree, received in the French tongue the name of *mûrier*, from its land of adoption. Passing thence, during the Crusades, into Calabria, it was not imported into the country under view until so lately as the year 1494, when, as a result of one of those frequent French raids into the Latin peninsula, some gentlemen of Dauphiné brought back eggs of the exotic moth and plants of their favourite tree, the plantation of which was further extended by the provident and patriotic Henry of Navarre.

The inimitable glossiness of Chinese silk is said to be owing to the better quality of the food of the silk-worm in the Celestial Empire. M. de Jonnès does not, however, state the particulars in which its diet differs from that of its kindred in France. The Société d'Acclimation published, two years ago, a report on a project of a voyage to China by two Italian counts, the object of which would be to study the silk-worms of the Flowery Empire; and among the instructions contained therein to these *savans*, they are requested to observe, "seriously the manner in which the worms are fed, and particularly the methods which consist in covering the mulberry leaves with powder of baked rice, &c." The essays of M. Guérin-Ménéville, Professor of "Education of Silk-worms" and of Sériciculture in all its branches, contain valuable hints as to improvement of this exotic department of industry in France. Certes, it would be well if, in the country where the art of cookery for mankind takes the highest honours, the lustre of this sensitive creature's bequest to womankind could be enhanced by ameliorating its regimen. Perhaps there are few animals, certainly none of such small dimensions, who deserve better of their country in the article of *nouri-*

ture, or, to use the technical expression, *d'éducation*, than the *ver-à-soie*. For some time, this ugly little worm seems intent, like the beast of the stall, upon nothing but voracity; when suddenly it becomes the very type of industry, and even constructs the abode in which it works. No longer egoistic, it is then indebted to you for relieving it of its silken envelope; and before expiring becomes an *egg*-oist again, to show its sense of the obligation by leaving an abundant posterity, who, in their turn, merely ask a few leaves at man's hand.

The slow progress of silk manufacture in England is justly traced in the *Reports* to the fact that the acknowledged genius of the country lies more in the production of goods suitable in quality and price for the million, than in enriching a foreign and costly raw material with tasteful designs. Moreover, Fashion, that fickle goddess, whose dominion is as wide as it is capricious, holds her court in Paris, so that all who, like dealers in silk goods, are dependent on her smiles, find that her decrees are issued there; and thus the home trade has the first intimation of changes effected by high taste in the earliest goods of the season. As France has been the seat of fashion from time immemorial, a desirability and priority are given to such of her fabrics as are affected by it over those of all other countries; and though taste and beauty do not insure fashion, yet no fashion succeeds well apart from them. The very derivative of the word, namely, *façon*, i.e., the mode of making, is French. To maintain her position in this respect, France, fully alive to her advantage, has spared no pains in fostering the art of design; and at the seats of her manufacture every appliance and convenience exist which can facilitate the application of the skill and taste thus encouraged to the articles produced. The charm of these products is manifested by their success with foreigners. Here are the progressive figures of the official value of exportations of tissues of silk at recent epochs:—

	Fr.
1845, . . .	140,000,000
1847, . . .	165,000,000
1849, . . .	181,000,000

By an extraordinary economical re-

sult, French silks, far from having diminished in price, like calicoes and many other merchandises, have augmented in value according to their quantity and weight. It was necessary in 1851 to raise the rate of official appreciation of the silk trade estimated in 1826, and which had ceased to represent the real value. The increase of this value is about a fifteenth. In 1849 the exportation, officially estimated at 181 millions, was really worth 193. This is a unique example, which explains itself by the attenuation of weight of the new stuffs, and by the increase of price, which the beauty of their execution obtains for them by means of the happy union of the arts and sciences in their fabrication.

The Manchester manufacturers of broad silks demanded, in a remarkable memorial addressed in 1852 to Mr. D'Israeli, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, total and immediate repeal of the duty on foreign silk goods, as a proclamation to the world that, say they, boldly and manfully, "the Manchester manufacturer denounces the so-called protection, and is prepared to depend solely on his own merit." They declared they considered the non-extension of their trade to be chiefly owing to the limited nature of the foreign demand for their goods, and believed that the protection duty created an impression in every market that England is unable to compete with the continental manufacturer. Across the Channel, M. Arlés Dufour, a competent authority, argued on the part of his countrymen engaged in the similar textile fabric, that "free trade would be profitable to both countries; for then England would cease to copy our rich fancy silks, and would devote her energy to the production of the low and middle qualities, while France would apply herself with increased attention to the former." In effect, he recommended exclusive attention to the two distinct national *spécialités*; or, in other words, advised such a division of labour as the conditions of nature and art in each country point out.

There are reasons for believing that, though England will probably maintain her superiority in fabricating common articles of cotton, she will find the rivalry of France formidable

in the department of goods made of cotton mixed with other substances. These *tissus mêlés*, a novel creation, present new, ingenious combinations, crowned with success, every day. Cotton is admirably adapted for textile amalgamations, readily taking all forms, colours, and aspects. It is, turn by turn, either a strong, opaque, brilliantly white robe for the female form; or, as muslin, a light, transparent tissue, enveloping without hiding the charms of youth and beauty. As tulle or lace, it seeks to take the honours of ladies' veils from flax; and if not yet a successful rival of linen in courts and châteaux, has effectually supplanted it on the backs of the people. This vegetable wool, the Proteus of modern industry, deceives the world by resembling—firstly, silk, in the form of shining and capillary stuffs and velvets; secondly, wool, by its plushes and moleskins; thirdly, flax, by its cambrics and lace; and, fourthly, linen, by its *madapolams* and other *tissus à l'indienne* fabricated in France. Its qualities, special and economical, display themselves best in the stuffs peculiarly its own; these advantages consisting in the lightness of its tissues, their suppleness, resistance to the action of the air and of damp; and their aptitude in receiving all kinds of dressing, and in being adorned, by impression, with delicate and complicated designs, which again, may be ornamented with all the shades and colours of the rainbow: very valuable qualities, and so much the more precious because the goods possessing them are of so low a price as to be generally accessible; a privilege denied to other stuffs. Assuredly, the grand service cotton has rendered to mankind is the multiplication, or domestic vulgarization of its tissues.

As in the case of flax, increase of the raw material is the desideratum; and there are several reasons for hoping that the United States, which has hitherto had almost the monopoly of cotton, will be encountered by old and young rivals. Calico is understood to be so called from Calicut, a town in Malabar, on the south-western coast of Hindostan: but our *savans*, such as Dr. Royle, are not sanguine as to the results of any attempt to raise the character of Indian samples up to the American standard, except in the

Dharwar and Berar districts. But the island of Ceylon may offer a promising field for a culture which mainly depends on sufficiency of the very cheapest class of labourers. The cotton-tree grows every where in hot countries, and flourishes in soils incapable of producing any other useful plant, in amiable independence of agricultural cares and of manure. To produce it, you need but dibble a hole in the ground, insert a couple of grains, cover them up, and leave them as the ostrich does her egg. The flakes of wool fall of their own accord, and the operation of gathering them is suited to the smallest intellectual and physical capacities.

In 1855, when growth of cotton in Algeria, had only attained its fifth year, no fewer than 150 exhibitors of its produce sent specimens to the Paris Exposition. During the previous year, 1,800 bales had been exported to France; and in that year, 9,000 acres were under cultivation of the prospering and promising plant. The soil all along the coast, and in some parts for upwards of 200 miles into the interior, is represented to be exactly suitable to the Sea Island variety; and whereas in America it is not profitable to cultivate cotton except as an annual, in Algeria the produce is greater the second year.

The cotton plant does not succeed so well in the north as in the south of Algeria, being liable to injury from the occasional frostiness of the northern latitudes. At present, the complaint is, that its culture is not progressing, for want of hands, a deficiency almost certain to forbid considerable extension. So that there may be truth in the American slave-owner's saying, "No nigger, no cotton."

Ceramic manufacture is the branch of industry which, in France, has, oddly enough, reached perfection in point of art in its highest branches, while its lower limbs are neither perfectly useful nor beautiful; for while Sévres porcelain may be compared for delicacy and loveliness to the face of Milton's personification of Sin, the ordinary earthenware of the country is as coarse and ugly as her grovelling extremities. Even the crockery which figures on the dinner tables of Paris is notoriously so defective, that the people who excel in the art of dining dare not warm their plates and dishes.

The secret of the superiority of the English article in this respect seems to lie in the use of iron-stone. Of all manufactures the ceramic most demands the union of a taste for art with skill in handling the rude material; and where there is a happy combination of these qualities, as they existed in Palissy and Wedgewood, the potter, fashioning the clay to please the growing taste of the times, is in possession of the talents which will insure his reputation. For ourselves, we are no admirers of *Faïence*, a kind of pottery highly coloured, embossed, and vitrified, deriving its name from *Faënza*; but our memories of the great London Exhibition invariably lead us back first to the "Sèvres Court," in recollection of the exquisite specimens it contained. When the ceramic fabrics of France and England entered the lists of the grand industrial tournament subsequently held in Paris, the result was somewhat the same as when the china jar and the earthen one, floating in the same stream, came in collision; for in that contention, French fancyware made an animated display, and carried off the palm from our *porcelaine tendre*: but its compatriot earthenware fell to its mother earth heavily before the competitive lance or fabric of Minton; and its cognate crockery, whether flower-pots or paving-tiles, paled before the blushing beauties of Bridgewater. The excellence of English table-services was established by the fact, that not one of the French would-be purchasers, deterred by the high duty, and thereby disappointed in his wish to obtain this superior article, thought fit to transfer his orders to any manufacturer among his countrymen. In this instance, therefore, prohibitory laws proved profitless. One of the earliest results of the recent treaty has been the appearance of our table-services in several shops in Paris.

Some comparatively minor manufactures are notoriously better than ours in some qualities, as those of leather, yielding 212 millions of francs in 1850. Of these, the calf-skins are largely exported to England, and are of admitted superiority, which is said to be due to the tan of the evergreen oaks of the south, but is more probably to the elder age of the animals. Paris bootmakers ascribe much vir-

tue to the softness of the water used in the tan-pits of Bordeaux. The special softness of French gloves is well known. It is remarkable that a portion of a nation so advanced in the art of clothing, namely, the peasantry in the hills of Brittany, still appear in goat-skins, calling to mind the forlorn shepherds of Asiatic deserts.

The sugar industry is chiefly notable as an instance of the force of necessity under difficulties—French production of this condiment, which we consider an exotic, having been one of the results of the great war. The discovery, in 1782, that beet-root would produce sugar, enabled France to increase the value of her consumption from 30 millions of francs in 1788 to 55 in 1812, and 140 in 1850. About the period foreign sugar, gaining gradually victory over the native article, the consumption of the latter has diminished one-third; and verily its growth in France is, in raising beet-root into rivalry with the sugarcane, as if Kent should be turned from hop to tea culture.

The probabilities as to future increase of the trade in Wine would be the most interesting portion of our theme, if space permitted some examination of them. It is said that the price of French wine is already double; that English merchants have recently laid out two millions sterling; and that they have, in many cases, purchased the coming ten years' growth of vineyards. Hitherto, the strong wines of Spain and Portugal have been preferred in a climate like ours, which makes the inhabitants feel the need of an alcoholic and exciting beverage, a French climate being necessary for the enjoyment of French wines.

The department of La Gironde, of which Bordeaux is the capital, has naturally benefitted firstly and most largely by the new influence: a general stimulus has been given to the price, and consequent increased production, of second-class clarets, which have now found vent. Hitherto, the first-class vintages, or *vins de chateaux*, enjoying an incontestable superiority, possessed the monopoly of exportation; and, on the other hand, *les vins ordinaires* must be content to stay at home. But the renowned vineyards of great proprietors are surrounded by crowds

of *crûs* belonging to lesser proprietors, who form the middle class of viticulture. During late years of abundance these small cultivators had their cellars full—four, five, and six *récoltes* lying in wait for rise of prices. A new era has opened for this intermediate, yet still very good wine. At the same time, the foreign consumer must beware of buying inferior qualities at the high rate due only to the *marques* of the chateau. All these considerations extend, of course, to the other vinicultural regions; but we take leave to repeat our caution against paying for, say the best Sauterne, the price of Chateau d'Yquem.

As has been remarked, the duty on brandy has just been doubled, in the expectation of raising the present receipt of forty-nine millions of francs yearly to seventy-three millions. By increasing the price, the export of this alcohol will be less; and it is expected that its consumption in the form of drink will diminish from its present enormous figure, about 800,000 hectolitres, to the moral advantage of the working classes, since the measure has been accompanied by reduction of the duties on coffee, cocoa, sugar, and tea.

From a return recently furnished for the House of Lords, specifying the various articles the duties on which have been reduced under the late commercial Treaty, and showing the former and present rates of duty, and the produce of the duties last year, we subjoin important particulars (to be found in the Table on page 15.)

The return specifying the various articles the duties on which have been repealed, gives the total amount of customs duty received in 1859 as £537,447.

The Treaty recently concluded by the United Kingdom with France has been said to be "one-sided," in abolishing most duties, and greatly reducing the residue in one country, yet effecting much less reduction in the other, to the injury of the revenue of the one, without the recompense of sufficiently opening trade with the other. Yet, broadly viewed, what has been done? The French have lowered their customs on our coal, iron in all shapes, cotton goods, flax, and many other articles, and we have lowered ours on wine and brandy, and abolished them on silk and a hundred

TABLE showing the REDUCTIONS OF DUTY on various articles under the COMMERCIAL TREATY.

Articles.	RATES OF DUTY.		Net Receipt of Customs in 1859.
	Previously to the alteration.	Subsequently to the alteration.	
WINE.	5s. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. $\frac{3}{4}$ gallon.	After Jan. 1, 1861: Wine less than s. d. 18 proof, 1 0 $\frac{3}{4}$ gallon. " 18 to 26, 1 6 " " 26 to 40, 2 0 " " in bottles, 2 0 "	£ 1,729,273
SPIRITS.	Not sweetened or mixed, 15s. $\frac{3}{4}$ gallon. Sweetened or mixed, 20s. $\frac{3}{4}$ gallon.	Imported Rum, 8 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ proof gal. Not imported Rum, . 8 6 " Brandy, . 8 6 " Spirits, sweet- ened, &c., . 12 0 "	219 1,002,805 15,727
PAPER HANG- INGS.	3d. per lb.	After Aug., 1860: Same duty as British.	2,563
PASTEBOARD.	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per lb.	Ditto,	16
PLATE.	Gold, £1 1s. $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. Silver, 1s. 8d. $\frac{3}{4}$ oz.	17s. 0d. per oz. 1 6 "	3,691
Aggregate Net Amount of Customs Duty in 1859 on articles the duties on which have been reduced,			£2,754,294

articles of luxury. What inference may be drawn? Is it not more than probable that their demand will be greater for cotton and woollen goods, ironmongery, and coal, than ours for costly articles of consumption? While what we shall take are mere matters of luxury, the articles about to be admitted by France are of vital importance to her; therefore their use, in adding immensely to her wealth, will make her a richer customer; and such a commerce as is now nascent cannot have a "one-sided" effect, even if only viewed pecuniarily.

The French Ministers, in their report, dated 24th January, after the Treaty was concluded, observe to the Emperor:—"The returns from the customs indicate, for 1858, an importation into France by England of manufactured articles representing a value of eighteen millions and a-half of francs, spread over a great number of articles; while the exportations of France to Great Britain, during the same period, amounted, in manufactured articles, to 220 millions. Thus England sends to France a value, in

manufactured goods *twelve times less* than that which she buys. Is this a serious basis for commercial relations between two great nations?"

The above figures represent, in our money, exportation of our manufactures to France to the value of £740,000 only, against importation of French manufactured articles to the value of £8,800,000—which is, truly, far from reciprocity or terms of equality.

England, with her vast mechanical power, is able to send her broadcloths and calicoes, her earthenware, her iron, and her coal, to markets thousands of miles distant, and therefore may fairly expect to extend her trade with a country only separated from her by a narrow channel.

By the first article of the Treaty, the Government of France engages to admit innumerable objects of British manufacture at a duty of not more than thirty per cent. on their value, and, in the year 1865, of twenty-five per cent. In fact, the Emperor, more moderate than our House of Commons, tempers the wind of competition to his shorn yearlings.

The declared real value of British and Irish produce exported from the United Kingdom, in 1859, to France, was £4,754,354; an amount exceeding by about £600,000 the export to Russia, and by one million the export to Turkey, but almost one-fifth less than the exports to the United States.

STATISTICAL ABSTRACT for the UNITED KINGDOM from 1845 to 1849.

Parliamentary Paper. 1860.

TABLE OF TRADE between ENGLAND and FRANCE.

FRANCE—REAL VALUE.

	Imports.	Exports.
	£	£
1854,	10,447,774	6,391,465
1855,	9,146,418	10,421,881
1856,	10,386,522	10,471,077
1857,	11,965,407	11,326,823
1858,	13,271,890	9,242,201
1859,	16,869,960	9,254,858
Total,	72,087,961	57,108,305

DECLARED REAL VALUE of all ARTICLES of BRITISH and IRISH PRODUCE and MANUFACTURES EXPORTED from the UNITED KINGDOM to FRANCE.

	£		£		£
1845,	2,791,238	1850,	2,401,956	1855,	6,012,658
1846,	2,715,963	1851,	2,028,463	1856,	6,432,650
1847,	2,554,282	1852,	2,731,286	1857,	6,213,358
1848,	1,025,521	1853,	2,636,330	1858,	4,863,131
1849,	1,951,269	1854,	3,175,290	1859,	4,754,354

This statement shows a falling off in exports of £1,678,296 between the years 1856 and 1859. It is evident that our export trade with France has alarmingly diminished during the last two years; and here we see where the shoe was pinching some influential British traders so sorely that they prevailed on the Chancellor of the Exchequer to negotiate the Treaty.

FRANCE—IMPORTS THEREFROM.*

	COMPUTED REAL VALUE.				
	1854.	1855.	1856.	1857.	1858.
	£	£	£	£	£
Corn: wheat,	515,081	99,733	35,025	98,038	1,785,147
„ barley,	2,398	3,221	4,421	11,671	363,899
„ wheatmeal and flour,	243,593	108,040	83,809	334,942	1,516,866
Cotton manufactures unenumerated,	222,630	183,619	252,646	293,285	312,455
Silk, raw,	159,310	158,192	256,033	618,991	524,316
Silk manufactures, stuffs, and ribbons,	1,393,808	1,249,830	1,376,119	1,063,618	1,251,871
Wine,	619,497	397,119	556,054	528,895	383,100
Woollen manufactures,	458,384	477,448	648,147	598,723	549,235
Linen: cambrics and French lawns,	25,857	27,829	33,686	23,508	15,374
Total of principal and other articles,	10,447,774	9,146,418	10,386,522	11,965,407	13,271,890

* "Annual Statement of the Trade and Navigation of the United Kingdom in the year 1858." London, large 4to. 1859.

Principal Articles of the PRODUCE and MANUFACTURES of the UNITED KINGDOM EXPORTED TO FRANCE.

	DECLARED REAL VALUE.				
	1854.	1855.	1856.	1857.	1858.
	£	£	£	£	£
Coal, cinders, and culm, . . .	356,198	414,437	524,167	574,426	578,232
Cottons entered by the yard, . .	112,504	135,120	151,960	251,474	192,432
" at value, . . .	39,196	35,398	33,565	34,008	36,626
Cotton yarn, . . .	23,839	34,132	24,796	30,312	53,393
Hardware and cutlery, . . .	78,948	101,370	95,856	113,791	99,115
Iron, wrought and unwrought, .	261,646	902,602	1,193,576	792,049	533,876
Linens, entered by the yard, . .	61,034	81,394	71,801	74,081	65,465
" at value, . . .	4,023	2,614	1,836	1,438	1,795
Linen yarn, . . .	48,427	49,861	70,989	86,110	84,223
Silk thrown, . . .	90,066	76,564	574,266	519,552	372,675
" yarn, . . .	211,700	170,135	194,539	197,845	143,236
" manufactures, . . .	49,635	50,444	55,501	52,881	42,166
Spirits, . . .	9,195	660,750	598,393	386,574	4,200
Wool, sheep, and lambs, . . .	520,993	747,442	778,331	823,780	701,090
Woollens entered by the piece, .	55,462	300,882	56,665	68,836	61,044
" " yard, . . .	55,877	49,450	62,198	122,655	195,168
" at value, . . .	2,937	10,035	7,146	5,685	4,414
Woollen yarn, . . .	104,541	105,923	174,300	210,764	196,975

BRITISH EXPORTS TO FRANCE OF FOREIGN AND COLONIAL PRODUCE.*

Principal Articles.	COMPUTED REAL VALUE.				
	1854.	1855.	1856.	1857.	1858.
	£	£	£	£	£
Cotton, raw, . . .	48,647	175,316	180,120	265,894	148,183
Silk, raw, . . .	678,696	1,326,502	1,213,234	1,597,220	1,687,825
" thrown, . . .	520,697	206,620	114,842	183,184	236,431
Wool, . . .	511,066	631,679	879,098	1,223,396	812,997
Total of principal and other articles, . .	3,216,175	4,409,223	4,038,427	5,113,465	4,379,070

A rapid sketch of the history of protection of French industry may now be offered. Our allies, so long our enemies, are the only modern people who tried, at the time when General Bonaparte endeavoured to close the Continent against our trade, to ruin a neighbouring nation by attempting to prohibit its general commerce. France was to triumph in every thing. In the same year of his Consulate, 1799, he caused two huge medals to be struck, one celebrating "L'Egypte conquise," the other for "Encouragements et récompenses de l'Industrie." But simultaneously with

his army and our fleet, our custom-houses grew larger; and the duties that have since been levied in either country on the other's produce have been the most permanent of the great scourges of war. Defeated and exhausted, France recovered but slowly under the illiberal legislation of the Bourbons; and Louis Philippe, the king of the bourgeoisie, not contriving to fill many more than his own and his children's pockets, was expelled by famines and failures. England, meanwhile, blessed with superior moral and natural advantages, being gradually enabled to dispense

* "Annual Statement of Trade." Blue Book, 1859.

with revenue derived from importations, adopted the principles of political economy as applied to foreign trade. In 1848, another revolution in France again paralyzed her industry, the roots of which were not revived until 1852, when confidence was restored by political security, which again was so vastly strengthened by the alliance with Great Britain, that every branch of the old tree grew with extraordinary vigour. The pedigrees of Protection and Free Trade are therefore these:—the former is begotten by Taxation out of War, the latter by Inland Revenue out of Peace. No paternities can be more self-evident; yet the pseudo-Peace party do not know the parentage of their idol Free-Trade, when they speak of her as the mother of Peace, since she is rather her daughter than her dam.

Commercial and industrial Reform in France was born in 1855, the lusty and hopeful child of the London and Paris Exhibitions. The latter "Exposition," under the very eyes of our intelligent neighbours, broke down the barriers which had hitherto stood between the two countries, and laid the ground for trade, thus proving a truer "Field of the Cloth of Gold" than was the sumptuous, but brief meeting in amity between our Henry VIII. and their Francis I. Deep-rooted Gallic prepossessions, however, remained to be eradicated. Viewed as a mere question as to the progress of industry in France, and judging by facts, the conviction had nearly been arrived at, whatever department was reviewed, and taking the experience of half a century, that prohibitory laws are not only powerless to assist those whose interests they were intended to protect, but positively and inevitably prevent that self-reliance and vigorous exertion arising from Competition, which is the spur of progress. But the most marked instinct of the Gallic mind is preference of the doctrine of Equality to that of Competition. The inscription on the stained glass window in the north end of the Palais de l'Industrie—"L'Équité préside à l'accroissement des Échanges"—is the trading formula of the general French idea of equality. Reciprocity has, indeed, been the principle on which all international treaties of commerce

have hitherto been based. Every one knows that the notion of equality is the cardinal point in the political religion of every democracy. Under this influence, and jealous of the manufacturing superiority of Great Britain, the French nation persisted in sacrificing, in large part, the vast wealth that would have accrued to her by developing her agriculture and her native industries, such as manufactures of silks, wines, brandies, oils, and artistic goods, to a vain competition in other articles by means of the shield of protective duties. Hitherto she refused to acquiesce in the most cogent of industrial laws, viz., the necessity of dividing labour; and though among no other people is individual adaptability, or, to use their own word, *spécialité*, more observable, they have as yet insufficiently acknowledged that climate and other circumstances confer specialties on various countries and nations.

Let us now approach the secret reason why French capitalists cling to protection. They require a larger profit than satisfies our manufacturers, because their law of succession induces them, by forcing equal partition among heirs, to endeavour to make "a rapid fortune," in order to have the pleasure of spending much of it, since the law does not favour its investment in landed estates, and precludes its transmission undivided for the benefit of what we expressively call a *firm*. So long, therefore, as that law remains in force, they will be weak against competitors in the enjoyment of liberty as to disposal of capital. Revision of tariffs, with a view to freedom of foreign trade, is said to have never been popular in France; but, in truth, capitalist producers are the only party who say so, for if the public were sensible of the effects of improved markets, the change would be so popular that even absolutism might not be able to deprive the democracy of its good results. Increase of imports and of competition will produce to consumers cheapness in many articles, of which there will be abundance in the place of former scarcity; and many millions of our Gallic neighbours will be better clothed, and, by obtaining better tools to work with and more employment, will be better fed than they are now. The vast number of

peasant proprietors, whose families live on the produce of their land, and the large number of the small farmer and métayer classes, each of all of whose families wear, for the most part, clothes made by the females of the family from the flax and wool raised by themselves, selling very little and buying very little, obviously require a far less supply of manufactured clothing goods than is demanded by the different formation of society in England, where production for sale is the rule, and production for consumption the exception. But there are very many thousands of men among them, shrinking from falling into the uncertain condition of day labourers, who will now obtain what will sustain them after the fall, namely, better assured and paid work. If it is the case, as has been stated by French economists, that there are a million of cottages in the empire with only one window each, and fifteen millions of persons scarcely removed from pauperism, we may imagine that not a few are ready to turn from the state of petty proprietorship to the more remunerative forms of hired labour.

The material aspect of the question is by no means that which should alone be regarded. Already, this recent unsettling of the French finances has shaken the present system of raising them, and necessitated great changes. In the single matter of the expense of levying revenue, want of simplification is represented in the Budget of 1861 by the monstrous sum of 200,978,852 francs in one department alone! It is said that the Emperor proposes to abolish all custom duties, and to supply the deficit by a law which shall put the State in the position of being entitled to share as a child in every partition under the law of succession; yet we cannot but think, rather than a paternal government shall so become infantile, that every future change in the modes of

levying its revenue will follow the course pointed out by our alterations. The foreign politics of France will perhaps be not less deeply and beneficially affected, and many of the evils engendered by the Napoleon of War will be atoned for by "the Napoleon of Peace." The Bonapartist or Imperialist cause has always been that of the many against the few; and is now indissolubly linked to the masses against the monopolists, whom no previous king ever dared to offend. The support of producers has been exchanged for that of consumers, and it is to be hoped that the self-interest felt by the latter will be strong enough to hinder return to protection by the costly process of war. It may be reasonably expected that the recent Treaty is such a joining of hands between two great and anciently inimical nations, as will induce them to sustain and increase the new tie of close commercial connexion. The first Bonaparte well knew where England was vulnerable when he struck at her foreign trade—upon the maintenance of which, at its present rate, the welfare of the multitude of her working classes depends. From whatever side the Treaty is *envisagée* it is fraught with most important consequences. That very rate is dependent on the maintenance of our present degree of superiority in manufactures over all other nations, and the competition between our manufacturers and those of other countries resembles a horse race, in which a few more pounds' burden, or a wrong pull at the bridle, may decide the match against even superior blood, bone, and bottom. Time alone will show whether the ambitious speculation of our Chancellor of the Exchequer has, in dropping the substance of valuable revenue in pursuit of augmented trade, grasped at a shadow, or has, on the contrary, inaugurated a new era of unparalleled PROSPERITY.

PALÆONTOLOGY.

PART II.

IN a former article we have placed before the reader a sketch of the present state of palæontological knowledge in respect to invertebrate animals. We have there shown, that however widely such animals are distributed, now occupying all seas, and covering all lands in a living state, they were, at least, equally common, and performed a similar part during all former times. Large and successive deposits, from the oldest rocks to those of most modern date, possess abundant indications of such forms of life. Each successive group of rocks contains some that are peculiar to itself, besides many common to others. Invertebrate animals are thus very widely spread in a fossil state; and the different groups are especially valuable for scientific purposes, owing to their comparative abundance and the indications they often give of the circumstances of marine or land existence during the time at which they flourished.

It also appears, as already stated, "that every type of invertebrate animal is represented in the stratified deposits called Cambrian and Silurian, which are the lowest in relative position, and, therefore, the oldest of all."

But while the remains of invertebrates are thus so abundant and so distinct, even in the oldest rocks, it is still a matter of discussion whether fragments of fishes were or were not always associated with them. A well-known Russian naturalist (Dr. Christian Pander) has lately described and figured some hundred fossils, which he believes to be the teeth and jaws of fishes from the oldest stratified rocks; but, after a careful microscopic examination, Professor Owen is inclined to question Dr. Pander's conclusion. He considers that these exceedingly minute, cone-like bodies, are more likely to be remains of small crustaceans, or naked molluscs, or worms, than of fishes.

However this may be, species and teeth of small fishes are unquestionably found in the rocks of the later

Silurian period, and prove the existence at that time of true vertebrate animals. These have been found in a well-known deposit near Ludlow. One of them belonged to a kind of dog-fish, or small shark, and the other to a representative of a singular group of ancient fishes provided with enamelled, bony plates, locked together and occupying the place of ordinary scales, which overlap each other.

The spines of these very early piscine inhabitants of the sea are two inches in length, and are found with petrified portions of the skin, which are tubercular and prickly, like shagreen, and also with the *rejectamenta* (*coprolites*) of fishes containing undigested portions of food, including recognisable parts of the small molluscs and crinoids which inhabited the seabottom in company with the fish. Other remains, resembling jaws with teeth, are still considered doubtful, and the combination of jaws and teeth of the kind they resemble, with the spines and shagreen of the dog-fish, would be a combination of characters not elsewhere known.

The apparent commencement or original introduction of any form of life involves, at the present time, many points of interest to the naturalist; and we are tempted to inquire whether the negative evidence concerning the absence of fossil fishes in the oldest deposits (assuming Dr. Pander's conclusions to be incorrect) is sufficiently based on large observation to justify us in asserting that they first appeared in later formations. Even should the doubts thrown on the supposed fish remains in Russia be confirmed we confess our own indisposition to admit this alternative. The argument in its favour is thus stated by Professor Owen:—"No detached teeth, unequivocally referable to a plagiostomous genus, nor any true ganoid scale of a fish have yet been found in the formations that have revealed these earliest known evidences of vertebrate animals. What then, it may be asked, were the conditions under which so

immense an extent, as well as amount, of sediment was deposited—including chambered cephalopods, gasteropods, lamellibranchs, brachiopods, various and large trilobitic crustaceans, with crinoids, polyps, and protozoa—that precluded the preservation of the fossilizable parts of fishes, if that class of vertebrate animals had existed in numbers, and under the variety of forms comparable to those that people the ocean at the present day? Bonitos now pursue flying fishes through the upper regions of an ocean as deep as any known part of the Silurian seas, of which the deposits afford an idea of greatest depth. If fishes of cognate habits with the present deep-sea fishes, under whatever difference of form such Silurian fishes may have been manifested, had really existed, we might reasonably expect to find the remains of some of the countless generations that succeeded each other during that vast and indefinite period sufficing for the gradual deposition of sedimentary beds of thousands of feet in depth or vertical thickness.”* The best reply we can give to this argument is a simple statement of the fact, that although we know that the upper water abounds with various forms of animal life, still, in all the material as yet obtained and examined from a deep-sea bottom, hardly a single instance has occurred in which any fragment of a highly organized animal appears. All is organic; but all belongs to the simplest forms of organic existence.

The group of plagiostomous fishes to which the species above alluded to is referred, is one of considerable interest, both for its living and extinct representatives. It includes the sharks and rays, two distinct but allied natural groups. The former are remarkable for fins provided with hard, defensive spines, the action of which is connected with the use of the fin, being lifted up or lowered during the peculiar rotatory action of the body of all the shark tribe, and also serving as a weapon. In the case before us, the spine, two inches long, which must have belonged to a dog-

fish of moderate size, indicates, at the same time, the existence of another larger fish, the natural enemy of this, and against whose attacks the weapon was provided. No remains of such larger animal have yet been found.

Spines of sharks and rays are found in rocks of various ages. They are generally grooved, and often toothed in the older rocks. This denticulation is sometimes seen on both sides of the spine, a structure not now met with, except in one family of rays, so that it is possible that sting-rays, as well as sharks, abounded in seas of the carboniferous period. The dimensions of the spines increases in the secondary rocks, and in the lias they have been found very large. They are throughout abundant fossils.

With such spines have been found the peculiar teeth belonging to a family of sharks now only met with on the coast of Australia and China, and known as the Port Jackson sharks (*Cestracions*).

There are now only two or three species of these animals, and the group seems approaching extinction. It formerly flourished under a great variety of forms represented by species, some of which attained dimensions far exceeding the largest known living cestracions.

The teeth of these animals is peculiar, and especially adapted to the taking and masticating crustaceans and shell animals. The animals are of a harmless, timid character, and use their peculiar spines for defensive purposes only. The whole of the inside of the mouth and the palate are completely paved with flat, crushing teeth, diminishing gradually in size as they pass back to the throat. This beautiful tessellation is quite unrivalled in fishes or any other animals, although the general contrivance is repeated with various modifications in the hard-boned fishes. It indicates a diet of lower organized animals than those on which the true shark preys, and a corresponding difference of character and disposition.*

After the death of the animal the teeth become detached and are readily

* We have seen in a perfect state the delicate unbroken shell of an *Argonauta* or Paper Nautilus, obtained with a mass of half digested food from the stomach of one of these animals caught near the Cape of Good Hope. The shell had passed uninjured through the pavement of teeth.

dispersed, and very numerous varieties of form, no doubt belonging to many species, are met with in almost all rocks, from those of the Devonian period to the present day. In many cases the form is such that its relation to fishes is not readily seen, and fossils of this kind are sometimes called petrified leeches or worms, or are known by other local names. The carboniferous limestone, the lias, and the chalk, have each yielded a great variety of curious forms.

Teeth of true sharks have not been found yet in rocks more ancient than the oolites, but are common there, and much more so in newer rocks. Some of them indicate animals of the largest size and most predatory habits, resembling both the blue and white shark of existing seas. The tooth of a modern shark two inches three lines in length corresponds to an animal measuring twenty feet in length; but from the middle tertiary beds of Malta specimens of teeth have been obtained more than double the dimensions mentioned, and therefore probably belonging to an animal sixty feet long. Teeth of a species very nearly allied, and of the same genus, have been found in the red crag of Suffolk, considerably larger even than this.

Spines, skin-plates, and teeth of more than one of the characteristic forms of rays have been found fossil in every marine deposit from the Silurian to the most recent period; but all belong to extinct species. They represent animals of various proportions, but, for the most part, not large as compared with the sharks. The peculiarly flat pavement of teeth of these animals readily attracts attention, and is not, at first sight, understood; but the extinct do not differ essentially from the recent forms in this respect.

Another nearly extinct natural order of fishes is abundant in a fossil state. A curious fish, known in the northern seas as the "king of the herrings," belongs to this order. It is represented by two species in Chinese and Australian waters, but is otherwise unknown.

Beak-shaped jaws and mandibles, and curious spines of allied species are common in some of the older rocks, and are the principal remains of such animals preserved, inasmuch as their bones were cartilaginous.

Occasionally, however, in ancient times, the soft skeleton of these fishes was abundantly strengthened by an external casing coated with the hardest enamel and formed of plates of various shapes, closely locking into each other. Such boxes of bone plated with enamel have preserved the form of some curious inhabitants of the primeval seas.

One of the most singular of the fishes of this kind is the wing fish (*Pterichthys*), long ago picturesquely described by Hugh Miller. Of all the organisms of the Old Red sandstone, one of the most extraordinary is this winged fish, and certainly it is difficult to imagine an animal whose remains are more calculated to excite astonishment.

In this creature the head and half the body were defended by interlocking plates of hard bone, coated with enamel. The plates covering the head correspond in some measure with the cranial bones of fishes, but not exactly. The rest of the body not covered with plates was defended by small scales, flexible like scale armour. The helmet or coating of the head was articulated to the body, admitting of a certain amount of motion—a rare peculiarity in fishes—and there were two long and slender spines proceeding from between the head and neck, also coated with enamel plates.

It is supposed that these spines may have served to aid the fish in shuffling along the sandy bottom or bed of the sea if left dry at low water. There were small fins attached to the flexible part, which indicate a certain though small power of swimming. In a closely allied animal (*Cephalaspis*) larger fins have been observed, and a well-marked capsule of the eye-ball; and in another (*Coccoosteus*), the pectoral fins are absent, and the helmet is united to the cuirass.

Strange as seem the forms and structure of these fishes of the "Old Red" period there are not wanting existing species to throw light upon them. The "trunk-fishes," for example, though small, exhibit the peculiarity of possessing a kind of cuirass composed of articulated plates, having tubercles on the external surface, prolonged into spines, while the caudal extremity protrudes undefended from the back part of the cuirass. Another existing family, the "Siluroids,"

have the head defended by a kind of buckler, while the body and tail are undefended.

It seems probable that the carcasses of the fishes whose skeletons are so common in these ancient beds were entombed in the mud which now contains the bones, the sand immediately around the specimens being generally bituminised and exceedingly hard. The flagstones of Caithness, useful for various practical purposes, owe their peculiar qualities of density, tenacity, and durability to the dead fishes that rotted in their primitive constituent mud.

Another remarkable group of fishes, having large rhombic scales like those of great reptiles, and belonging to animals attaining gigantic proportions, is characteristic of the Coal Measures, and has very near representatives in the newer beds. In one of these (*Megalichthys*) the head was defended by strong, bony plates, coated with enamel, of a beautiful polish, but not interlocking. In these, as in all the fishes from old rocks, the vertebral column is invariably continued beyond the body, to form an unsymmetrical tail-fin, a peculiarity now confined to a comparatively small number of existing fish in a grown state, although still observable in the young and rudimentary skeleton.

A singular group of fishes (*Lepidotus*), adapted by their pavement of crushing teeth to feed on small testaceous and crustaceous animals, and resembling in form some of our flat fish, belonged to the same natural division as the fishes we have just been describing, and are chiefly found in secondary rocks. Like them, their scales were coated with enamel, and the tail generally unsymmetrical, and directly dependent from the continuation of the back bone. In some of these the scales have a thick, bony rib, spliced off at the extremity for attachment to the next adjoining scale; and these splices are so closely adjusted as to be invisible without a magnifying power. There are other curious modifications of structure exhibited by these animals.

The sturgeon is the best, or at least the best known existing fish of the so-called ganoid order; a name given to this group owing to the peculiarity of the scale, which is bony and coated with enamel. Almost all the ancient

fishes, except the sharks and rays, are of this kind.

In the lias is a species of sturgeon, to some extent transitional; its food, however, though similar to that of the existing members of its family, was apparently procured in a tranquil sea rather than in such tumultuous waters as are frequented by the sturgeons at present.

We have no space to dwell on the numerous gradual approximations to existing forms exhibited by the fishes of successive periods. Among the most singular and interesting remains, however, we may mention the "sword" or defensive weapon, more than a foot in length, of a kind of sword-fish found in the tertiary clay of Sheppey and Bracklesham, and species of turbot and sole are found in the tertiary deposits of Monte Bolca. In other tertiary formations are found fossil cod, mullet, carp, salmon, and herring, many of them so closely related to existing species as to be with great difficulty distinguished from them.

The conclusions of Professor Owen with regard to fossil fishes are not without interest in reference to the subject of species generally. He considers that a retrospect of their history imparts an idea of modification rather than development; and although the present appears to be the culminating period in their development, it represents "rather a period of mutation of the piscine character depending upon the progressive assumption of a more special piscine type, and progressive departure from a more general vertebrate type." He considers, in opposition to a view once held, that "a higher character of organization may be predicated of the palæozoic placoids and ganoids than of the ctenoids and cycloids, forming the great bulk of the class at the present day." He also says that "the comparative anatomist dissecting a shark or other fish of the ancient type would point to various structures as being of a higher or more reptilian character than the corresponding parts would present in most other animals, while the palæontologist would discover evidence of an arrest of development or a retention of embryonic characters in the primeval fishes."

No doubt, in many respects, fishes

are the most useful to the geologist of all animals whose remains are abundant in a fossil state, for by their aid we compare ancient and modern forms; and the conclusions from such comparison, when honestly and carefully made, cannot fail to be of great value. In this respect the general absence of true development, by which is meant the gradual advance from a lower or simpler to a higher or more complex structure, is a fact well worthy careful consideration. It appears to us, however, that this is in all respects consistent with an adoption of Mr. Darwin's view of adaptation, by a natural method, to existing circumstances, since their method involves no necessary advance in all the species of a group, though one or more species may pass from out of the group and form the commencement of a large series of animals of greatly increased development to the others.

There is a very curious department of palæontology, which it seems convenient to take into consideration at this stage of the subject, inasmuch as most of the remains now to be described are those of animals more or less terrestrial. This department is called *ichnology*, and is intended to include a rather important group of so-called fossils, in which there is indeed no organic matter present, but where there are indications not one whit less certain of former organic existence.

The evidences of ancient life to which we now allude, are, perhaps, best illustrated by what are called "fossil footsteps;" since under this name markings in sandstone have been known for many years, many of which have generally been referred to reptilian animals.

Wherever indeed animals have lived, or physical, or meteoric forces have acted; at all times, therefore, and in all places, from the commencement of the earth's existence as a planet to the present day, remains may be looked for that belong to the present group. Let us consider for a few moments what such indications are, and how they have been preserved.

A film of clay resisting the escape of a bubble of gas may retain the circular trace left by the collapse of the bubble; a flash of lightning may record its path through soft sand by melting it into glass during its swift

transit in search of moist earth; a small wave—a rain-drop—a hailstone—the breath of a wind as it heaps loose sand into ripples—the sudden effect of frost during a clear, calm night—the crack produced by the heat of the sun on a hot day—the little heap of mud left by a worm as it came to the surface or crawled along it; any or all of these may be preserved permanently—may become an integral part of a sandstone, a clay, or a limestone bed then forming, and, like the photograph, may fix for ever an exact image of the most incidental and transitory occurrence in nature.

But not only may we have indications of inorganic nature—sea-weeds, including those kinds that decay very rapidly—soft-bodied animals, such as the sea anemone or the medusa—soft parts of the animals of which we also have the skeletons: these may all be preserved; and, besides these, are the impressions made by various animals when moving across sands or mud when the surface passed over was favourably circumstanced for retaining the imprint.

There are many ways in which such impressions may be preserved. Where the tidal wave entering deep embayed coasts or funnel-shaped inlets becomes so multiplied as to rise to a great height at each successive time of high water, there will generally be a great moving about of animals during the intervals; and between each two successive spring tides there will be a long interval, during which large tracts may remain uncovered. If the surface consists partly of micaceous mud and partly of sand, and the weather is fine, with occasional hot sun, the marks made immediately after each tidal wave has left will be so far baked and covered up during the interval that occurs before the water covers it again, that the returning wave will only deposit a second stratum of mud, which will occupy all the hollows, markings, and irregularities formerly produced with soft matter capable of receiving another set of similar markings, to be in its turn hardened, covered up, and perpetuated. In aftertimes, this rock will split in the planes of deposit, and the mark, whatever it is, will be revealed.

In many ways, thin layers of mud deposited on sands retain permanently

the footprints of birds or reptiles, or other animals that wander over the sand in search of food, and follow a receding tide. Sometimes, layers of fine clay deposited between beds of sand, now converted into sandstone, present the most minute representation of the marks impressed upon them; and at other times, clouds of fine dry sand blown by the wind fill up all the inequalities of surface made on the moistened shore, and are themselves moistened when the water returns.

In the oldest rocks, rain drops, ripple marks, the borings of worms, and the scratchings attributed to small crustaceans or fishes, attest the existence of animal life even where all remains of such animals are absent. But it is by no means easy to determine the nature of the animal from indications of this kind, and the earliest markings are also amongst those most obscure. The earliest of all are thought to have been made by a large crustacean, perhaps a kind of trilobite, but they do not show that side-long motion which characterizes the crab. "The imagination is baffled in the attempt to realize the extent of time past since the period when the creatures were in being that moved upon the sandy shores of that most ancient Silurian sea; and we know that, with the exception of certain microscopic forms of life, all the actual species of animals came into being at a period geologically very recent in comparison with the Silurian epoch."

Belonging to a remarkable genus of extinct reptiles, which is called by Professor Owen, *Labyrinthodon*, owing to the complicated appearance of a section of the tooth, we find numerous remains in the Coal Measures of America and in the New Red sandstone in many parts of the world. Some of these would seem to have belonged to animals of large size and peculiar arrangement of the organs of locomotion, and they have been considered to form a natural order nearly allied to the batrachians. The head of these animals was very wide, and defended by a kind of helmet of externally-sculptured hard and polished bones; the teeth were large and complex, and the general form must have been something between that of the toad and land salamander.

No less than five well-marked species of these remarkable animals have been determined from British specimens found in the New Red sandstone, and many others are known from continental (European) deposits of the same age. They vary in size and in proportions, and exhibit in some cases striking peculiarities of structure. The bones found are chiefly those of the skull, which show a marked approach to the crocodilean type, though with modifications connecting them with the frogs. The few bones of the extremities that have been examined point, however, in the other (batrachian) direction, though not exclusively. The proportions are very peculiar, as in the case of one group of specimens, consisting of two fragments of a skull, and portions of the lower jaws, with bones of the leg; the bones of the head correspond with those of a crocodile six or seven feet in length, and those of the hinder extremities with crocodiles twenty-five feet in length, showing a singular disproportion compared with existing saurians, but an approximate magnitude compared with the tailless batrachians. The footprints in the New Red sandstone fully justify the conclusion that an animal of this anomalous character really lived during the period of that deposit. Some of the footprints, indeed (originally named *Cheirotherium*, owing to the peculiar hand-shaped appearance of the impression), would seem to have been made by animals very much larger than just described, though of similar proportions, the hinder extremities being exceedingly larger in all respects than the fore legs and feet.

One important conclusion is drawn by Professor Owen from the careful consideration of these curious remains. It is, that the supposed class-distinction between fishes and reptiles is artificial, and that all the cold-blooded vertebrata form one unbroken progressive series. Many of the earliest reptiles, known to us only by fossils; and many, also, of the earlier fishes, also extinct, connect together by intermediate gradations, which are so complete as to render it impossible in some cases to determine whether the fish or the reptile is more nearly approached.

Passing on another step, we come to that very interesting group of large-

finned reptiles, which, in some respects, carries us forwards, to the warm-blooded cetaceans, and, in others, backwards, to the fishes. Characteristic eminently of the great secondary period, these animals attained proportions so gigantic, and adapted themselves so completely to perform the part of the whales and other cetacea who have succeeded them, that they have always been regarded as affording strong support to the idea of a gradual development of structure from a lower to a higher type. They have been long familiar, although known only by their remains in a fossil state. These are, however, so perfect as to include even the skin, the contents of the stomach, and the structure of the caudal fin, a soft and easily-decomposed appendage, whose existence and structure are recognised from the position of the vertebral column in the skeleton. In many respects, these are among the most interesting and instructive of all the extinct reptiles. They are now grouped by Professor Owen into two orders, the first of which contains only the *Ichthyosaurus* or fish lizard, an animal well known by popular descriptions, frequently repeated and gradually perfected as the specimens of these curious animals have been multiplied.

Few things in natural history are more striking than the minute details we possess of the habits and peculiarities of this animal. Its tail alone indicates the combination of beast-like, lizard-like, and fish-like characters possessed by the animal; and almost every bone marks the same fact. The skull, indeed, affords, in its minute anatomy, almost all that could be required; and if only a few vertebrae had remained, there would still have been little doubt as to most essential points.

A considerable variety of marine reptiles, more or less widely departing from the fish type and approaching that of the crocodiles and lizards, are distributed throughout the whole of the rocks of the secondary period. In the oldest of these rocks (the Triassic rocks of Geologists) are some combining peculiarities of the crocodile and the turtle, while there is one genus, *Placodus*, provided with a pavement of teeth so remarkable and so like that of the Port Jackson shark, or wolf fish, that the remains were long re-

ferred to a family of true fishes. Some of the Australian lizards exhibit the same peculiarity, and the bones of the skull, which alone are known, have established the position of this animal among the reptiles. It must have fed on very hard kinds of food, probably crustaceans and shelled molluscs.

The *Plesiosaurus* is an animal as well and as long known as the *Ichthyosaurus*, and both are equally remarkable for the extraordinary abundance of their fossil remains in England, and the singular variety and number of species determined. They range from the lias to the chalk, inclusive. Although singularly unlike in external form, the relations of *Plesiosaurus* and some of the turtles are very marked. The extreme length of the neck, characteristic of some species, is less considerable in others, and in an allied genus (*Pliosaurus*) is reduced to a short compact bony connexion between the head and trunk. As in other respects the bony framework of *Pliosaurus* and *Plesiosaurus* agree, and the former is sometimes so large as to indicate a length of thirty or forty feet, in spite of the absence of neck, it is unsafe to judge of the limits of dimensions of the latter except when we have the complete skeleton before us. The animal was generally slender, and does not appear to have reached a much greater length than thirty feet, judging from the specimens hitherto found.

A modification of these marine saurians is seen in a group of fossils brought several years ago from South Africa, indicating an animal—a true reptile—having a long, ever-growing tusk on each side of the upper jaw. The jaw itself was probably beak-shaped, and covered with horn. This curious combination of tusks, like those of the sea-horse, with a horny mandible, like that of a turtle, belonged to an animal of considerable size, the skull of one individual measuring twenty inches in length, by eighteen inches across. A still more lizard-like animal provided with similar mandibles, though without the tusks, is known from some English beds of the New Red sandstone period, and in slabs from the same quarry as that in which these bones were found were numerous footprints, supposed to have been made by this

creature, but greatly resembling the impressions that would be made by a bird. The feet of the animal in question were partly webbed, and one hind toe touched the ground with its point.

A still more bird-like reptile than the *Rhynchosaurus* was the *Pterodactyl* or wing-finger, one of the most remarkable of all the reptilian animals hitherto described, whether in recent or fossil state. Like many other reptiles these animals belonged exclusively to the secondary period, but seem to have ranged through that period, although with different species. The head was large, with long jaws, armed with sharp pointed teeth, and the skull was lightened by large vacuities. The long bones were light, hollow, and permeated by air-cells. The back was small and weak, and the hind limbs and pelvis weak, so that the creature could not have stood or walked like a bird, but must have dragged along the ground like a bat. But the fore extremities are wonderfully developed, the fifth or outermost digit or finger having been so greatly elongated as to mark its use for flying. No doubt, a large and strong membrane extended from this elongated finger to the body and tail, including the hind extremities. The pterodactyls were probably powerful swimmers as well as flying animals.

Most of the species were small, but some from the greensand and chalk appear to have attained very gigantic proportions, the expanse of the wings reaching to eighteen or twenty feet.

A group of gigantic reptiles, some carnivorous, and some herbivorous, characterized the land of the secondary period, and their remains are sparingly distributed amongst such deposits as were sufficiently near shore to accumulate terrestrial organisms.

In some peculiarities of dentition, the *Megalosaurus* of Dr. Buckland approaches the structure of the higher mammals, and the teeth afford a singular combination of cutting and sawing implements. This animal, like the other gigantic land reptiles of the period, was supported on four strong and tall limbs, terminated probably with claws. The bones of the extremities were hollow, and some of

the remains indicate an animal thirty feet in length, and of a height proportioned rather to that of the elephant than the crocodile. The bones of the megalosaur and an allied genus are found in the lower parts of the oolitic series and the lias, but another reptile of similar proportions, though less completely carnivorous, occurs in the wealden beds, together with fragments of a purely herbivorous giant very nearly allied. The latter has generally been compared with the large iguanas, still living, though the relations, except in the peculiar structure of the teeth, do not seem very clearly indicated.

Crocodiles and crocodilian reptiles seem to have existed from the deposit of the Old Red sandstone to the present time, and several of the peculiar varieties of form in which they are still found, are represented by very ancient extinct species. Thus, the alligators or caimans, the gavials, and the true crocodiles, are all seen even in very old deposits. In former times they were probably as abundant in the waters and swampy lands, that then occupied the sites we inhabit, as they are at present in the swamps at the mouths of all the great tropical rivers. Lizards and monsters, some of gigantic size, lived during the deposit of the chalk, and smaller kinds must have been at all times common.

Serpents are of course much less frequently found, as being rarely likely to mix with water-formed deposits, but remains of them are not wanting in the newer rocks, though hitherto unknown in those of the secondary period. Tortoises and turtles abounded, and many curious varieties of form are shown. One tortoise of very gigantic proportions lived in India during the middle tertiary period, its carapace measuring no less than twenty feet in length.

On the whole, it is concluded by Professor Owen that the class of reptiles, unlike that of fishes, is now on the wane, having been chiefly abundant during the middle of the three great geological periods. It was then that the colossal air-breathing species, having the highest grade of structure and the most marked peculiarities and modifications, seem to have lived. Their progress has since been checked; other air-breathers of

higher types have replaced them, and they have been driven out by other tribes which they both typified and represented. Of eight great divisions of the class, three are altogether gone; and of the other five, three only can be regarded as having in recent times their chief development, while important natural families in some of these have passed through all their stages, and finally disappeared.

The earth is now peopled with mammals, and the air with birds, while in the sea the whales take place of the ancient reptilian monsters. Of all that remain, the tortoises and turtles, the crocodiles, the lizards, and the frogs offer analogies enabling us to comprehend the peculiarities of the extinct forms, but in comparatively few instances do they represent forms truly analogous. Most of the representatives of these remaining natural groups are comparatively small, and occupy a lower relative place in creation than they once did.

Birds, like reptiles, are known by their footsteps in the most ancient rocks. Nor can it be wondered at that these indications are present, even without bones or other actual organic remains. For the most part, birds inhabit land, or at least visit the land constantly; and their bones would, for this reason, be less likely to occur in sedimentary deposits than the bones of fishes or aquatic reptiles. There is, indeed, no difficulty in the preservation of the bones when once embedded; but it is evident, from their great rarity, that circumstances have seldom been favourable for their deposit.

The footsteps of birds are peculiar and are more readily distinguishable than those of most animals. They tread only on the toes; these are jointed to a single bone, at right angles to it, and the toes diverge more from each other, and are less connected with each other than in other animals. With few exceptions, only three of a bird's toes are directed forward, the fourth being shorter and directed backward, taking less share of the weight.

Guided by these analogies, Dr. Green, an American naturalist, announced so long ago as in 1835 the existence of a bird that had lived during the New Red sandstone period,

and whose dimensions, judging from the size of the impressions, were at least four times as large as those of the ostrich. The footprints are twenty inches long, and the average stride between three and four feet. The marks of the gigantic feet that trod this sandstone, while it was yet soft mud, are singularly well preserved, showing even the markings on the cushions on the under side of the foot. The animals seem to have been gregarious, many parallel rows being sometimes seen a few feet apart.

The rocks in which the sandstones are found, which are thus characterized, must have been formed in shallow water near shore. The tracks have been found in more than twenty places scattered through a district measuring nearly eighty miles from north to south, and are repeated through a succession of beds more than a thousand feet thick.

No other proof of the existence of such animals is wanting, and no other has yet been found in the New Red sandstone. From the oldest to the newest of the secondary rocks, the only other indication of birds consists of a part of a toe bone of a species about the size of a woodcock.

The extreme caution with which negative evidence in this particular department of science requires to be treated could not be better exemplified than in the case before us. In the whole of a long and remarkably well-developed series of deposits, containing not only remains of marine animals in abundance and perfection, but complete insects, the soft parts of molluscs, minute bones of quadrupeds not larger than a rat, the most delicate parts of trees and plants, and indeed all kinds of fossils apparently the most unlikely to be preserved, we have as yet discovered no proof of the existence of birds beyond a few footprints in one of the oldest, and a few toe bones in one of the most recent deposits. Doubtless, this slender basis is sufficient to enable us to fill up in idea the intervening period, but how accidental is the discovery of these two isolated facts placed at the two ends of the geological series.

In tertiary rocks, a few other birds' bones have been found, and their footprints have been suspected in carboniferous rocks. These latter are still disputed. The former mark a

gradual approximation to existing conditions.

Very remarkable, in every respect, are the gigantic elephantine bones discovered some years ago in New Zealand, and since described under the name *Dinornis*. Such birds might, no doubt, have made footprints like those found in the New Red sandstone, but they belong to deposits so modern that there is a shrewd suspicion of some individuals, at least, having remained in the islands till they were peopled by man. New Zealand is not more remarkable for the absence of land animals than for the presence of the living *Apteryx* and the extinct *Dinornis* and its allied genera. The former is small, but powerful, and very peculiar in its habits as well as its structure. It is truly wingless, having barely the rudimentary bones, and nothing that can in any way act as fore extremities. The *Dinornis* has already yielded nine species from the specimens exhumed, and of these one is believed to have been contemporaneous with the present races of animals and with man, even if living individuals are not still concealed on the island.

In Madagascar, there have been found, not only bones, but the shells of such eggs as those gigantic birds may have laid, the contents of one egg of ordinary size being six times that of an ostrich's, and a hundred and forty-eight times that of a hen's egg.

In the neighbouring island of Mauritius, the Dodo and the Solitaire are examples of animals that have died out certainly within the last two centuries. They are, however, not only extinct, but forgotten, so that were it not for the bones and the actual painted representation of the bird, it might well be thought that they were animals of much more ancient date. All these birds of New Zealand and the islands of the Indian Ocean that are now extinct, were remarkable for the absence of any vestige of wings that could be at all available for flight.

As the remains of birds are exceedingly rare in any but the newest deposits, and might have seemed to show that this important class was newly

introduced, if it had not been for the solitary group of footprints in the Red sandstones of Connecticut, so the yet more highly organized mammals—the highest group in the scale of beings—are known only in a fossil state by a few often very minute and imperfect fragments, not to compare, either in magnitude or completeness, with the envelope of the animalcule, the carapace of the crab, the shell of the mollusc, or even the bony plates coated with enamel of the fishes.

It is singular that whilst, in the more highly-organized vertebrate animals, the proportion of hard to soft matter is generally larger than in those of lower structure, whilst the hard matter itself is, at least, equally indestructible, there should be this scarcity of their fossils. In quadrupeds generally, and in birds, the bones contain nearly seventy per cent. of hard earthy matter, chiefly phosphate of lime, while in reptiles the proportion does not average more than sixty per cent., and in fishes even less. The rest is chiefly gelatine, which, after long interment, is lost, and after a time is often replaced by a second dose of carbonate of lime, or by the infiltration of silica.

"The determination of the remains of quadrupeds is beset (as Cuvier truly remarks) with more difficulties than that of other organic fossils. Shells are usually found entire, and with all the characters by which they may be compared with their envelopes in the museums, or with figures in the illustrated books of naturalists. Fishes frequently present their skeleton or their scaly covering more or less entire, from which may be gathered the general form of their body, and frequently both the generic and specific characters which are derived from such internal or external hard parts. But the entire skeleton of a fossil quadruped is rarely found, and when it occurs it gives little or no information as to the hair, the fur, or the colour of the species. Portions of the skeleton, with the bones dislocated or scattered pell-mell, detached bones and teeth, or their fragments merely—such are the conditions in which the petrified remains of the mammalian class most commonly present themselves in the strata in which they occur."

The determination of all that is essential in the form, habits, and

peculiarities of a quadruped, from a careful consideration of the analysis of single bones or teeth, or groups of bones, has for its basis an admission of perfect mutual adaptability of every part, combined with an obscure and mysterious reference to some general typical structure more or less developed in the particular instance, but very essential as marking the position of the species in question in the scale of nature.

Thus, in the whales and other marine cetaceans, there are rudimentary bones of no conceivable use to the individual, nor, indeed, to any one species of a large tribe, but which yet connect these animals with the class to which they belong, and separate them from other classes to which they approximate in form and habits, though not in some essential points of structure.

It is well known that we owe to Cuvier the original enunciation of this remarkable law—this appreciation of correlation of form and structure, and of the subordination of organs, which has always been regarded as the highest claim of that great naturalist to universal homage. Professor Owen has been eminently successful in carrying out the principle and applying it, and in making out the analogies of numerous extinct species with which Palæontology has since been enriched. The following remarkable passage from Cuvier's celebrated work on "*Ossements Fossiles*" will show how completely the French anatomist appreciated the value of the method he adopted:—

"There is a constant harmony between organs to all appearance quite strangers to each other, and the gradations of their forms correspond uninterruptedly, even in the cases where one can render no reason for such relations. But in thus availing ourselves of the method of observation as a supplementary instrument when theory abandons us, we arrive at astonishing details. The smallest articular surface of a bone, the smallest process, presents a determinate character relating to the class, to the order, to the genus, and to the species to which they belong, so that whoever possesses merely the well-preserved extremity of a bone may, with application, aided by a little tact in discerning analogies, and by sufficient comparison determine all these things as surely as if he possessed the entire animal."

The earliest indication hitherto obtained of the existence of quadrupeds is from fossil teeth in the New Red sandstone or triassic formations—among the oldest rocks of the secondary period, and the same as those in which the footmarks of gigantic birds were discovered. It appears to us altogether unreasonable and unphilosophical to assume, as Professor Owen seems inclined to do, that because they have not yet been met with in palæozoic deposits, they had not then been created. Time will probably bring to light much that is new and interesting in this department of human knowledge.

The animal whose remains are above alluded to was a very small insect-feeding quadruped, possibly marsupial, and approaching one of the smaller Australian genera in its dentition. Other not very dissimilar remains, consisting of jaws and teeth, have been found in the rocks of the lower oolite worked at Stonesfield, near Oxford, and they also seem to indicate an animal whose teeth could conveniently crush the wing-cases of beetles and the hard integuments of other insects. Some of the animals whose remains are preserved were marsupial, and some not; but all seem to have been of small size. One of them was apparently omnivorous, and is suspected by Owen to have been hoofed. Others found in the beds of upper oolite were decidedly carnivorous; and others, again, herbivorous.

With the exception of a single bone, probably from an oolitic bed, and referred to a cetacean as large as a grampus, the above is the whole list of fossil quadrupeds from rocks below the tertiaries. Can we for a moment suppose that the earth was thus thinly and poorly provided with animals, while the air and water teemed with life? Can we believe that, with vast forests and a wide-spread and varying vegetation, with insects abundant, and every thing, so far as we know, perfectly favourable for their existence, there should have been a few, and yet so very few, mammalian forms developed; just enough to let us know that the class had long been introduced, but proving also, if this view be correct, that it had made, and was making, no advance towards its subsequent importance?

Doubtful, and contrary to experience as this might seem, it is a possible state of things, and one not altogether without example at present. Such was certainly the condition of some of the large islands of the Pacific when discovered, even so lately as during the last century, and such is still, perhaps, the state of islands almost as large as our own.

But if these islands are now exceptions to an otherwise general rule, that all the different classes are spread wherever circumstances are favourable for their growth, why should it not have been so formerly? Why should not islands with insects, and a few small marsupial quadrupeds have existed in a great ocean in the western part of the northern hemisphere, while continents elsewhere were crowded with larger groups, and much larger individuals, of the class of mammals? Why, in other words, are we bound to assume that in our own latitudes there was always the same richness of life that there is now, and that here was the scale by which to measure all creation? Rather let us assume that land and water have not only always been unequally distributed, but that what are now the depths of ocean may once have been dry land, just as we know that what is now dry land was certainly for a long time, and when all these secondary deposits were going on, covered with water. From this water, no doubt, were deposited in the form of mud and sand, those very rocks from whose contents we now judge of the animal inhabitants of the whole globe. A due consideration of what Mr. Darwin calls "the imperfection of the geologic record" would teach useful lessons of humility in reference to the introduction of the higher races on the earth.

By far the larger number of mammals whose remains have been found fossil belong to the period called tertiary, commencing after the deposit of the chalk.

Whether the chalk and the other rocks of that period in our latitude were deep sea deposits is by no means clear. Probably there was no great uniformity, but some parts were accumulated in deeper, and some in shallower water. But this cretaceous sea certainly covered an immense portion of what is now land, not only in

Europe, but in large parts of Asia, Africa, and even America. The distribution of land and water after the completion of the secondary deposits, and at the commencement of what we called the tertiary period, must have been, in all respects, different; and it is only in the rocks of the latter that we find the mammalia fully represented.

The earliest form of modern quadrupedal life yet known was a large and remarkable animal at least double the size of the American tapir, determined originally by Professor Owen from a single tooth and a small fragment of jaw dredged up off the Essex coast. Other teeth and bones were afterwards found, confirming the view originally taken of this animal, which differs from the later tapiroid animals, although, like them, it was herbivorous and hoofed. Another and somewhat peculiar hoofed quadruped was afterwards detected from the older tertiaries of the London clay, and these two seem to have preceded, in order of time, the well-known and often-described genera, the *Palæotherium* and *Anoplotherium* of Cuvier, the former representing a group of hornless rhinoceroses; the latter, approaching the antelopes and deer in some of its species.

Since the original account given by Cuvier of the fossils from which these interesting and curious pachyderms were made out, a large number of new genera have been added, all nearly allied, and proving the singular abundance and variety, at the time of their existence, of a tribe now greatly limited in distribution.

Without reciting a long list of names, which could have no interest for the general reader, we may say, generally, that these discoveries have resulted in connecting together, by marked and very curious links, the common pachyderms, of which the elephant, rhinoceros, and hippopotamus, the hog, and the horse are all examples (some of them very divergent); and not only have they shown the mutual relations of structure in these, but have enabled the naturalist to understand how they all pass, by almost insensible gradations, into the ruminants—especially the antelopes. They are even considered to prove the artificial character of the order *Ruminantia* of modern systems of classi-

fication, and to show the natural character of that wider group of even-toed, hoofed animals suggested by Professor Owen many years ago, and for which he proposed the name *Artiodactyla*.

With the vegetable feeders of the old tertiary period, many of them small, delicate, and of beautiful proportions, there co-existed carnivorous quadrupeds which, to judge by their teeth, were more fell and deadly in their destructive task than modern wolves or tigers. One of these, about the size of a leopard, and others of smaller dimensions, seem to have been sufficiently abundant during the early and middle tertiary period. There were also, then as before, a few didelphine animals, including an opossum from the classic beds of Montmartre. Besides these we have in the older tertiaries a very peculiar edentate, intermediate between the Pangolins and *Orycteropus*: this latter in some of its proportions reminding the comparative anatomist of the gigantic extinct sloths of South America.

A large carnivorous whale, several herbivorous cetaceans, several extinct dolphins and true whales, and a gigantic animal, probably a manatee, having large tusks in the lower jaw, are among the animals whose remains are also common in the middle tertiaries. Of these, the whales are known chiefly by a group of fossils at first little suspected to be organic, in fact, by the petrified teeth and ear bones washed out of older beds into the red crag of Suffolk (a newer tertiary deposit), and there accumulated in such large quantities as to be of economic importance.

"The vast number of these fossils, and the proportion of phosphate of lime in them, led Professor Henslow, in 1843, to call the attention of agricultural chemists to them as a deposit of valuable mineral manure. Since that period they have yielded a large supply, worth many thousand pounds annually. The red crag is found in patches on the Essex and Suffolk coast, extending from the shore to from five to fifteen miles inland. It averages ten feet in thickness; but is in some places forty feet. Broken up, septarian nodules form a rude flooring to the crag left by the washing off of the London clay. The phosphatic fossils ('cops' as they are

locally termed) occur on this flooring, and no doubt thousands of acres many yards thick of earlier strata must have been broken up to furnish the nodules now found and carried away."

There is a distinct change in the grouping of the quadrupeds when we compare the older with the newer tertiaries, and some of the species form useful links. Thus, in later times the elephantoid group replaced the tapiroid, the mastodons being of intermediate character. Nearly, if not quite as bulky as the elephant, but not quite so tall, and with simpler dentition, these remarkable animals, with long straight tusks, and tusks in the lower as well as upper jaws, were probably more aquatic in their habits, and belonged to a more swampy condition of the land, in this respect resembling the hippopotamus.

The true elephants, and some of the later mastodons, numerous hippopotamuses, rhinoceroses, and hogs, many large ruminants of all the principal existing families, bears, porcupines and other rodents, and numerous vegetable and animal feeders, some of larger size than they are now found, others smaller but still different, and a few absolutely identical, characterize deposits of latest date, and mingled with such deposits, have lately been found sculptured flints—certain indications of a race of intelligent beings, far removed from the lower animals, and proving in fact the very early introduction of man on the earth.

But long before this, the remarkable group now separated by apes, monkeys, and other four-handed animals had been introduced, and their remains are found in the middle tertiaries of the South of France. One of these was apparently a tailed monkey, another, a large ape, long-armed, and of different build from the chimpanzee and the great ape of tropical Africa, and less like the human race in its osteological characters. Other monkeys and apes have been found in somewhat newer deposits, proving that these animals once ranged far more to the north than they now do. The last extinct species known was associated with the beds of gravel which contain bones of rhinoceros and hippopotamus, in which flint weapons are also met with.

We must not here occupy space by describing those very singular gigan-

tic quadrupeds of the upper tertiaries, whose remains have for some years past attracted general attention, and have been the subject of frequent popular description. The megatherium and mylodon, the glyptodon, the sloth, the great Irish elk (so called) the great hyæna and bear of the caves, the huge kangaroo, and wombat, and the powerful and fierce *Machairodus*, all these existed not long ago, and were associated in distant parts of the world, not only with man but with numerous quadrupeds still existing, and still the common and abundant animals of the countries in which they live. The horse and ass, and a third species of equus, intermediate in size, were probably the progenitors of those we employ. The same may be said of the bovine animals. In other cases, although certain large and obtrusive kinds are destroyed, the smaller kinds survived and still remain. In all these cases, "with extinct as with existing mammalia, particular forms were assigned to particular provinces, and the same forms were restricted to the same provinces at a former geological period as they are at the present day," but this period in regard to the animals in question was a comparatively recent one.

We have now completed a very brief descriptive sketch of the great series of remains of animal life which form the basis of palæontological science, and though necessarily very imperfect, we believe such an outline may be found convenient to the geological as well to the general reader. Of course, in avoiding technical language and mere figures, we have left out much that would be essential in a treatise; but something of the order of nature will have been seen, and something of that foundation of fact and superstructure of generalization, that together construct the science.

Of all the direct and unmistakable deductions from the facts, the first unquestionably seem to be the apparent successive extinction of old species, and the substitution of new ones in their place.

To the philosophical naturalist, it thus becomes an inquiry, how far species are to be regarded as fixed and definite, and what in fact is to be understood by the term, as expressing a fact in nature.

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It is so difficult and unpleasant to unlearn what we have been taught as probably our first lesson in natural history, that scarcely any one is willing to give up the artificial and conventional term, and launch at once into the investigation that can alone enlighten us on this subject. Still, we are bound to inquire whether "species or forms, recognised by their distinctive characters and the power of propagating them," do exist in nature—that is, whether the limits of variety under changing external circumstances, are sufficiently known and considered when we assert that characters are distinctive, and whether the power of propagating distinctive characters is not combined with a large power of modifying the distinction in the offspring.

It is to this important question that Mr. Darwin has directed his attention, and in this he is decidedly at issue with Professor Owen. We have not space to give even an outline of the argument on either side, but our readers may be interested in observing the mode in which it affects the great Palæontological inquiry.

Mr. Darwin, believing that there are individual differences in all organic beings, capable of being repeated with more or less modification in offspring, believes that the conditions of existence, whatever they may be, determine the direction of change by being always more favourable to some modifications than they can be to others. Under these circumstances, if the conditions, whatever they be, are used by one individual of a family to a greater extent than by the rest, that one will live and flourish while the others will starve or be killed; that one it is believed will also, in all probability, perpetuate its peculiarities whatever they are, to some of its offspring, those of whom also will be preserved who retain the favourable characters while the rest will be lost, and so on until a permanent variety adapted to existing condition is produced.

But if the circumstances change, then some other corresponding modification of the organism is produced and a new variety is obtained, and so on continually. There is no permanence in conditions, and therefore there is no necessary permanence in species, but conditions and also species

may remain unaltered for a long period. There is correlation in a very important sense, and every change acts upon every individual. In this view the extinction of species is merely another mode of expressing that the mutual relations of inorganic matter, produced by those physical changes constantly going on, produce at the same time corresponding modifications in organic life. This we understand to be the meaning and bearing of Mr. Darwin's law of natural selection, and in this sense we understand and accept his argument.

We are quite willing to accept the concluding remarks of Professor Owen's excellent work, still understanding the unity of creation to be one of the greatest and most essential points communicated to us by the study of natural science. The author says, concerning the investigations of Palæontology, that we gain by them a knowledge that the phenomena of the world do not succeed each other

with the mechanical sameness attributed to them in the cycles of the Epicurean philosophy, for we are able to demonstrate that the different epochs of the earth were attended with corresponding changes of organic structure, and that in all these instances of change, the organs still illustrating the unchanging fundamental types, were, as far as we could comprehend their use, exactly those best suited to the functions of the being. Hence, we not only show intelligence evoking means adapted to the end, but at successive times and periods producing a change of mechanism adapted to a change in external conditions. Thus the highest generalizations in the science of organic bodies, like the Newtonian law of universal matter, lead to the unequivocal conviction of a great First Cause, which is certainly not mechanical.

D. T. A.

THE WORK-A-DAY WORLD OF FRANCE.

CHAPTER II.

BEFORE we turn from the working men of Flanders, it will be well to glance at the laws which govern the relations between employers and children in France. The French workman's child is born—as the children of all men not blessed with riches are born—to labour. The French workman's child either enters into an apprenticeship, or is turned into a mill or manufactory. But in either case he is better cared for, as a rule, let us declare in all humility, than the little English workmen are cared for. There is a deep parental sentiment among the French people that has something romantic in it. Children partake of all their parents' moderate pleasures. The greatest dandy is not ashamed to lead his tottering baby along the broad Boulevards. Workmen carry their children proudly upon their shoulders. Children are not beaten in France as brutally as they are beaten in England. Frenchmen bear themselves with a tender chivalry towards the young; they laugh and play with them in public

gardens. Reverend seignors will live "their childhood o'er again" with them, for a time, at foot-ball, under the Tuileries' chestnuts. Their mothers carry them to church. On the eve of their admission to a factory, or of entering upon their apprenticeship, many of them are led to the altar by their mothers. Foreigners in France are generally astonished to see the gracious familiarity which marks the intercourse of fathers with sons. This familiarity is an honour to the fathers. It is the result of their kindly treatment of the babes. English fathers command with stern authority, tempered only occasionally with a moment's familiarity; French fathers are the elder brothers of their children. The national character of the Frenchman explains this difference. His parental heart is not warmer than that of the Englishman; but his manner is less restrained, and his blood is quicker. He clasps his hands in anguish where an Englishman would only thoughtfully stroke his beard. But the effect of French im-

petuosity, in giving outward expressions of affection towards children, is one of its more charming effects. It tempts the child, in hours of danger, to turn to the father as the best and kindest friend.

But it was not powerful enough to guard children against the temptation set before their fathers up to 1841, to turn the labour of their little hands to account in mills and manufactories. Children were cruelly overworked in France—as in England—until the Government, yielding to the voice of humanity, declared that the shameful spectacle of babes, between six and eight years old, working from fourteen to fifteen hours daily, should no longer shock the sight of Christian men.

And now children are protected against the avarice of employers, to a fair extent. A child may not be admitted into a manufactory until it has completed its eighth year; and, once admitted, it remains protected by special laws, till it has completed its sixteenth year. Early enough—at eight years of age—to snatch the child from the playground and to set it to work! The law declares that no child under twelve years of age shall work more than eight hours daily; and that between 9 P.M. and 5 A.M. no child under thirteen years shall be set to work under any pretext whatever. But the little worker who has completed his thirteenth year, may be worked after 9 o'clock at night in factories, when it is necessary to keep fires up, or where urgent repairs are going forward. This is hard; and the only conditions which temper the rigour are, that the young worker's two night hours count, by law, for three; his eight hours, for twelve. Again, children cannot be sent to work on Sundays or fête days. So much for the protection of French children at work. Let us now glance at their education.

Parents must prove that children sent to work under twelve years of age, attend a public or a privateschool; but their twelve years run out they are exempt from forced attendance, on producing a certificate from the mayor of their locality, declaring that they have received "primary instruction." All these points appear upon the little book which the working-child, like the working-man, must bear in France—that eternal, harass-

ing, enslaving "*livret*." The little fellow must trot to the mayor for his book, for which his parents, or a benevolent municipal council, pay 2½*d.* In this book, his age, his Christian and surname, his birthplace, his place of residence, and the time during which he has attended school, are inscribed. It is the first chapter of his biography. And now the master makes his contribution to its pages. The day of the child's entrance in the workshop or factory is duly set forth; and presently, the date on which the child quitted his employer, is added. His patron is under the vigilant eye of the law. Let Monsieur the patron fail in the engagements he has taken towards his young charge, and he is fined for each offence; the fines, in various cases, and applicable to one offence committed against the rights of one or more children, ranging from fifteen francs to five hundred francs.

Then follows the child's apprenticeship: a hard time, as a rule, where the first fruits of acquired skill go to pay for the acquirement of the skill. Where the child's parents have been able to pay a premium to the master, the child has a more cheerful prospect. The fruit that sweetens labour comes in rapidly, and the young labourer learns to love his work, or at worst, to suffer its irksomeness cheerfully, at an early age. To teach a youth to love work, is to give him the strongest safeguard against evil-doing. Then he does wisely who strives to pay something to his boy's master, when the articles of apprenticeship are signed. The boy cannot taste of the fruits of labour too speedily.

Apprenticeship in France is rapidly and cheaply accomplished. The parent applies to the secretary of the local prud'hommes, to the clerk to the justice of the peace, or to a notary. These three authorities have equal power to draw up articles of apprenticeship, and their honorarium is two francs, to which modest sum one franc for registry must be added. The articles cost, then, just half-a-crown. These articles are often extremely explicit and searching. Not only is the trade to be taught carefully described; but, when the apprentice is to live with his master, there are stipulations as to food and lodging. By the law of France a master is compelled to keep a sick apprentice in his house eight

days; but the cost of medical attendance belongs to the invalid.

The law will not allow (save in very special cases) men who have suffered penal punishment, or who have committed commercial frauds, to take apprentices. It is, indeed, very severe with the masters of apprentices. The masters must watch over the good conduct of their charge; they must not employ him in any labour that is not in direct connexion with the trade he is learning; and they are forbidden to overtax his strength. If he be under fourteen years of age, he must not labour more than ten hours; beyond this age twelve hours' labour may be imposed upon him. The apprentice who has not accomplished his sixteenth year, cannot be made to do night work. On Sundays he is free as on all legal fête days. On these days he may be asked to set the workshop in order; but this work must be accomplished before 10 o'clock, A.M. If, when he joins his master, he can neither read, write, nor understand the simple rules of arithmetic, his master is compelled to allow him opportunities for instruction in these elements. Then, when the term of the apprenticeship is at an end, the apprentice is bound to make good to his master all time lost during illnesses which have exceeded fifteen days; also all absences, even when these have been permitted by the master.

The law enables the parties to an apprenticeship to break the articles—if either suffer penal punishment—or if the master be proved to have habitually misconducted himself towards his apprentice. Another provision of the French law breaks the apprenticeship of a young girl, when the master loses his wife, or that female member of his family who conducted his household. The girl's natural protector being withdrawn, she is not left in a state of dangerous isolation from her own sex. The French law keeps the master on his guard. When his example is an immoral one; when he gives way to drinking or swearing, his apprentice may demand that his articles shall be broken. The master is also protected. Should the apprentice fall so ill as to make the further pursuit of his trade impossible, the master may return him to his parents or guardians.

There is another notable provision of the French apprenticeship laws. Articles of apprenticeship may be cancelled by either party any time within two months after signature; and neither party is entitled to compensation, unless such compensation has been specially agreed upon. This interval is given, that the parties may have an opportunity of studying each other: and it is wisely given, that master and man, who are to pass years together, may learn whether there is a probability of their living in harmony.

Let us glance at the French apprentice who has completed his time; for in reviewing the conditions under which the work-a-day world of France revolves, a fair and full statement of the conditions which are attached to apprenticeship become important groundwork. Happily, in these days, how men work has become a question of interest among all classes; and we are encouraged in this endeavour to set forth some of the economies of French industry by this knowledge. What we have to tell may be of use to Social Science Congresses, and kindred societies. These brave congresses want to know how black and foggy alleys may be cleansed: how yonder cobbler may be dragged from that unwholesome cellar: how that laughing, painted face, with its brazen look, may be softened, and won back to a quiet fireside: how yonder urchin may be made a useful citizen. It may be of use to them, also, to learn how French laws affect French industry.

The apprentice must obtain from his master, in France, a formal declaration that the articles have been complied with. This declaration is absolutely indispensable to the young journeyman. Without it he cannot obtain the police *livret*, which he will have to carry henceforth: without it no master will dare to employ him, since, should he still owe work under his apprenticeship, his new master will be bound to pay the value of it. On the other hand, the master who compels his apprentice to remain with him after all the articles of the apprenticeship have been fulfilled, will be compelled to pay him damages for having unlawfully detained him, and the prud'hommes will give him his discharge. We refer M. Audiganne

(who declares that the apprentice who is wrongfully detained may claim the value of every day's work thrice told) to Judge Mollet's "*Code de l'Ouvrier*." The law to which M. Audiganne refers was that of the year XI. of the Republic, which the recent apprenticeship law has set aside. Both master and apprentice, then, are interested in terminating an apprenticeship, openly and fairly, according to the law. But there are many quarrels among masters and apprentices in France: and these are settled by the prud'hommes of the district; and even in those districts where there are no prud'hommes, masters and apprentices generally turn to the nearest prud'hommes to beg their friendly mediation. But a very simple recourse to a police office can be had, when a master has obtained an apprentice under false pretences, or illegally. Thus, should a bachelor or widower take young girls as apprentices (this being contrary to law), he may be fined from five to fifteen francs, or, in default, be imprisoned from one to five days. The apprentice, in his turn, is kept to his bargain by the prud'hommes. They protect his rights, but they rigorously punish—even corporally—his errors. They will even (in Paris at least) elect one from their body to watch and protect an apprentice (whose master they have reason to suspect) throughout his apprenticeship.

This protection is often needed:

"Think," writes M. Hippolyte Viollet, in his charming addresses to his fellow-workmen, "think of a child, only twelve or thirteen years old, suddenly transported from the bosom of a Christian family, to a workshop, where he will find the most shameless licence, instead of his mother's gentle language! He must have courage, and enough, to resist the allurements of evil example: to reply by a disdainful silence to the base sarcasms that will be pointed at him. In the workshop to which I refer, impious boastings and low ideas were not the only degrading influences at work: recourse was had, from time to time, to those foul romances that, I believe, are written with the mud of sewers. We, the innocent children, fresh from home, were asked our opinion on these horrors; and the blood mounted to our cheeks. Chief among these men was an old workman who was distinguished for his licentious wit. His songs infected

the workshop. His fetid words heralded his arrival in the morning. Let me ask myself, what has become of those three or four children who were my companions, for a time, in this pandemonium.

On all sides, however, perfidious solicitations encompass the young man. 'Tut! you're not a man!' is the taunt before which the youth entering life, recoils. Shoulders are shrugged, and the sneering laugh goes round. And boys who have not strength to bear this unjust contempt, take refuge from it by ranging themselves on the side of the revilers. Poor boy, so fallen! the lessons of home fade: and he no longer looks brightly into his mother's face."

The law does well in endeavouring to counteract influences as sinister as these. The appointed prud'homme has good work to do near the friendless apprentice, suddenly thrust among licentious and unbelieving journey-men.

The French apprenticeship law stands in strange contrast to that of England. Half-a-crown includes notary's fee and registration among our neighbours: but in England the mere stamp, when no premium is to be paid, costs this sum. Let there be a demand for a premium—even of £10—and the English government demands £1: if the premium exceed £30, and be under £50, the stamp office must have £2; and so on, in proportion. In England, the stamp which makes a boy an attorney's clerk, costs £80! The law takes care of its stamp money; gives the master strong legal rights over his apprentice; allows him to exact securities from his apprentice's friends; and furthermore, permits the man to beat the child "in moderation." The English master has a dangerous power, indeed, over his apprentice. The law does not restrict the child's hours of labour; neither does it provide time for the acquirement of reading and writing. In France, a single man, or widower, may not take young girls as apprentices; but England offers no resistance to this contract—she is concerned only about her stamps.

It is clear, then, that the French child has an advantage at the outset, over the English child. Education must precede or accompany work in France; whereas in England, hapless little creatures may be handed over to taskmasters as ignorant as when they were born. This contrast is

proof of the statement we ventured to make at the outset of this chapter.

We have lived, it is true, far beyond Mrs. Brownrigg's days. Outrages upon apprentices are not frequent in England; still, while we are on the subject of the treatment of apprentices in the two countries, it may not be inopportune to point out the bad influence of a law which permits a master to chastise, even moderately, an apprentice. The apprentice, if very savagely ill-treated, has his remedy before a justice of the peace; but children know little or nothing about the law, and will suffer until neighbours remark their sufferings and encourage them to use their rights.

It is true that the French apprentice may incur corporal punishment; but then the law calmly, and before the instruments of the law, inflicts it. There are tender protectors provided for him when nature has failed him. He may not be robbed of his holidays: his strength may not be overtaxed: he may not be kept at work at night. But let the English master's example be an evil one, is his apprentice free?

Now, last autumn shone upon a congregation of men, at Bradford, who fairly represented the mild, the merciful, the Christian spirit of the time, as manifested, day by day, throughout the United Kingdom. The National Association for the Promotion of Social Science is a gathering of distinguished men, who have devoted much time and considerable talent to questions affecting the well-being of the poor, the helpless, the lowly, the criminal. Valiantly to say that the dire evils which oppress the social body spring from this social body; that the ulcers and sores that burst upon the body's surface rise from its inward corruptions, is to speak truth courageously. "We fancy," wrote Walter Savage Landor, "that all our afflictions are sent us directly from above; sometimes we think it in piety and contrition, but oftener in moroseness and discontent. It would be well, however, if we attempted to trace the causes of them; we should probably find their origin in some region of the heart which we never had well explored, or in which we had secretly deposited our worst indulgences. The clouds that intercept the

heavens from us, come not from the heavens, but from the earth." In foul and murky vapours they rise: from common lodging-house and fence, and padding ken and penny gaff; from behind iron prison doors; from convict's sweat and reeking beer-shops; from hospital wards and through the gratings of dusky hulks; out of the mouths of the honest and dishonest poor; of helpless children and weeping mothers. In sad, sable, heavy clouds it rises, this awful cloud of human affliction, under which we must fain bend our heads humbly. Ay, up from the strife of earth roll the dense vapours that obscure the sweet light of heaven. From our blind and hot activity: from the murky cells where avarice hoards treasures that would feed the fainting; from scramblers after that deadly apple of Eden which we have cut up into slices of golden pippin, and stamped with royal arms and royal head; from fiery words of anger, and the fallen jaws of men dying, and the tremendous battle of life!

There have been men who have put aside the comfortable logic which leaves the mind easy to enjoy all the good the gods have provided, and who have courageously spoken their determination to carry on a crusade against degrading vices, and brutal and revengeful punishments. Mild faces have beamed suddenly at dungeon doors; sweet and sympathetic voices have drowned the gruff utterances of the gaoler. Just faint edges of a silver lining have, hereupon, appeared about the heavy cloud of sin and sorrow that hangs over the head of active human creatures. The bragging of the lesser sinner long kept the cloud unbroken over the races of man. The business of that vast theory of lords and commoners and mechanics, assembled at Bradford in autumn last, was, then, of happy omen. This crowd will meet again and again; and it is to them that we submit our prayer, that this permitted flogging of apprentices and schoolboys may be re-considered. We submit to them, moreover, the kind, parental laws by which the French shield helpless orphans committed to the teaching of artificers.

And we pass on to view our neighbours at work—their apprenticeship past.

Let us turn from quaint Lille, to

other towns which may be included in the industrial circle of Flanders. At Calais, for instance, manufactures are carried on, on a smaller scale than at Lille. There are benefit societies here, and a common spirit of jealousy towards masters exists among the operatives; but even in the throes of the last Revolution the working population of this place does not appear to have been seized with socialist hallucinations. The men appear to be heavy and little educated, although not so thoroughly inert and dense as the artisans of Amiens, where, according to M. Audiganne, labour concerns itself merely about a rise in wages, and concerns itself in this only in a blind and blundering way. These Amiens artisans had not even a mutual benefit society before the year 1851. Let Paris be in a state of agitation, and Amiens will be troubled; but the artisans will have one object, and one only, in view. They are as distinct from the gay and sociable Lillois as they can well be. The artisans of St. Quentin and Sedan are also men who are not apt in the formation of benefit societies or social clubs. Here are no singing parties; no picnic clubs. Every man stands alone: bears his own misfortunes unaided, and enjoys his pleasures unshared. He lives upon his salary when trade is brisk, and on public charity when work fails. He drinks; he repairs to the cabaret to buy wine or brandy. Drunkenness is the dominant vice. Much beer is drunk, for wine is dear, and the popular spirit is bad. The men are "wrapped and thoroughly lapped" in the effects of heavy beer or most noxious brandy—brandy that possibly recalls to the connoisseur the "campfire" of the Paris chiffonnier. St. Quentin is encompassed by charming walks, yet the artisan rarely treads them. The wine-shop absorbs the greater part of his wages: the rest is an old story; rags and famine for wife and children; a fireless stove, and offspring begging the bread of which their father's low lust has robbed them. Unlike the working population of Amiens the artisans of St. Quentin are profoundly indifferent to political events. Let them have their brandy, and revolutions may be accomplished without disturbing their *sottish repose*. We are reminded that

they were tranquil throughout 1848, without a soldier being present to overawe them.

St. Quentin is a great commercial rather than a great manufacturing town. The merchants transact a vast business in cambrics and lawns, and stand aloof from the artisans. These deal in the articles manufactured, as Manchester deals in the cottons of Preston and other manufacturing towns. A few among the St. Quentin merchants have endeavoured to rescue the artisans from their drunken, ignorant condition; but the results of their exertions have not been great. There is a jealousy of religious influence in this district. The domination of the priest is feared. A Société de la Providence has worked to give poor artisan families decent sleeping accommodation; but it has made little progress. Five or six human beings may still be seen, hereabouts, in one bed. The best thing done as yet has been to allot the unused communal lands, in plots, to the artisans. This idea has had the happiest results. There are between four and five hundred of these artisan's gardens, which are cultivated often on the St. Monday, when the cultivator, were he deprived of this pleasant and profitable labour, would be besotting himself in a *cabaret*.

If we pass from St. Quentin to Sedan we find a much more satisfactory state of things. A drunken man is, in this city, a phenomenon. The Sedan artisans have a passion for that which the St. Quentin artisans avoid. The old fortifications of Sedan are covered with little workmen's gardens (like those which the Spitalfields weavers cultivate in the far east of London). In these little gardens, let at from ten francs to fifteen francs per annum, they may be seen dining with their families in the open air, any fine Sundays. They have been to morning mass, and their children are with the Brothers of the Christian Doctrine. The Sedan workman, then, is a serious, quiet, man, by no means an ascetic, and by no means a disciple of Voltaire. He is a lover of order; but he will not bear oppression. He has guarded a manufacturer against the unjust violence of the mob; on the other hand, he has

become a member of a society or trades union, and has dreamed of associated labour gathering the fruits of both labour and capital. He has copied the *Humanité* scheme of Lille in his Grocers' Society; and he has incurred the jealousy of the local authorities as the Lillois incurred it. The police will not believe that workmen can combine to procure cheap provisions, without plotting the overthrow of the government over the counter. We are told that the working population of Flanders did not lean, in 1848, and from that time to 1851, to the associative principle; but the example of Lille contradicts this assertion. Let us rather, in the interest of truth, declare, that the workmen's harmless associations were put down by the strong arm of the law, as soon as a Bonapartist régime was established. These associations having been dispersed, party writers boldly declared that workmen felt that "human individuality was natural and unconquerable." We are now assured by government pens, that the Flemish working population of France have been content to exchange Bonapartism for socialism.

The story of the sudden spread of socialism in France, after the Revolution of February, 1848, is a curious one. It is the natural sequence of St. Simonian dreams of 1830. There were associations of workmen in France, who clubbed together to buy provisions cheap; or associated themselves for labour in common, backed by a subscribed capital, long before M. Louis Blanc's Organization of Labour made its appearance. So far back as 1840, a Shoe and Bootmakers' Association was in existence in Paris. It had a workshop for its members; the profits of members' labour were divided in the proportion of two-thirds among the members, and one-third to the reserve fund. This fund gave help to the unemployed, the sick, and the aged. It was a model on which hundreds of new associations were based, in 1848. On the morrow of the Revolution, the Provisional Government, knowing the tendencies of the working classes of France, declared that "workmen might associate to reap the full fruits of their own industry." One of the Provisional Government's earliest acts was

to establish the famous Labour Parliament, at the Luxembourg, under the presidency of Louis Blanc; and the vice-presidency of M. Albert, workman. To this parliament went solemn deputies in blouses. On the 1st of March—no later—workmen, in their working clothes, were sitting in the velvet chairs, that less than a fortnight before had been pressed by Louis Philippe's peers. The bearing of the new parliament was calm and dignified. They attacked patent abuses—as, for instance, the sweating system. They admitted masters to deliberate with them. If they were led into excesses later—political events, and the disastrous results of the national workshop system (that, according to M. André Cochut was feeding 400,000 persons in the neighbourhood of Paris alone, at one time)—excuse them.

But M. Audiganne is wrong when he declares that the associative principle was willingly thrown aside by French workmen, in exchange for Bonapartism. Political events bore down the Luxembourg Parliament. The brigadiers who governed the vast industrial armies of the national workshops, carried these armies into the turmoil of politics, and led them from the calm consideration of their social condition and their just rights as workmen. The labour delegates of the Luxembourg, then, never had an opportunity of setting forth their convictions. The associations of workmen, to which the year 1848 gave birth in France, sprang naturally from the ideas of the people. The belief that workmen, banded together, might have their own workshops and enjoy all the profits of labour, by subscribing the capital necessary to labour, was one that took a firm hold of the people, and dominated them even when they stood upon the crown of the bloody barricades of June. Beaten from the Luxembourg in May—they turned to the one clear purpose, on which they were unanimous. A deliberative committee, to give advice to nascent associations, was formed. The tailors were already associated, and installed in the old debtors' prison of Clichy. The Constituent Assembly, feeling that the working classes were passionately attached to the associative principle, voted thirty-

one millions in aid of its development. And associations grew up all over France.* Many flourished and would have become remarkable institutions, had Bonapartism left workmen the liberty to associate their labour and their savings. We are in possession of documents to which the public have no

longer access. But we must here; most emphatically assert, that associations like L'Humanité of Lille, and the cabinet-makers of Paris, were not willingly broken up by the working classes of France, in their passionate adoration of Napoleonic ideas.

VONVED THE DANE—COUNT OF ELSINORE.

CHAPTER XIV.—*continued.*

MADS NEILSEN THE AVENGER.

In three minutes the fishing-boat was scudding before the wind, and leaping through and over the heaving waves, at an immense rate. The boat often pitched heavily, yet, being free before the wind, she did not roll, until, instantaneously, she lifted up so sharply that she made a lurch to starboard to such a degree, that she dipped her gunwale under. The vessel was half-decked; that is, it had a quarter-deck and a forecastle, but the mid-ship portion, between the two masts, was open (with the exception of a narrow gangway), being reserved for the reception of nets, fish, &c. Herr Nealen happened to be standing on the little forecastle when the boat lurched so unexpectedly and violently, and he was helplessly hurled across the deck, in an oblique direction, and projected bodily over the gunwale, but he caught the shrouds of the foremast with both hands, and after a desperate struggle to hold on, managed to raise himself on board again as the vessel righted. He immediately roared curses at Mads for causing such an accident, and Mads laughed wildly and scornfully, and muttered something about the tiller slipping from his hand, and grimly remarked that Herr Nealen certainly was reserved for a drier death than drowning.

Was it an accident on the part of the steersman that so nearly resulted in hurling Nealen overboard? Certain it is that Mads, either through accident, negligence, or design, permitted the boat to lurch to the verge of a

capsize, and then righted her with consummate skill, and that he stirred not a foot to save Nealen when the latter clung to the shrouds in imminent peril.

Nealen now came aft, and was about to renew his angry remonstrances, when he made a discovery which he might have made earlier had not his mind been intensely pre-occupied. He now perceived with amazement that they had already sailed beyond the little islet of Thorö, and were scudding northward up the wide channel between Funen and the very long and very narrow island so appropriately named Langeland (Long-land).

"Mads Neilsen, you idiot," shouted he, "are you drunk, or crazy, or both? We are out of the bay, and have left Thorö far astern!"

"I know it, Herr Nealen," coolly answered Mads.

"Know it! know it, you—you infernal fishy villain!" yelled Nealen, bursting with rage. "Then, what do you mean? Did you not tell me the man whom we seek is on Thorö?"

"Ja, so; he *was* on Thorö, but he is not there now," calmly responded Mads.

"You mad old scoundrel! have you been fooling me then?"

"Surely not. A poor simple old scaly torsk—I think your Excellency so called me?—could not possibly befool such a wise gentleman as Herr Nealen!" chuckled Mads.

"A million curses! what a dolt

* See *Les Associations Ouvrières*. By André Cochut. Now very rare: thanks to the paternal nature of Bonapartism.

have I been to trust the word of such an old cat-fish as you!" roared Nealen, violently stamping the deck, and stammering with passion.

"In what have I deceived you, Herr Nealen?" asked Mads, with imperturbable composure.

"In what? You promised me that in half-an-hour you would bring me face to face with the follower of Vonved!"

"I did."

"You did! Yes, you measureless liar! you cursed old!"

"Gently, Herr Nealen; it blows hard enough without your cursing, to raise the wind," sneered Mads.

"Oh, you devilish scoundrel," screamed Nealen; "curse you, and curse the wind, and curse your infernal boat!"

"It is not yet half-an-hour since we left Svendborg jetty, and I will keep my word," answered Mads.

Nealen again broke out, cursing and threatening vengeance, but without eliciting any further reply from Mads, who, after carefully noting the trim of his boat, stooped down, and picked up a short rope fastened to a chock on deck. He secured this with two half-hitches round the end of the tiller, and satisfied himself that the boat steered properly with the tiller lashed in that manner. Then he confronted Herr Nealen, and cast his long-maintained composure to the winds.

"I promised that you should stand face to face with a follower of Lars Vonved. Look well at *me*!" thundered he. "Mads the Fisherman is the man! I am the follower and the friend of him whom you have this night betrayed, you hellish monster! I have kept my word thus far, and *now*!"

He paused one second, and springing on his astounded companion, grasped him by the throat, and dashed him down full length on the deck. Nealen struggled desperately, for he was a large and powerful man, but he was no match for the infuriated fisherman, who held him down flat on his back, and knelt on his chest, and pinioned his arms in an iron grip.

"What!" screamed Mads, glaring down on the horrified features of Nealen; "didst thou think Mads Neilsen was such another vile miscreant as thyself? Didst thou imagine

he would betray a man for blöd-penge? Thou hast delivered up Lars Vonved for 2,500 specie-dalers, and I would not have sold his meanest follower for as many millions—no, not for a globe of solid gold would I injure one hair of his head; and to save or serve him I would gladly die at any moment. But *thou*! Ha! thou hast sold him for blöd-penge, and of thy covenanted reward three dalers only hast thou received, and more never wilt thou receive. For three miserable dalers thou hast bartered—thy own life!"

"Oh, mercy!" shrieked Nealen; "you will not—Oh, Himlen! you surely will not murder me!"

"Murder thee? Killing is too good for such a monster. I would have thee die a thousand deaths."

"Oh, mercy! Mercy, for!"

"Silence, beast!" and in the extremity of his abhorrence, Mads spat in the face of the writhing wretch.

"Aravang!" shouted Mads.

Aravang was his enormous dog, of the huge mastiff breed peculiar to Jutland; and Aravang bore a very formidable reputation in Svendborg, being esteemed (and, it must be confessed, with good reason) a fearfully ferocious animal, and so peculiarly untameable, that no amount of kindness nor coaxing could in the least subdue or soften his savage nature. Nevertheless, Aravang devotedly beloved his own master, was gentle and obedient to the least order of Mads, and was in reality remarkably sagacious, in proof whereof it may be mentioned, that when brought into contact with any of the crew or followers of Lars Vonved, he never manifested a tittle of the ferocity which he lavishly and invariably displayed towards the rest of the world. The creature seemed instinctively to know who were his master's friends, and he never injured nor molested them in the slightest degree. Possibly, nay, probably, there was something nigh akin in the nature of Mads and of Aravang, and this accounted for the subtle sympathy they mutually entertained.

Aravang was at this moment quietly dozing in the hold of the boat, snugly coiled up amidst the dry nets, which afforded him a delicious bed, but at the sound of his master's voice he instantly leapt on to the quarter-deck.

Mads removed his knees from the

body of Nealen, and fixed his fiercely-gleaming eyes on those of his dog.

"Aravang!" said he, in a low yet distinct whisper, "keep him down; if he moves, kill him!"

Had Mads addressed a human being, instead of an irrational dog, his command could not have been more thoroughly understood, nor more promptly obeyed. Aravang uttered a hoarse growl of intelligence, and instantly planted both his great shaggy fore-paws heavily on the breast of the prostrate man, and hung his immense tawny head close over Nealen, who, paralyzed with abject terror, felt the hot breath of Aravang on his face, and saw his protruded blood-red tongue, and the terrible white fangs in his cavernous jaws, and the savage sparkling eyes of the brute greedily looking into his.

"Herr Nealen," warningly said Mads, as he released the arms he had hitherto pinioned; "if you move hand or foot, Aravang will rend you limb from limb."

Mads' menace was needless. The terrified man dared hardly breathe or twinkle an eyelash.

Mads now leisurely groped among his stores until he found a few fathoms of suitable rope, with which he deliberately secured Nealen's ankles, and next his wrists. He then ordered Aravang off watch, and firmly bound the wrists and ankles of Nealen together, so as to almost double-up the miserable creature, whom he contemptuously rolled over on his side as though he were a log of wood, and, without speaking a word, unlashd the tiller, and took it in hand.

Nealen groaned piteously, partially from the actual physical pain he endured from his bonds, and yet more from his direful apprehensions of the fate which awaited him at the hands of one whom he now knew to be a deadly and implacable enemy. He would have given the world to recal the deed on which he had so lately prided himself, and the ominous words of Mads Neilsen—"for three miserable dalers thou hast bartered thine own life"—thrilled through heart and brain. He repeatedly attempted to address Neilsen, madly threatening at one moment, and slavishly beseeching the next, but not a syllable did Mads reply, until at

length he exasperatedly roared, "Silence!" and enforced the admonition with a kick.

In less than two hours from quitting Svendborg, the vessel rounded the extreme northern point of Langeland, and leaving the entrance to the Great Belt astern, headed almost due southward. The wind by this time had considerably moderated, and the heavy clouds had slowly dispersed, although black congeries of murky vapour occasionally obscured the starry heavens, driven swiftly before the upper currents of air.

The little craft was now "on a wind," consequently she heeled over considerably, and Nealen happening to lie on the windward or raised side of the deck, could see over the low lee bulwark. Thus it was that he beheld another fishing-boat in the act of obliquely crossing their course at no great distance, and he instinctively cried out at the utmost pitch of his voice, wildly hoping for succour and deliverance. His shrieking cry was heard, but not understood, and a powerful voice responded with the interrogative hail of

"Hoi—ho?"

The moment was critical, but Mads Neilsen was a man whose presence of mind, energy, and resources were ever displayed in precise proportion to the emergency. He instantly squatted down on deck, tiller in hand (a common enough attitude for the steersman of a fishing-boat or of a small Danish *jøgt*), and in the twinkling of an eye lashed the tiller so that the vessel steered herself. He then drew forth the long dagger-knife he carried in his bosom, and dragging aside the coat and shirt of Nealen, he pressed the keen point directly over his heart.

"Cry out again, utter one word or sound," hissed he between his clenched teeth, "and I will drive this knife through and through your craven heart!"

Mads meant what he said, and Nealen, shudderingly, understood him. The supremely miserable wretch was so overcome that he did not even utter an ejaculation of pain when the point of the knife, impelled by the steady pressure of Mads' hand, penetrated his flesh. He was silent as death.

"Hoi—ho!" again hailed the stranger vessel, which had now approached so

near that the figures of two or three men on her deck were dimly visible. "Hoi!" echoed Mads, in a loud cheery hail.

"Hvorfra?" (Whence are you?)

"Fra Svendborg."

"Hvor skal Den hen?" (Where are you bound for?)

"Til Nakskov" (a town on the coast of the Island of Laland).

"Hvad siger De?" (What do you say?) shouted the stranger.

Mads repeated his words, and carelessly added,

"Hvad er Klokken?"

"Klokken er tre kvarter til tre" (a quarter to three o'clock).

"Taks; farvel" (Thanks; good-bye), shouted Mads, and the two vessels passed on separate courses, and in a few minutes were out of sight of each other. Mads Neilsen thereupon emitted a guttural growl of satisfaction, and coolly replacing his dagger-knife in his bosom, arose, and once more took the tiller in hand.

The islands of Langeland, Laland, Falster, and the southern coast of the great island of Zealand, enclose, as it were, a tract of sea some forty miles in length by twenty-five to thirty in breadth. There are three narrow openings or straits between the islands, communicating with this expanse of water, besides the mouth of the Great Belt, and several islets dot its surface. There are also two or three nameless, uninhabited miniature islets of a kind almost precisely similar to those called Keys in the West Indies. Islets of the same description abound along the western coast of Slesvig, and are called Halligs. Their formation is attributable to the inroads of the ocean upon the land: the violent action of the waves during long centuries eats away piece after piece, until what was solid land becomes a shallow sea, a few desolate fragments, or Halligs, alone remain amid the hungry billows to attest the former extent of the continent. Nearly all these Halligs (although many of them are inhabited on the coast of Slesvig) are mere sandy tracts, almost level, and nowhere rising more than a few yards above the level of the sea. Mads Neilsen knew one very little Hallig, situated in the centre of the peculiarly land-locked tract of sea described, and to it he was now steering.

A couple of hours' sailing after

parting from the stranger fishing-boat brought Mads' vessel, according to his calculation, into the vicinity of the Hallig in question. The day had dawned, but the light was still gray and feeble, and a hazy blue film rose from the sea, which was very little agitated, being so land-locked. The wind, too, by this time had slackened to a gentle breeze. Mads tacked to and fro, eagerly scanning the extremely limited horizon with a glass. Even on a clear sunny day the Hallig which he sought was so "flush" with the sea that it could not be distinguished at a distance exceeding a very few miles, unless a heavy swell caused the waves to break in foaming surges over its margins.

More than an hour did Mads spend in an anxious look-out, and all this while his miserable captive remained bound at his feet, groaning, sighing, ejaculating, cursing, praying, sobbing, weeping; but Mads took no more notice of him than if he were a bale of goods lying on the deck.

The morning had now fairly broke. It was broad daylight. All in an instant the haze was agitated like a curtain. Then it curled up from the surface of the sea, and the vigorous young sun shone forth with dazzling brightness. The gauzy, saline vapours rolled away before its warm rosy beams with magical celerity, and in a few minutes Mads could, with the aid of his battered old telescope, sweep the entire horizon ten or a dozen miles around. Not a sail was in sight, not a moving object except a few white-breasted, gray-winged seabirds, fluttering closely o'er the water, and plunging down ever and anon to seize their finny prey. Very slowly and carefully did Mads turn his glass to every point of the compass, and at length its circular movement was arrested. What is that? It is a small shining spot in the field of telescopic vision. It cannot be the surface of the sea, for it is perfectly quiescent. It is not more than four or five miles distant at the utmost.

Mads lets the tiller slip from between his legs, and kneeling down on deck he rests his trusty old tube over the taffrail, and gazes with absorbing intensity at the softly gleaming object. He springs to his feet with alacrity, smacks the joints of his telescope together, and mutters some-

thing in an exultant tone. He seizes the tiller, and steers with perfect confidence. The breeze is very light, indeed, by this time, and after a brief interval Mads shakes out the reef from the foresail, and hoists the main lug-sail. This freshens the way of his craft, and ere long he can distinctly trace the outlines of the Hallig with his naked eye: nearer and nearer, until he can glance over the length and breadth of the sandy islet. He reflects one moment, and then steers sheer down on the Hallig. He well knows that with this feeble breeze he need not fear to run smack ashore on the shelving beach. He does so, and the keel of his light-draughted boat gently grates up a little creek of the Hallig until the vessel is motionless. Mads then deliberately steps forward, and with a stower sounds the depth of water under the bows. It does not much exceed a couple of feet. He is satisfied. He enters his little cabin, and emerges with a well-filled canvas bag. This he tosses on the dry shore, which is less than a score of feet distant. He next unlashes the five-gallon keg of water secured on the fore-castle, and lowers it over the bows. He follows it, and wades ashore, rolling the keg before him until it is high and dry. He returns on board, climbing up by a rope, and advances aft. He seizes his helpless captive, and clasping him in his brawny arms carries him forward, and slings him in a bowling knot over the bows. Again he descends into the water, and grasping Knap Nealen, carries him ashore and deposits him by the side of the canvas bag and the water keg.

What does all this mean?

Herr Nealen already guesses only too well what it means, and his parched lips emit anew a quivering cry for mercy.

Mads replied not, but gazed at the suppliant wretch with unappeasable hatred and ineffable scorn. Then he deliberately walked away a few paces, and looked around as though to survey the Hallig. This desolate islet was out of sight of any land. It was extremely small, oval-shaped, and not exceeding three hundred feet in length, by two hundred in breadth. Its surface was composed entirely of sand, mixed with small stones and shells. A few isolated tufts of coarse bent-

grass were the only signs of vegetation, with the exception of some sickly dwarf thistles. The highest ridge of the Hallig did not attain an elevation of more than two fathoms, and three-fourths of the whole surface was less than one yard above the sea's level. Towards the centre there was a considerable hollow, which contained water. Knowing that Halligs are destitute of springs, Mads walked to this pond, curious to ascertain whether it was a gathering of fresh or of salt water. He dipped his hand, and tasted. The water was only slightly brackish. It was decidedly a mixture of rain and sea water. The latter might have percolated through the sandy shores, and thus, by a natural filtration, have been partially deprived of its saline properties, or yet more probably it was spray conveyed direct from the sea, for in stormy weather the spray and foam blew in clouds over the Hallig, whose ridges of sand were encrusted with salt. Be this as it may, the proportion of rain water in the hollow greatly predominated. Mads again dipped his hand, and gargled his mouth with the fluid. The taste was not unpleasant, and he next drank copiously from his palm. His stern rough visage assumed a singular expression as he gazed at the solitary pool. "He may drink this," muttered Mads, turning on his heel, "when the keg is drained. He will not die of thirst."

On returning to Nealen, the latter wildly renewed his cries for mercy.

Mads laughed pitilessly.

"Mercy, beast!" he hoarsely cried; "and what mercy have you shown to my dear master, Lars Vonved? You have delivered him—him, the Count of Elsinore, the heir of our glorious old Valdemars—to the dungeon, the scaffold, the wheel! Ha! what dost thou not deserve? Mercy to thee—thou beast, thou spotted snake! To thee! thou vile, loathsome, crawling reptile! Shall I, who was ready to slay my own blood-brother for doing what thou hast done, be more pitiful unto a viper like thee?"

"Oh," moaned Nealen, "you do not mean it—you cannot mean it! I repent—Oh, I do bitterly repent!—and I have suffered punishment enough. Have pity on me, Mads! Mads, dear Mads Neilsen! be merciful!"

"I have told thee that I was ready to kill my mother's son for betraying my master."

"No, no, you do not mean that: you would not have killed your own brother."

Mads Neilsen's rugged lineaments quivered for a second, and then settled into stony rigidity.

"Hark ye, Knap Nealen," said he, speaking slowly, and without the slightest gesture or movement of hand or body, but the tone of his voice was more appalling than if he had been violently agitated with passion. "Thou knewest my brother Jörgen. He is dead. I swore to drive my dagger through his heart if he were a traitor to Lars Vonved."

"You did not kill Jörgen!" shrieked Nealen.

"No, I am thankful that I was spared doing that. Jörgen betrayed Lars Vonved, and this day fortnight he was justly put to death for his treason. They made him walk the plank. Had I been present, I should have been the first to vote the death of my own brother—but, I say again, I am very thankful I was spared doing that. Now, Knap Nealen, judge whether it is likely I shall spare such a reptile as thyself."

Nealen's flesh crept on his bones, and hope expired in his heart.

"I will not kill thee, Knap Nealen," resumed Mads, "and thou shalt have a fair chance for thy life. I shall leave thee on this Hallig. Here is a bag of bread and a keg of water."

"It will not support me a week!" screamed Nealen. "I shall die of hunger and thirst! I shall perish of starvation!"

"There are fish in the sea, and shell-fish on the shore, and the eggs and young of sea-birds on the sand ridges yonder, and there is more good water in a pool on the Hallig than thou could'st drink in a year," composedly answered Mads. "And if any passing vessel happens to see thee, thou wilt be rescued."

"No vessel will ever see me! It is a hundred, a thousand chances to one!"

"That I cannot help," answered Mads, with callous indifference. "You may be taken off to-morrow, or—never. That's your own affair—not mine."

Nealen looked up in Mads' face, and the ghastly horror and despair of the wretched being's countenance might have moved the pity of a savage Fejee. In his agony, Nealen had bitten his nether lip through and through, and the blood trickled down his chin, and frothed up between his ashy lips. His eyes were bloodshot and dreadfully distorted. Mads regarded him unmoved: not the least commiseration did he feel, not an atom of pity or of ruth was awakened in his heart at the sight of Nealen's awful anguish. Mads was inexorable and pitiless as Death itself when his passions were aroused in behalf of his master, Lars Vonved. He would have risked his life, without a thought, to serve any friend of his master; and he would have done hellish deeds, without a pang of remorse, to avenge that idolized master on whomsoever had injured him.

Stooping down, Mads Neilsen unknotted the rope from Knap Nealen's arms, leaving the poor wretch's ankles yet bound, and without a syllable of further speech, deliberately strode to the shore, waded up to the bows of his craft, and climbed on board.

Nealen had been painfully bound so long that his limbs were dreadfully cramped, and the flow of blood to his extremities so arrested that they were temporarily paralyzed. He could hardly move his arms at first, but, just as Mads turned away, he threw himself, by a convulsive effort, at the feet of the merciless fisherman, and grovelled in the extremity of human abasement, shrieking for mercy and pardon. Mads regarded him and his appeals no more than he did the sand on which he trode.

By the time Mads had got on board, the circulation of Nealen's blood had so far returned that he was able to desperately pluck at the rope which bound his feet together, and after repeated efforts he got them free. Then he endeavoured to walk, but his enfeebled limbs tottered beneath him, and he fell prone on the sand. Again and again he attempted to rise, but as yet he was too exhausted to sustain himself erect. He then frantically dragged himself forward, like a crushed serpent, on his stomach, digging his hands into the yielding sand,

in the despairing hope to reach Mads and appeal to him once more for mercy.

In the interval Mads had backed his sails, and by removing his anchors and other weighty articles from the fore-castle, and also by pushing with a stower, he had forced his vessel from her oozy bed, and slowly propelled her away from the shore of the Hallig. He then braced his yards, and the head of his craft pointed seaward, and she gradually gathered way.

By this time Nealen had dragged himself to the water's edge, and with uplifted hands he madly screamed, threatened, invoked, beseeched, cursed, and prayed, incoherently. Mads did not even once turn his head, but

steered due north, and even when his vessel was a mere speck on the horizon, his victim remained at the water's edge of the Hallig, hoarsely shrieking, cursing, and praying, until his swollen tongue could no longer articulate.

Three years subsequently, a fishing boat happened to be becalmed near to the Hallig, and the crew landed in their little pram. They found the fleshless skeleton of a man on the highest ridge, and from its position, and the fragments of clothing in the grip of his bony fingers, they concluded he was some solitary shipwrecked mariner who had died in the act of signalling his existence to some passing vessel.

CHAPTER XV.

CITADELLET FREDERIKSHAVN.

THE special courier sent from Nyborg to Copenhagen to announce Vonved's capture, and to obtain orders for his disposal, reached his destination within a dozen hours, but he was detained at the capital a couple of days ere sent back by the government. This delay arose from the fact that well-grounded apprehension existed that unless precautions of an extraordinary nature were taken, the terrible captive would even yet escape, or be rescued on his way to Copenhagen. Consequently, powerful relays of dragoons were stationed at Roeskilde, Ringsted, and Corsøer (the three principal stations on the route) for the purpose of relieving the escort. The land transport of Vonved across the island of Zealand, was, however, a matter of much less concern to the authorities than his removal from Nyborg to Corsøer. Nyborg, where he was at present dungeoned, is a small town, strongly garrisoned, situate on the eastern shore of the island of Funen, which is there separated from the large island of Zealand (on the east coast of which Copenhagen nestles) by the Great Belt, an arm of the sea, and much the largest of the three outlets of the Baltic, and about nine miles across from Nyborg to the opposite village of Corsøer in Zealand. It so happened that not a single Danish man-of-war was at that period stationed in the Great Belt itself, but a

large sloop-of-war was cruising in the Cattegat, between Jutland and Zealand, and a 36-gun frigate and two gun-boats were at anchor in a bay near Fredericia. The Danish government instantly despatched orders for all these vessels to forthwith rendezvous off Nyborg, for the sole purpose of convoying Vonved across the Great Belt. The obvious reason of this was that Vonved's own vessels should be effectually intimidated from even attempting a rescue. Orders were sent to Baron Leutenberg, peremptorily charging him to permit no person whatsoever to have access to the Rover whilst in his charge—and very rigidly indeed did the worthy old Baron enforce this prohibition. So anxious was he (having a vivid recollection of Vonved's escape when formerly under his charge), that he scarcely dared to eat in comfort, nor could he slumber in dreamless security even in the midst of his watchful guards. He left many a meal almost untasted, that he might hurry to the dungeon of Vonved to convince himself, with his own infallible eyes, that the captive was a captive still; and he rose repeatedly in the middle of the night to see that his sentinels were at their posts, and preternaturally awake.

At the expiration of a week all was ready for Vonved's removal. The ships of war had rendezvoused—and

not without cogent reason, for both Vonved's vessels were descried hovering within a few miles of Nyborg on the very evening of his arrival there, and when King Frederick's ships arrived and gave chase, the grim Skildpadde and the saucy Little Amalia laughed to scorn their impotent efforts to come to close quarters, and persisted in sailing to and fro within sight of the fortress which held the fettered Rover in its stony depths.

Soon after daybreak on the eighth day after Vonved's capture, he was transferred to a large lugger, which sailed across the Great Belt to Corsøer under the close convoy of the frigate, the sloop-of-war, and the gun-boats. Vonved's vessels could attempt nothing towards his rescue in the presence of this overwhelming force, but as the fettered outlaw was conveyed on board the lugger, his heart was gladdened by a glimpse of his vessels daringly bearding the royal ships they were too weak to attack, and he needed no more to assure him that his followers would do all that human skill and enterprise could effect for his ultimate deliverance. On landing at Corsøer he was immediately placed in a covered carriage, which was closely surrounded by a strong force of dragoons. In this manner, stopping merely to change horses and escort, he was taken to Copenhagen, and after nightfall was conveyed to Citadellet Frederikshavn.

The formidable stronghold called Citadellet Frederikshavn is situated in the north-eastern quarter of Copenhagen, close upon the shore of the Sound, and its seaward front bristles with powerful batteries, which command the entrance to the port. The outer tree-planted ramparts afford a pleasant and fashionable promenade, to which respectable persons are admitted by tickets issued by the commandant. A yearly ticket costs three rix-dalers, and the money thus derived is set apart for charitable purposes. The immense citadel itself was built in the reign of the third Frederick by a Dutchman, one Van Haven. It is surrounded by an outer moat, crossing which we arrive at the ramparts; beyond them is a large inner moat, which encloses the ramparts of the fortress itself. This renowned citadel is to Copenhagen pretty much what the Tower is to London. A

number of the most desperate slaves, and criminals of extraordinary turpitude, are confined within the walls.

The carriage which conveyed Vonved went down Amalie-gade, and through that southern outskirt of the citadel which is now a pretty tree-embosomed plot, free to the public, and drew close up to the archway of the drawbridge of the outer moat. Six dragoons had hitherto ridden on each side the carriage, and double that number in its rear. It was evident that the arrival of the formidable captive was expected, for as the cavalcade drew up, the sentinel on duty at the gate sharply rang a bell, and ere its vibrations had died away, the iron grating which filled up the doorway of the arch began to sink in its grooves, and simultaneously the drawbridge itself was lowered, and an officer or two, accompanied by a sergeant's guard of soldiers, bayonets fixed, and several attendants bearing lighted torches, appeared on the other side the moat. After a moment's parley, some of the dragoons dismounted, and walked, sword in hand, by the side of the carriage, until it crossed the drawbridge and stopped for awhile at the first guard-house, where the officer in command of the escort formally delivered up his prisoner to the charge of the commandant of the citadel, receiving in exchange a certificate of that fact, signed by the captain of the guard. The carriage was then driven across the drawbridge over the wide inner moat, and entered the body of the citadel, passing various buildings until it finally reached the central stronghold, at the principal gateway of which stood no less a personage than the commandant himself, General Poulsen,—a veteran warrior, whose prowess and long services in the field had been recently rewarded with this important appointment. The General was about sixty-five years of age, a short, square-built, ungainly-looking man, whose iron frame had long been indurated by hard professional work. He had a dark, austere, wrinkled countenance, a penetrative dark eye, a huge grizzled beard, and a very loud, gruff, peremptory voice. He had lost all the fingers of his left hand by the bursting of a live shell, which he rashly lifted whilst the fusee was alight, and he halted in his walk, owing to a severe

hip wound he received at the Battle of the Baltic, in 1801, the musket ball from an English Old Brown Bess yet remaining unextracted, somewhere deep in his groin. Though a bigoted martinet, and, personally, a rough obstinate old soldier, who by nature and habit was rigid and unyielding to the last degree on the point of duty, or what he conceived such, General Poulsen possessed some good qualities. His courage was unfailing; his resolution prompt; his presence of mind and shrewd common sense rarely at fault; his vigilance sleepless, his fidelity and loyalty impregnable. On the whole, he was a very fit man to fill such a peculiar and responsible post.

A number of military officers and soldiers in undress, were grouped near the commandant, all eager to behold the wonderful and mysterious outlaw of whom they had heard so much and knew so little that was absolutely reliable.

When Vonved descended from the carriage, an involuntary deep-drawn murmur passed from every lip, and all eyes curiously scanned the form and features of the captive. The scene was rendered peculiarly striking by the glare of the torches, which flashed ruddily on the spectators and lighted up the front of the massive building, and the deeply arched entrance. Vonved was deathly pale, owing to his recent serious loss of blood, but his bodily powers seemed undiminished, and his countenance was placid and unaltered. As his foot touched the ground he quickly glanced from face to face, and observing General Poulsen, whose person and office he already knew, he bowed gracefully, and briskly exclaimed—

"Ah, commandant! you do me the singular honour to receive me in person."

"Torlner! I can do no less!" gruffly muttered the old General, twitching his beard, and staring with undisguised curiosity and amazement at his prisoner.

"Well, General Poulsen," pleasantly added Vonved; "as I am to be your guest for a few days, I trust that we shall each do our duty, and part with regret."

"Not on my side!" bluntly cried the commandant. "Regret! Hammer

of Thor! I shall be mightily relieved when I deliver you up."

"To the Headsman!"

"To the Devil himself, for what I care!" growled old Poulsen.

"O, General Poulsen! and is it thus you welcome me?" said Vonved, smiling blandly, and regarding the grim old soldier with an air of gentle reproach.

"Curse your impudent banter, you son of Lucifer!" fairly roared the irate commandant; whilst several of his younger officers tittered and exchanged looks of arch amusement.

"Commandant Poulsen," gravely observed Vonved; "I have come from afar to visit you, and partake of your hospitality; but permit me to say, that unless you treat me more cordially, I shall indubitably quit your citadel in less than twenty-four hours, without the customary ceremony of bidding you a courteous farewell."

At this daring open declaration of Vonved's intention to speedily escape, General Poulsen was for a moment too astounded to reply, but gulping down a tremendous soldier's oath, he muttered to himself something to the effect that forewarned is forearmed. To Vonved he sternly exclaimed—

"Fredlos! you have not come to a paltry wooden guard-house, but to Citadellet Frederikshavn, and you have not Baron Leutenberg for governor!"—

"Would to heaven I had!" gently sighed Vonved.

"I do not doubt you! But I am commandant *here*!"

"A fact which does infinite credit to the marvellous sagacity and unerring judgment of Frederick, our King!" demurely remarked Vonved, who for some secret reason appeared to take an unaccountable and apparently imprudent delight in irritating the General. Yet so intuitively profound was Vonved's penetration of character, and so deftly could he mask his real object, that it was more than probable he deliberately uttered every polished taunt, and weighed the effect of every word ere his lips gave it utterance.

"Away with him!" yelled the exasperated commandant, stamping furiously. "To the dungeon with this mocking-bird!"

Two stalwart grenadiers, bayonet

in hand, each grasped an arm of Vonved, and accompanied by torch-bearers, several officers, and Poulsen himself, the outlaw was hurried towards the dungeon already prepared for his reception. They first went through a species of wide passage or vestibule, at the end of which were three strong oaken doors, each opening into a corridor. An official unlocked a huge padlock which secured an iron bar across the central door, and the party proceeded down the corridor, which was narrow and vaulted, until a second door, trebly barred, was reached. It opened on to a small landing, in which a heavy iron trap-door, being unbolted, was raised by a pulley permanently affixed for the purpose, and a steep flight of narrow wooden stairs were disclosed. Down these Vonved was conducted, and they terminated in another corridor, the stone pavement of which was twelve feet below the level of the ground, and almost as deep as the foundations of the building. It was thirty feet in length, about seven wide, and nine high, to the centre of its arched top. It was built of solid stone; and though cold and dismal, was not damp, and scrupulously clean. It had neither windows nor loopholes, but an ample supply of fresh air was derived through pipes. Two iron lamps suspended from the ceiling were intended to light the place when necessary.

At the end of this corridor was the door of the dungeon destined to receive Vonved. It was situated in the very centre of the foundations of the edifice, and had been expressly built many years before to insure the confinement of either State prisoners, or great malefactors, whose safe keeping was deemed important. The door was low and square, and of prodigious strength. A stone wall, four feet thick, formed the partition between the corridor and the dungeon, and the door hung in a massive cast-iron frame, bolted and clamped into the wall. The door itself was of oak, one foot in thickness, studded with huge iron knobs, both inside and out, as closely as they could be driven. It was secured in the centre by an enormous lock, with three bolts, and at top and bottom were two wrought-iron bars, each two inches square, fitted in sockets like bars across the

door. When opened, the dungeon itself was revealed to view. It was roomy enough, fourteen feet square, and its height considerably exceeded that of the corridor, being twelve feet, with a flat roof. It was stony throughout. Stone ceiling, stone walls, stone floor,—the latter composed of huge green flagstones from the island of Vala. Like the corridor, it had no direct communication with the open air. Not a ray of daylight could ever penetrate. It was ventilated with iron pipes, and a bronze lamp suspended by a chain from the ceiling, afforded the only light its inmates could receive. Furniture, properly speaking, it had none. In the centre of the floor was a beam of oak driven deep in the ground, and cut off so as to form a block two feet high, and all the way along one side of the dungeon, at the height of twenty inches, was a bench of oak slightly hollowed, two feet broad and four inches thick, intended to serve as a bed for the prisoner. There was no mattress, nor blankets, but a long round straw pillow, enclosed in leather, and stuffed nearly as hard as a cricket-ball. Several strong iron rings protruded from the walls.

When Vonved was introduced into the dungeon its swinging lamp was already lighted, and on each side of the oak block stood a smith, with leathern apron in front, brawny arms bared to the shoulders, hammer in hand; a small anvil, chains, boxes of tools, rivets and file on the floor.

Lars Vonved had quietly but most keenly noted every thing from the moment he passed the threshold of the vestibule. His piercing eyes glanced swiftly and comprehensively on all sides—nothing escaped his furtive scrutiny—nothing that he saw, nothing that he heard, but was instantly registered in his memory.

The commandant gazed intently at Vonved to note what effect the aspect of the dungeon created, but the outlaw's countenance was unmoved, though a smile of calm disdain wreathed his lips.

"I perceive I am an expected guest," remarked he.

"None the less welcome for that," chuckled the commandant.

"Ah, you will lodge me like a prince! I shall begin to esteem my

person exceedingly valuable, for King Frederick will not be so safely guarded in his palace as I am in my dungeon."

"Ay, neither friends nor foes will visit you here without my knowledge and permission."

"Whoknows?" said Vonved, softly, with a singular smile.

"Who knows?" echoed General Poulsen. "Tordner! All present know well enough, and none better than yourself, Captain Vonved—if such be your title and such your name, though he would be a rash man who certified either. Bethink you where you stand. See these hewn stone walls! Smite them, and they will remain as impassive as the living rock whence they were rifted. See the manacles for your body—the iron-bound door—the sentinels who will keep guard night and day!"

"Some men have been trebly fettered, dungeoned, guarded—and yet they escaped," quietly responded Vonved.

"No man born of woman shall ever escape from this dungeon whilst I am commandant of the citadel!" firmly and menacingly replied General Poulsen.

"Life is very sweet—and never sweeter than when Death outstretches his sable wings. Self-preservation is a right marvellous instinct," sententially replied Vonved.

"Hast thou a pair of wings to fly away? Art thou a wondrous magician, at whose invocation a demon will cause this door to vanish, and convey thee away invisible to mortal ken?"

"I am not a bird, General Poulsen, and am too good a Lutheran to seek demoniac aid even to save me from the wheel."

The commandant laughed scornfully.

"Then you confess you are impotent to escape?"

"Time will show. I see what you cannot see."

"What is that?" and Poulsen stared rather anxiously about him, understanding Vonved's words in a literal sense only.

"A star."

"A star! Ouf! stars in plenty are shining overhead, but stone walls are not tissue paper."

"Yet do I see a beauteous star."

"Has it a name?"

"The star of Hope!"

"Ha!" and the General now began to have a glimmering conception of Vonved's meaning. "Has it a speech and language?"

"I can read its bright beams. They tell me it 'shines still for whosoever believes in it.'"

"Enough of this childish folly!" angrily roared the commandant. "A night's rest here will cool your brain, and you will see no stars of hope on the morrow. Fellows! do your duty."

In a twinkling Vonved was led close up to the block in the centre of the dungeon. The fetters which he now wore had been put on at Nyborg. They consisted of an ordinary pair of handcuffs, and a ring on each leg connected with a light chain. Previous orders having been given, the smiths knew what they had to do. They first took off the leg fetters, and casting them aside, produced a very much heavier set. By aid of the anvil they first firmly riveted a broad iron hoop round each leg just above the ankle, and these hoops were connected by a chain, two feet in length, composed of three heavy links, each cross-barred. The handcuffs were likewise removed, and another pair, specially prepared, were put on, not made to lock, but to rivet. When the one on the right wrist had been firmly riveted, the end of a strong chain of short links was riveted to a sort of iron loop, projecting from the handcuff on the inner side of the wrist. The left handcuff was put on in the same manner, and riveted to the other end of the chain, which was not more than twenty-four inches in length. Next a wrought-iron hoop, two inches in width, and half an inch in thickness, was bent round his body. The two ends were so made that when they met in front, one end passed through an opening or loop of the other end, and the anvil being placed on the block, the smiths passed a thick rivet through, and clenched it so as to immovably secure the hoop. The centre of that portion of the hoop which encircled the back of Vonved was already provided with a strong iron eye, or loop, and to it was next riveted the end link of a chain. That being done, the other end of the chain was riveted to one of the large iron rings bolted to the wall above the wooden

bench, and the length of this body-chain being seven to eight feet, would enable the captive to walk to the centre of his dungeon and no further. A swivel was in the middle of the chain to prevent twisting.

Nearly an hour was consumed in these soul-sickening operations to confine a man, made in the image of his Maker, in a more degrading manner than if he had been an untamable wild beast, and during this period hardly a word was uttered aloud. The smiths spoke in an undertone as they plied their hammers and files; the officers present exchanged significant looks, and gravely whispered; the soldiers and assistants stood in awe-stricken silence; Vonved himself never unclosed his lips, never moved a limb except to suit the convenience of the men who were chaining him, and the general expression of his features was calm and stern as those of an ancient statue designed to personify Fate. Yet who could tell what fiery thoughts surged through his powerful brain? What burning indignation and hate unquenchable filled his mighty heart? What tremendous agony his proud soul endured at such unparalleled ignominy? What appalling vows of future vengeance on the authors of his wrongs? What secret and infallible faith in a day of fearful retribution?

Whatever General Poulsen's faults might be, and however blunt his feelings were by nature and indurated by habit, he certainly was not wantonly cruel, and took no pleasure in prolonging the present painful scene. No sooner was the last rivet securely clenched, than he harshly intimated to the group of officers and to the soldiers who were pressing into the dungeon, that the sooner they dispersed the better he should be pleased; and being promptly obeyed, he ordered a few final arrangements. The smiths collected their tools and departed. A warder or gaoler then entered, and brought in a wooden tray containing a substantial supper of cold meats, a long loaf of black rye bread, a stone pitcher of water with a crane-like neck, and a small flask of br ndevi  —the ordinary white corn brandy used at almost every meal in Denmark—and set it on the top of the oak block, which among its other uses was intended to serve as a table

for the inmate of the dungeon. Neither knife nor fork was allowed, the meat being ready cut into small fragments, and the hard rye loaf sliced so nearly through that convenient portions could readily be broken off.

The General then addressed Vonved:

"Prisoner, I have received no orders whatever regarding your diet, and therefore, so long as you remain in my charge, I shall take care that you are regularly supplied with good nutritious meals. The lamp will burn until your breakfast is brought in the morning, and its supply of oil shall be replenished whenever needful; and trust me, its honest light will be more useful to you than the rays of that imaginary star you so weakly delude yourself about."

"Commandant! I most heartily thank you for your unexpected kindness towards me, and will gladly drink your health this very night; but let me assure you, that the bright beams of my star are not imaginary, but real, and can brightly illumine the gloomiest cranny of this innermost dungeon."

"Ho-ho! then this lamp is very needless. Shall I save the King's stores by ordering it to be extinguished?" dryly queried Poulsen.

"No, no, commandant!" said Vonved, with an airy laugh, yet speaking in an earnest tone; "let me have the lamp alight night and day, just to show how gratefully I can appreciate the manly feeling which prompted you to order me such an indulgence."

The old General looked hard and thoughtfully at Vonved, hesitated a moment, seemed inclined to speak, but restrained himself, and bowing stiffly, went forth without saying another word.

The massive door slowly grated on its hinges—the triple bolts of its huge lock were shot with a clang that echoed hollowly adown the cold corridor—the ponderous iron bars were carefully fitted in their sockets. Then two trusty sentinels, armed with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets, were stationed in the corridor, and the residue of the party ascended by the steep wooden stairs to the story above—the ground floor of the citadel, in fact—and lowered and bolted the iron trap door on the landing. In the second corridor adjoining, two

more sentinels were stationed, and one other was placed in the vestibule leading thereto. Night and day five soldiers were to be thus on guard over one dungeoned and fettered prisoner, and they were to be relieved every four hours. They were furnished

with watchwords, and strictly ordered to permit no one whatever to approach the dungeon unless they could answer their challenge satisfactorily.

Thus it was that Lars Vonved was dungeoned in Citadellet Frederikshavn.

CHAPTER XVI.

FRIENDS IN NEED.

It was wisely said of old, that "a friend cannot be known in prosperity, nor an enemy hidden in adversity." This truth was experienced by the wife of Lars Vonved. Her summer friends now professed to know her not; and her secret enemies—for even she had some, as who has not?—openly exulted, and avowed they had long foreseen that the recluse dwellers at King's Cairn were unrighteous. Whilst the warm sunlight illumines the earth we cannot see the orbs of Heaven; but when darkness curtains the sky each secret star is revealed, resplendent in its pathway of glory. Even so Amalia Vonved—for nevermore will she bear the wife's name she received at the altar—in the sunshine of prosperity could not know, beyond the possibility of error, her true friends; but now the dark pall of adversity enshrouded her, a few real devoted friends stood forth as bright stars in the dome of night. The good clergyman and his wife hurried to her as soon as they knew beyond doubt that Captain Vinterdalen, and Lars Vonved that night seized, were one and the same. They had hardly crossed the threshold of King's Cairn ere Bertel Røysing rushed in after them, actuated by the same noble motives. Like them, his generous heart intuitively acquitted Amalia of any knowing participation in, or even knowledge of, the criminal deeds of her outlawed husband. It was almost midnight when these friends came to the house of woe and wailing, and Amalia had not long recovered strength and composure sufficient to be alive to the horrible agony of that night's discovery. A very few words from her explained the main facts of her position—the bare outline of Vonved's story, and her own utter ignorance of his identity with Captain Vinterdalen until two hours

agone. And then her vehement heart-cry was to join her husband—to clasp the father of her boy to her bosom, and sob her forgiveness—to tell him she loved him more than ever—to share his dungeon, to live or to die with or for him. They tenderly soothed and told her that Vonved was already on his way to Nyborg, and hardly could they pacify her to remain until the morrow, for she wished to set forth that instant in his track.

"Listen, lady—hear me, my dear, dear friend!" cried poor Bertel, clasping Amalia's hand between both his own, whilst his great black eyes flashed dazzlingly through a mist of hot tears. "The Lord our God only knoweth what a day or what an hour may bring forth. This morn I was more wretched than tongue can express, and ere noon I was transported with happiness—almost mad with joy and gratitude—for a noble lady came and bade me hope for a future more brilliant than my dreams of fame and fortune ever painted, and she bought a picture—and oh! dear, generous friend! thou who hast so befriended me in my time of bitterest need, shall not my heart leap responsive in this thine hour of awfulest affliction? Lo, I am here to comfort thee, to aid thee, to devote myself to thee. All that I have, all that I can earn is at thy service. See! here are a thousand speciedalers I this day received for my picture. On the morrow we will leave this place—thou wilt permit me to go with thee as a devoted and ever grateful friend, a brother. Before we depart I will see the Baroness who has taken me by the hand, and assured me that my future fortune and happiness shall be her care. I will tell her thy story, and implore her counsel, her protection, her aid. Ah! she is a great and noble lady, very wise and tender-hearted; and the Baron

her lord, is powerful at the court of our sovereign, and will not refuse any boon she craves. Courage! dear friend. God Almighty will never forsake thee, and He will raise friends to plead thy cause, and will incline the heart of the King to pardon thine husband."

The minister and his wife were not so enthusiastic as the impulsive child of genius, but they honoured the spirit that dictated his impassioned effort at consolation, and they prayerfully cried Amen to his prophetic expression of faith in God's protection and mercy.

Reverently draw a veil over the sacred anguish of the wife and mother, whose lacerated heart, all through that night, continually ejaculated broken petitions unto the Throne of Omnipotence, even as the crushed rose exhales sweetest perfume. The cry of the broken-hearted never is unheard nor disregarded, albeit the Almighty, in inscrutable wisdom, may grant or may deny present response and relief, as seemeth good unto Him.

By the morrow's dawn Amalia and her boy, attended by Bertel Rovsing, quitted Svendborg; and after a rapid journey reached Nyborg, the place of Vonved's temporary detention. During the week he remained there all their efforts to obtain even a sight of the outlaw were of course ineffectual, and the young painter, in his despair, having rashly attempted to bribe an officer of the guard to permit Amalia an interview with her husband, was arrested by order of Baron Leutenberg, and closely confined until Vonved was on his way to Copenhagen. Immediately on being released, Bertel conducted his friends to the capital, arriving there on the morning after Vonved had been lodged in the citadel. Ere quitting Svendborg he had obtained a hurried interview with the Baroness Gunhild Kœmperhimmel, and narrated to her the outlines of the wondrous story of Vonved and Amalia. The Baroness seemed exceedingly struck with the narrative, and asked Bertel several questions which he could not answer, nor at all comprehend their import and aim. She told him that in a day or two she should be in Copenhagen, and would endeavour to enlist the sympathy of the Baron for the outlaw and his wife,

but did not disguise her apprehension that her husband's influence with the government would be of little avail.

The first act of Bertel, on arriving at the capital, was to ascertain the little publicly known as to the probable fate of Vonved, and then he hurried to the town residence of his patroness. Unhappily she was not at home, having gone on some short visit to a friend in the country, but in thoughtful anticipation of such an event she had given orders that when Herr Rovsing called he should be presented to her husband himself. This was accordingly done. Baron Kœmperhimmel was considerably older than his wife, being upwards of fifty years of age, and their marriage was rumoured to have been a very romantic and somewhat mysterious affair. He was of ancient lineage, possessed vast ancestral estates in Zealand and Jutland, and for many years had held offices of State commensurate with his rank and wealth. He was at present a Privy Councillor, though not one of the ministry, a general in the army, Grand Master of the Ordnance, and the ninth of the thirty-one Knights (including the King) on the roll of the princely Order of the Elephant. He was a small but well-shaped man, his features were plain and large, but an air of dignity and command redeemed them from being commonplace; his eye was calm and penetrative, his manners refined and noble. He had the reputation of being a subtle diplomatist, and it was generally asserted that he was one of the most confidential political advisers of the King, and that many important measures in which he did not appear at all personally interested or concerned, were nevertheless to be ascribed to his secret counsel and suggestion.

He received Bertel courteously and kindly; listened attentively to all he had to say and plead, and evinced mingled interest, astonishment, and a dash of secret incredulity, when the true story of Vonved was passionately narrated by the eager-hearted young painter. The Baron frankly admitted that he had some influence with his sovereign, and that, partly in pity for the innocent wife of the outlaw, but mainly in deference to the urgent entreaties of the Baroness, he would ap-

peal to the royal clemency, but he at the same time stated his belief that no intercession whatever would obtain a pardon for Vonved. He very cautiously abstained from expressing any personal opinion concerning the outlaw, but said that the latter would not be brought before the Supreme Court of Judicature (which sits at Christiansborg Palace at Copenhagen, the King of Denmark himself being the nominal, and on great occasions the real president), inasmuch that he had previously been formally condemned to the wheel, and that it was only necessary to prove his identity and to procure the royal sign manual to his old sentence (requisite in capital cases in Denmark) ere appointing a day for his execution.

Bertel's heart sank within him.

"Do I rightly understand your Excellency* to mean that Vonved may be executed at any time without the possibility of appeal, or any further trial before the Supreme Court?"

"Undoubtedly: the instant the former sentence receives—if it has not already received—the signature of our sovereign, the condemned may be executed forthwith, or at any time that may be appointed."

"There is no possible hope for him but in the King's mercy?"

"None. The King alone can consign him to the scaffold, or can commute his terrible sentence."

"Or can pardon?"

"Can pardon?" slowly and gravely repeated the Baron. "Yes, the power to fully pardon is unquestionably the prerogative of our King, but I do not wish you, nor the poor wife of this Vonved, to indulge in vain expectations; and therefore, I repeat my individual conviction that a pardon will never be granted. I only anticipate obtaining a change of the sentence from the wheel to simple decapitation, or at the very utmost, if the outlaw's life is spared, perpetual imprisonment."

Ever impulsive and outspoken, Bertel Rovsing, carried away by his friendship for Amalia, and excited by his innate abhorrence of aught resembling cruelty or even severity, began to exclaim against the vengeful laws and the implacable nature of the

King who would enforce them in such a case, but he was promptly checked by the Baron, who austere reminded him that his zeal was doubtless well meant on behalf of his friends, but that such a manifestation of it was worse than indiscreet, and only calculated to injure the cause he advocated.

"The Baroness is singularly interested in you, Herr Rovsing," he resumed in a milder tone, "and to gratify her—putting out of the question any private inclination I may have, owing to old reminiscences—I am willing and desirous to avail myself of the gracious favour with which the King is pleased to regard me, by approaching him to intercede for the criminal whom you wish to save from the doom his own desperate and deliberate deeds have drawn on his head. But unless you refrain from intemperate language, expressive of the feelings you have just manifested, neither I nor any other person can or dare attempt aught in his favour."

Bertel would have spoken to vindicate himself, but the Baron interrupted him.

"Enough, Herr Rovsing. You are young and enthusiastic. Your head is wrong in this matter, but your heart is very right, and its impulses do honour to human nature. Do you know whether Vonved or his wife has any friend of rank or influence at court, who could or would act with me, and support my appeal to the clemency of my royal master?"

"I do not know, your Excellency; I fear not."

"And yet you told me that Madame Vonved"—

"The Countess of Elsinore, your Excellency!" hastily and firmly cried Bertel.

The Baron smiled sadly.

"We need not dispute about her name or title," said he, in a tone of mild reproof, "when the life of her husband is in such deadly jeopardy."

"Pardon, your Excellency, but he is the Count of Elsinore, and she is his wife, and consequently his Countess."

"That is a matter I shall not discuss; and I trust the unhappy lady herself will be sufficiently prudent

* In Denmark a Knight of the Elephant has a legal right to the title of "Excellency."

not to assume the title whilst the fate of her husband is at all undecided. You told me that she was the only child of the gallant Colonel Orvig, who fell bravely fighting in defence of this city in 1807?"

"I did."

"I knew Colonel Orvig—I served as a subaltern in his own regiment—and a better soldier or more loyal subject than he never drew sword for king and country. Surely the daughter of such a man cannot fail of powerful friends in her hour of need?"

"Ah, your Excellency, God only knows. When Colonel Orvig was slain, his widow removed, with her little child, to Hamburg, and thus the old friends of her father lost sight of them for ever."

"There is truth in what you say," thoughtfully replied the Baron, "and yet I do not despair to find one—ay, two old friends of Colonel Orvig, who, for the sake of his memory, will, I think, exert themselves on behalf of his only child."

Bertel's ingenuous countenance flushed with joyful surprise at this unexpected speech, and his flashing eyes impatiently inquired

"Who are they?"

"One," said the Baron, "is the Military Governor of Copenhagen, and the other is the Bishop of Zealand."

"The Bishop of Zealand! the Governor of Copenhagen! Oh, surely the intercession of such exalted men, joined to that of your Excellency, will be all-powerful!"

"Do not buoy yourself nor your poor friends with any such hope," was the chilling response. "I am not even certain that they will act with me, for I only reckon on their co-operation on the ground that they were companions in arms of Colonel Orvig a quarter of a century ago."

"Companions in arms!" echoed Bertel. "The Bishop of Zealand!"

"Even so; but this is no time for an explanation. Come, Herr Røysing, I will be frank with you. I never do things by halves. Having taken you by the hand so far, I will cordially advocate the cause you have at heart. There is no time to lose. Let us go at once to your unhappy friend."

Bertel eagerly assented, and in a few minutes introduced the Baron to

Amalia. He briefly heard the story of her husband's life from her own lips, and his visible emotion did more credit to his heart as a man than to his impossibility as a veteran courtier and diplomatist.

At his request, Amalia and her friend Bertel accompanied him to see the Bishop of Zealand, whom they happily met with just in time, as the prelate was on the very eve of a journey through his diocese. In Denmark there are six bishoprics, and the Bishop of Zealand is sometimes termed the Bishop of Copenhagen, as he resides in the metropolis. Properly speaking, the Danish Lutheran Bishops are only chief presbyters, inasmuch as they have not the absolute hierarchical rank, and do not exercise such powers as the Church of England confers on her Bishops, nor have they revenues and a suite of immediately subordinate clergy in a manner commensurate with the English Church. They are, nevertheless, *primi inter pares*, decidedly ranking, popularly, ecclesiastically, and legally, above their brother clergymen, and their spiritual influence is at least on a par with that of the Bishops of our own country. As a body, the Danish Bishops are learned, reverend, pious men—venerable, not merely by office, but far more so by their most estimable private character. The Bishop of Zealand, of whom present mention is made, was a remarkable man. He commenced life as a cavalry officer, and served with much distinction for many years, attaining the rank of major-general just prior to the bombardment of Copenhagen in 1807. Within a few months subsequently, actuated by an overpowering religious impulse, he for ever relinquished the sword, and became a student in divinity, and in due course was ordained a minister. He speedily became celebrated for the eloquence and fervour of his gospel-preaching; and ten years after ceasing to be a general in the army, became a bishop of the church. He now, at the age of fourscore and five years, retained much vigour of body, combined with ripe maturity of intellect. He wore the same dress as all Lutheran clergymen wear to this day—a black plaited silk gown, and a large white ruff round his neck.

To the narrative of Amalia the venerable Bishop listened with ex-

ceeding interest, and his consent to aid in an appeal to the King was instantly accorded.

"'Tis an extraordinary story, this of thine, my child," said he to Amalia; "but I can believe it, and think I can trace the hand of Providence in much which seems a mysterious fatality. I well remember mine ancient comrade and friend, thy gallant father. He was also the comrade of General Otto Gam, our present Military Governor; and, if I remember aright, Colonel Orvig once did a weighty service for Gam, which he cannot have forgotten."

"I am very glad to know that," said the Baron, "for we are about to apply for his aid in this sad case."

"Then I will also go with you, and that at once!" cheerily cried the good Bishop. "I am not unknown to the Governor: I served with him in one campaign. Come! I think we shall find him at his own house in Ostergade."

In a few minutes the whole party were in presence of the Governor, a man only nine years the junior of the Bishop, and, like him, yet preserving his physical and mental powers to an unusual degree. He was a tall, erect man, very thin, very gruff, very restless. His hair, white as driven snow, was worn in a peculiarly unsoldier-like fashion, for it thickly floated back down his neck and shoulders at its full natural length, and mingled with his huge beard, which descended even below his breast. He looked like an old human lion; and from amidst the tangled mass of white hair were three tawny patches of cheeks and forehead, and a huge hooked nose resembling a vulture's bill, and two deeply-sunken fiery eyes, overshadowed by immense grisly eyebrows.

The party arrived at an inauspicious moment. The old Governor was accustomed to dine sharp to the minute, and his dinner was ready just when the visitors took him by storm. Had not one of them been the Baron Kœmperhimmel, and another the Bishop of Zealand, he probably would have unceremoniously kicked them all down stairs in rapid succession; but as it was, he greeted the aged Bishop with the stiffest of all stiff military bows, and the Baron with a grunt, and Amalia and Bertel with a savage scowl, and then grimly awaited to

know the reason of their unseasonable visit. A few introductory words from the Bishop effected a marvellous change.

"Tordner!" shouted the Governor, in a voice so deep and guttural that his hearers started. "What is this you say?"

Baron Kœmperhimmel took up the thread of the narrative, and not one word of interruption did the Governor utter, though his occasional grunts and growls and muttered oaths of amazement were sufficiently expressive. When he had heard all, he turned to the venerable Bishop.

"Old comrade!" brusquely cried he, "when General Drammen gave the order for our brigade to furnish the forlorn hope at the storming of Yuttä, you and I were among the volunteers. What did we ask of Colonel Brentvard, who led us to the breach, as a particular personal favour?"

"We begged him to permit us to each lead one of the two foremost companies of stormers," answered the Bishop, a glow of ancient military pride flushing his fine old benevolent face.

"We did! and well we both performed our duty. I have a similar boon to beg in this business."

"What is that?"

"I ask you all to let me lead the forlorn hope—let me be the first to appeal to the King on behalf of the husband of the only child of my dear old comrade, Wilhelm Orvig—for I now see at a glance that she is Orvig's daughter—ay, ay, the same clear-cut, brave, honest features, the same bright thoughtful eye!"

The Bishop and the Baron exchanged expressive looks of satisfaction, and the latter took upon him to reply.

"General Otto Gam"——

"Here!"

The Baron smiled kindly.

"You answer like a soldier on parade, General! I only addressed you by name, because"——

"I want no 'because'!"

"Well, then, in a word"——

"A 'word' means fifty complex sentences with you courtiers!"

"You are as rough as a bear, General, as prickly as a porcupine, as morose as a hyena, as"——

"Go on!" growled Otto Gam.

"As true as steel, and tender-hearted as a gentle woman!"

"Phut!" puffed the old General, scowling as fiercely as he possibly could, whilst his piercing eyes were dimmed with huge tears. "You, Baron Kœmperhimmel, are a sleek, smooth-spoken, cunning, dissembling knave of a diplomatist, but, withal, a generous-hearted, liberal-minded fellow, a thousand times too good for your trade in life. Give me your hand, you unmitigated rogue!"

"Oh—o-oh!" whimpered the Baron, half in jest, half in earnest, as the veteran warrior wrung his hand in an iron grip.

"Ha-ha! I'm a bear! a porcupine! a hyena! Am I?"

"O-h! o-o-oh! Worse—a million times worse! A ferocious heathen! a boa-constrictor! a vampire!"

"What! there is life in the old dog yet!" cried Otto Gam, hugely delighted.

"Life!" echoed the politic Baron, extricating his hand, and shaking his fingers much in the droll fashion of a cat who has inadvertently plunged her paw into icy water. "Why, on my soul and conscience, General Otto Gam, I would as soon have my poor hand squeezed in a steel vice!"

The Military Governor of Copenhagen chuckled immensely.

"It is understood, then?" said he, at length.

"Conditionally."

"What?"

"You have called me a cunning courtier and diplomatist, General, and you must be aware that warriors do not lead what you—I fear only too truly—call the forlorn hope, until diplomatists have found it necessary to call in the aid of the sword to cut the knot the tongue cannot untie. Permit me the task of ascertaining the real dangers which we must encounter in the forthcoming assault, and then we will all consult together as to the best way to unite our forces for the attack. That decided, you, my gallant old friend, shall, as you desire, lead the storming party."

"Good: you have some generalship in you. Why were you not a soldier?"

"You agree, General?"

"I do. Prepare your plans for the assault; and when the word is given, old Otto Gam will lead the stormers,

and carry the fortress or perish. Yes!" cried he, turning towards Amalia, and gazing at her with deep and unaffected emotion, "I will do as I say. Your father, lady, was my dearest and best friend when he and I were young soldiers, and it so happened that he once did me a vitally important service—no matter what. I would have done as much for him, but I never had the opportunity. See! God's ways are not our ways. I am a rough old sinner, but I recognise God's hand in bringing you here this day. When Wilhelm Orvig nobly died a soldier's death, I said to myself, 'I have two things now to regret to my dying day. I shall ever have to mourn the loss of my friend, and never more can I do ought to repay the debt of gratitude I owe him.' But you come here and show me what a blind dotard I have been. Forty-five years I have been a debtor to your father and to his memory; the time has come which I never thought to live to see, when I can in some sort repay my debt, and I thank God for it!"

"God Almighty bless you, General!" burst from the full heart of Amalia.

"And God bless thee, my poor child, and grant us all we crave!" tenderly and solemnly said Otto Gam, folding her to his breast, and kissing her forehead.

Another moment, and grim old Governor Gam was himself, or affected to be.

"Off with you!" roared he; "Bishop and Baron, man and woman, away with ye all! My soup is almost cold, and I won't have my stomach deranged for all the bishops, outlaws, and courtiers in Christendom!"

"Oh, Baron!" whispered the excited and enthusiastic young painter, as they descended the stairs, "what friends Heaven raises for us! We gather force like a rolling snowball. First a snowball, and at last an avalanche which will sweep all before it!"

"Alas!" murmured the older and wiser Baron, "there is one thing which even an avalanche cannot destroy—one thing which it only falls upon to be itself shattered to atoms."

"And that is?"

"A living rock."

"Ha! And our rock?"

"The King!"

TENNENT'S CEYLON.

WE could not convey a better idea of the comprehensive nature of this remarkable work than by giving a rapid summary of the principal contents, showing the sub-divisions of the subjects treated of.

The first volume comprises Physical Geography, Zoology, the Singhalese Chronicles, Sciences and Social Arts, and Mediæval History. The subjects discussed in the second volume are Modern History, the Southern and Central Provinces, the Elephant, the Northern Provinces, and the Ruined Cities.

Under the title Physical Geography a description is given of the general aspect and geographical position of the island, its mountains, minerals, rivers, and harbours, also the climate, and its effects on health and disease.

The second division discusses Zoology under the following subdivisions—mammalia, birds, reptiles, fishes, mollusca, insects, arachnida.

Part three, "the Singhalese Chronicles," narrates the earliest history and traditions of the aborigines, describing the establishment of Buddhism 307 B.C., the influence of Buddhism on civilization, the fate of the aborigines, the domination of the Malabars, their expulsion, and the arrival of the Portuguese in 1505.

"Sciences and Social Arts" form the fourth section. Its subdivisions are—the population of the country, its agriculture, cattle, and crops, its early commerce, shipping, and productions, manufactures and working in metals, engineering, the Fine Arts, and Singhalese literature.

The Mediæval History of Ceylon, as known to the Greeks and Romans, to the Indians, Arabians, and Persians, to the Chinese, to the Moors, Genoese, and Venetians, is embraced in the fifth part.

The Modern History of the island is related in the sixth division, comprising the proceedings of the Portu-

guese and Dutch, and the conquest of the island by the English.

Part seven describes the Southern and Central Provinces, and the Ceylon Government, revenue, and establishments.

The elephant, his structure and habits, elephant shooting, and an elephant corral, form the subjects of the eighth section.

"The Northern Provinces" is the title of the ninth division, in which forest-travelling is depicted. Accounts are given of the ancient tanks, the veddahs, the salt country, the ebony forests, the Peninsula of Jaffna, Adam's Bridge, and the pearl fishery.

The tenth and last part describes the ruined cities, the tank of Minery, and the west coast.

From this short summary the reader may form some conception of the labour bestowed on the work. Each subject is treated with care and minuteness. The amount and variety of the information bear testimony to the indefatigable zeal of the author, and are evidently the result of accurate personal observation, inquiry, and research. The volumes are illustrated with several valuable maps and numerous interesting wood-engravings.

The Portuguese obtained a footing in Ceylon in 1517, when they procured from the Singhalese King permission to erect a factory at Colombo. They abused their privilege and converted the factory into a fortress, to the great indignation of the natives, who ineffectually endeavoured to dislodge them. For years a bitter struggle was sustained by the Kandians against the encroachments of the settlers. The Kandians learned the arts of war from their enemies, and from a state of total ignorance of the use of gunpowder, they eventually excelled the Portuguese in the manufacture of muskets, and mustered 20,000 stand of arms in the

Ceylon; an account of the Island, Physical, Historical, and Topographical; with Notices of its Natural History, Antiquities, and Productions. By Sir James Emerson Tennent, K.C.S., LL.D., &c. London: Longman, Green, Longman, and Roberts. 1859.

field. A series of truces and hostilities ensued. The Portuguese sent a party of Franciscans to endeavour to overturn the national religion, which had the effect of increasing the animosity of the national party. Cruelties the most revolting were perpetrated by the Portuguese commanders. Of Jerome Azavedo it is recorded by a Portuguese historian that his reverses were a judgment from the Almighty for his barbarities in Ceylon:—

“In the height of his success there he behelmed mothers after forcing them to cast their babes betwixt mill-stones. Punning on the name of the tribe of Gallas, and its resemblance to the Portuguese word for cocks, *gallos*, he caused his soldiers to take up children on the points of their spears, and bade them hark how the young cocks crow. He caused many men to be cast off the bridge at Malwané for the troops to see the crocodiles devour them; and these creatures grew so used to the food that at a whistle they would lift their heads above the water.”

On the occasion of one of the victories of the Portuguese, their Viceroy, Don Constantine, seized upon the *dalada*, the celebrated tooth of the Saint Buddha, and carried it off to Goa, a Portuguese settlement in India. This tooth, mounted in gold, and generally said to be the tooth of an ape, was regarded by the natives as the most sacred object of adoration. The Viceroy, knowing that they considered it a relic of the great Saint Buddha, immediately perceived its inestimable value. The King of Pegu, hearing that the revered tooth was in the hands of the Viceroy Don Constantine, sent Martin Alfonso de Mello to ransom it. On reaching Goa, Martin Alfonso despatched envoys, requesting the tooth on behalf of their Sovereign, offering any terms that might be requested; but the Archbishop, Don Gaspar, having knowledge of this proposal, warned the Viceroy not to accede to it, as it would dishonour the King, and afford encouragement to idolatry. That resolution was committed to writing; and to commemorate the fact an assembly was convened, in whose presence the Archbishop placed the tooth in a mortar, reduced it to powder, and cast the pieces into a brazier. The ashes and the charcoal were then flung into the

river in sight of all the assembly. A device was designed to perpetuate this zealous act, representing the scene and the principal personages.

The King of Pegu, however, procured the coveted tooth in another manner. At his birth the astrologers had predicted that he should marry a daughter of the King of Ceylon. In order to fulfil this prophecy, he sent ambassadors to the King, requesting his daughter in marriage. The King of Pegu being childless, his great Chamberlain persuaded his royal master to form this matrimonial alliance with Pegu. When the negotiation was concluded the Chamberlain secretly informed the Peguan Ambassador that the Singalese King was in possession of the genuine tooth of Buddha, that seized by the Viceroy being, as he affirmed, a counterfeit. As the Peguan and his suite evinced great delight at this intelligence, he consented to allow them to see it. With many precautions he exhibited the tooth (which was, in fact, a *fac simile* made out of a stag's horn by his directions) mounted in gold, in a shrine on an altar, surrounded by perfumes and lights. The result of the account given by the Ambassador to the King of Pegu was a negotiation for the tooth, in return for which costly presents were offered to the King of Ceylon. On its landing at Cosmi, a port of Pegu, intelligence was sent to the King, who set out to meet it with great formality. He then conducted it to the palace, where homage was paid to it by the monarch and his grandees, after which it was deposited in a *wihare*, erected at great expense. It is said that the imposition was afterwards made known to the King, who hushed the matter up, in order that his error might not be exposed.

For a period of a century wars and reprisals continued between the Kandyans and the Portuguese, until in 1617, the Portuguese having deposed the last king of the Malabar dynasty, assumed the reins of government. About this period the Dutch appeared upon the scene, ostensibly as allies of the Kandyans. For forty years the Dutch harassed the Portuguese, and eventually in 1658 drove them from the island.

For another period of 140 years the Dutch retained possession of Ceylon.

Their rule was that of a military tenure, and not a civil organization. They sought to make the most of their victory, and pushed their trade to the utmost. They took no steps whatever to elevate the people; misgovernment prevailed to a great extent. Notwithstanding all their efforts to make the possession of the island remunerative, the expenditure exceeded the income, so that their possession of Ceylon was aptly compared to one of the expensive tulips of Holland, which bore a fabulous price without any intrinsic value.

Such conduct inspired even the Singhalese with contempt; and, combined with the general misgovernment of the country, rendered the arrival of the British troops welcome. In 1795, Colonel Stuart, in command of an expedition, landed at Trincomalee, which immediately capitulated. Jaffna and Calpentyn were successively occupied, and the following year Colonel Stuart took possession of Negombo, Colombo, Point de Galle, and all the other fortified places. Ceylon thus became the possession of England.

The Portuguese and Dutch left few traces of progress behind them; in 1796 there was not a single practicable road in the island. Travellers were borne along the shore in palanquins, by paths under the trees; troops dragged their cannon through the sand, and stores were carried on men's shoulders through the jungle. Under the British sway improvements of all kinds have been rapidly effected. Before 1850, to every town of importance a carriage road had been made, a highway carried across the island from Colombo to Trincomalee, and a military road constructed into the centre of the Kandyan country, reaching an altitude of more than 6,000 feet above the level of the sea. The Singhalese of the sea-board view these proceedings and the British rule with satisfaction, while the Kandyans regard with surprise the advance of civilization:—

“The silence of their mountain solitudes has been broken by the din of industry, and the seclusion of their villages invaded by bands of hired labourers from the Indian coast. Their ancient habits have been interrupted, and their prejudices startled; and a generation may pass away before the people become fa-

miliar or their head men reconciled to the change. But the blessings of peaceful order, the mild influence of education, and the gradual influx of wealth, will not fail to produce their accustomed results; and the mountaineers of Ceylon will, at no distant day, share with the lowlanders in the consciousness of repose and prosperity under the protection of the British Crown.”

Sir Emerson Tennent does not tell us whether the intelligence of the Indian mutiny had any effect upon the natives of Ceylon, or aroused their long cherished wishes for the restoration of their independence.

The island of Ceylon is probably the most beautiful in the world. The Brahmans termed it *Lanka*, “the resplendent,” the Buddhist poets, with graceful imagery, wrote of it as “a pearl upon the brow of India;” to the Chinese it was known as the “island of jewels;” to the Greeks as the “land of the hyacinth and the ruby,” while the Mahometans considered it as a new clysium designed to console the exiles from Paradise. To the eye of the new comer it offers an entrancing spectacle. Adam's Peak and the lofty mountains covered with forest trees; the shores to the very edge of the sea clothed in perpetual verdure, present a picture fully realizing the anticipations of the traveller.

From time immemorial Ceylon has been famous for its precious stones. From their abundance in Saffragam, the chief town of that district has been called *Ratnapoora*, or the “city of rubies.” In the neighbourhood of this city masses of quartz of the most delicate rose colour are found; similar pieces have been met with in our own country, near Cork. Sir Emerson Tennent estimates the quantity of precious stones found in the island at £10,000 per annum.

One of the wonders of the peninsula of Jaffna is the extraordinary well of Potoor:—

“It occurs in a bed of stratified limestone, so hollow that in passing over it the footsteps of our horses sounded as though they were striking on an arch. The well is about thirty feet in diameter, and sinks to a depth of four-and-twenty fathoms. On the surface it is fresh, but lower down it is brackish and salt, and on plunging a bottle to the extreme depth, the water comes up highly fetid, and giving off bubbles of sulphuretted hydrogen gas. But the most remarkable

fact connected with this well is, that its surface rises and falls a few inches once in every twelve hours, but it never overflows its banks, and is never reduced below a certain fixed point, even by the abstraction of large quantities of water. In 1824, the Governor, Sir Edward Barnes, conceived the idea of using this apparently inexhaustible spring for maintaining a perpetual irrigation of the surrounding districts. With this view, he caused a steam-engine with three pumps to be erected at the well of Potoor. But for some reason, which I have been unable to ascertain, the attempt was soon abandoned. In reporting the early progress of the experiment, the Government officer of the district represented that the pumps, though worked incessantly for forty-eight hours, and drawing off a prodigious quantity of water, had in no degree reduced the apparent contents of the well, which rose each day precisely an inch and a half, between the hours of seven in the morning and one o'clock in the afternoon; and again, between eight o'clock and twelve at night, falling to an equivalent extent in the intervals. The natives are perfectly familiar with all these phenomena, and believe that the well communicates with the sea at the Kieremalie, near Kangesen-torre, a distance of seven miles, from which they affirm that a subterranean stream flows inwards."

The climate of Ceylon is more equable than that of the neighbouring continent of India. It is seldom visited by hurricanes. The heat of the sun is never so extreme as to be dangerous. The proverbial fickleness of the winds and the uncertain changes of our northern climates are comparatively unknown, so that there is little difficulty in calculating on the changes of the weather.

"Great atmospheric changes occur only at two opposite periods of the year, and so gradual is their approach that the climate is monotonous, and one longs to see again 'the falling of the leaf' to diversify the sameness of perennial verdure. The line is faint which divides the seasons. No period of the year is divested of its seed time and its harvest in some part of the island; and the ripe fruit hangs on the same branches that are garlanded with opening buds. But as every plant has its own period for the production of its flowers and fruit, each month is characterized by its own peculiar flora."

Sir Emerson Tennent gives very fully the characteristics of the climate for each month. January and

February are dry during the day, but cool at night, and the moonlight is singularly agreeable; March and April oppressively hot, the nights unrefreshing, when Europeans are driven to the hills; in May the change of the monsoon occurs in all its grandeur. It is preceded by a state of exhaustion from the extreme heat. Trees have shed their leaves, and all vegetable life languishes. The ground is parched and broken, the grass withered, and the branches and brushwood covered with red dust. Insects have disappeared, birds are not to be seen, and the wild animals, forced by want of water, often venture from the jungle to seek the village wells. Europeans suffer from the general exhaustion, and even the Singhalese succumb to its influence. The author's description of the monsoon is so graphic that we transfer it at length to our pages:—

"Meanwhile the air becomes loaded to saturation with aqueous vapour drawn up by the augmented force of evaporation acting vigorously over land and sea; the sky, instead of its brilliant blue, assumes the sullen tint of lead, and not a breath disturbs the motionless rest of the clouds that hang on the lower range of hills. At length, generally about the middle of the month, but frequently earlier, the sultry suspense is broken by the arrival of the wished-for change. The sun has by this time nearly attained his greatest northern declination, and created a torrid heat throughout the lands of southern Asia and the peninsula of India. The air, lightened by its high temperature and such watery vapour as it may contain, rises into loftier regions and is replaced by indraughts from the neighbouring sea, and thus a tendency is gradually given to the formation of a current bringing up from the south the warm, humid air of the equator. The wind, therefore, which reaches Ceylon comes laden with moisture, taken up in its passage across the great Indian Ocean. As the monsoon draws near, the days become more overcast and hot, banks of cloud rise over the ocean to the west, and in the peculiar twilight the eye is attracted by the unusual whiteness of the sea-birds that sweep along the strand to seize the objects flung on shore by the rising surf.

"At last the sudden lightnings flash among the hills and sheet through the clouds that overhang the sea, and with a crash of thunder the monsoon bursts over the thirsty land, not in showers or partial torrents, but in a wide deluge,

that in the course of a few hours over-tops the river banks and spreads in inundations over every level plain.

"All the phenomena of this explosion are stupendous: thunder, as we are accustomed to be awed by it in Europe, affords but the faintest idea of its overpowering grandeur in Ceylon. And its sublimity is infinitely increased as it is faintly heard from the shore, resounding through night and darkness over the gloomy sea. The lightning, when it touches the earth where it is covered with the descending torrent, flashes into it and disappears instantaneously; but, when it strikes a drier surface, in seeking better conductors, it often opens a hollow like that formed by the explosion of a shell, and frequently leaves behind it traces of vitrification. In Ceylon, however, occurrences of this kind are rare, and accidents are seldom recorded from lightning, probably owing to the profusion of trees, and especially of coco-nut palms, which, when drenched with rain, intercept the discharge, and conduct the electric matter to the earth. The rain at these periods excites the astonishment of a European: it descends in almost continuous streams, so close and so dense that the level grounds, unable to absorb it sufficiently fast, is covered with one uniform sheet of water, and down the sides of acclivities it rushes in a volume that wears channels in the surface. For hours together the noise of the torrent, as it beats upon the trees and bursts upon the roofs, flowing thence in rivulets along the ground, occasions an uproar that drowns the ordinary voice, and renders sleep impossible.

"This violence, however, seldom lasts more than an hour or two, and gradually abates after intermittent paroxysms, and a serenely clear sky supervenes. For some days heavy showers continue to fall at intervals in the forenoon, and the evenings which follow are embellished by sunsets of the most gorgeous splendour, lighting the fragments of clouds that survive the recent storm."

In June the heat becomes modified, and nature feels the change. "In a single day, and almost between sunset and sundown, the green hue of reviving vegetation begins to tint the saturated ground." In July, August, September, and October, the weather is agreeable and refreshing. In November the north-east monsoon succeeds the south-western, and the air becomes colder; the change is not so remarkable as in May. December is refreshing, but cool.

To Europeans the most important consideration is the effect of the climate upon health. On this point Sir Emerson Tennent assures us that mere heat, even to a degree beyond that of Ceylon, is not unhealthy in itself; and that, with due precautions, the system soon becomes accommodated to the condition of the atmosphere.

A singular phenomenon, called "an-thelia," is witnessed at early morning in Ceylon. "When the light is intense, and the shadows proportionally dark—when the sun is near the horizon, and the shadow of a person walking is thrown on the dewy grass, each particle furnishes a double reflection from its concave and convex surfaces; and to the spectator his own figure, but more particularly his head, appears surrounded by a halo as vivid as if radiated from diamonds."

A similar phenomenon is described by Scoresby as occurring in the Arctic seas, the luminous circles being produced on the particles of fog resting on the surface of the water. "The lower part of the circle descended beneath my feet to the side of the ship; and although it could not be a hundred feet from the eye, it was perfect, and the colours distinct. The centre of the coloured circle was distinguished by my own shadow, the head of which, enveloped by a halo, was most conspicuously portrayed. The halo or glory was evidently impressed on the fog, but the figure appeared to be a shadow on the water."

The trees and plants of the island form the subject of a valuable and interesting chapter. The description of the kattoo-imbul of the Singhalese is curious. It produces a silky cotton of delicate fibre, too short for spinning, but making a luxurious stuffing for pillows. It is tall, covered with formidable thorns. The fresh leaves do not appear till after the crimson flowers have covered the branches with their bright petals. "So profuse are these gorgeous flowers that when they fall the ground for many rods on all sides is a carpet of scarlet."

The climbing plants and epiphytes attain an extraordinary size:—

"The older trees are tormented by climbing plants of such extraordinary

dimensions that many of them exceed in diameter the girth of a man; and these gigantic appendages are to be seen surmounting the tallest trees of the forest, grasping their stems in firm convolutions, and then flinging their monstrous tendrils over the larger limbs till they reach to the top, whence they descend to the ground in huge festoons; and after including another and another tree in their successive coils, they once more ascend to the summit, and wind the whole into a maze of living network as massive as if formed by the cable of a line of battle-ship. When, by-and-by, the trees on which this singular fabric has been suspended give way under its weight, or sink by their own decay, the fallen trunk speedily disappears, whilst the convolutions of climbers continue to grow on, exhibiting one of the most marvellous and peculiar living mounds of confusion that it is possible to fancy."

Some of the ground creepers present remarkable characteristics. The *ratans* attain to the extraordinary length of 250 feet, the stem being one inch in diameter, perfectly regular and devoid of foliage, save a bunch of feathery leaves at the end. These slender plants are so strong that the natives make bridges with them across ravines. Sir Emerson Tennent describes one which was erected across the falls of the Mahawelligana, in the Kotmale range of hills. It had all the appearance of having been constructed with the scientific accuracy of an engineer. It was formed of the plant named "the waywell," the ends of the bridge being attached to trees on each side of the ravine, through which a mountain torrent rushed down a declivity of nearly 100 feet, leaping from rock to rock. The flooring of this suspension bridge was made of splints of wood, fastened by thin strips of the waywell itself. The bridge swayed with fearful ease, but the coolies travelled over it with their burdens.

Another class of trees which attract the curious gaze of the stranger are those whose trunks are covered as high as cattle can reach by thorns of a growth and size quite astonishing. "One species of palm, the *caryota horrida*, often rises to a height of fifty feet, and has a coating of thorns for about six or eight feet from the ground, each about an inch in length,

and so densely covering the stem that the bark is barely visible."

But the palms are the most striking objects in the forests; they occur in great numbers, and attract the eye by their beauty and singularity. The coco-nut is the favourite tree of the Singhalese, who enthusiastically narrate the *hundred* uses to which they apply it.

Of these, we will recount a few. With the leaves they roof their houses, make mats, baskets, torches, fuel, brooms, fodder for cattle; the stem of the leaf forms fences, fishing rods, &c. The cabbage, or cluster of leaves, is pickled and preserved. Toddy is made from the sap, as also vinegar and sugar. The unformed nut is prepared for medicine and sweetmeats. The young nut and its milk are used for drinking, the nut for curry, the oil for rheumatism, for the hair, for soap, candles, and light. The shell of the nut makes drinking cups, charcoal, spoons, hookahs, &c. The fibre enveloping the shell is used for mattresses, ropes, canvas, &c. The trunk for rafters, boats, furniture.

In the north of Ceylon, the *palmyra* flourishes, and is of as much importance as the coco-nut palm is to the natives in the South. It can be applied to so many purposes that the Hindus celebrate it as the "tree of life," of their paradise. Its fruit does not appear until it has reached fifteen or twenty years of age. The juice extracted from it is made into toddy by the toddy-drawers, or can be converted into palm wine or sugar. The natives sometimes eat the fruit raw or roasted, but they generally extract the pulp, and convert it into "poovattoo," drying it in squares in the sun. The shells, when charred, are used as fuel by blacksmiths, and workers in metal, being deemed most powerful in engendering a glowing heat. According to the proverb, the wood of the palmyra "lives for a lac of years after planting, and lasts for a lac of years when felled." The export from Jaffna alone of rafters and laths, consumes annually between 70,000 and 80,000 palms. They must have reached, at least, 100 years of age before they are considered good for timber. Valuable as the fruit and timber are, the leaves are almost more highly esteemed; the natives thatch

their houses with them, using the old thatch for manure; they cover their floors and ceilings with the leaves, and make baskets so closely plaited as to hold water. With them, also, they make caps, and umbrellas, and the fine leaves are used as paper for correspondence, and as parchment for deeds. We have given only a few of the advantages of the palm to the natives of Jaffna. To the population of the northern provinces, this tree supplies one-fourth of their means of subsistence.

Sir Emerson Tennent describes the sacred Bo-tree of Anarajapoor as probably the oldest historical tree in the world. Planted 288 B.C., it is now 2,147 years old, and corroborates DeCandolle's theory, that trees do not die of old age, in the proper sense of the term, but that if uninjured externally there is no necessary limit to the duration of tree life. The age of the Bo-tree is matter of record, that of other trees being merely conjectural. The preservation of the Bo-tree has been the solicitous care of successive dynasties. The records of its planting and its vicissitudes are authentic. The Conqueror's Oak, in Windsor forest, only numbers half its years. The Bo-tree is older by a century than the oldest known trees, and bids fair to realize the prophetic saying of its planter, "that it would flourish and be green for ever."

The Buddhists regard this sanctified tree with feelings of veneration. The sovereigns of the island, from age to age, have constructed elaborate works around it for its preservation, and adorned the walls and steps with curious carving. The present appearance of the tree conveys the idea of great antiquity. It is situated in an enclosure, entered from the porch of a temple, the priests of which are charged with its preservation.

Although Sir Emerson Tennent modestly disclaims any special scientific knowledge in geology, and other physical sciences, yet the sections devoted to natural history evince an amount of general information far greater than is usually attained even by the educated scholar. In some instances the errors of naturalists have been rectified, as in the case of a repulsive looking monkey found on

the Malabar coast, the *Silenus Veter*, *Linn*, which has hitherto been incorrectly described as the "Wanderoo" of Ceylon, under which name every author since Buffon has classed it.

He also explains the occurrence of fish in ponds and tanks which had recently been dried up, a circumstance which has perplexed travellers in eastern countries. Sir John Bowring, in his visit to the Philippine Islands, observed the mysterious fact, that after rains the fields, and marshes, and ponds are filled with fish. Fish two palms long are often pulled up from among the paddy; but what became of them in the times of drought he was unable to conjecture. The tanks and reservoirs in Ceylon are dried up at certain seasons of the year, and the bottom so burnt by the heat as to be cleft into gaping apertures; yet in a few days after a fall of rain, the natives may be seen fishing in these ponds and collecting full grown fishes in baskets. Sir Emerson Tennent discusses the various theories of this curious phenomenon, such as that the spawn are imbedded in the dried earth from one season to the next, and that fish have fallen down from the clouds in heavy rains. He asserts it as a fact, however, that full grown fish in Ceylon are endowed with the singular faculties of being able to migrate over land in search of water, and of burying themselves in the mud, retaining their vitality until the return of the rainy season.

Bats abound in the island; the colour of some species is as brilliant as a bird's plumage, bright yellow, deep orange, and reddish brown. That known to Europeans as the Flying Fox measures from three to four feet from tip to tip of its wings, and some have nearly reached five feet.

The most dreaded of the carnivora in Ceylon is the bear, which though usually inoffensive, at times is very ferocious. The Singhalese believe in the efficacy of charms in protecting them from attacks by bears, and when obliged to go in their vicinity, wear a talisman in their hair or hanging from their neck. Sir Emerson Tennent witnessed an amusing incident where the inefficacy of these charms was uncomfortably demonstrated:

"Desiring to change the position of a herd of deer, the Moorman (with his

charm) was sent across some swampy land to disturb them. As he was proceeding, we saw him suddenly turn from an old tree, and run back with all speed, his hair becoming unfastened, and, like his clothes, streaming in the wind. It soon became evident that he was flying from some terrific object, for he had thrown down his gun, and, in his panic, was taking the shortest line towards us, which lay across a swamp covered with sedge and rushes, that greatly impeded his progress. Missing his steps, he repeatedly fell into the water, but rose and resumed his flight. I advanced as far as the sods would bear my weight. Just within ball range, there was an open space, and, as the man gained it, I saw that he was pursued by a bear and two cubs. As the person of the fugitive covered the bear, it was impossible to fire without risk. At last he fell exhausted, and the bear being close upon him, I discharged both barrels. The first broke the bear's shoulder, but this only made her more savage, and rising on her hind legs she advanced with ferocious grunts, when the second discharge served to frighten her, for, turning round, she retreated at full speed. Some natives then waded to the Moorman, who was just exhausted, and would have been drowned but that he fell with his head upon a tuft of grass. The poor man was unable to speak, and for several weeks his intellect seemed confused. The adventure sufficed to satisfy him that he could not depend upon a charm to protect him from bears, though he always insisted that but for its having fallen from his hair, where he had fastened it under his turban, the bear would not have ventured to attack him."

There are, however, some drawbacks to a residence in this charming island, one of the most disagreeable being caused by swarms of insects called ticks. They abound in all places and at all times: hanging in multitudes by the fore-legs from the branches of trees, they watch for their prey. A shower of these insects will drop on an unfortunate passer-by, and fasten themselves on the neck, ears, and eyelids, each inserting a barbed proboscis. They burrow with their heads pushed under the skin, smarting "as if particles of red hot sand had been scattered over the flesh." If, as is very natural, they are torn from their hold, they leave behind them suckers which speedily become ulcers. Those who are able

to endure the torture obtain relief by the application of a drop of cocoa-nut oil, upon which the insects fall off. Their instinct teaches them to fasten on those parts of animals whence they cannot be detached by his paws, such as the eyebrows, the tips of the ears, and the back of the neck. Animals are endowed with a corrective instinct, for dogs are observed to gnaw each other's ears and necks, thus affording that relief to one another which they cannot render to themselves. Horses assist each other by applying their teeth to the roots of the ears, the neck, and crown of the head; while buffaloes are indebted to the crows, which alight on their backs and feed upon these universal nuisances. Another, and a still more intolerable plague, is the land leech, which infests the lower ranges of the hill country. This insect is an inch long, and as fine as a knitting-needle, but capable of distension to the thickness of a quill, and to double its length. Being perfectly flexible, they penetrate through the clothes, and seize upon the ankles, some creeping up the back and settling themselves upon the most sensitive parts of the body. The first notice of their attack is generally given by the trickling of the blood, or the cool sensation of the well-filled leech hanging from the skin.

"Horses are driven wild by them and stamp the ground in fury to shake them from their fetlocks, to which they hang in bloody tassels. The bare legs of the palankan bearers and coolies are a favourite resort, and the hands being too much engaged to be spared to pull them off, the leeches hang like bunches of grapes round the ankles; and I have seen the blood literally flowing over the edge of a European shoe from their innumerable bites."

Sir Emerson Tennent also narrates a disagreeable incident, which befell him on a land journey, to which would appear travellers in the forests must accustom themselves. His slumbers were rudely disturbed by the pain in his face and neck, caused by the bites of a swarm of black ants:-

"On starting from my bed my face and ankles were instantly assailed. The tent was dark, but obtaining a light from the watch-fire, I found myself covered

vered with large black ants, each half an inch long, and furnished with powerful mandibles, with which they inflicted the torment I had felt. In one of their migrations a colony of these fierce creatures, called kaddias by the Singhalese, had approached my tent in a stream four or five feet in breadth, and composed of myriads of individuals. They had made their way in under the canvas of the tent, and on finding my bed in the line of their march, had held on their course, as their custom is, direct across it, descending again to the floor of the tent, and streaming out at the opposite side into the jungle. My pillow and sheets were literally black with their numbers."

Amongst other curiosities of natural history, Sir Emerson Tennent notices certain musical sounds, said to proceed from some fish peculiar to the lagoon of Batticaloa, and which were heard in several parts of the lake at night. When the moon was nearest the full they were most distinct, and resembled the faint sweet notes of an Æolian harp. The fishermen believed that the sounds issued from the "crying shell," of which they produced specimens, chiefly *littorina* and *cerithium*. Sir Emerson Tennent endeavoured to ascertain the truth of the report, and rowed with the fishermen to the locality indicated, where he distinctly heard a multitude of tiny sounds issuing from the water, "like the gentle thrills of a musical chord, or the faint vibrations of a wine glass when its rim is rubbed by a wet finger." When he rowed away from the particular place the sounds ceased. The causes of this phenomenon would appear to be stationary at several points, and to be produced by mollusca, not by fish. Similar

cadences are heard under water at other places on the western coast of India, and at Chili; but the animals from which the musical notes proceed have not yet been ascertained, and the mystery remains unsolved.

A curious social arrangement prevails in the province adjoining Bintenne, by which the sister's sons inherit property in preference to the owner's sons. It appears that a similar peculiarity is sanctioned in parts of India, and has been traced in some of the African tribes. The custom is accounted for by the Singhalese by the legend that "one of their kings being directed by an oracle to sacrifice a male child of the blood royal, in order to thwart the malice of a demon who nightly destroyed the bund of a tank in process of construction, his queen refused to surrender one of her children, on which his sister voluntarily devoted her own boy to death; and the king, in honour of her patriotism, declared that nephews were ever after to be entitled to the succession in preference to sons."

We are not surprised that this work has already reached a fifth edition. It is one on which the author may rest his fame. It forms a cyclopædia and standard reference to all who seek to be informed upon this interesting island, and an indispensable handbook to the emigrant and visitor. To civil servants generally it is a model which they would do well to emulate, if, as Sir Emerson Tennent has done, they collect their materials and prepare their statistics in hours of leisure. It is a monument of the talent, industry, and perseverance of our distinguished countryman.

RIENZI.

BY PROFESSOR DE VERICOUR.

PART I.

AMONG the heroes of insurrection during the fourteenth century, none is so familiarly known to the public as Rienzi. Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's beautiful romance, has popularized that name in every part of the globe where there is a reading public. He has invested this favourite hero with a halo of poetry and perfectibility, which most probably, real, *documental* history, would vainly endeavour to assuage. It is one of the fatal tendencies of historical novels, that although they, no doubt, may create a taste for history, they more especially engender a mutilated, often, a totally false notion of truth. Who could enumerate the myriads of notions and impressions, grossly erroneous, floating in the public mind, since the days of the Waverley Novels? That attractive sphere of literature, however, sharing in the general progress, has, of late years, adhered more faithfully to the fundamental realities; still, with its privilege of endless flights in the domain of imagination, how is it possible that truth, often coarse and repulsive, could appear, without being enveloped with an atmosphere of fiction, in which the gifted author may give a free scope to his idealism as well as to his private partialities? Thus, Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, generally so faithful to history with reference to customs and manners, in his admirable romances, evinces a boundless, enthusiastic reverence for Rienzi: with him, the accession of the Tribune would have been the close of the thralldom of Italy, and the abrupt limit of the dark ages of Europe, if he had met with a brave, noble, intelligent, devoted people to back his projects; he believes that the august Republic, if not the majestic Empire of Rome, might be existing now, had but one half the spirit been found in Rome which ran through a single vein of Cola di Rienzi.

Many years after the expression of that lofty and unjust estimate of the

"Last of the Tribunes," a German historian, Papencordt, published the results of his arduous researches at Rome and Prague, on the subject of Rienzi. Of late years, other researches have been made at Rome (by Zefirino Re) which corroborate the conclusions of the German historian, and even add new traits to those abundantly collected by Papencordt. In consequence of these historical revelations, Rienzi appears shorn of the beams with which he was adorned by the gifted pen and the idealism of the English author, who, it must be added, might perhaps have taken a different view of his hero, had the documents alluded to been known ten years sooner. The basis on which Sir E. Bulwer Lytton has raised his eloquent work, is a life of Rienzi, published by an anonymous contemporary, a composition generally esteemed, although in contradiction with many facts proved by the authentic documents now published, or exhibited at Prague and Rome; it must also be confessed, that the great novelist appeals to this biography for all that is favourable to the Tribune, and doubts its statements for whatever is unfavourable to his hero. On the other hand, the English author, through the intuition of genius, invests the "Last of the Tribunes" with a mysticism which had been the object of the scorn and sarcasms of the greatest historians who mentioned the traditions on the subject, whilst the documents brought to light by Papencordt are irrefragable testimonies as to the singularly mystical nature of Rienzi, more especially during the first period of his career. In this instance, the distinguished novelist, through mere intuition, has proved himself more truthful than many celebrated historians. We will endeavour to give a brief, accurate sketch of the life of the Tribune, especially, with reference to those historical facts and characteristics which are essential for the contemplation of his real figure.

Nicolas Gabrini, much more known by the popular name of Cola di Rienzi, or rather *Cola di Rienzo*—diminutive of Lorenzo—was born at Rome, in 1313 or 1314, in the part of the Eternal City called the *Rione*, on the left bank of the Tiber, opposite what is now termed the Trastaverine quarter of the city. The half-ruined palace, shown at this day, at Rome, to the hasty tourist, as having been the dwelling of Rienzi, has never had any thing to do with our hero. His contemporary biographer states that he was born on the strand, near the mills, below the Ghetto, in the midst of the miserable stalls of fishermen, where his father kept a small inn, his mother being employed at the same time in washing the linen of the rich neighbours, and even, at times, in carrying water to their houses. A popular legend has attributed to this poor woman an adventure which, however discreditable to herself, tended to give a loftier origin to the Tribune. It states that when the Emperor Henry VII of Luxembourg, whose arrival in Italy was hailed with such enthusiasm by Dante, came to Rome for his coronation, he had pledged his word to remain in the Trastevere, namely, in the Pontifical City, and not to set his foot on the left bank, which was more especially the city of the Barons, but that the young Cæsar, with one of his companions, sauntering imprudently in the midst of the monuments on the bank interdicted to him, he was recognised—the report of his presence speedily known—and that, being pursued, he fled into the tavern of Gabrini, then recently married, and remained there concealed some days till the danger was over. The legend affirms that Rienzi's mother related to a friend of hers, at a later period, that her beloved son Cola was the offspring of the Imperial guest. It must be observed that none of the chroniclers and historians of Henry VII mention this adventure.

Rienzi was endowed by nature with great nobleness in his demeanour. His handsome features reflected all the impressions of his soul. Although tall, and apparently robust, there was something delicate and feminine in his complexion, which was of an extreme transparency, as well as in his constitution, as it appears from the frequent swooning fits to which he

was subject. His eyes and smile had something unfathomable, fantastical, which made a deep impression on all who approached him for the first time. His voice was remarkable for its sweet, silvery tone. Petrarch has spoken in terms of admiration of his eloquence and of the purity of his diction. His flow of language, his bold images, the vivacity of his action, the felicity of his expressions, sometimes burning with the earnestness of his convictions, at other times, bitter and sarcastic, carried away all who heard him, the more so, as his addresses were always extemporaneous. He lived during a singular epoch of transition, when the revival of classical literature was rousing all intellects, at the same time that religious discussions and disorganization were often transforming orthodoxy into mysticism. Rienzi is the most extraordinary product and representative of this epoch. He was intrusted for his education to a relation, a priest at Anagni, and his instruction, as well as his training, was subjected to the dualism of his time. It was semi-sacred, semi-profane. His intellect was divided between classical antiquity and theology. He became deeply versed in the literature of ancient Rome, and his discourses and letters, collected by Papencordt, replete with quotations from the Bible and from the fathers, evince his profound knowledge of the sacred books. When he returned, as a young man, to the place of his birth, he met there all that could vivify his mystical and antiquarian tendencies. His imagination became deeply impressed by the grandeur of the ruined marvels of Pagan Rome, as well as by the rising wonders of the Christian metropolis. The Eternal City offered the most extraordinary amalgamation of Christian and Pagan monuments. The most celebrated, profane temples of antiquity were transformed into shrines of the modern saints. The cross of our Saviour, or the statue of His mother, the Virgin Mary, could be seen mixed with profane and martial sculptural representations. And, the same strange compound existed in the intellect and imagination of the Romans. They made no distinction between the Kings and Emperors of Rome and the Popes. The mass of the people generally believed Romulus to have been the first of

Pontiffs. The political and religious legends of the ancients and of the moderns, had attained a state of complete fusion during their formation and growth.

At this period the political state of Rome was such as to keep her people in a state of febrile agitation. The Holy City had no government. She was no longer the Imperial Rome, nor the Pontifical Rome. The Teutonic Cæsars had abandoned her. The Popes had also fled from the sacred hill of the Vatican to the slimy Gallic city, Avignon. One, and sometimes two, senators, were invested with the executive authority, but their annual election was generally the result of pure chance, or of extreme violence. As to the municipal offices of *Priors* or *Consuls*, of *Captains* of districts, and others, they were still more irregular, disordered, and a dead letter. The real masters of the city were the princes or barons, who dwelt in their fortified castles in the environs, or their strong palaces within. The principal among them were masters of different parts of the city. The celebrated old family of the Colonnas reigned, it may be said, over the north of the city, towards the Quirinal; old Stephen Colonna, long exiled, was the patriarch of the family: he had seven sons, five of whom were cardinals, the two others distinguished knights, and six daughters, well married, with many grandsons, all members of the knighthood. Old Colonna was eighty years old in 1343, and Petrarch states that he remained youthful and vigorous, while every thing was decaying round him. The new family of the Orsini, extended their sway along the Tiber from the Campo-di-Fiore, to the Church of St. Peter, comprising the castle of St. Angelo. The Savelli, less powerful, possessed a part of the Aventine, with the theatre of Marcellus, and the Conti, the huge tower which bears their name, on Cæsar's Forum. Other members of the nobility, in the country, were possessors of small fortified cities, or castles, all well provided with the means of warfare and of defence.

Rome, subjected to such a domination, had become almost deserted. The population of the seven-hilled city had come down to about 30,000 souls. When the barons were at

peace with each other, which, however, was a rare occurrence, they combined to exercise their tyranny over the citizens and the serfs, to rob and plunder the farmers, travellers, and pilgrims. Petrarch wrote to the Pope at this period, that Rome had become the abode of demons, the receptacle of all crimes, a hell for the living. The modern city threatened to add its ruins to those of ancient Rome: a vast number of houses, and most of the churches, were roofless and falling to pieces. Such was the state of the Eternal City when the intellectual movement created by Petrarch, gave rise to a manifestation which exercised a great influence on Rienzi as well as on all those who suffered from the degraded state of their fatherland, and which led to a political revolution. Petrarch was, after Dante, the first who effectively awoke the public intelligence to a return towards the classical literature, and in doing so, he revived all the old reminiscences of the majestic Republican grandeur of Rome. He was residing in his lovely solitude of Vaucluse, but his heart, his thoughts, were at Rome. He had frequently visited the unfortunate city, and his enthusiasm for the monumental, classical soil—his bewailings at the lamentable state of the classical and Pontifical metropolis—gave rise to a profound sympathy and a boundless enthusiasm, even amongst those who were instrumental in the misfortunes of Rome. In 1340 Petrarch received from the Senate of Rome and the University of Paris an invitation to receive solemnly the poetical crown, as a public tribute to his genius. He did not hesitate in deciding at once his grateful acceptance of the former in preference to the latter. He previously went, however, to Naples, where was then reigning a literary king, Robert of Anjou, an enthusiastic admirer of Virgil, on whose tomb he raised a monument, over the Pausilippo, the desolate remains of which may still be seen. Petrarch considered Robert as the only competent judge of literary genius, and underwent a literary tournament, in Latin and Italian, on poetry as well as learned questions, after which the poet was declared worthy of the poetical laurel, and received at the king's hands his own royal robe for the day of his triumph.

This ceremony was prepared with great pomp and pageantry by the Colonnas; its object was to soothe and amuse a little, the poor Romans, whilst it secured a temporary popularity on its originators. It took place on Easter Sunday, the 8th of April, 1341. Rome seemed transformed into a temple; crowds flocked into the city; every human being held a branch of laurel; the poet being called by a herald to the Capitol, resplendent with gold and scarlet velvet, he advanced, recited a sonnet, closing with the words: "Long live the Roman people! May God keep them free for ever." The words were caught by myriads of voices, repeating them a thousand times. The poet received the crown, but the remainder of the ceremony was drowned in the confusion of an extraordinary enthusiasm. The crowd soon after dispersed, but in a state of great agitation. This proved to be a memorable day in the life of the Roman people. The triumph became that of Rome much more than of the Poet. The cry of the "Capitol for ever" soon replaced that of "Long live the Poet." The Capitol, namely, the glorious hill, where the fortune of Rome had commenced,—the memorable hill, before which the whole world had bowed down! The word was enough to move the Roman people in its inmost core, but the emotion, however deep, must have proved evanescent, had it not been treasured up and fostered, matured and exalted, by the son of the tavern-keeper and of the washerwoman.

Rienzi was then twenty-eight years old. He had made a fortunate marriage. His wife was young and handsome; she was the daughter of a distinguished Roman citizen, and he had by her three children, a boy and two girls. His function of notary (assessor) to the Roman tribunals, would seem to infer that he was considered a peaceful, rational citizen. It appears, however, that he brought in the exercise of his official duties, the excited imagination and generosity of heart which characterized his nature. He gloried in being surnamed the Consul of orphans, of widows, and of the poor. His love for the humble, soon became blended with an intense hatred for the great: one of his brothers was killed accidentally by a Roman baron, without his being able to obtain any satis-

faction; consequently, the tyrannical sway of the nobles over the city became doubly odious to him, and kindled daily the fire that was simmering in his breast. Rienzi had always been noted for his literary and poetical taste; he was considered as deeply versed in the knowledge of antiquity, and as the most skilful in deciphering and explaining the numerous inscriptions with which Rome abounded. But it was from the day of the triumph,—from the influence and presence of Petrarch at Rome,—that the notary brought all his archæological learning to bear on his political passions, and endeavoured to transform his historical and poetical effervescence into an instrument of revolution. From that day, the smallest medal, the least remains of antiquity became for him a theme of declamatory addresses to the people, on the present state of Rome, on the iniquities that surrounded him. Followed by groups that augmented daily, and which listened to him with breathless interest, he led them from ruin to ruin, to the Forum, to the tombs of the Christian martyrs, thus associating every glory, and, made the hearts of the people throb by his mystical eloquence—his lamentations over the fate of the Eternal City, bereft of her heroes, of her apostles, of all her great men—of the true old Romans and of the modern faithful Christians—and from which faith and justice were exiled. The popular agitation augmenting daily, the nobles, who were openly accused of being the authors of the misfortunes of Rome, held a partial meeting to consider the present emergencies, and sent, but in vain, a deputation to Pope Clement VI., at Avignon, entreating him to come and pacify the city by his presence. In the following year the agitation continued, and no remedy being brought to the popular grievances, an insurrection broke out. The senator was expelled; thirteen good men (*buoni uomini*) were installed in the Capitol and invested with dictatorial powers. It was a Guelfic movement; Rienzi was mixed with it, but without any pre-eminent participation. This new government resolved to send an embassy to the Pope, at Avignon, and Rienzi formed part of it.

Such was the first real public act in the life of Cola di Rienzo. The embassy was joined by Petrarch. The

eloquent prayers of the poet, the impressive address of Rienzi, were of no avail. The Pope would not hear of leaving his new splendid palace, and the gentle population of Avignon, for the heap of ruins and the human turbulence of Rome. Rienzi was even exposed to some danger, for in his harangue, having fearlessly denounced the lawless rapines of the Roman nobles, Cardinal Colonna, in his indignation, contrived to have him expelled from the pontifical palace, and the new government of Rome being unable to pay its ambassadors, he was almost reduced to beg, and being taken ill, he fell into the most absolute penury. Fortunately for him, he had had the felicitous idea to introduce in his harangue, a request for a new Jubilee, in 1350, the pageantry of which would flatter the pride and gratify the avidity of the Roman people. The Pontiff, on second thoughts, wished to see again the bold speaker; he sent for him, and evidently received a favourable impression from this interview, as he granted him the Jubilee requested, and appointed him Apostolical Vicar, with a benefice, which would enable him to subsist honourably. At the same time Cardinal Aymeric was named to represent the Pope at Rome, as Legate, and a Colonna and an Orsini, invested with the senatorial dignity, in order to restore order in the Eternal City, in the name of the Pontiff.

Rienzi indulged in the most extravagant exultation. He wrote a highly enthusiastic address to the Roman people. But his illusion was not of long duration. The new Legate only attended to the filling of the Papal treasury. The nobility, protected by the new senators, continued their course of tyranny. Rienzi protested warmly against such a course of iniquities, in the council. One day he spoke with a still greater vehemence of indignation, when one of the members of the council struck him in the face, others hissed out at him sneeringly, calling him the Consul of orphans and widows. From that day he never appeared at any of its meetings; his hatred had swollen, and must explode. He found that the *buoni uomini* were the accomplices of the nobility. He went straight to the people (*popolo minuto*), and prepared a revolution. To render his

exhortations to the people more impressive, he made use of large allegorical pictures, hastily drawn, and which form a curious testimony of his mystical imagination, as well as of his forensic eloquence. The first of them which he exhibited was a fresco sketch, on a wall, representing a furious sea, with a vessel shattered by the storm, on the point of sinking, a female, in mourning, on the deck, her hair dishevelled and her arms raised imploringly toward heaven; a legend was perceptible floating in the clouds, bearing the name of Rome. Round the vessel thus in danger, four others were seen, totally wrecked, each bearing the body of a lifeless female; they were Babylon, Carthage, Troy, and Jerusalem. On the left of this rough fresco was seen, on a small island, sorrow-struck Italy, under the form of a beautiful weeping female; on the right—on two other islands—the four cardinal virtues, lamenting their exile from the metropolis of Christendom; in the back ground, appeared the Roman nobles, under the form of wolves and lions—the magistrates under that of foxes—the homicides, robbers, under that of monkeys and swine—all blowing with their mouths on the waves, which threatened to engulf the much-tossed vessel bearing unfortunate Rome; finally, in the upper part of the fresco, representing the heavens, appeared the Creator in all his majesty—two swords emerging from his mouth, and the Apostles Peter and Paul standing by his side—the sole and last hope of Rome on the brink of ruin. There, the people crowded daily, to listen to Rienzi, who explained the allegory with burning eloquence, and a febrile, nervous excitement, which soon inflamed his audience. Subsequently he assembled the people in the church of Saint John of Lateran, then almost abandoned, like most churches in Rome, where there existed neither civil nor religious authority, so great was the anarchy reigning at the time. Rienzi had placed in the middle of it, the bronze table, on which was engraven the famous *royal law*, in virtue of which, it was said, the Senate had awarded the Empire to Vespasian. Near it, he had a tribune raised, and then he invited the nobles and all the orders of the city to come and hear him. When the church

was crowded, he entered, clothed in a long white robe, his head covered with a cap in the shape of a crown, bearing in the front the point of a silver sword. The whole spectacle created amazement, in the midst of which he pointed to the bronze table, explained its inscription, which no one before him had been able to decipher, and expatiated on its being an irrefragable testimony of the Senate and people of Rome being in legitimate possession of a power which they had disgracefully repudiated, and, in consequence of which, poverty, wretchedness, and degradation were in the ascendant.

The nobles had hitherto considered those allegories with great contempt—as nothing more than an eccentric, declamatory charlatanism; others were amused by them; and no doubt several of the wiser barons were not without uneasiness as to their result. Whether from scorn or fear, they spared the eccentric orator; several of them were on a footing of intimacy with Cola, and invited him to their table to hear his vivacious conversation. He once said to them, in one of his explosions of frankness, in a banquet at the Colonna's: "When I am Emperor, I will have you all hanged." But now there was a ferment working among the people; the symptoms of agitation were evident; it was thought that something must be done. Rienzi offered one last pictorial exhibition: it was a vast general conflagration, consuming all, excepting a venerable female, with St. Paul and St. Peter imploring the Lord in her favour, and a white dove appearing with a crown of myrtle, received by a little bird, which placed it as a symbol of salvation on the head of her whom the flames are to spare. This time the mystical Cola interpreted the allegory in his own favour. He was the feeble creature selected by the Holy Ghost to save and regenerate the Eternal City. Something extraordinary was expected by the masses. A few days after, it was announced and posted on the doors of every church, that the Romans would soon behold again their old constitution. At the same time, Rienzi often assembled his partisans at night, communicated to them his projects—binding them by solemn oaths—holding also, frequent and friendly intercourse

with the Pope's vicar, whom he had persuaded that every thing was done and intended for the good of the Church. Finally, he convoked the people at the Capitol for the 20th of May, 1347, the day of Pentecost, namely, under the invocation of the Holy Ghost. Rienzi had heard, with fervour, thirty masses during the preceding night. On that day he came out at twelve o'clock armed, with his head uncovered, followed by twenty-five partisans; three unfurled standards were carried before him, bearing allegorical pictures. This time his address was very brief—merely stating, that from his love for the Pope and the salvation of the people, he was ready to encounter any danger. He then read the laws which were to insure the happiness of Rome. They were, properly speaking, a summary of reforms, destined to relieve the people from their sufferings, and intended to realize, what he proclaimed, must become the good state, *il buono stato*. This summary, or decree, stated that, in future, every homicide would be condemned to death, whoever he might be;—that trials must take place within the briefest delay;—that the public edifices would be the property of the Roman people, and be repaired instead of being injured or destroyed;—that a guard of 150 men must be maintained in every district for the safety of the city, and a ship in every harbour for the protection of trade;—that every nobleman must give up to the Roman people, the bridges, forts, or castles in his possession;—that the revenues arising from the impost on salt and the fires, the duties in the harbours and rivers, which hitherto had been raised by the Apostolic Chamber, would in future belong to the Municipal Council, in order to be expended for the public good;—that the nobility would be entrusted with the keeping of the highways, and debarred from harbouring malefactors;—that the poor monasteries were to be maintained at the public expense, and granaries built in various parts of the city, and filled by the State for the wants of the people;—that the city and villages of the duchy of Rome were to be governed by the people; and one hundred livres awarded to the family of every soldier killed in the service of the State; and, finally, that

all widows and orphans should be provided for out of the public funds.

Thus, by this outline of a new constitution, the people were invested with the property and government of the city as well as of its environs; the Pontifical See, bereft of the power it had exercised during several centuries; and the nobility deprived of what they considered as their property, to assist the public poverty. The revolution could not be more complete; and it is needless to add, that Rienzi was clamorously applauded, and immediately invested with full powers to realize and organize the *buono stato*, of which he had given the programme. He declined the title of *Rector*, and preferred the more popular name of Tribune. Nothing was fixed as to the duration of this extraordinary, popular magistracy. The new government was installed at the Capitol, the Senators expelled, and the whole revolution executed with such rapidity, that the new Tribune might well be strengthened in his belief, that he was acting under the protection of the Holy Ghost. He was careful, nevertheless, not to estrange the Pontifical authority, and requested that the apostolical vicar should be offered to be adjoined to him, which the prelate accepted, however uncertain and perilous the honour appeared to be. During the popular enthusiasm, old Stephen Colonna, with the more formidable of the barons, who had been away, returned to Rome in haste; he expressed publicly his scorn, and when the order came from Rienzi for him to quit the city, he replied that he would soon come and throw that madman out of one of the windows of the Capitol. Rienzi ordered the bells to be rung, the people instantly assembled in arms, and that proudest of the barons was obliged to fly to Palestrina. The next day it was proclaimed that all the nobles were to come, to swear fealty to the Roman people, and afterwards withdraw to their castles, and protect the public roads.

John, the son of old Colonna, was the first who presented himself at the Capitol, but it was with the intention of braving and insulting the Tribune. When he beheld the popular masses in close array, he felt awed, and took the oath to protect the people—protect

the roads—succour the widows and orphans, and obey the summons of the Tribune. The Orsini, Savelli, Gaetani, and many others, came after him and followed his example.

Rienzi, now sole master, without opponents, gave a free course to the allurements of authority. In all the decrees he now signed the words, "By the grace of our Lord Jesus;" "severe and clement Tribune of liberty, of peace and justice;" and "illustrious liberator of the holy Roman Republic," being added. Coins were struck in his name. There are two of them preserved at Rome; they are not precisely similar, but both bear on one side, *Roma caput mundi*; and, on the other, *Nicolaus Tribunus Augustus*. He adopted for his crest a blazing golden sun. At the same time, however, he took care to have his election confirmed by the Pope, who contented himself with requiring a few reserves. Whatever had been taken away from the churches and monasteries was restored to them. Every breach of honesty in industrial and commercial transactions was strictly forbidden. A police was established for the protection of the poorer people. The Tribune, according to his contemporary biographer, laboured day and night at this period of his life, which is abundantly testified by the rapid changes and reforms in every branch of the administration. His greatest anxiety was to insure harmony and peace among the people; their unity alone could strengthen him against the nobility. One day all his partisans were convened at the Capitol; they formed the greater mass of the people. There, Rienzi, in one of his most pathetic orations, exhorted them to peace and conciliation, and to consecrate the new era of liberty by the sacrifice of former hatreds and rivalries. His whole heart was flowing from his lips. Thousands of citizens, in tears, embraced, solemnly renounced all grievances, and swore to love each other,—to live piously, and to be obedient to justice. The former tribunals appeared to Rienzi unworthy of the new state of things; he actually believed in the duration of that passing enthusiasm. Two tribunals of peace were established under the presidency of two Gonfaloniers, who rendered justice, protected by the banner

of St. Paul, and whose whole jurisprudence consisted of the application of the *Lex talionis*, followed by the obligation of both parties to come to a complete reconciliation.

So far the transactions of the new government were favourably received. Several of them, however, were somewhat chimerical, and could not easily be of long duration. The tolls, taxes, and imposts which pressed upon the people were abolished by Rienzi, in the first instance, and afterwards, the taxes on the bridges, wine, and bread; but he endeavoured to compensate such an enormous deficit by augmenting the tax on salt, which was not yet unpopular, besides an impost on funded property. He was thus making hasty, serious, even dangerous engagements with the people, which it might not be in his power to keep, for he required an armed force; obstacles, enemies, could not fail to arise, as well as difficulties and an expenditure, which could only be anticipated by a prudent, practical mind. For the present, calmness and security were reigning in the city. The nobles were kept in awe. The labours of the field could be resumed without fear. All the roads were secure, and merchants and pilgrims could venture on them without the least danger. The Tribune received the congratulations of all the ambassadors; the changes he had effected appeared miraculous; the ferocious Roman nobles who had braved the Pontiffs, trembled before the son of the tavern-keeper; the turbulent city obeyed his beloved voice, and he believed implicitly that he was the founder of a new era. The homage profusely lavished upon him by all the Italian Republics, and even by despotic sovereigns confirmed him in his conviction. The whole of Europe was struck with amazement; many states and kings awaited with terror the revival of a new, Republican, Christian Rome. The German Kaisers appeared like a vain shadow on the point of being crushed, whilst the courtiers of Avignon felt dismayed as to the inevitable consequences of a moral revolution, commencing in Rome, near the ashes of the martyrs, and under the invocation of the Holy Ghost, the rallying standard of the regenerators of society and even of the Church. Petrarch shared in the universal enthusiasm of Italy; he hailed

the hopes of the Romans with the glowing exultation and confidence of a poet. He wrote to Rienzi a long letter to be read to the people on the Capitol, and, on the 28th July, 1347, a dense crowd listened to his eloquent encouragements, urging them to live in virtue, moderation, and liberty. To the Tribune he addressed one of his most beautiful and celebrated odes, indulging also in the most boundless, golden hopes for the future, and the last stanza of which extols Cola di Rienzi, expressing his love for him, although having never seen him, because of his fame and glory. Perhaps had Petrarch seen and known the Tribune, instead of beholding him from Vaucluse only, his experience and sagacity might have dispelled his illusion: he might have already foreboded and feared for him the Tarpeian rock.

This is the most unclouded, the most brilliant period in Rienzi's political career. It was the moment when he had it in his power to be of everlasting utility to the Italian people of the fourteenth century, and effect a glorious unity among all the petty Italian States. He certainly made an attempt to accomplish the difficult task. He sent messengers, bearing silver wands, with the arms of Rome, of the Pope, and of the Tribune, to invite the princes and cities to send a deputation to Rome for a Congress, the object of which was the pacification and the union of the Peninsula. These messengers were received everywhere with unbounded enthusiasm. The great majority of the Republics, including the powerful Florence, forwarded to the Tribune donations in money and soldiers, as a testimony of their fraternity. The petty tyrants alone were more cautious; Visconti of Milan, advised him to crush the nobles; the princes of Ferrara, Bologna, Rimini, and others, made fair promises with reference to the deputation requested. And, such was the prestige of Rienzi's fame, that Joanna, the Queen of Naples, whose recent crime on the life of her husband had brought on a fierce hostility with Lewis, King of Hungary, submitted her cause, with the ready consent of the latter, to him, who was then denominated the Tribune of liberty, peace, and justice. Several cities of the Pontifical States had hailed the

new government with eagerness. One nobleman alone, the Prefect of Vico, secretly supported by the agent of the Pontifical patrimony, refused to submit and to surrender the three or four little cities in his jurisdiction. Rienzi led rapidly against him an army of 8,000 men, and attacked the rebellious Prefect so suddenly and skilfully, that the latter surrendered unconditionally. This success inflamed the head and imagination of Rienzi, and with it, commence the mystical extravagances and follies which could not fail to cause his ruin. Sir E. Bulwer Lytton has observed that he has only been judged by men of the closet, who have censured and sneered at the Tribune where they should have condemned the people. Undoubtedly, the Roman people were then very unfit and unripe for a sudden transition to a wise government and superior institutions; but, nations have the right to expect from the superior men sent by Providence, a protection and guide for their moral development; they may have been trampled down and oppressed so as to paralyse all the nobler germs of human nature, and they become the slaves of their own passions when the storm of revolution breaks their chains. If we ponder over what the Romans had gone through at this period, it will appear almost impossible to expect from them, reason and calmness, whilst, on the other hand, we shall see the Tribune unworthy of the mission that seemed to be awarded to him.

Rienzi made a triumphal entrance in Rome, overpowered by the crowns of laurels and the flowers which the excited people showered down upon him the whole day. He solemnly declared, in the name of God and of the Holy Ghost, the city of Rome restored to the possession of all the rights, privileges, and domains of which the tyrants that had preceded, had, at different periods, unjustly deprived her. There was something ambiguous in this lofty declaration; it seemed to allude to the domination of the whole of Central Italy. Such a project was far from appearing as a vain Utopia. Almost all the cities of the Roman Campagna and of the Sabina had made their submission to the Tribune, but he looked forward to a wider field to gratify his own ambition, as well as

that of the Roman people. He now indulged in the blandishments of mystical and martial parades, gorgeous ceremonies, which rendered the Tribune and the Romans perfectly delirious. It was an old custom for the Senators to offer a present, on St. John's Day, to the Church of St. Peter. This time, Rienzi, as first Magistrate, took charge of the official duty. We will not describe the Asiatic pomp, the splendour and extravagance of the procession, in the midst of which appeared the Tribune, mounted on a white palfrey—clothed with a white robe embroidered with gold, and over it, a green velvet cape, trimmed with ermine,—holding in his right hand a steel cane, at the end of which was fixed a silver globe, with a golden cross, and the words, "*God and the Holy Ghost*" engraved upon it. But on the following 1st of August, which day had always been a favourite festival of the Romans, the scene was still more magnificent; Rienzi had informed the Pontiff and the different sovereigns of the "excellent grace and precious gift which the Father of Light had caused to descend on the Romans on the day of Pentecost in order to illuminate them by a ray of his splendour, and make them embrace his liberty in the union of the kiss of peace and justice." Deputies from every part of Italy were present; something extraordinary was expected. Rienzi had himself announced that he would do and say things agreeable to both God and men. On the preceding evening he had bathed in the porphyry bath, of which a tradition, not authentic, however, said that Constantine had been christened, or cured of a leprosy by a bath taken in it; and afterwards he spent the night in the chapel of St. John. On the great day, having commenced by hearing a Mass, he proceeded to invest himself with a new dignity, piously, and in presence of the multitude; the Prefect of Vico girdled round his person the hallowed sword, two nobles affixed to his feet the golden spurs, and he was hailed Knight of the Third Person of the Trinity! He then ascended to a gallery, followed by all the dignitaries, and, in virtue of his new powers, read before the people a proclamation, the substance of which was to declare the pre-eminence of the Tribune and of

Rome, and the freedom of the cities and citizens; promulgating that, by the grace of God, of the Holy Ghost, and of the Roman people, the choice of an Emperor, as well as the domination of the Holy Empire, belonged by right to the city of Rome and to Italy; and that, consequently, all the electors, princes, dukes, counts, who had pretension to jurisdiction, powers, and authority in the empire, especially the so-called emperors, were summoned to appear before the Tribune, in default of which they would be proceeded against as rebels.

This proclamation was ambitious and imprudent beyond ordinary limits. But this was not all. The Tribune, it is asserted, was delirious enough, in pointing afterwards, with his sword, to the four cardinal points, to exclaim four times, "This is mine." The proclamation not only ignored and annulled the authority of the Pontiff, but transferred the claims of the Germanic empire over Italy, to Rome. Among those present, some were thunderstruck, others hesitated, whilst others expressed their enthusiasm. It has been said that Rienzi, in this proclamation, even summoned the Pope to account for his absence from Rome. Papencordt has clearly established that there was no truth in this assertion of his enemies. It appears, on the contrary, that the proclamation specially stated that there was no intention to derogate from the obedience due to the Pontiff, but that the paragraph was purposely erased by the enemies of the Tribune, in order to render Rienzi odious to the people. The contemporary biographer has committed a palpable error in supposing that the Pope and the Cardinals were comprised in the general denomination of the great, and of the potentates summoned by the Tribune. As soon as Rienzi had terminated his insane ceremony, the apostolical vicar, Raymond, Bishop of Orvieto, and his colleague, for the first time made an act of opposition, and was preparing to read a protestation; but, by order of Rienzi, the trumpets drowned his voice, and to the satisfaction of all; for, all were anxious to take their share in the sumptuous banquet prepared, where a fabulous profusion of viands and wines was lavished, innumerable tables being laid out for the people, Rienzi, with a crown on

his head, sitting alone with his colleague, the Bishop, at the marble table destined for the Pontiffs, whilst his wife, splendidly adorned, surrounded by her ladies of honour, entertained, in another part of the palace, a crowd of ladies, mostly of the Roman nobility.

The next day took place the distribution of standards to the several deputies of the cities as a pledge of their alliance with Rome. The envoys of the King of Hungary and of the Queen of Naples, accompanied by a numerous suite, and bearers of splendid presents, appeared on that day to plead the cause of their sovereigns before the Tribune. Rienzi, seated, surrounded by a regal display—holding in his right hand the golden apple with its silver cross—proclaimed that he would judge the world with justice, and nations with equity; he then listened to the two parties, seemed to ponder over their arguments and claims, and adjourned, his decision, delaying with the intention, as it was subsequently well ascertained, of awaiting for a favourable opportunity of annexing the kingdom of Naples to his Roman Republic. But, as he was thus indulging in his dreams of ambition, he was, for the first time, recalled to a sense of the reality by a notification which he received from the Rector of the patrimony of St. Peter, in which the Pontiff complained, with lengthened detail, of the usurpations of the so called Tribune of the people,—of his insolence in citing before his tribunal the sovereigns and princes, his friends and allies,—adding, however, that if Cola would return within legitimate limits, content himself with the civil government of the city, the Pontiff would concede that authority to him; but that, if otherwise, every title and authority by him assumed, would be annulled, and in case of resistance, an accusation of heresy launched against him, and the Eternal City interdicted. Rienzi made no other answer to this unmitigated attack than another theatrical, mystical representation. The 15th of August, the day of the Assumption of the Virgin, is one of the most solemn festivals of the year. It was the custom on that day to exhibit the image of our Saviour in a procession. This time the procession was more gorgeous

and solemn than ever, and was terminated by a novel episode: the people crowded on the Capitol; the Tribune stood up, surrounded by the clergy, and near him a man poorly clothed, holding a sword. Seven clerical dignitaries held a crown in their hands, made with branches of shrubs growing on the triumphal arch of Constantine, each representing one of the gifts of the Holy Ghost. First, a crown of oak, the emblem of courage, was placed on the head of Rienzi; but the man poorly clothed rose and took the crown away from the head of the Tribune, to recall him to humility; then, a crown of ivy, symbol of piety, was held out; afterwards, one of myrtle, symbol of justice; others followed; one made of the olive tree, symbol of modesty; another, of laurel, and, each crown being taken off in its turn by the same poorly dressed man. Finally, the same personage who had conferred the knighthood on Rienzi now appeared and placed a golden crown over his head, surmounted with a silver apple and cross, pronouncing these words, "August Tribune, do receive and exercise the gifts of the Holy Ghost, in the name of the Roman people, and give us justice and peace." The Tribune kept the whole day, on his head, that golden crown, shaped like that of the Cæsars.

The mass of spectators who beheld that symbolical ceremony were bewildered. Even those who took part in it had but vague notions about its object and propriety. All the partisans of the Emperor and of the Pontiff, saw clearly through the pretensions of annulling the temporal and spiritual authority of both. It was the time when Feudalism and the ecclesiastical hierarchy were menaced on all sides; and the ambitious symbolism of the Knight of the Holy Ghost, in democratical Rome, was a novelty well calculated to inspire terror. It was evident that the Tribune was convinced that it was his destiny to eclipse the successors of the Cæsars and of the Apostles. On the very evening of that day on which he wore the golden crown, he solemnly convoked at Rome, for the following Easter Day, all the ambassadors of Italy, in order to proceed to the election of an emperor. He promulgated new laws, interdicting to every emperor, king, prince,

or marquis entrance into the Peninsula, and prohibiting the names of Guelfs or Ghibellins as pernicious to the peace of Christendom. On that evening, in the intoxication of his vanity and triumph, he had the audacity to compare himself to Jesus Christ. He exclaimed solemnly that Christ had been crowned in heaven for having vanquished the infernal powers and saved the souls of men when he was thirty-three years old, and that he Rienzi, had been crowned at the Capitol, at the same age, for having crushed tyranny and delivered the people. Such infatuation, which may be said to have been blasphemous, may be considered as having been the first signal of his ruin.

Hitherto the Tribune had not done much more than inflame the imagination and rouse the enthusiasm of the Romans. Now, came the moment when he was to be seen resisting the open and secret attacks of his enemies. The Pontiff, whose remonstrances had proved useless, withdrew his apostolic vicar, and secretly excited the nobles to resist the arrogant pretensions of the low-born usurper. Whether arising from the intention of subsequent resistance, or from the wish of making the most of their adhesion, the Orsini and the Colonna kept coldly distant and aloof. Rienzi settled the question in the strangest and most unexpected manner. He invited the principal members of those two families to a political conference at the Capitol. After a sumptuous banquet, a discussion arose on some political question. Old Stephen Colonna warmed up in his objections. Suddenly, at a signal given by the Tribune, guards entered the room, seized the guests, and flung them into prison. The next morning a friar was sent to them to prepare them for death. All the preparations for their execution were made, and the great bell of the Capitol convoked the people to assemble and behold it. Such a summary, treacherous mode of proceeding was nothing extraordinary in Italy at that time: it was customary to destroy enemies by every means possible; and probably, in this case, the object in view was only to obtain the full adhesion of the nobles by terror. When the crowd filled the Capitol, many citizens offered strong remonstrances on the

injustice of the proceeding, whilst the people claimed loudly old Colonna, who was popular among them. In the midst of the general and mute expectation, Rienzi ascended the tribunal, delivered a solemn sermon on a text of Scripture, on the forgiveness of offences. He dwelt on the guilt of the prisoners, but also on their deep contrition, and their readiness to take the oath of fidelity to the Holy Church and to the people. He therefore, defended them, and ordered their being immediately invested with the insignias of patrician and of consul, after which, all repaired together to the chapel of the Capitol, where they heard a mass of reconciliation, and where the Tribune and nobles appeared to forget the past, in taking the Sacrament together, at the same table.

In the whole of that semi-tragical, semi-comical transaction, the Tribune evinced an undeniable weakness. The treason was unworthy of him who proclaimed himself the herald of justice and liberty. His tardy clemency did not wash away the effect of his cruel intention, whilst others, and among them, the gentle Petrarch, openly regretted that such a fortunate opportunity of exterminating, at one blow, all the enemies of liberty, had been weakly abandoned. On the other hand, it was evident that the hatred of the barons, thus insulted, would be fiercer than ever. The Tribune was not long in hearing of unequivocal testimonies that the prestige of his authority was fast declining. One of his messengers to Avignon was attacked near that city, his letters snatched away, his wand, insignia of his dignity, broken on his head, and told to return to Rome and say that all the messengers would meet with the same treatment. In the meantime an act of accusation was being prepared at the court of the Pontiff against the heretic. Rienzi saw the necessity of defending himself. He addressed a letter to Archdeacon Orsini, one of the favourites of the Pope, in which he explained in his own way, all the extravagant ceremonies reproached to him, and refuting all the accusations circulating against him—ending by a protestation, that if his Holiness wished him to resign the government of Rome, he was ready to obey—that there was no

necessity for the world to resound with the pontifical thunder, when a simple messenger was sufficient. In the meantime, he promulgated ordinances intended to reconcile and gratify the Holy See; one of them threatened with the loss of a third of their property all those who did not appear at the Confession or the Communion table; several others bore the same despotic character. All this was of no avail, the Pontiff would not relax, and dispatched Cardinal de Theux to Italy, as his Legate, with full powers, spiritual and temporal, to proceed against the Tribune, adjoining to him, his nephew, di Cambornio, as captain of the troops, designed to support the sentences of the Holy See.

The Cardinal bent his way towards Rome. In the meantime the Orsini and Colonna, elated by the Papal decision, emerged from their fortresses of Marino and Palestrina, and ravaged unmercifully the country. The little town of Nepi was reduced to ashes. Rienzi called the people to arms with remarkable energy; he soon assembled an army of 20,000 men, marched against the barons, forced them to hasty retreat, ravaged, in his turn, their territories, and even formed the siege of the castle of the Orsini. He was thus engaged when he received the summons from the new Cardinal Legate—who had made a solemn entrance in Rome—to appear before him. But the Tribune was inflated by his recent triumph, and resolved to indulge in a very imprudent bravado. After an insulting message to the Orsini, he raised the siege of their castle, made a triumphal entrance in Rome—clothed with the imperial armour—the crown on his head, the sceptre in his hand—and loftily asked the Legate what the Pope wanted. The Cardinal hesitated, and without allowing him time to recover himself, Rienzi turned his back upon him, and the next day ordered him to quit the city. The rupture was complete. There was no safety for the Tribune now but in audacity. He published two decrees,—the first, establishing that Rome and the Church were inseparable, ordering every Roman servant of God and of the Church, to return to Rome, under penalty of being deprived of all ecclesiastical functions in case of refusal; it was attacking the Pontiff, point blank.

The second decree convoked all the deputies of the Peninsula at Rome, on the following Pentecost Day, for the purpose of electing an Emperor, who, under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, must be an Italian born, whose origin and blood must be a guarantee of his devotion. The ambitious projects of the Tribune, and their results, were now openly and boldly declared—the submission of the Pope—the unity and nationality of Italy restored under the invocation of the Holy Ghost—all the Italian

cities, forming as many independent Republics, under an Italian Emperor. Such was the beautiful dream, well calculated to inflame the imagination of the most excitable nation in the world. New messengers were sent to all the cities, but this time they were often received with great reserve; a few hailed cordially the changes in prospect, while the Tuscan cities refused to accept the alliance, fearing their future submission to Rome and to the authority of Rienzi.

M'COSH'S INTUITIONS OF THE MIND.

"IT is come, I know not how, to be taken for granted, that Christianity is not so much as a subject of inquiry; but that it is now, at length, discovered to be fictitious; and, accordingly, they treat it as if, in the present age, this were an agreed point among all people of discernment, and nothing remained but to set it up as a principal subject of mirth and ridicule, as it were, by way of reprisals, for its having so long interrupted the pleasures of the world." For the word "Christianity," substitute "mental science," and we have a pretty accurate account of the state of popular opinion with regard to books like these. It is better, no doubt, that we of the nineteenth century should make sport of metaphysics, than, as our great grandfathers did, of religion. Still, the temper of mind that treats any great department of serious thought with flippant contempt is to be deplored as a bad sign of the times. If mental philosophy, according to Mr. Lewes, has spoken her last word; if also he is right in deserting her as a used-up science for the more popular and profitable study of Medusas and Anemones at Tenby, then, indeed, we are degenerating as fast as the most virulent haters of England could wish. But we do not take Mr. Lewes as our guide in these matters. Vivaria are, for the present, up in the market,

and there is a brisk demand for popular lectures on semi-scientific subjects. By all means, let him turn his quick and versatile mind in the direction that pays best. Let him be off to the diggings, and take as many adventurers of the pen as he can get to follow him; but why throw stones at the metaphysical Highlands he leaves behind him? The emigrant Scotchman, amid fresh fields and pastures new, never forgets the land of his birth; and, though he may grow rich at Ballarat, he returns to die under the shadow of Ben Nevis. Studies in animal life, or "what we eat, drink, and breathe," may be more marketable than the intuitions of the mind, but the marketable value of a commodity is not its only value. To know a little of the mind's furniture; to sit in a room hung round with bells, as Abraham Search used to fancy his mind, and with a touch of a bell to call up old Homer from his sleep of centuries, or the Binomial Theorem from the rust and dust of forgotten college exercises—it is worth a little inquiry to discover how we conduct these two processes. I can think out a new thing or remember an old; I can conjure up reason or memory, fancy or wit; the mind can put itself in this posture or that, bright and glancing and convoluted as the wheels within wheels of beryl that moved forward or backward,

The Intuitions of the Mind Inductively Investigated. By the Rev. James M'Cosh, LL.D., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in Queen's College, Belfast. London: John Murray. 1860.

earthward or heavenward, as the spirit within them impelled. Surely, such a subject as this is, at least, as curious as the stomach of a lobster or the eyes of a crab. It is not the want of dignity that drives away students from these subjects—it is their difficulty and undeterminateness. Beyond all things, the British student, bred in the school of Bacon, loves a fact. By that he means something about the essential properties of which there can be no dispute. Now, a polypus is a fact, however little we know whether he has a brain or a stomach: the one fixed point is, that a polypus is a polypus as much as a whale is a whale: and, knowing this much, the disciple of Bacon, the typical Briton, likes to go on from one fixed point to another, from the one fact, that a polypus exists, to the other fact, how he digests. This is one reason for that aversion to mental science which is characteristic of nearly all students south of the Tweed—for Scotland is still a land sacred to speculation, and her schools of philosophy are as active as ever. The other reason is, that the majority of thinkers are seldom at home when at home. Shut a disciple of Bacon up in the closet of his own contemplations, and he is like a Frenchman forced to spend a quiet evening in the family circle. His habitat is anywhere but at home; he keeps a bed there to coil into at night, but he washes, shaves, dines, and diverts himself out of doors. Now, your genuine Baconian is a true *flâneur* of philosophy; he has no love for the "Old Gray Stone" of Wordsworth:—

"Why, William, on the old gray stone,
Thus for the length of half the day;
Why, William, sit you thus alone,
And muse the time away?"

His is not a meditative cast of mind. Mysticism, about which he talks rather vaguely, is his abhorrence; and that smart Frenchman who invented the word Positive, and taught that man was a calculating machine, a self-acting register of the laws of nature, was his especial admiration for a time at least. It is true that a reaction has set in: Comte is no longer the prophet he was; his followers have dethroned him, and one aspirant after another has assumed the leadership of the Positive school. How are the mighty fallen, when Mr. Holyoke and

Mr. Congreve dispute for the sceptre of Positivism, and nobler minds, like Mr. John Stuart Mill, Mr. Lewes, and others, have retired in disgust at this anarchy of Positivism?

But the fall of Positivism is the revival of metaphysics. Now that Comte is forgotten and his doctrines in disgrace, metaphysics is putting itself out again, timidly at first, but more boldly as it finds it is getting a hearing. Sir William Hamilton's *Dissertations* in the *Edinburgh Review* caused a sensation when republished in 1852; not that they were much read or understood in the *Review*, but they went round Europe, like fame, gathering strength by going. French and German philosophers took the trouble to translate them; so the British public very sensibly concluded that what was worth translating was worth reading in the original, and so the *Dissertations*, consisting of two or three metaphysical essays, bound up with a good deal of irrelevant matter on education, reached a second edition. Encouraged by Sir William Hamilton's reception, Mr. Ferrier took the field, with a bold attempt to draw up the institutes of metaphysics. From the simple root *bhū*, "to be," we have, in Sanscrit, a word, *bohūipiyishazati*, "to cause, to wish, to occasion frequent existence." Such is Professor Ferrier's philosophy. By regular deduction, link by link and coil by coil, he unwinds a great chain of epistemology, which the English reader requires to be told is the theory of knowing. "Give me but the *Ego*," he says, like another Archimedes, "and I will move the world;" and so from the one top root, *bhū*, "to be," there rise the stately tree of "causing, to wish, to occasion frequent existence." We do not attempt here to point out how or why Professor Ferrier's book—which we are glad to remark has also reached a second edition—fails to give satisfaction. Dropping hard names, and these barbarous compound words that German coins and Scotland circulates, to the debasement of good English, Mr. Ferrier's view was this, that, given the necessary truths of reason, a complete theory of knowing and being may be deduced from them, as all the propositions of Euclid are from a few axioms and postulates. It is Bacon's old illustration of the spider

spinning its own entrails over again : in evolving, we add nothing to our knowledge ; we are as far off as ever from opening the gates of life by spinning cobwebs over the keyhole. It is not by cogitating that man discovers that he exists, but he cogitates because he exists. Sum ergo cogito, is the true order, in fact ; and no theory of epistemology and agnoiology, as the two roads leading to ontology, will ever reverse the great axiom of common sense, that thought is a quality of being, and not being a creation of thought.

The next work we have to notice, as a mark of the growing indulgence of the age towards metaphysics was Professor Fraser's well-written and judicious selection of essays collected out of the *North British Review*, and on the merits of which he succeeded to the chair of metaphysics, vacant by the death of Sir William Hamilton. It is premature, as yet, to speak of Professor Fraser. What he may contribute to the study of mind remains to be seen ; we do not even know on which side of the old debate he stands. He has gathered no disciples around him as yet, or thought of founding a school out of the promising pupils of his class. All this may come in time ; till then we reserve our judgment, wishing him all success in his high and arduous position, and auguring well for the few productions of his pen that have reached us as yet.

But from Edinburgh to Oxford metaphysics passed at a bound from a professional to a public interest. Like Byron, it "awoke famous" in the pulpit of the Bampton Lecturer. What Socrates was to Plato, that Sir William Hamilton was to his Oxford disciple, Mr. Mansel. How it would have fared with the sage son of Sophroniscus and the Scotch baronet, without such interpreters of their opinions, we cannot say, but in both cases it is certain that the disciple has taken the master on his shoulder and lifted him up to be seen in the streets by many who would otherwise never have heard of him. We do not intend here to say a word on the subject of the Bampton Lectures—it should either be done thoroughly or not at all ; but how the anti-metaphysical English public ever allowed an Oxford divine so to infect their theology with metaphysics, is to us

a marvel and a mystery. Ever since Bacon sundered the connexion between the study of first and second causes, and relegated the one a virgin, consecrated to God, the other to the service and use of mankind, England and Oxford, as the focus of English thought on this matter, have kept the two well divided. Philosophy has not been allowed to mix with theology, or theology with philosophy. Natural theology has been always allowed, and very fairly—for this is only bringing the results of physics and laying them down at God's altar as a tribute of praise to Him. It is the waive sheaf, or the heave offering of corn or flesh, that grew far away in the fat and fertile fields of science, and has been brought up as a pious gift to the Giver of all. But metaphysical theology has been eschewed, and rightly. Metaphysics first manufactures the gift that it offers to God. It cannot be said of it, "Of Thine own have we given Thee." It lays down certain laws of its own, and thus evolves an idea of God, out of its own consciousness, to confirm or destroy as it pleases, the idea of God found in His two Books of Nature and Grace. The orthodox metaphysician evolves an orthodox theology out of consciousness—sin, and the atonement for sin, being included in his intuition ; while the heterodox finds quite a different kind of consciousness working within him, and only evolves as many of the attributes of God as suits his scantier requirements. Both find their theology in perfect agreement with the facts of consciousness, which leads an independent inquirer to suspect that the testimonies of consciousness have been doctored in both cases, and just as much or as little allowed to escape, as suited the interested advocate. Oxford was elated to find the rationalist beaten with his own weapons. It was pleasant for a time to reflect that Mr. Mansel could give as good an account of Athanasianism on the open field of intuition as the Arian could of Arianism, or the Deist of his cold, negative, Deism. But such triumphs are short-lived. It is now more than suspected that Mr. Mansel's vindication leaves the question just where it found it. It gives the *tu quoque* to the rationalist, who charges him with credulity, or to the dogmatist, who charges him with

scepticism. But the *via media* of English orthodoxy is not the more true, because German rationalism is also credulous, and Roman dogmatism is also rationalistic. Instead of flinging stones, as feeble reasoners have done, following in the steps of Butler, Mr. Mansel brings a catapult, cunningly pointed by Sir William Hamilton, in his memorable dissertation on the philosophy of the Unconditioned. But breaking the adversary's head will not mend the road Mr. Mansel has to travel on. It is true, having discomfited his enemies in fair fight with their own weapons, he marches along the high road of orthodoxy with colours flying and drums beating. He asserts every article of the Christian faith as held by the English Church; and no German rationalist, or Roman dogmatist can show ground for disputing his texts on their peculiar principle. He thus establishes the truth in the teeth of opposition, but has he satisfied his own followers? Is orthodoxy more true because heterodoxy is silenced? The reverse of wrong is not therefore right. Mr. Mansel assumes that it ought, and therefore must be right. We did not want Mr. Maurice to tell us that these polemical defences of Christianity are no real gain to us in the long run. If any reader went through Mr. Mansel's eight lectures without feeling that he tried to push us into orthodoxy, because heterodoxy had no right to push us out of it, he must have read more for victory than truth; he must have caught some of that controversial temper which almost steels the mind against truth.

Still, with these defects—the arrogance of victory, the confidence of a strong position for defence, tempting him to attack—Mr. Mansel's book, achieved a remarkable success. Four editions passed off in little more than a year; and more than any other, the book is representative of the revived taste for abstract thought, which we recognise with pleasure. Mr. Murray has turned out of the Traveller's Club to call in at the University; he has laid aside his handbooks of all lands to ask after new theories of the Absolute and Contingent. News on the Row is asked of the Categories and Predicables, and dry discussions on laws of thought go off as glibly at Mudie's or Morrow's library as Trol-

lope's last novel or Tennyson's last poem. It is a strange caprice of the age, and we wish metaphysicians all joy of their run of favour at the publishers. It is but right they should have their turn of popularity. For one bishop wafted to his see on a cloud of metaphysics, we have a Hume turning to write history for bread, and Kant, leading the life of a recluse in a frontier town of Prussia. The golden shower has never rained before in Danae's chamber, so let metaphysics improve the shining hour by all means. Before a year is out we venture to predict the taste of the age will swing back to cockles and sea-weed, and high philosophy will be left lamenting an inconstant and fickle public.

While the tide is at its full, and Mr. Murray has turned metaphysician, we hasten to introduce the last production of that famous publisher. "The *Intuitions of the Mind*," by Dr. M'Cosh, is a book which even Mr. Murray cannot make readers for, though he may find purchasers. A ludicrous example of this occurred the other day to an excellent friend of ours, of the Common Sense school. He bought a copy of Dr. M'Cosh's book at a railway book-stand, and finding it any thing but railway reading, he presented it to a hardworking parochial clergyman as some help to him, *in tuition*. What use our clerical friend has made of the "Intuitions of the Mind" in a parish school we have failed to discover; but it is an amusing example in this age of much and miscellaneous reading how readers and books are jostled, with no more connexion in common than our common sense friend with the learned Belfast Professor.

Assuming, then, in the instance of our readers, that the right book has fallen into the right hands, we will now proceed to give some account of it.

As, according to Bacon, the hand of man can produce little without proper instruments, which it is the business of the inductive method to furnish and fit to his use, so the mind also must make its own tools before it can dig into the solid quarry of thought. Thus the difficulty meets us at the starting point: to the unpractised thinker mind is as a hard rock, upon which his finger nails can make no impression. But as the first men used flints to split and shape stones,

so fragments of thought splintered off become the first instruments for quarrying more thought. The method of discovery in the mental is the same as in the material sciences, viz., to arm the naked hand of observation with an instrument fitted both to the hand and to the material. Intuition is to the world of thought what observation is to the world of things; but as Bacon saw that simple observation is powerless till it is armed with the perfect tools, so in the world of mind intuition must be provided with the right instruments for making discovery, or else all the observation upon the mind within will remain as barren of fruit as observation of the world without was till the right method was taught. The intuitions of the mind are then, as yet, the only instruments of intuition, as flints were the first implements to quarry stones with; and whoever can give a correct description of these intuitions, both as to their extent and origin, has carried us a long way into the science of mind. This is the object Dr. McCosh has proposed to himself—with what success remains to be seen.

The book is divided into three parts. In the first the author gives a general view of the intuitive convictions of the mind, carefully laying down certain negative propositions as to what they are not, as well as certain positive propositions as to what they are. The second book is devoted to a particular examination of the intuitions under the classifications of, 1, primitive cognitions; 2, primitive beliefs; 3, primitive judgment; 4, moral convictions; while the third book is taken up with the application of these intuitions to the various sciences; and the result of the whole is reverently brought to the test of revealed truth, for Dr. McCosh belongs to the school of philosophers, happily not extinct in Britain as yet, who bring these intuitions to the assay of the Bible as ingots of gold are brought to the mint to be tested and stamped. Intuitionism has run such a wild course in Germany, that sober thinkers have grown suspicious of any inquiry into the native powers of the mind. The tyranny of consciousness there, has become almost as intolerable as the tyranny of authority in Rome. A professor spinning out of his own brains his con-

sciousness of God and the world, has led us to suspect all metaphysics. We, therefore, looked to the third part of Dr. McCosh's treatise to judge of the use of the first and second parts; and reassured that he had not seated consciousness, the god-drunk faculty of Spinoza and the mystics, like Alexander at the feast,

"With ravished ears,
The monarch hears.
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,

And seems to shake the spheres,"

we are ready to give a patient hearing to his account of these native powers of mind which the mind uses as its instruments in the discovery of truth within and without itself.

We have spoken of the end first. That Dr. McCosh has not presumed upon the data of intuition to discover or to demonstrate God or the world is satisfactory: it reassures timid thinkers that metaphysics is not necessarily the Mephistophiles tempter of man to cast aside all reverence for revelation. He has carefully stated how far our intuitions go and where they must stop; he has reminded us again and again that they need to be corrected and compared with both books of God's revelation—the Bible and Nature—and that to set up an intuition against the clear statement of either of these lively oracles is little else than presumptuous folly. Yet how common is this abuse of intuitionism! Like the monks of Mount Athos, the modern mystic sits with his elbows on his knees, his eyes bent in on his body, and his thoughts spinning round on a fixed centre, unable to break out of the charmed circle of self. In these cases the mystic sets up his consciousness as the final judge of all truth. Sometimes his consciousness contradicts, sometimes it confirms the revelations of the Word or of Nature, but equally worthless is the testimony in both cases. Of the two, perhaps the most perilous are the verdicts of the orthodox intuitionist, who pretends to discover in consciousness the peculiar revelations of the Bible. His intuition teaches him not only the common facts of human nature, but also the peculiar doctrines of the Bible. The law of sacrifice is an intuition, so is vicarious suffering, so is justification by faith. We all

accept these, it is true, with thankfulness, as truths most conformable to the laws of human nature, when propounded by an authority without us; but it is another thing to say that their discovery is due to human nature, that all inspiration was only enlightened aspiration, and that holy men of old thought out these truths for themselves. This is the verdict of the new school of intuitionism, which is carrying sentimental, but by no means solid thinkers faraway from the ancient moorings of orthodoxy; and it is time to step in and point out distinctly how far our intuitions are good for any thing, and where this fabrication of laws of thought must stop. The laws of thought must not impose forms upon things. *Thought* and *things*—these are the two worlds across which the mind ferries its little boat to and fro: but they are ghosts that go over from the world of thought to the world of things—ghosts like the shades of Tartarus, that must be given draughts of blood before they can speak and think as living men. Our thoughts must be tried by the reality of things, and not things judged only by thought. The *usus communis* must over-rule any delivery of the intuitions, as the aula regis is supreme over all private courts, manors, corporations, or colleges in the realm. This law is imperative, and any infraction of it puts the intuitionist out of the pale of protection; he is not to be listened to any longer—he is an outlaw to common sense, a rebel to all sound thinking. We acquit Dr. M'Cosh of making light of this supremacy of things over thought, common sense over intuition. It has been his endeavour to trace out these intuitions of the mind by induction, and to leave to the verdict of general consent what are intuitions of the mind and what are not. To be necessary, self-evident, and eternal, are the three requirements that must meet in any intuition before it can be admitted as part of the stock of primitive truths in human nature. It is the *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus* of theology applied to philosophy. But the same difficulty emerges in philosophy as in theology, viz., to determine what are primitive truths and what are derived. The canon of Vincent Lirin has been

called a question-begging canon, for whatever has been held by all men, in all places, and for all time, must be Catholic truth; the only question is, whether any doctrine has ever been held with such remarkable unanimity. So with these intuitive truths: if they are self-evident, eternal, and necessary, what need we any further witness; we have only to state them and close the controversy. But we know as a fact, that the hottest disputes between metaphysicians have been upon these primary truths, which, "like overblown bladders, are ready to burst with self-evidence." If they had been less known, perhaps they would have become better understood, for mankind come to agreement sooner on remote than on proximate truths. There is evidently, then, some confusion about these primary truths which one metaphysician tells us are imbedded in the consciousness of all men, and the cause of the confusion is well stated by Dr. M'Cosh. In the first place, intuitions are not discovered by intuition any more than the laws of matter are discovered by the simple observation of phenomena. Induction is an instrument of discovery in mental as in material science. In the second place, as the perceptions of the senses are primary or derivative, so of the perception of the mind.

"The eye, it cannot chuse but see;
You cannot bid the ear be still;
Our bodies feel, whate'er they be,
Against or with our will."

This is very true of the primary perceptions, which are transmitted through the senses. In receiving these, the mind is passive, or nearly so; but upon these primary sense-perceptions, derivative perceptions are produced. Thus, perception by the eye of a surface is an original perception, but perception of distance by the eye a derivative. Now it is at this point that the confusion begins. If I assert that the derivative perceptions are intuitive as well as the primary, I do violence to the common experience of all mankind, and by this exaggeration of the intuitive powers furnish an argument to the school that denies their existence *in toto*. Dr. M'Cosh has the great merit of clearly discerning these two criteria of intuitive truth—first, that it is discovered by induction, not

by intuition itself; and, secondly, that there are primary and derived intuitions, and that we cannot claim for the last that they are either self-evident, necessary, or eternal, *a priori*. We may arrive at the discovery of their necessity, *a priori*, but this is a learned and laborious task. Dr. Whewell has lately stated this with great clearness. He has laid down that what is necessary is not self-evident, as also that what is self-evident is not necessary. The two are not inseparable adjuncts of truth. Contingent truths, which are matters of fact, are self-evident; but so far from being necessary, we can easily conceive them otherwise. On the other hand, the higher truths of mathematics, whose necessity we feel in proportion as we become mathematicians, so far from being self-evident, are only acquired by a very few men, after much mental labour. Thus, Dr. Whewell concludes that our list of necessary truths is ever on the increase, according as the mind grows in its powers of reasoning.

The more reasoning we become the more we see a reason in the nature of things why they are as they are; so that a higher state of being is imaginable, in which faith shall vanish away in the perfect day of reason, and that which we take on trust now, we shall see to be so *ex necessitate rei*.

We pass on to consider Dr. M'Cosh's particular examination of the intuitions. He sets out with Sir William Hamilton's distinction between presentative and representative knowledge, which he applies to the intuitions in the following manner:—He supposes a primitive cognition of presentative and a similar belief of representative knowledge. The distinction is, we think, unnecessary. Our intuitions are not, some of them cognitions and some of them beliefs, according as the matter before our minds is presentatively or only representatively present. The Professor tells me that I am to believe in Venice, because I am not now there to verify my past perceptions by present experience; but if I am to exercise faith in my own powers of memory, so I must also exercise faith in my powers of perception. I must believe that I see it as much when I row up and down its canals, as I believe that I once saw it, now that I am far away. Faith, then, does not

enter more into the composition of representative than of presentative knowledge, and therefore the distinction between primitive cognitions and primitive beliefs falls to the ground. Being and substance, number, motion, and power, are as much beliefs as cognitions; and again, time, space, and the infinite, are as much cognitions as beliefs. In fact, in that higher region with which the intuitions have to do, the distinction of knowledge and faith vanishes away. All knowledge is a kind of rational faith, *πιστις επιστημονικη*, and faith a kind of compendious knowledge, *συνοψιος γνωσις*, of the Alexandrian fathers. Another and much better classification is that into *material*, *mental*, and *moral*, according as we are cognisant of self in its three relations of body, soul, and spirit. We have intuition of body and substance, extension, motion, power, all connected with our knowledge of matter. We have again intuitions of space, time, and number, in connexion with our knowledge of mind; and lastly, we have intuitions of the good, the beautiful, and the true, in connexion with our knowledge of man's spiritual nature. All of these intuitions are discussed by Dr. M'Cosh, though not in the order above indicated. As it is to the method according to which he classifies these intuitions rather than to the intuitions themselves that he invites criticism, we shall here bring forward our objections to it. Dr. M'Cosh treats of time and space under the head of our primitive beliefs, though, as we before remarked, there is no good reason why they may not be regarded as much primitive cognitions as beliefs. Time and space are in fact primitive cognitions or beliefs (no matter which) of mind, just as extension and substance are primitive cognitions or beliefs (either or both) of body. But Dr. M'Cosh's account is something different. He considers time and space to be not only laws of thought but of things. He enters an energetic protest against the idealism which swallows up time and space into the vortex of thought, thus denying their objective existence.

"If some one," he says (p. 204), "affirms that space has no objective existence, he leaves it competent for any other coming after him to maintain that the objects perceived in space have no reality. He who allows that time may

have no reality except in the contemplative mind, will find himself greatly troubled to answer the sceptic when he insists that the events in time are quite as unreal as the time is in which they are perceived as having occurred. There is only one sure and consistent mode of avoiding these troublesome and dangerous consequences, and that is by standing up for the veracity of all our fundamental preceptions, and among others of our convictions, regarding the reality of space and time.

"According to Kant, space and time are the forms given by the mind to the phenomena which are presented through the senses, and are not to be considered as having more than a subjective existence. It is one of the most fatal heresies—that is dogmas opposed to the revelations of consciousness—ever introduced into philosophy, and it lies at the basis of all the aberrations in the school of speculation which followed. For those who were taught that the mind could also create the objects and events cognized, as in space and time, till the whole external universe became ideal, and all reality was supposed to lie in a series of connected mental forms. He who would arrest the stream must seek to stop it at the place whence it flowed out, otherwise all his efforts will be ineffectual."

Now here we must differ with the Professor, and assert as strongly our conviction that time and space are only laws or form of thought, and not of things. We think of events in their succession, and so time is a law of our nature, and we think of bodies in their relation to each other, and so space, or to speak more correctly, place, is a law of our nature; but so far from this time and space being conditions of the things themselves, we believe in a Being who thinks of events, not in their succession, and so is Eternal—and of bodies, not as absent or present, far or near off, and so is Omnipresent. That Being is by us unknowable yet. We believe in His existence, but if we transfer those limitations of our faculties by which we think of events and bodies in their time, space, relations, from the subjective to the objective, from the world within of thought to the world without of things, then we make God altogether like us, and Eternity and Immensity which He inhabits, are only time and space magnified *ad infinitum*. The heresy (if the Professor will excuse us retorting his own charge) is with those who make time and space

other than the clock and the measuring rod of finite beings such as we are. But our clock is not God's clock, or our measuring rod the same as His measuring rod—and, therefore, we deny any objective existence either to time and space: they are the modes of our existence, and no doubt of all other intelligent and finite creatures as well, but they are not the modes of existence of the Eternal. Were they laws of things, then God must think of events and bodies in their time and space relations, as we do, but as we cannot force our mind to believe this, we limit these intuitions to the subjective sphere of mind.

A good deal of this dispute about the objective reality of time and space seems to have arisen from inattention to the influence of words upon thoughts. To speak correctly, we have no intuition whatever of space, but only of place. The child, as soon as it begins to observe, sees that bodies lie in certain positions to each other, and at certain distances, fixed or variable. It soon comes to think, as we say, in the homely phrase of "a place for every thing, and every thing in its place." But the idea of place is rather a deduction or intuition of the mind with regard to bodies than a pure existence, of which it is intuitively conscious. Of a place for every thing the child is soon conscious; of the relation, that is, of bodies to each other, but that relation is only a mental perception, and the clearness of the perception depends upon the growth of its powers of mind. As the mind grows, its idea of place expands also. Given two fixed bodies, and you can found upon it the idea of place; increase the number of bodies and you increase the idea of place, till, when we come to the heavenly bodies, whose number seems to us infinite, our idea of place is also infinitely expanded. The infinite is only another name for the indefinite, and so out of indefinite place we coin the word space; and suppose that this expression of our impotence to go on placing bodies near or far from each other, *ad infinitum*, is a true intuition of space by itself, with an objective reality of its own.

The same may be said of time. All we know of time is succession, and where our succession of ideas ceases, time ceases to us also. Are

we then landed in hopeless idealism, where "nought is every thing and every thing is nought," as the Professor dreads? Far from it. *To us* time ceases when we cease, as in sleep, to retain any succession of ideas, but the succession is taken up again when we awake, and habit, which is second nature, enables us to make up the lost reckoning of time. We know we lost count of time during so many hours of sleep, but the succession of events went on as much when we were unconscious of it as now that we are awake, and so we do not lose our belief in the reality of the events of the outer world, because for a few hours we cease to watch the succession. As the eye acquires unconsciously the power of judging of distances, so the mind takes in the idea of time for the succession of its own thoughts, but it also knows that the things no more cease to succeed each other because it ceases to think of the succession, than that objects are annihilated when we shut our eyes. Dr. McCosh infers, that unless we hold the objective reality of time and space we shall lose all sense of the objective reality of the events that they measure. This seems to us to confound the measure of a thing with the thing itself. It is very startling, no doubt, to tell a plain man that there is no such thing as time and space; he looks at you for a few instants with a puzzled expression, and then gives you up for a word-wizard, an adept at the art of turning words out of their proper meaning. But it is easy to make that plain man understand your meaning if you tell him that you believe in time as the measure of events, and in space as the measure of distance. Bodies really lie apart in space, and events really succeed each other in time, whether we perceive it to be so or not; but upon our perception of that relation of distance and succession depend our ideas of space and time. The whole controversy may be briefly summed up thus—*time and space are laws of thought in its relation to things*. Were there no thought there could be no time and space; were there no things in this case also, time and space could not exist; in a world either of pure idealism or of pure materialism such relations between thought and things

could not exist. It is only the philosophic dualist who believes both in mind and matter, and that our nature is as a pendulum oscillating between the two, who can rightly account for such mixed modes of thought as these of time and space.

We make no apology for drawing attention to such thoughts as these; for if the soil of English thought is not to run fallow, it must be by turning up the subsoil by deep ploughing. The thoughts which lie at bottom of our nature are the best, if we can only get at them and bring them up to fertilize the surface soil. This was the problem that Arnold wrestled with all his life, to bring the bottom and top together, the thinkers and actors, to make deep thinking plain thinking as well, and to teach every man that he is a metaphysician and a divine, if he will only dig down into his own consciousness, and draw up the thoughts thence, that lie barren for want of being brought into daylight.

"It is very painful to me," wrote Dr. Arnold, "to be always on the surface of things; and I feel that literature, science, politics, many topics of far greater interest than mere gossip or talking about the weather, are yet, as they are generally talked about, still upon the surface; they do not touch the real depths of life. It is not that I want much of what is called religious conversation—that I believe is often on the surface like other conversation—but I want a sign which one catches as by a sort of masonry, that a man knows what he is about in life, whither tending, in what cause engaged; and when I find this, it serves to open my heart as thoroughly and with as fresh a sympathy as when I was twenty years younger."

Now no studies that we know of contribute so to deepen the character, and at the same time to breathe a second youth into us, as the study of mind. Metaphysics is to most men as a watch put into the hand of a child or a monkey. He puts it to his ear, looks at it with a puzzled expression, and puts it down as if not quite sure whether to treat it as a toy or a living thing. We are afraid of ourselves: the beating of our own heart is too much for us, and we gladly get away from the even pulses of the inner life to the feverish din and bustle of outer life. We want a corrective for this too great outwardness of English

life. If we could only get our readers to dispute Dr. M'Cosh's account of the intuitions of the mind, it should do something to rouse them to think for themselves. After all, the highest results of metaphysics are only critical: in the end it is only the diamond cut diamond that we get; neverthe-

less, in rousing the mind to contradict one theory another is invented; and as a drawing-room dispute turned Locke from a physician to a metaphysician, so we hope it may be with you, candid reader, in whose company we leave Dr. M'Cosh for the present.

THE NATIONAL INSTITUTION.

THIS exhibition hardly comes up to its mark, a defect due to the numerous desertions from the ranks of the customary exhibitors, and not less through the evident tendency to mannerism and self-repetition, discernible in the works of those that remain. The paucity of figure and dramatic pieces, always noticeable here, is more than usually so in the present display. It would seem that many of the younger contributors, either through lack of the means to obtain art-education in the higher and more intellectual branches, or from indolence, or maybe a belief that landscapes "sell best," prefer landscape to historic painting.

Of the desertions from the ranks of exhibitors, the most remarkable is that of Mr. W. H. Fisk, whose "Tiresome Child at a Pic-nic" we commented upon at length last year, we regret to say he does not appear, but still trust that a future exhibition of the current year may contain something to support our prophecy of his ultimate success. There is cogent reason for the minor quality and quantity of Mr. F. Smallfield's pictures sent here, to be discovered by his recent election as a member of the Old Water-Colour Society, an honour he well deserved; and his works will be, beyond doubt, a most desirable acquisition to the rooms in Pall Mall. Mr. Raven, who sent "Sainfoin and Clover in Flower" to the last gathering, has no work now; and we regret to see that no new name replaces his as a brilliant and nature-loving painter of English scenery, notwithstanding his rather French system of treating it. Mr. Marks, too, who has for many years amused the public with his humorous

renderings of Shaksperian characters and quaint indications of mediæval fun, contributes but one small pen-and-ink design, which has little of the artist's peculiar merits.

A large class of imitators of Mr. Hook's style have sprung up amongst the younger branches of the profession, influenced, no doubt, by the extraordinary loveliness of colour and fidelity of representation of his works. Mr. H. Moore was not without a taint of the suspicion of plagiarism; but Mr. Naish, whose ordinary style was hard and rather metallic, was about the last painter whom one would imagine likely to give himself up to such another so distinct from his own. Yet we are compelled to admit, that it is but too obvious that if Mr. Hook's "Luff Boy" had not appeared at the Royal Academy last year, Mr. Naish's picture, with a motto from Kingsley's "Ode to the North-east Wind" (346), would never have been painted, at least in the manner it has. It is hard, and maybe it would be unjust, to style the result mere plagiarism, but still the inspiration is but too evident. The lines quoted are—

"'Tis the hard grey English weather
That breeds hard English men."

And the plan of illustrating them, chosen by the artist, is the effect of a steadfast stern north-east wind upon the deep rolling valleys of the English sea. Down the steep side of one of these an open-decked fisherman's boat descends, plunging a swift way under the guidance of a fisherman, who, alone, and standing in the stern of his craft, scans his path with clear resolute eye, joyful and strong the while, holding the tiller-handle in one

hand, and keeping taut the mizen-sheet of his boat, which being yawl-built, carries the mizen sail out over her stern, and allows him to be in front of its mast. To secure his purchase on the stiffly-pulling sail, he has carried the rope round one of the boat's thwarts, whence it passes through a ring under the gunwale and over the stern. We see part of the mainsail forwards, and two-thirds of the boat's length are in the picture, showing her rushing on her way at a great pace, and steadily, so as to exhilarate the old seaman who controls her. The divided wave roars and "fans out" at her stern, yeasty and charged with air-bubbles, under the influence of the breeze. Almost perfect is the painting of the water—a little opaque, maybe, notwithstanding that sea-water in such circumstances is never clear, or any thing like it, but still we opine that this part of the work does err in a slight degree in this respect. The descending swerve of the old craft is finely told, and the figure of the man, firm, though yielding to the motion beneath him, is well designed so as to indicate and support the action of the subject. The boat is given with great variety and power of colour. We miss care and love of colour nowhere else than in the sailor's dress, which is mostly of a dingy brown. His face would be better for more solidity of execution. On the whole, with the reservation primarily stated, this picture is delightful. The same cannot be said for the artist's "Rough Hands and Warm Hearts," (286), two figures on a bold rocky shore, in which an unpleasant crudity of colour and want of balance in composition are to be lamented; some proportions in drawing are also but too plainly visible. His "Angling for Rock Fish near the Lizard," (261), partakes of the good and bad qualities of both the preceding. Of the first let us add that it is a thoroughly English picture, both in subject and treatment, such as none but one of our own people would have thought of attempting. Fancy a French artist dealing with the like; he would no more do it in such a spirit than a French boatman would venture out alone in such a sea. It was very significant of the contrasted spirit of

the two nations, that when a party of amateurs (as was lately stated at the dinner after the great Oxford and Cambridge match), crossed from Dover to Calais in an open boat, and wanted an extra hand at the latter place, they could not obtain one even in the harbour of the nearest French port.

These are to a certain extent marine subjects, so let us continue our remarks on the kindred pictures with Mr. Edwin Hayes', A. R. H. A., "View from the Needle Rocks, Howth," (47). This has for a fault, although a true characteristic at times, that may be frequently observed in his works, a chalky opacity of the water, which is any thing but constant in nature, as in Mr. Hayes' pictures. It is therefore unwise for an artist to choose an accidental phase of nature for his ordinary theme. He has, however, done perfect justice to the forms of the waves, their motion, and weight—a rare quality—and painted the shore portions of the picture with considerable solidity and variety of colour, a want of which characteristics we have observed in other productions of this talented Irishman. "On the Beach at Ostend," (307), a very cleverly managed picture; and "Carrickfergus Castle, Belfast Lough," (341), are by the same. "Thames Barges," (114), by E. C. Williams, showing some of those sturdy craft under sail, is excellently composed as far as disposition of lines and masses goes; and being cleverly and neatly executed, some compensation is obtained for the eminent shortcomings in colour and tone it displays.

A marine picture, that simply represents the breaking of a huge wave, must display immense knowledge of the life of water to be interesting; this shown, the subject is undoubtedly grand. Mr. J. Thorpe's (No. 325),

"There is society, where none intrudes
By the deep sea, and music in its roar,"

certainly evinces deep knowledge of the motion of a breaking wave,—such a one as comes in upon a rocky shore in a weighty furiousness, driving its foam to destruction upon the heedless stone, and surging up with huge force from out of the depth only to break in vain. The perspective of the distant lines of coming breakers, seen

upon the sea-level, is well given, as they advance rank behind rank, like the ranks of men going to battle. Richness of colour is all that is required to make this an admirable picture. By the same is 234, "On the Coast of St. Leonard's—Windy," a work displaying the same excellences in a minor degree.

Mr. A. W. Hunt, of Liverpool, sends three works: 79, "Just before Sunset," a view of a still river-pool, shaded in with trees, through whose foliage the light of the sun gleams—mocking reflections tint the water with green and pale gold; at the front the stream runs away over a little fall. The skill, power of observation, and feeling for nature displayed by this artist are unquestionable; but with all this something more is needed to make a picture perfect. The sky is not pure nor clear, nor even rich in tone and tint; the trees are so thinly painted as to look like glass, and their foliage wants discriminating handling and solidity. "The Track of an Old-World Glacier," 90, by the same, shows a mountainous country, high up amongst the peaks, and the bare rock almost denuded of vegetation, only lichens and poor mosses creep over the surface of the stones that lie about in disjointed masses. The whole scene is enveloped in mist that breaks the light into a soft radiance. Allowing for this effect, the shadows seem not deep enough, and there is a want of force discernible throughout the picture—not from need of colour nor diversity of it, for in those respects it is rich, but merely through a deficiency of tone in the shadows. The idea is good of showing the starved aspect of a country, where the ice has lain for centuries, and which even ages to come will not have power to cover with foliage or the larger forms of vegetable life. Mr. Hunt's third picture, 277, "Mist rising after heavy rain," shows a hill-top, and over that a valley with higher hills beyond, between them thick white mists rising in solid wreaths, whose torn edges threaten to hide the removed peaks from sight. This is more solidly painted than either of the others, and may be taken as a truthful rendering of nature.

We have often lauded Mr. J. Peel's landscapes, but it grieves us not to be

able to use the same terms in speaking of his pictures this year. The best of them is "Saint Brelade's Bay, Jersey," (37), where we look down upon a charming scene of cliff and coast, the gentle hollow of a bay, whose horns sink their elevated cliffs to form in the centre a graded slope that declines towards the beach. There is some clever painting of shrubs and grass in the foreground, which shows the old and well-trained hand of the artist. The sea is clearly and nicely painted, and the colours throughout rich and varied; still we miss the effective force of his previous works, which sometimes displayed startling and real characteristics of nature.

"A Stream from the Hills," by B. W. Leader, (62), shows much bright truth of water painting, and the same tendency to manner we remarked in Mr. Peel's picture. Landscape painters must be terribly at a loss for design in the figures they put into their works, at least if we are to judge from the fact that there never appears a picture of a river without a man being shown fishing in it, as is the case with this before us. "Evening," (80), by the same, shows a cottage by a road side, beyond the last some pollard elms, and then a church. There is a large amount of skill evinced in this work, together with love and knowledge of nature. These qualities, if supported by more elaborate finish, would make the artist such a name that his works would soon be the ornaments of every exhibition. As it is, we lament only his shortcomings, and praise highly the truth and variety of colour, the extreme fidelity with which he has represented the effect of a scene shadowed from the direct light of the sun, yet full of light reflected from the sky above, which last gradually cools down from the brilliancy of day to the calm, half-sleeping tenderness of gray twilight. The long garden of this cottage, which forms the foreground of the picture, is charmingly true; the colour of the flowers seems just on the point of becoming absorbed in the lower tints of evening, the white blooms alone stand prominent yet; the beehives seem about to fade into reduced tint, and the whole scene has a perfectly exquisite chill of failing day about it

that can hardly be too much commended.

Since Mr. Holman Hunt painted his "Fairlight Downs—Sunlight on the Sea," exhibited at the Winter Exhibition, 1858, many young artists have striven to reproduce the same effect of misty opaline radiance, produced by the delicately-toned brightness of day affected by a diaphanous mist in the atmosphere, but never have any of them done more than to show their appreciation of the marvellous success it displayed. Mr. H. W. B. Davis's "Dover Straits, from the French Cliffs," (95), is one of those, and is a work not without merit, but so far short of the inspiration of the original that he has missed entirely the exquisitely subtle colouring that gave an inexpressible charm to Mr. Hunt's work. There is the subdued radiance of the sun's reflection over the sea, but it is rendered coarsely with large and heavy, and actually prominent and projecting lumps of white paint, a vulgar method of execution not to be endured. The colour of the foreground is dirty, moreover.

We may commence the figure pictures with the works of Mr. Smallfield, (No. 4), "A Wintry Walk." The subject is a gamekeeper's boy trudging through the snow, with game thrown over his shoulder. The effect is sunlight, and the breadth and solidity of treatment unusual with the artist. "A Middy's Presents," (376), shows a girl looking at some Oriental nic-nacs, and is cleverly painted, and modest and clear in colour, and the face expressive and pretty. Mr. J. Hayllar, painted a few years since a picture, seen at the Royal Academy, styled a "Carpenter's Workshop," which brought him the notice of all the critics, and gave hopes that much might be expected from so conscientious an artist. These hopes have not been supported, and we are beginning to think that his success with a difficult effect was only what is called "a fluke," or lucky chance; but indeed such a thing is impossible, and that success was produced by a devoted painstaking which the artist has not sustained. Why these follies sent here? Take (No. 8), "A Quiet Pipe," an old man smoking, the lights on whose face are all pure white, while

the shadows are mainly burnt sienna without middle tints or grays at all. There is no such effect in nature, and never will, and never can be. No. 292, "Controversy," by the same, shows a village smith's shop; a man lounges over the open front to argue with the master, who suspends his task of filing to continue the discourse. Here is the same effect of preposterously false light and colour, that utterly mar the real skill and care yet retained in certain portions of the picture.

Mr. C. Rossitter has painted pictures that merited high praise before this year, yet the rank colour and coarse texture of his "Dancing Lesson," (56), will not support his reputation. The subject of this picture is a boy teaching a dog to dance, while another performs a rude accompaniment on a violin; some other children looking on; the scene, a kitchen. Some of the faces are very expressive, but the flesh tints and colouring of the dresses look bricky and opaque, and altogether there is a dull coarseness about the work, that is quite below the artist's practice. "A Fisher Maiden," (382), is a little better; not so coarse, but rather dull.

Mrs. Elizabeth Murray has an attempt at comicality, in her "Irresistible Beggar," (222), a monk, whose head is enveloped in a monstrous hood of black stuff, through holes in front of which his eyes appear glittering; he receives alms from a woman bearing a child in her arms. The child's face is prettily done, and there is rather more modesty of colour, and we might say, a little attention, very little indeed though, to nature, in the flesh-tints and drawing of the features. By the same lady, is "A Present of Fruit," a Spanish woman bearing a basket of fruit—a well painted, and, for the artist, modestly tinted picture. The fruit particularly good. Mr. Dicksee's "Kate," (380), from the *Taming of the Shrew*, is waxy and doll-like in flesh-tints, a little theatrical and conventional in expression, and heavy in colour; but it is tolerably drawn, that is, for an artist who does not seem to profess cultivation of the subtleties and refinements of execution. Kate does not look like a lady, but is rather in the bar-maid style of beauty, whose agreeableness

is due only to a waxen skin. The *man* Petruccio would never have taken the trouble to tame such a tawdry doll.

Mrs. A. H. Weigall sends a foolish piece of vulgar clap-trap, styled "Medora," (50), a silly piece of painted female flesh standing on a sea-shore, looking vaguely out to sea, where a lover—whose desertion of such a fool, by the way, as the artist has painted, is perfectly justifiable—is seen, or supposed to be seen, sailing away. The sentimental turn, pulling as it is, has been so utterly missed in this picture, that the girl looks rather about to vomit than to cry. Mr. J. S. Cavell has attempted to imitate Millais in his "Little Messenger," (78), a girl riding through a wood on a donkey, carrying a bundle tied up in a prodigiously red handkerchief. The painting of the background is lurid and metallic, the donkey's hide looks as if it had been oiled or pomatumed every day since birth; the child's face is the best part of the picture, but looks florid and blowsy. Mr. C. J. Lewis sends ten pictures; and of course there can be but a small amount of labour spent on each, if this is but a year's production, to be added, moreover, to those which do, or may, appear at other exhibitions. Truly, they support the character of hasty sketches on a large scale, executed by a clever and skilful artist, who, not caring about his reputation, desires to produce as many works, and succeed in getting money by quantity rather than quality—a ruinous proceeding, we need hardly say, and for confirmation, have only to point to the greater number of pictures on the walls of this very exhibition, as being painted by men who have pursued the same course; and to show what the result is, we need only look at the reputation of the Boddington School, the O'Connors, the Shayers, the Williamses, the Jutsums, Percys, Gilberts, &c., most of whom are clever executants, but so poverty-stricken in invention, and so shameless of self-repetition, that their works are drugs in the art-market.

It is into such a style as this Mr. Lewis is rapidly falling; his cottage-door scenes will soon pall upon the public, and they will cease to feel interested in his women tossing up

babies, if such appear year after year with little variation. How *can* a man honestly do ten pictures of large size in a year?

We come now to the picture of a very clever Irish artist, Mr. J. A. Fitzgerald, (287), "The Lost Friend." It was a quaint and rather poetical idea of this painter's to put a dead robin lying on the grass, surrounded by flower-spirits, each in the pretty robings of his appropriate blossom. A fuchsia looks down mournfully on his dead friend: though, by the way, we do not exactly see in what capacity, or on what ground, a robin redbreast can be called the particular friend of the fuchsia, or indeed of any other flower; however, admitting ourselves as dull and prosaic, we will accept Mr. Fitzgerald's hypothetical notion, and take him on the fancy he has displayed in working it out. The queen of the blossoms, convolvularia, habited in a soft, misty light, like that about a pearl, sits above, mournfully regarding the bird; other spirits are occupied in the same way; and there is a clever and fanciful idea shown in putting the fairies—some of them at least—into the brown cranes, and dry rattling husk of their seed time, looking with dolour at the dead one, presaging mortality by the same fate. There is a melancholy old bloom looking on at the front, with his hands in his pockets, and long, star-like appendages to his helmet. A little sweetness and brilliancy of colour would greatly improve this pretty little picture.

By Mr. J. D. Watson are three pictures which merit notice, 1st, (126), "A Village Smithy," a young smith beating hot iron on an anvil. The effect of the light and tone of colour is capitally rendered, and the figure designed with spirit; 2nd, (195), "Raven Craggs, Morecombe Bay," some rock-ruins on the sea shore, treated with breadth and depth of tone and good colour; 3rd, (389), a charming little scene, which, indeed, we have no hesitation in pronouncing the very best in the whole room, falling short of great excellence only through a certain green darkness, which mars the colour and gives a gloomy look to the picture. This work is styled "The New Toy;" is an interior; a girl shows a skipping-jack toy to a child, who, seated on a boy's knee, looks delighted.

The composition of this little work is capital; that of the boy and the baby peculiarly so. The expressions are pretty and faithful beyond the average of such pictures; that of patronage given to the girl with the toy is remarkably good.

Mr. W. J. Webbe has found a new subject in painting a luckless negro who, having run away from his master, has been caught and caged in a prison cell, over the door of which he is endeavouring to thrust his face, showing to us a look of pathos-moving quaintness and mute complaint that speaks well for the ability of the artist. Outside the door, and to the front of the picture, are two huge bloodhounds, one snuffing with a sulky look, a red rag thrown down on the floor; the other, reposing. There is considerable truth of painting observable throughout this picture, notwithstanding some extravagancies of colour, especially discernible in the stones by the side of the door, which are a preposterous blue.

We have reserved Mr. Lauder's pictures to the last, because their pretension is greatest and their offence of the highest magnitude against all feelings of good taste and requirements of good art. There are seven of them; but three must suffice to characterize the painter's style as one peculiarly repulsive to those who look upon art as a vehicle of thought that can only exist as a vehicle through the loyal imitations of nature. Why Mr. Lauder, who is no tyro, and writes five initials after his name, should persist in such a style as that he has adopted for some years, it is difficult

to say. His tones are so opaque, and yet smeary, that they appear to be painted with treacle. His colour is livid, extravagant, and meretriciously false. There is not one single inch in his numerous pictures which is finished, either in drawing, texture, light and shade, or colour; there is not a piece of drapery in the garments of any of his numerous figures that has been honestly studied and thoughtfully wrought out. Infinitely worse than all this, Mr. Lauder's designs are both vulgar and commonplace, his expressions utterly false, to the extent of representing the Redeemer with livid eyes and hollow-flushed cheeks. The vulgarity and pretension of these pictures is such that we cannot employ too strong terms in condemning them. Take (No. 232), "The Breaking of Bread." "And He took bread, and gave thanks, and broke it," a figure presumed to be that of the Redeemer, but this has the head of a coarse person, with inflamed eyelids, turbid skin, swollen lips, and puffy cheeks, a scanty moustache over the mouth, and a meagre beard below! All those characteristic qualities of chastity, dignity, physical beauty, sorrow, intellect, tenderness, and grace of superhuman perfectness, are absent from this vile picture. The design is sickly, sentimental, and tame—far, indeed, from that pathetic elevation required by the subject. To describe the production in brief terms, let us say that it is in the style of a cheap altar-piece; the sentiment and the execution are meretricious, not to be lightly forgiven when applied to such a theme.

THE HISTORY OF JURISPRUDENCE.

It is John Stuart Mill who has said that a lesson has been given to mankind in every age, and always disregarded—namely, that speculative philosophy, which to the superficial observer appears a thing so remote from the business of life and the outward interests of men, is in reality the thing on earth which most influences them, and in the long run overbears every other influence, save those which it must itself obey. By reverting to this principle Jeremy Bentham worked a revolution in the domain of jurisprudence; and the volume which Dr. Heron has just given to the world may be considered as designed to illustrate the lesson. It is in fact an attempt to show, by a comprehensive summary and analysis of the labours of jurists from the earliest times to the present, that certain definite, or at least definable, philosophic truths lurk beneath the various theories which have been advanced from time to time in the science of law, often imperfectly understood by the theorists themselves, sometimes wholly overlooked, but inducing, nevertheless, an approximation from age to age to that perfection which it ought to be the object of all science to attain, although probably, as influencing the affairs of men, it will be realized only in the Utopia of an ever-receding future.

Dr. Heron does not claim for himself what is not his due. "A great portion of the book is a compilation:" such are his words at the outset. This frank avowal, while it does credit to the author's candour, is very far from detracting from the value of his book. The opinions of no one man can, in a science such as that of law, be of equal account with the collected wisdom of those who have at various times applied themselves to the study. Judicious condensation is the utmost that can be effected—but to accomplish this how much is required! Extensive reading, sound judgment, minute accuracy. It is not easy duly

to estimate the amount of labour the preparation of this work must have involved; and we congratulate Dr. Heron on having added his name to the list of those alumni of our University, who have begun of late years to take so creditable a place in the higher branches of the scientific literature of the empire. To attempt a resumé of the treatise would be out of the question: to epitomize an epitome is absurd. But certain topics seem to possess a more practical and perceptible interest than others, and accordingly selection, rather than abstraction, will be our aim.

It is a serious mistake to suppose that the science of law is so purely technical that the study should be confined to those who make it a profession. Of all the liberal sciences it is that, perhaps, in which the community at large have the deepest and most personal interest, there being no member of society who is not almost daily brought, in one way or another, in contact with it. So long as a man remains ignorant on the subject, he accepts it as a portion of the social economy—generally obstructive, though occasionally convenient; and is perfectly satisfied if he can now and then detect a flaw or two in the machine which seems so cumbrous, so expensive, and in the main, so superfluous. As soon as he looks a little closer, however, he will scarcely fail to discover with what exquisite subtlety, and with what profound wisdom, that machine has been constructed. He recognises adaptation, purpose, principle. He traces its varied working to one motive power, and discovers at the same time that he and his objections are actually whirled along the rails of civilized life by the very machine he has been criticising, with a smoothness and celerity which alone had rendered him unconscious of the motion.

Apart from technicalities, the study of law, and of the laws of our own country in particular, ought to be made an

essential element of liberal education. People are apt to regard and value privileges of every kind in proportion as they are exclusive. A man is more likely to pride himself on being free when he finds himself among slaves, than when every one about him is, or seems to be, as free as himself. The impartiality and pervading spirit of the law are among the causes of its being so imperfectly recognised as a blessing. But a little examination will show what it really is. Such as our system of jurisprudence is—whether it appear absurdly simple or hopelessly complicated—whether it is viewed as a fortuitous jumble of old customs and conflicting statutes, or a craftily-constructed net to catch gulls in—such it has been elaborated by the wisdom of a thousand years, unceasingly (if sometimes unconsciously) occupied upon the solution of the problem—the greatest happiness of the greatest number. The perfection of the system, then, ought not to constitute an objection to its examination; and there is this personal reason for making it a matter of study, that we are most of us liable to be called upon, at some period or other of our lives, to exercise the privilege of choosing delegates who are to be invested with the power of making or unmaking the laws by which the system is expanded or modified, and have therefore the inducement of self-interest to make ourselves, to a certain extent, acquainted with the bearing of the measures which may come to be submitted to their consideration upon the well-being of the community. Not that mere interested motives ought to be necessary to lead the mind to the fountains of justice. The well should be sought for its own sake; and nobody can glance over the pages of the volume before us, and trace, with the author, the gradual and magnificent development of the body of jurisprudence, from the original and isolated labours of leading minds in every country and at every period of the history of the civilized world, without feeling that those streams which flow past the cottage door, and help to turn the humblest wheel in the social community at the present day, have their origin in sublime as well as remote altitudes, and are fed from eternal sources.

Dr. Heron's First Book is occupied

with the Principles of Jurisprudence. The introductory chapters treat of the social sciences, ethics in relation to jurisprudence, and political economy; after which are discussed the limits, definitions, distinctive field, and divisions of the science, with its bearing on politics, taxation, and education. In the Second Book the Political Philosophy of the Greeks is traced in the systems of Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle; and Roman law and jurisprudence are carried forward from their remote sources to their culmination in the Institutes of Justinian, from whence they have entered into the British code as the groundwork of the Civil Law.

The historical method gives place in the Third Book to the biographical, which is retained, with a few interruptions, to the end. Here the subject is taken up from the revival of learning in Europe, and carried forward to the beginning of the seventeenth century, when Bacon appears upon the scene, and a new era opens for this as well as for all the rest of the sciences. The Fourth and Fifth Books are occupied with notices of the works of the principal Jurists in England, France, Italy, and Germany during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; and the Sixth and concluding Book brings down the subject to the present time, with special reference to the labours and discoveries of Jeremy Bentham and Savigny.

Everybody who looks at a subject in a philosophical aspect naturally turns to Bacon, and endeavours to ascertain what laws that great philosopher has laid down for his guidance in that peculiar province of the great realm of science he is exploring. "The few and fragmentary works on Jurisprudence" Bacon has left behind him are quite enough to make us regret that we have not more. They are extremely well epitomized here, though the author owes much to Mr. Lewes' labours. Nothing can be more true than the assertion that "Lord Bacon unquestionably was the first in modern times who conceived a true idea of the science of Jurisprudence." It is, perhaps, not quite so indisputable that he was "the discoverer of the inductive method." Mr. MacMahon, in his very learned and able treatise upon *Metaphysics*, in its reference to

Revealed Religion, which has just appeared, while reminding us of the controversy that formerly prevailed, as to whether the merit of originality in the experimental method was not rather to be awarded to Campanella, suggests a far earlier date for the discovery. He points to Thales, Aristotle, Theophrastus, and at a later period, Sextus *Empiricus*; and asserts that Bacon himself, in his criticism on Aristotle, yields the point of priority to the ancients, claiming no further merit than that of reviving their system. Indeed, our author himself speaks of inductive investigation as the common method of "the Athenian Verulam and the British Plato." Be this as it may, however, practically, and as influencing the progress of knowledge, Bacon stands at the head of the great school which has achieved the wonders of modern science.

"The juridical tracts which he has left, namely, the proposal to King James of a digest to be made of the laws of England, and the proposal for amending the laws of England, and the *Tractatus de Fontibus Juris*, are mainly concerned about the laws of procedure;—or those laws which Bentham terms adjective, in contradistinction to the substantive laws, whose execution they accomplish. In these certainly Bacon lays down the principles of codification, which, long neglected by the technical lawyers of England, at length were cultivated with minutest accuracy by Bentham, and in the present century began to be applied to our criminal law by Sir Robert Peel."

These principles of codification naturally begin to operate at a late stage of legislation in a State. Although it is quite true, that whilst a nation is rapidly progressing in wealth, knowledge, and civilization, it may be nearly impossible to codify the laws, because, while preparations are making for a digest, the natural progress of legislation has outstripped the legislators, it is too much, perhaps, to conclude, from the single fact of the consolidation of the Roman Law under Justinian having marked the point where its development ceased, that when a complete code of laws is possible for a nation, its progress must have been arrested; the induction from an isolated instance is certainly not Baconian; for although the Code Napoleon is adduced

as another example in proof of the proposition, it yet remains to be seen whether the French civilization or legal system is, in point of fact, at a stand-still. That, as a general rule, variations continue to be necessary, is admitted. "The rights of the different classes of society are continually changing;" and no sagacity can foresee the contingencies for which new provisions will have to be made. Is there any thing in a code which precludes the possibility of modification? No doubt, its integrity is affected by every change; and in time, perhaps, a repetition of the process of codification might be called for; but, meanwhile, its benefits will not be the less influentially operative, and the second process would be as nothing in point of difficulty compared with the first. That there is some danger in codification may be admitted. Definitions may define too much. Errors may be authoritatively perpetuated. Advancement may be retarded. The question seems to be, is the danger of constructing a code greater than that of leaving it unconstructed? Perhaps, indeed, it is not an abstract question at all. What we ought really to consider may be whether, at some particular period in the history of some particular nation, a time has arrived at which codification may be adopted with advantage, that is, whether the laws are ripe for being classed scientifically, so that the community shall derive greater benefit from the digested but rigid code than from the undigested but elastic materials. That that time must be the era of culmination in the history of a nation Dr. Heron seems, as has been already remarked, to take for granted. On this point his language is decided. "The codification of law is impossible," he says, "until the development of the society and the law has been arrested." Yet Bacon does not touch upon this difficulty, when he lays it down as a maxim that—

"If laws accumulated upon laws swell into such vast volumes, or labour under such confusion, that it is expedient to revise them anew into a sound and working body, a digest of the laws ought to be compiled in preference to any other work."

On the contrary, he seems to consider it as belonging more properly

to periods of progression to undertake the labour—

“It were to be wished that the instauration of laws of this kind were undertaken in those times which in learning and the knowledge of things excel the more ancient, whose acts and works they retrace—which fell out otherwise in the work of Justinian. For it is an unfortunate thing when the works of the ancients are mutilated, and recompiled by the judgment and choice of a less wise and learned age.”

Leibnitz, indeed, proposed a task of more vast proportions than any other—that of recasting the whole body of the civil law. He proposed it to himself. It is needless to say that it never was completed. Germany has not perfected it yet. But Jurists owe a vast debt to the philosopher of Leipsic for his contributions towards the elucidation of the laws of nations; and he founded a school which has produced a revolution in the studies of Germany by combining the philosophical systems which had prevailed up to his time into one whole. His rules, too, are of universal adaptation; and in his letter to a friend—“*De Nævis et Emendatione Jurisprudentiæ Romanæ*,”—in which he states the principal errors of the Roman jurisprudence, he proposes a plan for bringing under one tabular form all universal rules, from the combination of which all questions could be decided.

It is Jeremy Bentham, however, who unquestionably, more than any one else, has applied the principles of science to the study of human laws, and taught mankind fearlessly to scrutinize existing institutions, traditionally venerated though built on the sands of shifting expediency, with a view to their reconstruction upon the solid basis of nature and truth. Two simple objects, he held, should be proposed in a book of Jurisprudence: first, to ascertain what the law is; secondly, to ascertain what it ought to be. Under the latter head the work would be occupied with censorial jurisprudence; would treat of the art of legislation. Next in order would come those rules which, in his *General View of a Complete Code of Laws*, he lays down for the guidance of legislators in applying themselves to codification. Of these he gives five:—

“First—That portion of the laws which most clearly bears the impression of the will of the legislator ought to precede those portions in which his will is shown indirectly. And for that reason the Penal Code ought to precede the Civil Code; because in the Penal Code the legislator exhibits himself to every individual—he permits, he commands, he prohibits, he traces for every one the rules of his conduct. Secondly—The laws which most directly promote the chief ends of society ought to precede those the utility of which, how great soever, is not so clearly evident. Thirdly—The subjects which are most easily understood should precede those of which the conception is less easy; for example in the Penal Code, the laws which protect the person, as the clearest of all, ought to precede those which protect property. After these may necessarily be placed those which concern reputation and those which relate to the legal condition of individuals. Fourthly—If in speaking of two objects, the first may be spoken of without referring to the second, and on the contrary the knowledge of the second supposes a knowledge of the first, it is right on this account to give priority to the first; thus in the Penal Code offences against individuals should be placed before offences against the public, and offences against the person before offences against the reputation. Fifthly—Those laws, the organization of which is complete, that is to say which possess every thing necessary to give them effect and to put them in execution, ought to precede those of which the organization is necessarily defective.”

In following out the strict system which he had ascertained to be the true one, the danger was plain of his making it impracticably rigid:

“Bentham was of opinion that it would be necessary to forbid the introduction of all unwritten law. But the historical examples of what occurred after the completion of the Codes of Justinian and Napoleon show that inevitably law changes with the face of society, and judges must decide on the new cases as they arise.”

It seems, indeed, to follow from what we find laid down in this work on the authority of the most competent judges, that on the one hand, codification is a labour which ought to be undertaken at some period or another of the legislative history of a commonwealth; and on the other, that the law is continually out-growing the time and its own previous di-

mentions, causing the necessity of a periodical recurrence to the same process, so as to gather the intermediate harvests into the granary of the national code.

Everybody knows what Sir Robert Peel's ideas were upon this subject; and what portion of his ideas he was enabled to carry out into practice. Confined as is the field on which the principle has been tested, it is sufficiently extensive to exhibit the advantages of having cultivated it; and it is to be hoped that no visionary apprehension of some forcible repression of improvement or refusal of adaptation to varying circumstances may check the efforts of jurists and statesmen to systematize the remaining wilderness, and reduce the whole domain to a state of order worthy of its vast scope and importance.

In the historical survey of the tenures of modern Europe, especially in considering the determination of the feudal system in France and Prussia, as connected with the abolition of primogeniture, peasant-proprietorship, and the subdivision of the land, a topic is suggested which is of paramount interest to us in this country. We allude to the question of tenant-right. The subject is calculated to engage the attention of the jurist, as being the latest development of the law of property applied to land. On this subject Dr. Heron observes:

"It is one of the principal advantages to be gained from the study of sociology, that questions formerly termed political are brought within the domain of philosophical inquiry, and subjected to the same inductive processes by which such great results have been obtained in the physical sciences."

Here Dr. Heron has entered upon a question which has unfortunately assumed in this country a political aspect, and thereby become a difficult one for a jurist to deal with, without incurring the suspicion of being actuated by other motives than a mere sense of justice. Without pledging ourselves to the author's principles, we feel bound to say that he has dealt with the subject in a fair and philosophical spirit, so that we are ready to repose confidence in his statements as facts, and listen to his arguments as logic, unembarrassed by the eternal *arrière-pensée* which so often, under such circumstances, drives one back upon party

and creed in sheer self-defence. The history of the question is gone into at length. At the very outset, the case of our country is put openly and strongly:

"In the British Islands the civilization of the middle and higher classes of society is unparalleled. We have a representative government, public liberty, wealth, knowledge, and the utmost facility of communication. But there is a blot upon this prosperity. That we may not speak of the pauperism of England, the agricultural peasantry of Ireland are worse clothed, worse lodged, worse fed, than any in Europe. In Ireland the recovery of the legal debt of rent alone is resisted by violence. The struggle for the possession of the land alone, of all property, causes bloodshed. The laws, then, which regulate the transfer and the cultivation of the land, are most important for us to study and reform."

The original titles to property are occupancy and labour. Labour may be expended upon things already possessed by the labourer, or upon things belonging to another. But the question arises, if any one has applied his labour to a thing which belongs to another, with the tacit consent of the owner, and without having been remunerated for his labour by the owner, to whom ought the increased value of the property to belong? "This," says Dr. Heron, "is the entire Tenant Right Question."

After a detailed historical survey of the law of real property, in which the principal cases in England and Ireland referring to the subject are cited, the question of Landed Improvements is discussed, as it is regulated by the English law, subject to such exceptions as have been grafted upon it by enlightened judges, and by the customs which naturally arise. The Civil Law relating to the same subject has formed the groundwork of the law of Scotland in reference to Tenants' Improvements. The equitable rules on which it is based, Dr. Heron applies practically:—

"If the tenant farmers," he says, "holding by leases in the United Kingdom, who suffered by the great failure of the potato in 1846-1847, were living under the Civil Law, they would have been entitled to demand an abatement of their rent, and enforce that demand in a court of justice. This principle of course applies only to the years of failure, and has no reference to future contracts or future tenancies."

A glance at the law of lien brings out one of the few suggestions which the author has allowed himself to hazard in the course of his work. It would have been scarcely possible to have passed over the subject without an expression of opinion. "Convenience of commerce and natural justice"—the words are Lord Mansfield's—"are on the side of liens."

"I would, therefore, propose," says Dr. Heron, "that the doctrine of lien ought to be extended to the case of a tenant improving his land; and that he ought to be permitted to retain the land so improved, until he be either reimbursed in money, or by perception of the profits of the land."

"A lien, so distinguished from a pledge, can generally be retained only as a security for the debt due, and, with a very few exceptions, cannot be sold or relinquished for a moment without a waiver of the right possessed. It is necessary to allude to this principle in reference to the present question. The tenant may be anxious to remove, and employ his labour and capital elsewhere. I do not see any valid objection to his being permitted to sell or deal with it like any other species of property."

During the progress of civilization different classes are successively emancipated, and legal protection is given to the fruits of their industry. In all nations this has been the case—in our own amongst the number. Throughout Europe, until the Christian religion abolished slavery, the masses of the population were steeped in wretchedness, "worse even than that of the South and West of Ireland at the present day"—yet even in this state the inherent tendency to freedom is developed.

"The master found it impossible to deprive his slave of the whole fruits of his toil. He secreted a portion, which finally became legally his own, under the name of *peculium* in the civil law. In the next stage the slave becomes a serf, a villen labouring his lord's demesne, giving him the greater portion of his labour, and liable to the uncertain feudal services. The cultivators next cease to be *adscripti glebe*; but the feudal services still continue uncertain. Finally, a fixed money rent is adopted. However, the tenant-cultivator is not yet completely free; for the fruits of his labour expended on the land are not yet completely his own. But the right of labour to confer property in all other cases being acknowledged, why should it

be denied only in the case of the tenant of land? It may be hoped, therefore, that in the absence of political or social reasons to the contrary, this extension of the great principle of PROPERTY, one of the original bases of society and civilization, will speedily be adopted. Throughout all free countries persons are now permitted, with few exceptions, to devote themselves to whatever pursuits in life they please, and to enjoy in the fullest manner the fruits of industry. Property is by degrees being emancipated from every political element. The property of man in men has been abolished by those states the farthest advanced in civilization. Monopolies of all kinds are disappearing. The freedom of commerce, and the freedom of labour are at last recognised in most instances. It remains for society to emancipate the labour of the cultivators now personally free, and by simply vesting in them the property in the result of their labours, to permit their willing industry to be expended on the land. Behold the man who rents his acres without security for the fruits of his industry. His cabin is only half thatched; his fields are slovenly; whatever money he has is hid; it is not freely expended on the soil, for there is no certainty that he can reap the fruits of it. He is clothed in rags; he dare not even appear prosperous, lest the rent be raised. On the other hand, behold the peasant who has the consciousness of security protected by the law. This indefatigable worker waters the earth with the sweat of his brow, and obtains by labour the pacific conquest of the soil. He takes from the hours of the day all that human strength can give to industry; and the kindly earth repays his labour with interest. Civilized society would gain much, if those peasants who now have their labour only partially free, were enriched by that consciousness of property which security for its fruits would give them. Thus arriving into the ranks of property, they would be in all things more worthy citizens of a free community. Soldiers of agriculture, let them become the best guardians of public order. In England, the most advanced nation in the world, there ought to be the best institutions for all. A wealthy landed aristocracy, a learned, laborious, and a commercial middle class, ought to be combined with an independent and prosperous peasantry, such as are found amongst the vine-dressers of Vevay, and the hardy mountaineers of Fribourg and Berne."

The head of taxation leads to a discussion which bears upon the present day. We are not quite prepared to go the length of the author in assert-

ing that taxes on articles which are useful are necessarily indefensible. He calls the tax upon soap a tax upon cleanliness. But is tea or sugar less essential to the health and well-being of the community than soap? What could be substituted for these articles, on which the comfort and sustenance of the middle and lower classes so much depend? No doubt, in strictness, a tax upon soap is a tax upon cleanliness; but, assuming that taxes must be imposed, the inference that it is therefore bad is what we hesitate to acquiesce in. And hence we must refuse to admit the justice of the term "barbarous," as applied to the legislation to which the following passage alludes:—

"A considerable portion of the public general taxation is raised in many countries by taxes upon the instruments for the communication of knowledge. Thus paper is taxed. The tax on paper is indefensible. It is now admitted by all reasonable men, that the poorer classes of the community ought to be educated. And, accordingly, the education of the people is increasing every day among the nations furthest advanced in civilization—the United States, England, France, Prussia, Belgium. It was once the fashion to discuss whether Education ought to be extended to the People—whether the poor had capacity to be safe elements in institutions.

"Once we thought that education

Was a luxury for the few;
That to give it to the many,
Was to give it scope undue;
That 'twas foolish to imagine
It could be as free as air—
Common as the glorious sunshine
To the child of want and care:
That the poor man, educated,
Quarrelled with his toil anon;
Old opinions, rags and tatters,
Get you gone!—get you gone!"

—MACKAY.

"Happily for the progress of mankind, and the peace of the days wherein we live, such sentiments have almost vanished in these countries. The Universities of England and Ireland have been gorgeously endowed, and the middle classes of society principally enjoy their benefits. The magnificent educational charities in England ennoble the country and character of Englishmen. We may reckon these amongst the public endowments for education, although many, if not most of them, are of private foundation. They arose from fortunes acquired in trade and bequeathed by private citizens, with that desire to

do good, that noble liberality and zeal for knowledge, which form some of the most prominent and best features in the English character. Of late years vast sums are annually voted by the English parliament for the purposes of National Education. At the same time the traces of former barbarism in matters of legislation remain. There are still heavy taxes upon the instruments which circulate knowledge amongst the people. How absurd it is that the supreme legislative council of a free and enlightened nation should at the same time vote money for education—and tax paper!"

We find Dr. Heron laying down the proposition that taxes on justice are unjust and indefensible upon the sound principle of juridical science. As an abstract proposition this may be true, though it would need a Bentham's paradise to have the principle carried into full effect. But we cannot help thinking that as man and society are constituted, some little impediment in the way of litigation is by no means so manifestly injurious to the community at large, or to the individuals of whom it is composed, as it is sometimes assumed to be. As it is, people are ready enough to plunge into litigation in spite of all the drawbacks. What frivolous and vexatious actions would there be if they could be prosecuted without the discouragement of the official fee and of the lawyer's *honorarium*! It is quite true that

"The duty of protecting property by means of just laws, promptly, uniformly, and impartially administered, is one of the strongest and most interesting of obligations on the part of government. Mr. Hume looked upon the whole apparatus of government as having ultimately no other object but the distribution of justice. Lord Brougham has graphically expressed the same idea, when he said, that the end of the whole paraphernalia of king, lords, commons, army, and navy, was to place twelve honest men in a jury-box."

But though this may be both graphic and true, it is not less true that society would be all the better if honest men could live without having to enter a jury-box at all. A jury-box presupposes injustice and contention. It ignores explanation, arbitration, adjustment, compromise. It is necessary, no doubt; but it is a necessary evil. A lawyer like Lord Brougham may constitute it the *beau-ideal* of his

dreams—the philosopher and the Christian will class it with the bride-well, the tread-mill, and the halter, in kind, though not in degree. Let us have honest men in our jury-boxes, by all means, so long as we must make use of them; but let us not forget that, if all men were honest, the jury-box would be what the *oubliettes* of the middle ages are now—objects of mingled curiosity and horror; and the paraphernalia of king, lords, and commons, if not dispensed with altogether, would have other objects of existence than the depositing of a dozen conscientious individuals in a wooden receptacle.

It will not do to have it supposed that we could make light of Dr. Heron's labours, even when they draw forth commentaries and criticisms such as the foregoing. Indeed, for the opinions expressed here and elsewhere in the volume, he cannot be

considered individually responsible. He is the faithful interpreter of the thoughts of others. He has brought the abstruse theories and complicated arguments of a whole tribe of dry jurists within easy reach of the general student, and deserves our gratitude accordingly. He has done so, from the conviction that it is of importance that it should be done. A man of science himself, he knows its use, which is "to teach clever men to do rapidly what ages could with difficulty accomplish by the involuntary action of mankind." And he has accomplished a work which has brought within the domain of science, and thus rendered subservient to the uses of man, a mass of learning lying comparatively inaccessible and useless, because dispersed through the body of jurisprudential literature from the earliest period of the history of civilized man to the present day.

THE HAPPY VALLEY.

I.

A SLOPING path between th' autumnal woods,
Where the pines breath'd an echo of far floods,
Led to a bank from which the ripe fern shook
Its speckled plumage o'er the winding brook.
I sate and list'ned in a sunny nook,
While at my feet the dead-ripe apple fell.
Lifting mine eyes from off an olden book
To wait each cadence of the clear sheep-bell,
That dropp'd in rills of music down the sombre dell.

II.

Around me fell th' unutterable rest
Of sunset, as beside the monarch's bed
Soft ev'ning wept, and on her own pure breast
Pillow'd 'mid rosy light his dying head.
A solitary blackbird, while day fled,
Sounded his golden whistle from the thorn,
Her thin white arms the ghost-like mist outspread,
The nut-brown partridge whirl'd along the corn,
While peep'd above the trees the young moon's iv'ry horn.

III.

I sate and list'ned; for such mystic scene
Of earthly rest I ne'er had dreamt before,
And much I marvell'd if what here had been,
Should lure us back, when on the far-off shore.
If led by angels from the pearly door,
We should alight upon this earth made new,
The same, and not the same we lov'd of yore,
Stamp'd with the signet of its God anew,
When mortal sin and grief had past for aye from view.

IV.

In some such nook I pray'd my home might be,
 With all I ever lov'd in olden time ;
 Dwelling in love, a sinless company,
 Among such scenes to build a nobler rhyme,
 To tune the viewless wires to strains sublime !
 O ! blessed rest, to cease not day or night,
 That wondrous song, while th' everlasting chime
 Pealing across each vale and gleamy height,
 Proclaims th' Eternal Sabbath of the realms of light.

V.

There, then, perchance, some face I once did love
 And lose amid the restlessness of earth,
 With the soft pleading glances of a dove,
 May whisper of the angels' sinless mirth,
 Unfold the drama of this human birth,
 Its wayward longings, passionate regrets,
 Impatient snatchings at imagin'd worth—
 And the vast heap of Heaven's forgotten debts—
 God ! may we meet where no tear falls, joy never sets.

VI.

It will not matter then who lov'd in vain,
 Who for the wrong love cast away the true ;
 How each man wrought his robe of scorching pain
 Seeking the phantom bliss he never knew—
 It will not matter—if among the few
 We and our own sit by the crystal stream,
 And watch our fitful life rise to our view,
 Peopled with idol-shapes, a ghastly dream,
 When Truth's eternal mountains grandly round us gleam.

VII.

Who has not mark'd upon some careworn face
 The mem'ry of a better earlier day,
 Something divine which sin might not efface,
 A shred of beauty which would not decay ?
 Who has not long'd to win such soul to pray,
 To charm across those features stern and wild,
 (Where, like the lightning, stormy passions play,)
 The touching love-look of the little child,
 Ere home had lost its light, or guilt the soul defil'd ?

VIII.

Or hast thou pac'd within some ruin'd fane,
 Where at thy feet the saintly dead have slept,
 And the night-wind awoke such touching pain,
 As if an angel in the moonlight wept—
 While the true ivy round the cloister crept,
 Ling'ring to prove that Nature still lov'd on,
 And o'er their grave a green memorial kept
 Of those her scholars who, long dead and gone,
 Taught Art the smile of Truth, and breath'd Life into stone.

IX.

I, too, feel some such yearning wish to cry
 To earth in all her ruin'd loveliness :
 The Lord forgives thy sin, thou shalt not die—
 Hope on amid thy shame and dreariness—
 Clasp His dear feet in thy strong love's caress—
 He will not shrink from thy polluted touch—
 Weep o'er their toil-stains, wipe them with each tress ;
 Soon o'er thy brow a glorious Hope shall flush,
 "Forgiven many sins, because she lovèd much." ALAN BRODRICK.

FOUND AT SEA.

SHORTLY after the loss of the steamer, *Argus*, on the Mull of Cantire, it became my duty to cross the channel which divides the island of Rathlin from the coast of Antrim.

The storm, which had previously detained me, had scarcely subsided; the waves still rolled heavily in upon the wild iron shore, and the broken waters still leaped and flashed along the many perilous tideways. Had it been possible, I would gladly have deferred my return to the island; but there was no alternative, urgent reasons compelled me, at least to attempt the passage.

The spot I selected from which to sail, was then, and is probably still, a remote fishing place, surrounded with rugged cliffs, and protected from the full strokes of the Northern ocean by some scattered islets and rocks, perpetually streaming with white foam.

Anxious to avail myself of a temporary calm, I pressed a strange-looking fisherman to undertake the *voyage*. At my suggestion, he engaged a boy to assist in managing the sails, and, as the evening began to close, we stepped the mast and bore out to sea. At first there was considerable risk amongst the broken waves and currents rushing through and over the rocks surrounding the port; but, presently the open sea lay before us, and the full steady swell of the canvas held fair and straight for the opposite bay of the island. Nevertheless, the sea continued labouring under us with deep convulsive waves, even to my experienced eyes, strangely abrupt and dark, considering the light still in the skies, and the comparative tranquillity of the wind. As the boat flew on into the full current of the ebb tide, coming down the channel, this agitation became more singular and alarming, and I began to consider myself justified in desisting from the attempt, when each sluggish and almost perpendicular mass of water threatened to break upon us and overwhelm the boat.

But a few minutes, and my inten-

tions and plans received a startling interruption.

I turned to consult the fisherman as to the weather, and our safest course. To my surprise, he had removed from the place he first occupied on the afterthwart, and was standing beside the mast to the leeward. I called him twice, as loudly as I was able, but he did not answer. He seemed to have fixed his eyes upon a distant island, seldom seen from the Irish coast, but which our position had made visible. The man seemed fascinated as by a spell. When the boat mounted or sank with the wave, he strained and struggled to keep the island in sight, and followed it till the last possible instant.

Suddenly, the morose look of the man when first we met upon the shore, and the recklessness of his manner when speaking of the probable risk of the voyage, occurred to me. He must be insane. The peril of our situation had called forth a paroxysm of his malady. In such a craft, and place, I was at his mercy. I could not doubt that any attempt to control him by force would inevitably upset the boat. It occurred to me, however, that he might be soothed by kind words. So I cried out, "Oh, never mind Ghea, like a good fellow, I'll take you there to-morrow, if you'll be quiet till we get ashore."

If you have ever been confronted by a madman, you may perhaps fancy—what I never can remember without horror—the fearful sight of that wretch, as he turned upon me. His bloodshot eyes glared with savage rage. His grey shaggy hair straggling over his convulsed features, and his hands tossed in horrible despair, as he cried—"I ken it a'; I ken it a'. Strange man! ye came to drag me to the doom, for yon bloody work. But I'll never fa' into the hands o' man's justice. I'll dee noo, and ye shall sink alang wi' me. Dee a', a' ta-gither."

Another instant and he would have fulfilled his threat. Leaping upon the gunwale he seized the mast, and with

fearful cries endeavoured to capsize the boat. It was an awful moment; hanging over the dark hollows of the sea, or horribly tottering upon the verge of the white hissing wave. I recommended myself to God, and believed I should never rise a living man from out the depth of the enormous wave just past.

The madman repeated his wild efforts; our fate was certain. When—suddenly there occurred one of those events which, however true, are scarcely credible.

Right before the boat, about half-way down the side of the approaching wave, there appeared the face and shoulders, as far as the bosom, of a beautiful woman; one arm clasped across her breast bore the form and drapery of an infant, the other was stretched forth white and beautiful, as if to guard the infant from danger; while her large humid eyes seemed pleading with whatever form of peril was about to destroy them. Her long yellow hair lay half floating, half mingled with the crest of the wave, and her white garments partly clung closely to her person, partly drifted behind. The poor fisher boy, who had sat terrified during the struggles of the lunatic, now cast himself headlong into the bottom of the boat, praying and trembling. As for myself, I also felt utterly unable to speak or act under the strange and sudden shock, and immediately when the lunatic saw the object, he became like a man paralyzed, his face assumed a look of utmost terror, and clasping his hands, with eyes wildly fixed, he cried, "O my leddy! my leddy! forgie me, for His sake. It was na me—I was led into it, forgie me, forgie me, my leddy."

While he spoke the form disappeared under water, and the black surging wave rushed past.

Either the revulsion of feeling, or deadly purpose against his life, impelled the wretched man, but in a moment he was in the deep sea, scarcely struggling, apparently unconscious of his danger.

To drop the sail, seize the boat-hook, and keep him above water, was the work of a second; presently we had him replaced in the bottom of the craft, with the precaution of strong lashing to the thwarts, lest another recurrence of his violence should renew our peril.

We found little difficulty in making our return to the port with our prisoner. I lost no time in communicating with a magistrate, taking care to give my suspicion that the body we had seen was somehow connected with some crime, of which I believed the prisoner either guilty or cognisant. He perfectly agreed with my view of the case. And after much persuasion, and many offers of reward, the wild superstitious fishermen were induced to begin a search for the corpse.

Strongly they protested against the very idea of remuneration, the only reason they would admit, being "that naeboddy could fish the banks while a corpse was floating about them; and that the sea would na, and could na, settle till it was delivered of its burden."

The search was full of very interesting and, to me, pathetic incidents. The wives and children of the great bronzed men accompanied them to the boats, and the old women, standing out upon the projecting rocks, delivered cautions and prayers to the fishermen as they passed. Now, it was their fervent desire "that she should find her rest, God pity her!" Now, a shrill voice would remind a passing boatman, "Alick! d'ye hear! Dinna take her in the boat, its no canny to carry aboard them frae whom the Lord has ta'en awa' life!"

And out upon the blue Atlantic, as the boats flew past each other, tacking to and fro, it was strange to find that the usual cheer and good-natured jest were silent and forgotten, and to observe the gloomy, sorrowful looks of the men as they gazed down into the sea and conversed in whispers about the dead body, which they presumed was near.

At last a signal announced the recovery of the corpse, and the boats gathering from all quarters proceeded to arrange for its conveyance to the shore. The body of the infant which I had seen was not recovered, having probably been torn from the mother's arms in the storm of the preceding night.

True to their traditions, the fishermen would not receive the body into one of their boats, but wrapping a sail carefully around it, drew it after the leading boat to shore. The others followed in procession, with their dark sails over the melancholy sea, making

one of the strangest funerals I ever looked upon.

By-and-by a mass of yellow hair escaped from the sail and trailed far out upon the waves. The sight of it affected the rough, strong men, one and all, most deeply. From every eye the tears flowed big and fast, and while some hardy fellow swept them off with his great brown hand, he would half excuse his weakness, saying, "Ech, sirs, its hard to thole. Whaever saw the like out here. The puir mither, and where's her winsome baby?"

Upon the shore the people of the village were gathered, standing out upon the shelving rocks, knee deep in the foam, and the burst of real sorrow that rose from the crowd as the corpse was carried to the green, was, beyond measure, affecting.

"Rin and ca' the rector, some o' ye," gruffly ordered the oldest of the fishermen, who usually took great authority upon emergencies, and was now obeyed by some of the young men about him.

Presently the rector of the parish appeared among his kindly and humble flock, tears in his soft eyes, and his white head uncovered in the presence of the dead.

"We will bury her," said he, "in our own churchyard, and pray God to comfort her friends and prepare us all whenever He shall call us."

I shall never forget that burial. The quaint, old church, with its little slated spire, and white tower and walls; below, the evening sea rolling up its hoarse murmurs and blending with the voices of minister and people; the great, stern headlands boldly profiled along the lofty coast; and the bold hills rising closely round the smoke of the not distant village; the simple poor people, with frequent sobs, assembled round the grave of one who had no other title to their regard than that she was a woman, a mother, and lost at sea!

Immediately after the funeral I proceeded to my post, and it was not until years after I heard the remainder of the narrative.

For a time the circumstances of the death of the lady remained unknown, though many advertisements, descriptive of her person, had been published. A child, whose clothes bore the same initials, and was cer-

tainly hers, had drifted on shore, and been buried some fourteen miles further to the west. The fisherman who had so nearly destroyed me maintained, after his arrest, a gloomy and obstinate silence; nothing could induce him to give the least explanation of his conduct, or of the words he had used. When, for want of evidence, he was discharged, he returned to his former employment and residence; but the fishermen and peasantry avoided him so carefully that his life was perfectly solitary. It was known, however, that much of his time was spent over the grave of the lady whose murderer he was supposed to be, and that he frequently visited the grave of her child. At length a gentleman arrived at Camplay and requested permission to remove the body of her who proved to have been Mrs. M'Clean, of Ghea, as he had previously removed the body of her child from its burying-place. While availing himself of the permission readily granted, his workmen were disturbed by the sudden appearance of the lunatic fisherman. He had rushed from the grave of the child, which he had found empty, and endeavoured by threats and violence to drive the people from the graveyard. Suspicion was again aroused; he was more closely examined; and it appeared that he had been the servant of Mr. M'Clean, of Ghea, who had discharged him for misconduct. Influenced by feelings of fierce revenge against his late master, he had cut loose from the shore a boat into which his young mistress had entered with her child, to wait the arrival of her husband. He had watched the boat carried away by one of the impetuous tides, and believed himself a murderer, and revenged. However, Mrs. M'Clean was recovered from that danger, but a few months afterwards was lost with the many other victims who sank in the ill-fated *Argus*.

It would seem that the bodies of the hapless mother and child had been conveyed by the currents into my path. It is certain that the extraordinary circumstance I have faithfully recorded was the means of saving me from a sudden and dreadful death.

THE MARSHALS OF NAPOLEON THE GREAT.

PART II.

ANDRÉ MASSENA (*L'Enfant chéri de la Victoire*), was born at Nice, March 6th, 1758, of respectable parentage, but was early left an orphan, and received little education. He began life as a cabin-boy in a ship commanded by a relative; but the sea was not to his taste, and at the age of seventeen he entered as a private soldier in a Sardinian regiment in which an uncle was a captain. After fourteen years' service he returned to his native town, having only attained the rank of a sub-officer. The French Revolution threw wide open to him, as to so many others of his fellow-generals, the hitherto barred gates of promotion. He became general of division as early as 1793. He served under Bonaparte in Italy, and afterwards in the first Austrian campaign, when he penetrated within twenty-five leagues of the walls of Vienna. It was during this campaign that, owing to the very numerous victories he achieved, the soldiers gave him the title of *L'Enfant chéri de la Victoire*, which Bonaparte himself confirmed. In 1798 Masséna commanded in Switzerland, under Jourdan, whom he succeeded. He had enough to do to fight on the defensive until Bonaparte returned from Egypt.

Masséna was yet a sort of Red Republican, and would not vote for Bonaparte to be Consul for life, although in 1804 he became a Marshal of the Empire. In 1805 he was sent to command the army of Italy, and in the great campaign which ensued, gained undying laurels. From 1807 to 1809 he fought against the Russians and the Germans. At Essling Bonaparte called him his "right arm," and soon afterwards gave him the title of Duke of Rivoli, in memory of a battle where Masséna had behaved gloriously. In 1810 he was, unhappily for himself, despatched to Portugal, where he proved no match for the ever victorious Wellington, before whose matchless genius this "cherished child of Victory" shrank back in dismay, defeated at every point, and temporarily ruined in reputation.

Disgraced by his Peninsular disasters, Masséna remained unemployed till 1814, when he was intrusted with the command of Provence. He did not hesitate to hoist the white flag when the downfall of Bonaparte was effected; and, at any rate, he proved more consistent than many of his brother marshals, for he was faithful to the Bourbon dynasty during the Hundred Days, and henceforth, owing to intrigues and enemies, his occupation was gone for ever. He died "more of chagrin than of sickness," April 4th, 1817.

Napoleon said of him, "Masséna was of rare courage and remarkable tenacity. Excess of peril only increased his resources. Vanquished, he was always ready to recommence as though he had been the conqueror. He was a very superior man, who, in the midst of fire, possessed one of the qualities most essential to the general of an army—moral equilibrium, which appeared born within him in the midst of danger."

Louis Nicolas Davoust, born at Aunon, May 10th, 1770, was descended from a line of Burgundian gentry. He studied for the army, and was a fellow-pupil of Bonaparte at Paris. In 1787 he entered the army as a sub-lieutenant of cavalry, and in all probability might have died in his bed some two score years subsequently with the title of a colonel, unknown beyond courtly and military circles, had not the astounding Revolution intervened. In 1792 he was a general of brigade. He served in repeated campaigns with much distinction, and was one of the many very able generals sent by the Directory to Egypt, where, at the famous battle of Samanoath, he decided the fate of the day by a charge of cavalry which Dessaix affirmed to be the most beautiful and imposing feat of arms he had ever witnessed. On returning to France Davoust was named general of division, a rank he had formerly refused. He made the Italian campaign of 1800, was created a marshal in 1804, and in 1805 fought at Ulm, Austerlitz, and

Jena, where he earned his title of Duke of Auerstadt. In 1807 he fought at Eylau and Friedland. In the Austrian campaign of 1809 the title of Prince of Ecksmühl was conferred upon him on the field of battle; and after the victory of Wagram he was appointed Governor of Poland. He afterwards presided over the Governing Commission established at Hamburg. Whilst at this place his conduct was abominably harsh, despotic, and cruel. To this day his memory is held in abhorrence by the people of Hamburg and its vicinity. The "savage Davoust," the "merciless Davoust," the "tiger Davoust," and similar epithets feebly expressed at the time the horror and hatred his really atrocious deeds of despotic tyranny and sanguinary vengeance excited. Bad as was the reputation for remorseless acts of cruelty and oppression, occasionally merited by several other of Napoleon's marshals, not one of them ever incurred such deep detestation as Davoust for his doings at Hamburg.

In 1812 he commanded the first corps of the "grand army" for the invasion of Russia. We are told that during the retreat he "maintained a little order in the midst of great disorder, encouraging the feeble remnants of his battalions, sustaining them by his presence, and always showing a greatness of soul, an activity, and a courage, which are not the least of his titles of glory."

In 1813 he was again at Hamburg, endeavouring to assemble the army destined to act against Prussia, but overwhelming forces of the enemy drove him to bay, notwithstanding which he fought with dogged bravery, and made a protracted defence which did him more honour than many a victory. "One day," says Leynadier, "the 13th February, 1814, twenty-five thousand Russians crossing the Elbe on the solid ice, made for the island of Wilensbourg to cut off the communication between Haarsbourg and Hamburg. Three thousand French, who protected this communication, had been utterly put to flight. Davoust took seventy-five men of the 15th Regiment of Light Infantry, and went to the point of attack. He disposed his little troop in such a manner as to make the enemy believe it was the head of a column. A discharge

of cannon carried off fifteen. Sixty remained, who, always figuring as the head of a column, held the Russians in check three-quarters of an hour. During this time the dispersed troops rallied, the reserve came up, Davoust attacked and dispersed the Russians in his turn." Pity 'tis that such a hero should have been capable of the atrocities laid to his charge!

When Napoleon made his first abdication Davoust was still at Hamburg, besieged by the Russians, whose general, Beningsen, showed him an order from the Provisionary Government of France, ordering him to evacuate the city. Davoust refused, declaring that he recognised no authority but that of his master, the Emperor. Afterwards he gave up the place, not to the Russian General, but to General Gérard, on behalf of Louis XVIII.

Davoust was Minister of War for Napoleon during the Hundred Days; and after the Restoration the Bourbons took away his portrait from the Hall of the Marshals at the Tuilleries, but in 1817 he received the baton of a Marshal of France, on swearing fidelity to the King. He died June 4th, 1823, aged 53.

Jean Lannes (*L'Ajazz Français*), was born at Lectoure, April 11th, 1769. His father was a husbandman. He was apprenticed to a dyer, but in 1792 joined a volunteer regiment, and appears to have held the rank of sergeant-major from the formation of the corps. He rose to be chief of brigade in 1795. He went as a volunteer with the army of Italy in the following year, and was named colonel of the 25th Regiment after the battle of Millesimo. "His prodigious valour justified the rapid advancements of the new colonel. At the passage of the Po, at the bridge of Lodi, at the battle of Bassano, he signalized himself by valiant acts which excited the admiration of the army." At Pavia he won the grade of general of brigade. He accompanied Bonaparte to Egypt, where "in more than twenty combats he contributed powerfully to decide the victory by some act of happy temerity."

Although Lannes was originally on principle a staunch Republican, he was passionately devoted to Bonaparte both as a general and a man, and the great Napoleon, in return, ever

beld Lannes in the very highest esteem. When the Empire was established, Lannes, who some years before attained the rank of general of division, was created a Marshal, Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour, and Duke of Montebello. He fought with great success in the Austrian campaign of 1805, and at Austerlitz commanded the left wing, and contributed greatly to that mighty victory. In 1807 his already brilliant reputation was further enhanced. "At Jena, Eylau, and Friedland, he merited the esteem and admiration of the army, who surnamed him *l'Ajax Français*." In 1808 he served in Spain.

His last campaign was at hand. At the battle of Essling, May 22nd, 1809, Lannes was conducting a retreat, when he saw fall at his side old General Pouzet, "who had been his commandant, and in some degree his master, in the army of Italy. To conceal from the soldiers his tears at this loss, he got off his horse, against which he leant, and was standing with one leg crossed over the other, when a cannon-ball, after ricocheting, carried off one of his legs." He fell insensible, and the Emperor, who was at some distance, seeing a general officer in grand uniform struck down, sent an officer to learn who he was. On being told Marshal Lannes, Napoleon evinced great agitation. "At this moment a dozen grenadiers approached, bearing the marshal on their muskets, across which some oak branches were spread. Napoleon advanced rapidly towards them, and dismounting, leant over the marshal, crying, 'Lannes, dost thou know me? It is me. It is Bonaparte. Lannes, thou wilt be preserved unto us.' At these words the marshal, exhausted by a great loss of blood, opened his eyes a little, and feebly passed his arms around the neck of Napoleon. 'Adieu, sire,' said he, 'live for all.'"

Lannes sustained an amputation of the right thigh, but as the ball had broken the pan of his left knee, a second amputation was deemed necessary. This, however, he obstinately resisted. He clung to life, saying that he did not wish to quit it at his age—only forty. In his hours of delirium he called loudly on his wife and children to come to his aid. The great surgeons, Larrey and Yvan,

despaired of his life, and Napoleon summoned Dr. Franck from Vienna. The Emperor many times visited his dying marshal and true friend, and on the last occasion came forth from the chamber weeping. Lannes survived fifteen days, expiring on June 6th, to the grief of the whole army. The Emperor ordered his body to be embalmed and sent to Paris.

Charles Nicolas Oudinot was born at Bar-sur-Ornain, April 25th, 1769. Intended for commercial pursuits, he showed a decided preference for the army, and at the age of sixteen he enrolled himself as a soldier. Three years afterwards his father induced him to quit the service to settle as a merchant at Bar. He did so until the Revolution summoned the martial spirits of France to arms, when tens of thousands of hitherto peaceful people enrolled themselves in volunteer regiments, and marched singing revolutionary songs to the frontiers. Oudinot eagerly caught the almost insane enthusiasm of the epoch, and became chief of a battalion. He soon distinguished himself, and was made colonel of a Picardy regiment. In June, 1794, he thus won his rank of general of brigade: "separated from the rest of the army, and attacked at Morlanes by ten thousand men, with his single regiment he fought them during ten hours. At length, surrounded by six regiments of cavalry, who summoned him to surrender, he formed a square and opened a way of retreat at the bayonet point." His many subsequent exploits merited the rank of general of division, which was conferred in 1799. As such he commanded the left wing at the battle of Zurich, and served at the siege of Genoa, so memorable for the desperate resistance of the defenders. The next dashing exploit of which we read was at the battle of Mencia. The French centre suffered very much from an Austrian battery planted on a height. Oudinot "precipitated himself on the battery, killed the artillerymen at their guns, turned the battery against the enemy's battalions, struck a panic in their ranks by this act of incredible audacity, and caused the enemy to re-pass the Adige. For recompense of his courage, he had one of the pieces of cannon taken from the enemy, a sabre of honour, and the command of

the famous 'Oudinot Grenadiers,' so celebrated in all the great wars of the Empire."

In 1805 Oudinot took an early and prominent part in the Austrian campaign, and was seriously wounded (not for the first time), in an engagement. In 1806 he served in the Prussian and Polish campaigns; and in 1807 at Friedland he, "with his ten thousand grenadiers, sustained the attack of eighty thousand Russians from one in the morning until noon." In 1809 he and his grenadiers formed the advance guard of the army against Austria, performed "prodigies of valour" at Wagram, and was created a Marshal of the Empire and Duke of Reggio. Next year he was sent to take possession of Holland, and occupied Amsterdam in person. So different was his conduct to that of Davoust when in a similar situation at Hamburg, that the honest burghers of Amsterdam expressed their gratitude by presenting him with a superb sabre of honour. In the fatal Russian campaign he commanded the twelfth corps of the mighty army, and shared in most of its glories and disasters, and was twice grievously wounded. He also took part in the campaign of 1814.

When Napoleon abdicated, Oudinot offered his sword to Louis, and was received into favour with the restored monarch. He continued faithful to his new master, and did not seek or accept any employment during the Hundred Days. In reward of this fidelity the king bestowed on him high honours and offices. He was also in favour with Charles X. and Louis Philippe, and died Governor of the Invalides, September 13th, 1847, having nearly attained the age of four score.

Jean Baptiste Bessières was born at Pressac, August 6th, 1768. In his twenty-third year he commenced military life as a volunteer. In 1796 he was a captain of chasseurs, and attracted the attention of Bonaparte by an act of desperate bravery, who employed him to organize and command the company of "Guides," which formed the origin of the world-renowned Imperial Guard. How Bessières, as colonel, and his Guides behaved in the Italian campaign may be conceived from the fact that Bonaparte sent him

to lay at the feet of the Directory the flags taken at the battles of Rivoli and elsewhere, with these words: "I send you eleven flags by an officer distinguished by his bravery and by the honour he enjoys of commanding a company of valiant men who have always seen the enemy's cavalry fly before them." In Egypt Bessières earned the grade of general of brigade. He returned home with his ambitious commander-in-chief, whose projects he seconded, and was appointed a general of division and commander-in-chief of the cavalry of the Consular Guard. He led them in the final overwhelming charge at Marengo. On this occasion an episode occurred which M. Leynadier (who, we remind the reader, is the authority to whom we are in a very great measure indebted in compiling these brief sketches of the marshals), very justly, we think, compares to the chivalric generosity occasionally evinced by the Paladins of old. An Austrian "cavalier" had cut his way into the ranks of the French cavalry, was surrounded on all sides, but kept fighting desperately. He must undoubtedly have been slain, had not Bessières, touched by his splendid valour, ordered his cavalry to open their ranks and permit him to escape. "The guard applauded, then closed their ranks, and charged again." A bright leaf of the laurel on Bessières' brow!

In 1804 Bessières became a marshal and Commander General of the Imperial Guard—a post he had worthily earned. He served in the campaign of 1805, and in those of 1807, 1808, 1809, 1810. At Eylau, at Wagram, and other bloody fields, he fully sustained his reputation as a most intrepid soldier, fertile in military genius in the hour of trial. He served in Spain, 1811, and in the Russian campaign commanded the cavalry of the Imperial Guard. To his honour be it said, he ever was distinguished by his humanity, of which he gave many proofs during that horrible campaign. Here is one: "During the retreat an unhappy woman, a mother, was at the point of death. Her body was extended on the snow, an infant still hung to her frozen bosom. Many columns had already passed without stopping to view this afflicting spectacle. Bessières passed in his turn,

paused, and took charge of the infant himself."

In 1813 he made the campaign of Saxony. On the 1st May, prior to the battle of Lutzen, Bessières, when reconnoitring, was struck by the first cannon-shot fired that day, and died on the spot. Napoleon wrote a very kind and feeling autograph letter to the Duchess (for Bessières had been created Duke of Istria), announcing the death—a glorious soldier's death—of her husband, whose remains were transported to the Invalides. Few of the marshals were more beloved, or possessed more estimable moral qualities than Bessières. Says Leynadier: "He was constantly good, humane, generous; of antique loyalty and uprightness; a good soldier, a man of heart, and an honest citizen. Adored by his soldiers, loved by his Emperor, leaving to his family little fortune and an illustrious name, he conquered like Bayard, and died like Turenne." A grand eulogium this—and merited!

Louis Alexandre Berthier was born at Versailles, November 20th, 1753. In 1770 he was a lieutenant, and subsequently became a captain of dragoons. During the American war he accompanied Rochambeau to the United States, and "won the epaulettes of a colonel on the banks of the Ohio." In 1789 he was Major-General of the National Guard of Versailles; in 1791 he was Commandant General. In the two following years he fought in the revolutionary armies, and in 1797 he was a general of division in the army of Italy. In 1797 Bonaparte, in a letter to the Directory, says: "General Berthier, *chef d'état-major*, has displayed on this occasion (the battle of Rivoli), the bravery of which he had given proofs so frequently in this campaign." In another letter he said: "Receive with distinction this eminent general; he renders his country illustrious and the name of Frenchman celebrated. It is impossible for me to send to you the definitive treaty by a more distinguished man." Leynadier, immediately after the above pleasant sentence, almost takes away our breath by the following startling lines: "This man, thus put forward, thus praised, became a monster of ingratitude towards him who so complacently smoothed his road to grandeur." By'r lady, these be bitter words!

Bonaparte was in earnest the friend

of Berthier. When he quitted the army of Italy he left the latter the command-in-chief. Henceforward Berthier was a satellite of the Great Man—whilst the sun of Austerlitz shone! He followed him to Egypt apparently out of pure attachment. Berthier was a man of sentiment, and always had a mistress of his soul—some grand lady or other who was a divinity, whom he adored in French fashion. Napoleon himself, in his latter days, made some droll revelations on this head. "Berthier," said he, "above all, worshipped *ses amours* to such a degree, that at the side of his tent he had always another also fitted up like the most elegant boudoir; it was consecrated to the portrait of his mistress, before which he sometimes burnt incense. This tent was furnished in the same manner in the deserts of Syria."

Under the Consulate Berthier was Minister of War. In 1804 he was created a marshal, and thenceforward he was always attached in some personal capacity to Napoleon, serving with him in all his campaigns with the title of Major-General of the Grand Army. "In this quality he rendered great services to Napoleon. Incapable himself of adding an idea to the ideas of the Emperor, he had a rare aptitude to seize and execute them. Napoleon dictated to him a mass of orders, which embraced in detail sometimes twenty different objects, and applied to twenty different corps. Berthier simply took a note. Some hours after, be it day, be it night, all these orders were dispatched with remarkable punctuality and regularity."

After the Prussian campaign of 1806 Berthier was named Prince of Neuchâtel, and became a grand dignitary of the Empire. In 1809 he was further created Prince of Wagram, and married to a niece of the King of Bavaria. He served in all the great campaigns down to 1814; then, when the allies got to Paris, he eagerly abandoned his old master, and is said to have surpassed every other marshal or general by his peculiarly base ingratitude, and his servile proffers of devotion to Louis, who, of course, confirmed him in his dignity of Marshal of France. Yet, when Napoleon returned from Elba, he was about to present himself at the Tuileries, when he heard that the Emperor had

said:—"I will not take any other vengeance on the fool Berthier than to see him in his uniform of Captain of Louis XVIII's Guards; he ought to look more ugly than usual." Berthier thereupon retired to Bavaria, where he lost his reason. Two months after, June 1st, 1815, during a night of fearful tempest, the miserable man threw himself from one of the towers of his chateau, and rolled down the rocks into the fosse, a mutilated corpse.

Pierre François Charles Augereau was born at Paris, November 11th, 1757. His parents were of the working classes. He became a soldier when eighteen years of age, but afterwards lived as a fencing-master at Naples. Returning to France at the Revolution, he volunteered, and rose so very rapidly that in December, 1793, he became general of division. As such he served in the army of the Pyrenees, and in the army of Italy, where he won many laurels—sullied, however, by the "massacre of Lugo," which he permitted his infuriated soldiery to pillage, and put to the sword every one within the walls.

Augereau, like Jourdan and others, was naturally enough jealous of the popularity, and power, and evident ambition of Bonaparte after his return from Egypt, and attempted to check his progress; but soon afterwards, being convinced that the First Consul had got firm hold of the reins of government, he sought his friendship and favour, and became one of the marshals of 1804, and Duke of Castiglione. In the campaign of 1805 he fought at Eylau when so weak from fever that he was unable to sit his horse without being tied, and received a ball on the occasion. Next year he was sent to Spain, but managed so badly, that he remained in disgrace till the tide of Napoleon's fortune began to ebb. He served in 1813, and fought most gallantly at Leipzig. When France was invaded in 1814, Augereau commanded at Lyons, where he is said to have wilfully failed to do what he ought to have done, and could have done. He did yet worse subsequently; he issued a proclamation, in which he said—"Soldiers! you are released from your oaths by the nation, the source of sovereignty; yet more, were it necessary, by the abdication of a man who, after having immolated millions of victims to his

cruel ambition, *has not known how to die like a soldier!*" Of course the Duke of Castiglione got into favour with Louis, who made him a member of the Council of War, and afterwards Commandant of the 14th Military Division. He held the latter post when Napoleon returned. The Emperor thus alluded to the fact in an order of the day to the army—"A man from our ranks has been a traitor to our glory, to his country, his prince, his benefactor. The defection of the Duke of Castiglione delivered Lyons without defence to our enemies," &c. Augereau, spaniel-like, actually had the incredible audacity and grovelling meanness to ignore these terrible words of scorn and menace, and, turning coat once more, sought to be again received in favour. To effect this he issued another address, the very reverse of his former a few months previously. His new song is very melodious! "Soldiers! in the absence of Napoleon, you looked in vain on your white flags for honourable souvenirs. Cast your eyes on the Emperor. Around him shine, with a new splendour, his immortal eagles: rally beneath their wings!" Napoleon spurned the apostate.

Waterloo ends the Hundred Days. King Louis once more occupies the throne of his ancestors, and yet once more the treble traitor Augereau declares for him! But the old Bourbon had a memory, and never received him at court. He retired to his estate, and died there June 12th, 1816.

Leynadier's summary of Augereau is much too good to be omitted. "History ought to regard him as two distinct men—the warrior and the courtier. The part of his life passed in camps is brilliant and pure; that passed in courts is dull and sombre. One of the bravest and most glorious names in the army, his valour was devoted to all dominations. He adored whatever was the ruling power. Directory, Consul, Emperor, King, all were successively the objects of his culture, and he showed as much intrepidity in his apostacies as upon the field of battle."

Jean Baptiste Jourdan was born at Limoges, April 29th, 1762. His father was a surgeon. At sixteen he entered an infantry regiment, and served in America under Rochambeau. After the Revolution he served in the

Belgian campaign, and rose to be a general of brigade in 1793. His reputation kept pace with his advancement. At the head of the army of the Sambre-et-Meuse he passed the Sambre, June 26th, 1794, fought the battle of Fleurus, where 70,000 of the newly-raised French soldiers beat 100,000 of the allies commanded by the Prince of Coburg. The next month Jourdan forced Mons and Namur to capitulate, and entered Brussels. We must pass without mention his numerous other services, and his reverses, and his political life as a very active and thorough Republican member of the Council of Five Hundred, and come to the year 1800, when he was named Ambassador Extraordinary to Piedmont. He afterwards had the financial control of the country, and did much to re-establish order and justice. In 1802 he was nominated a Councillor of State. In 1804 he became a Marshal of the Empire. When war was declared next year, the command of the army of Italy was given to Masséna, which angered Jourdan, who thought he ought to have been preferred, and to calm him, Napoleon condescended to address him a long letter, explaining why Masséna was selected. In 1808 Jourdan followed King Joseph to Spain, as his counsellor, with the title of Major-General of the Spanish Army. He soon demanded his recall, and lived retired till 1812, when he was sent back to Spain, and his own former reluctance to serve there was amply justified by his present ill success in the field. Next year he returned to France, and after the capitulation of Paris in 1814 he speedily made peace with the restored dynasty, and was confirmed in his command of the 15th Military Division. During the Hundred Days he was at first neutral, but afterwards accepted command of the army of the Rhine. In 1816 he received a military appointment, and a seat in the Chamber of Peers. After the Revolution of 1830 he became Governor of the Invalides, where he died November 23rd, 1833, and was buried in the church with much pomp.

As a general, Jourdan cannot be ranked very high; but he was an honest man, and Napoleon, at St. Helena, always spoke of him with

respect, and declared him to have been "a true patriot."

François Joseph Lefebvre was born at Ruffat (Haut Rhin), October 25th, 1755. His father was a respectable miller, but he became an orphan at eight years. His friends destined him for the church, but in 1773 he joined the French Guards. At the Revolution he took popular service, and, although an ardent Republican, he is said to have nobly exerted himself to repress the cruel excesses of his comrades, and he was twice wounded in the humane effort to save others from massacre. In the single year of 1793 he rose from the lowest grade to be a general of division. He fought most desperately in the early campaigns of the Republic, and in many battles his indomitable energy and iron resolution to conquer or die, decided the fortunes of the day. He used to shout out—"No retreat! we can die with glory, but no retreat!"

At the crisis of the "18 Brumaire" he ranged himself on the side of Bonaparte, and disregarded all the thunders of the Directory. When Bonaparte had left his brother Lucien in the midst of the excited and enraged Five Hundred, Lefebvre offered to rescue him by force. Bonaparte gave the order, and, with five-and-twenty guards, Lefebvre brought away Lucien, in spite of the outcries and menaces of the assembly. He was one of the marshals of 1804, but was not employed in active military service till 1806, when he commanded the Imperial Foot Guard at Jena. In 1807 he invested and besieged Dantzic, which was defended by a body of Prussian and Russian troops far superior in numbers to his own little army, in addition to a numerous militia and strong fortifications. He compelled it to capitulate on honourable terms, and thus won his title of Duke of Dantzic. In 1809 he commanded the Bavarian army, and shared the victories of Thaur, Eckmühl, Wagram, and many others. In 1812 he commanded the Imperial Guard, and fought with the Emperor until his abdication in 1814.

Lefebvre won the esteem even of his enemies by his manly conduct, his daring intrepidity, his frank outspoken manners, his sterling honesty of purpose, his unflinching fidelity to

his principles. He was confirmed in his dignity of marshal at the second Restoration. He died at Paris, September 14th, 1820. "A few days before his death he went to the cemetery of Pere la-Chaise and chose his burial-place at the side of Masséna, and near the Marshals Pérignon and Serrurier." At his chateau of Combaud, Lefebvre and his wife (who was a most worthy albeit uneducated woman, whom he had married when a private soldier,) kept a room twenty feet long, which they called their museum, filled with a collection of the different kind of dresses they had worn since their marriage! "The first clothes were humble plebeian vestments; the last, ducal mantles."

Auguste Frederic Louis de Viesses Marmont was born at Châtillon-sur-Seine, July 20th, 1774. He was a scion of an old and noble race, and was educated for the army as a profession. He began his career as a sub-lieutenant of infantry, in 1789, but afterwards joined the artillery. At the siege of Toulon he became acquainted with Bonaparte, and went with him to Paris, where they and Junot lived in a hotel together in obscurity for some time. In the great Italian campaign Marmont served as first aide-de-camp to his friend the commander-in-chief, and for his conduct at Lodi the Directory gave him a sword of honour, bearing the inscription, "To vanquish Tyrants." Bonaparte sent him to present to the Directory the flags taken from the enemy, and thus procured him the grade of colonel. He went to Egypt in 1798, and fought with distinction at Alexandria and the battle of the Pyramids. Returning to France with Bonaparte, Marmont aided him in his designs, and was rewarded with the command of the artillery of the reserve—destined soon after to play such a conspicuous part in the second Italian campaign, when Marmont got his cannon over the Alps by dismounting it and placing each gun on the trunk of a tree, to be drawn over the frozen surface. The decisive battle of Marengo followed, and Marmont was at once made a general of division. After the peace of Lunéville, he was appointed Inspector-General of Artillery. In 1805 he served in Holland; from 1807 to 1809

in Dalmatia, where he acquired his title of Duke of Ragusa, although that was not conferred until after the grand German campaign of 1809, during which he displayed immense activity and talent for first-rate manoeuvring, and received his marshal's baton and ducal rank as a merited reward. His glory was now at its height, and reverses and disgraces succeeded. Sent to Spain, he succeeded no better than other French marshals and generals. He mortally wounded his reputation as a great general at the battle of Salamanca, July 22nd, 1812. The odds of numbers were vastly in favour of the French marshal. Even Leynadier—who is certainly the most honest and impartial French writer on military subjects with whom we are acquainted—admits that Marmont had 40,000 troops against only 25,000 English and Portuguese. Our friend Leynadier tries to excuse Marmont a little by the fact, that almost at the commencement of the fight he was struck by a cannon-ball, which shattered his right arm; but the truth is, he lost the battle solely by *over-manceuvring*. We have said above that he was a first-rate manoeuvrer, but he owed his defeat at Salamanca to his excessive confidence in his system of tactics, forgetful of the man he had to contend with. It is related that when Wellington saw how Marmont extended his wings, he quietly lunched, keenly glancing at the enemy's movements from time to time. At last he suddenly dropped knife and fork, crying, "I have them!" or "I've caught them!" or some such expression, and at once gave the order to charge the enemy's centre.

Poor crest-fallen Marmont set off for Paris, suffering dreadfully from his wounded arm, which he would not permit the doctors to amputate. He eventually preserved it. In 1813 he was intrusted with the command of the "Grande Armée d'Allemagne," and served at the bloody fields of Lutzen, Bautzen, Leipzig, &c. At Leipzig he fought most nobly against overwhelming odds, and, according to an English account before us, had four horses killed under him, and was twice wounded. Next year he fought to cover the line of the Rhine, and in concert with Mortier, made a brave

but hopeless attempt to defend Paris when the allies invested it. Marmont had no alternative but to capitulate, and for doing this the Emperor branded him as a traitor, and the majority of Frenchmen have echoed the charge—unreasonably and cruelly, as we believe.

Marmont followed the King to Ghent during the Hundred Days, and after the second Restoration received various honours. In 1817 he was sent to put down the riots at Lyons, and this added to his already great unpopularity. Again, in 1830, it was his fate to be placed in a position of extreme difficulty, being intrusted with the command of the army of Paris. He fought against the people during the Three Days of July, and this put the crown to his unhappy reputation. Even the ungrateful Bourbons, for whom he sacrificed, it is thought, his own principles, abused him for not doing yet more for them, and the Duke of Angoulême called him a traitor, and offered even personal violence. The rest of his life was spent in exile, chiefly at Vienna. He died at Venice, March 3rd, 1852. For many years—and, for aught we know, even yet—his portrait in the Hall of the Marshals, at the Tuileries, was hidden by a veil—a significant proof of the estimation in which his countrymen hold his conduct. And yet we deem the unfortunate marshal to have been in a very great measure the victim of circumstances. In his own memoirs there is a concise and very curious exposition of his relations to Napoleon. "As long as he (Napoleon) said '*All for France*,' I served him with enthusiasm; when he said '*France and I*,' I served him with zeal; when he said '*I and France*,' I served him by attachment; it was only when he said '*I without France*,' that I separated from him."

François-Christophe Kellermann was born at Strasbourg, May 28th, 1735, of a noble Saxon family, and when fifteen entered the army as a cadet. In 1784 he was a brigadier-general, and when the Revolution broke out in 1789 he became a field-marshal; and, although a patrician by birth, he threw himself heart and soul into the whirlpool of that terrible

epoch, enthusiastically advocating the new order of things. The town of Landau voted him a civic crown in acknowledgment of his patriotic zeal. He received command of the army of the Moselle, and, effecting a junction with Dumouriez, he fought at Valmy, and did much to secure the victory. Being denounced, he was imprisoned during the Reign of Terror. Released and pronounced to be a good patriot, he received command of the army of the Alps and of Italy early in 1795; and when Bonaparte was named commander of the latter army, Kellermann retained the command of that of the Alps. Subsequently the Directory wished to appoint him a joint commander with Bonaparte of the army of Italy, but Bonaparte refused to agree; and in his letter to the Directory occurs this sensible and striking passage—"To unite (as joint commanders) Kellermann and me in Italy, will ruin all. That general has doubtless had greater experience, and can make war better than me; but both together we shall manage badly, and I cannot willingly serve with a man who believes himself the first general of Europe."

Napoleon had no reason to be long jealous of Kellermann, and created him a Marshal of the Empire, and Duke of Valmy, in 1804. He continued devoted to the Emperor till his downfall. He died a Peer of France, in 1820, aged eighty-five. Sometime before his death this aged warrior expressed a strong desire that his heart should be buried at Valmy, the scene of his greatest victory, amidst the remains of his dead companions in arms, beneath a mausoleum, with this inscription—"Here died gloriously the brave men who saved France." * September 20th, 1792. A soldier who had the honour to command them on that memorable day, Marshal Kellermann, Duke of Valmy, expressing twenty-eight years afterwards, his last wishes a little time before his death, has commanded his heart to be placed in the midst of them." Kellermann's wish was religiously fulfilled.

Edouard Adolphe Casimir Joseph Mortier, was born at Cambrai, 1768. His father was a proprietor and mer-

* France was proclaimed a republic immediately after the battle was won.

chant who took an active part, politically, in the Revolution. Young Mortier entered the army in 1791, and fought at Jemmapes and other battles. In 1799 he became a general of division, and joined Masséna's army in Switzerland. He afterwards commanded in Holland. He was one of the marshals of 1804, and in 1806 won many laurels when fighting against the Austrians and Russians, and in 1807 commanded an army against the Swedes, whom he defeated. Next year he fought at the great battle of Friedland, and received the title of Duke of Treviso, and a dotation of 100,000 francs of rent, secured from the old electoral domains of Hanover. We next find him one of the marshals serving in Spain, whence he was recalled in 1812 to command the Young Guard in the Russian campaign. He also re-organized and commanded it in 1813, at Lutzen, Bautzen, Dresden, Leipzig, &c. After Napoleon's abdication, Mortier made his peace with Louis, who gave him honours and commands, and named him a Peer of France. During the Hundred Days he accepted a post of Inspector of the Frontiers, and for this defection he lost his peerage on the second Restoration, but he soon got into favour again, for in 1806 he was nominated Governor of the 15th Military Division, and in 1819 once more elevated to the peerage, "and always voted with the majority."

After the Revolution of 1830, Mortier was well received at the court of Louis Philippe. On the 28th July, 1835, he was accompanying the king to a general review of the National Guard of Paris, when, on the Boulevard du Temple, Fieschi exploded his "infernal machine," killing eleven persons, and wounding twenty-two. Mortier was killed at the king's side. He was buried in the church of the Invalides.

Guillaume Marie Anne Brune, the son of an advocate, was born at Brives in 1763. Having finished his studies he went to Paris, and became a man of letters—one of the very few of the future marshals who possessed literary tastes. He published in 1788 a work of travels, and was connected with many journals up to the Revolution, in which he took a very active part, being a distinguished member of the Club des Cordeliers. His

military career appears to have commenced as a National Guard in 1791, and next year he became "colonel-adjudant-general." In person he was a very tall majestic man, of singularly martial bearing.

Brune served under Dumouriez in Belgium, and was promoted to be a general of brigade. In 1796 he served under Masséna in the army of Italy, and won the approbation of Bonaparte, and the grade of a general of division. After returning to France he was sent to Switzerland, where he performed his duty with such remarkable success, that even the old cynic, Talleyrand, predicted a great future for him, and he was next intrusted with the chief command of the army of Italy. Not long afterwards he was commander of a French-Batavian army in Holland, where he beat the Russians at Berghen, caused the expedition of our Duke of York to be a disastrous failure, and occupied the Helder. Bonaparte gave the name of Helder to a street in Paris, and presented Brune with a sword and armour, and gave him the government of Holland. In 1800 he served in the ever troubled royalist stronghold of La Vendée; next went to Italy where he beat the Austrians; and at the time the empire was proclaimed he was ambassador at Constantinople. What an active life! "Soldat valeureux, général distingué, ardent patriote," says Leynadier of him—and says truly.

As a matter of course Brune was one of the first fourteen Marshals of the Empire, but he saw little or no more active service. Leynadier appears to attribute this to the fact that at heart Brune continued always an ardent Republican, and could not or would not stoop to be a courtier. He continued for many years in retirement until Napoleon's return from Elba. The Emperor felt the need of all his firm and valiant hearted old captains. "Write to Marshal Brune," said he to the minister of war, "*c'est une âme forte, c'est un homme sûr; je puis compter sur lui.*" Napoleon knew his man. Brune was a most noble-minded fellow, and, from all we have read of him, he had not a spark of selfish alloy. He felt an instinctive repugnance to quit his retirement, and said as much to a friend, who therefore urged him to decline

service. "What can I do?" said the devoted warrior, "Europe is in arms: it menaces France. Whatever post Napoleon assigns me, my duty is to accept it." So Brune went to Toulon, his head-quarters. He had a difficult commission, but he executed it manfully.

What followed would require many pages to elucidate fully. Our space is very circumscribed, but we must entrench a little to explain the lamentable fate of one of the most gallant and estimable captains who ever drew sword for Napoleon the Great, and a man whose unmerited fate has never ceased to be deplored by all right-thinking men in France.

After Waterloo, troops of wretches calling themselves Royalists went about committing massacres at various cities, and emulating the atrocities of the first Revolution. Toulon was menaced by them, backed by the English fleet blockading the port. The Bourbon party rumoured that Brune had taken an active part in the fiendish assassination of the Princess de Lamballe in 1792, and whether they believed it or not, it served as a pretence. When the representative of the new government arrived at Toulon, Brune resigned his own authority, and implored his troops to submit without murmuring. He left Toulon during the night of July 31st, and although warned that a plot had been formed to assassinate him at Arignon, he would not credit it, and for Avignon he accordingly set out, accompanied by a couple of aides-de-camp. On their way one of the latter grew alarmed, and urged the marshal to change his route, but Brune refused, on the score that people would think him afraid. He reached Avignon on the 2nd of August, and entered a hotel to breakfast whilst the horses were changed. The people speedily learned who he was, and in a little time a raging mob of Royalists invested the hotel. "Death! into the Rhone with the assassin of Madame de Lamballe—the lieutenant of the usurper!" Such were the cries, but the authorities succeeded in persuading the crowd to disperse, and put the marshal in a voiture. When the vehicle reached the gate of the city through which it had to pass, the officer on duty declared that the passport of Brune was not sufficient, and that he could not

let him pass without the signed permission of the commandant of the town. The mob again assembled and drove the doomed marshal back to the hotel he had quitted. The authorities tried their best to save him, and got together a hundred National Guards—who of course were quickly routed by the immense mob. The hotel was next forced, and Brune stood face to face with his murderers, who parleyed a short time, accusing him of the death of the Princess de Lamballe—which he indignantly denied, and then shot him through the head. They subsequently mutilated the corpse, and dragged it by a rope round the neck to the Rhone, into which it was cast with every possible indignity.

Prince Joseph Ciolek Poniatowski was born at Varsovie, May 7th, 1763, and was nephew of Stanislaus Augustus, the last king of hapless Poland. In early life he entered the Austrian service, and was distinguished in the war with Turkey. In 1788 he quitted Austria to serve his own country, and performed "prodigies of valour in the campaigns of 1791 and 1792 against the Russians." In 1794 he commanded a division of the patriot army. We must omit reference to his other services for want of space, until the year 1807, when he and his followers allied themselves with the French. In 1808 the Russians and Prussians were defeated at Eylau and Friedland, and Poniatowski was made Minister of War of the Grand Duchy of Varsovie (then annexed to Saxony), and received the command of the French and Polish troops stationed there. In the Russian campaign of 1812 he commanded the 5th Corps, consisting of 40,000 of his countrymen. In 1813 he commanded a French and Polish army in Saxony, and displayed such valour and generalship at the battle of Vachau, that Napoleon created him a Marshal of the Empire on the field. Two days afterwards the tremendous battle of Leipzig was fought, and right well did the new marshal merit his elevation in rank, for during the whole of the day he sustained the overwhelming attacks of the enemy with unsurpassed bravery and determination to hold his ground. The French army being compelled to retreat, Poniatowski and the Duke of Tarenta were charged with the hon-

ourable duty of covering the retreat. Poniatowski held the suburbs to the last moment, and wounded as he was, he behaved like a demigod. After the bridge was blown up he was left with 700 infantry and 60 lancers. He waved his sabre, and told them they must die for their country, but "let us sell our lives dearly." He then attacked a Prussian column which pressed upon them, and received a ball in his left shoulder. His devoted troops implored him to save himself. "No," said he, "God has confided to me the honour of Poland; to Him alone will I surrender it!" He charged again, and received a third wound. No longer able to fight, he attempted to pass the Elster, and rode into the rapid river. He could hardly keep his seat, but one of his aides-de-camp, named Blechamp, sustained him in the saddle. For a while they struggled in the stream, and then sank together.

Thus perished the princely warrior — *a marshal for three days!*

Poniatowski's body was recovered and stripped the same day, and was sent to the frontiers of Poland. The Russians received it with singular honour, and their celebrated general, Barclay de Tolly, followed the funeral procession at the head of his staff. In 1816 the Emperor of Russia approved of a mausoleum to the memory of the Polish prince, and in 1817 his remains were transferred from Warsaw to Cracow, and deposited in the tombs of the Polish kings. Napoleon himself said, "the true king of Poland was Poniatowski. He united in himself all the titles, and he had all the talents."

Louis Gabriel Suchet was born at Lyons, March 20th, 1772. His father was a manufacturer, and he was destined for a similar calling, but in 1792 he became a volunteer in the national cavalry of his native city. He served in many of the early campaigns of the Republic, especially in Italy, in 1796 and 1797. In the latter year he was nominated a chief of brigade. He next served with Brune in Switzerland, and afterwards returned to Italy. He continued actively engaged for several years, and in 1804 he was appointed to command a division of the army collected at Boulogne for the meditated invasion of England. In the German campaigns of 1805

and 1806 he greatly distinguished himself. In 1808 he was sent to Spain, and he so far pleased his Imperial master by his services in that country, that in 1811 he was created a Marshal of the Empire, and subsequently received the title of Duke of Albufera. Wellington drove him out of Spain.

After the Restoration, Louis confirmed him in the last command he held under Napoleon, and made him a Peer of France, &c. During the Hundred Days the Emperor gave him the command of the army of the Alps. After Waterloo he was proscribed, but in 1819 restored to his honours. He died January 3rd, 1826.

Jeanne Mathieu Philibert Serrurier was born at Laon, September 8th, 1742, of a respectable family. He early entered the army, and at the Revolution in 1789, bore the rank of major. He was an ardent Republican, and his promotion now advanced rapidly, so that in 1795 he was made a general of division, and served in the army of the Alps under Kellermann. In 1796 and 1797 he served under Bonaparte in the great Italian campaign. He then was nominated commandant of Venice. In the subsequent campaigns, whilst Bonaparte was absent in Egypt, Serrurier sustained many reverses, and at length, in 1799, was forced to capitulate. After his return to France he became a staunch adherent of Bonaparte, and was rewarded with the Governorship of the Invalides in 1803, and in 1804 received the baton of a Marshal of the Empire. He never was in active military service afterwards. At the downfall of Napoleon in 1814, the old invalides surrounded their governor, and offered to die in defence of the asylum. But the old governor only gripped the hilt of his sword, and murmured that resistance was in vain. A striking scene ensued, which is graphically described in the "Histoire des Invalides." The veterans cried out that the flags and trophies taken from the enemies, and deposited at the Invalides, would now be carried off. Serrurier denied it. "Then how will you save them? where hide them? to whom confide them?" The governor admitted the impossibility, but said that the enemy should never take them away. In a word, he re-

solved to burn them! No sooner determined than done. "The most glorious fire which ever was lighted; they threw into the flames Prussian, Austrian, Spanish, Portuguese, Russian, and a thousand other trophies taken from the enemies of France. The officers and the invalides actively fed the fire, stirring the standards that the flames might not spare a fragment. 'Thus,' said an old sergeant, 'disappear in smoke and ashes, military glory, brilliant feats of arms, souvenirs of conquests!'"

Louis XVIII. made Serrurier a Peer of France: Napoleon, in 1815, confirmed that dignity, but on the second Restoration the king not only banished the marshal from the Chamber of Peers, but deprived him of the Governorship of the Invalides. He died December 21st, 1819.

Dominique Catherine Pérignon was born at Grenade, near Toulouse, May 31st, 1754. His family were rich, and after completing his studies he entered the army as a sub-lieutenant. He served in the campaigns of 1793 and the two following years, and was chiefly distinguished by a stubborn bravery, which at times degenerated into recklessness. At the siege of Rosas, Pérignon was one day sitting on a stone, giving orders, when a bomb fell so near him that the match burnt the flap of his coat. Every one cried to him to fly from the imminent peril, but he would not stir from the spot. The bomb exploded, and merely covered him with earth. After the peace with Spain, Pérignon was sent ambassador to Madrid, where he remained till 1798. Returning to France, the Directory gave him a command in the army of Italy, where, at the battle of Novi, he was wounded and taken prisoner. In 1804 he was created a Marshal of the Empire; Governor of Parina in 1806; and from 1808 to 1814 Commander-in-Chief of the troops of the Kingdom of Naples. He then offered his services to the Bourbons, who gave him offices and honours, and a seat in the Chamber of Peers. He continued loyal to King Louis during the Hundred Days, after which he was rewarded with command of the 1st Military Division. He died December 25th, 1818.

M. Leynadier's summary of Périg-

non's character is brief and pungent: "He died leaving a contestible military reputation, and, as a political man, a reputation of versatility incontestible."

Bon Adrien Jeannot de Moncey was born at Besançon, July 31st, 1754. His father was an advocate, who intended his son for the same profession, but young Moncey enlisted for a soldier. His family bought him off after six months' service, but he soon enlisted again as a grenadier, being very tall. A second time, at his own desire, a discharge was procured, but the next year Moncey enlisted for the third and last time. By dint of hard service, he worked his way up the ladder of promotion, so that by 1794 he was a general of division. After various important military services, he attached himself to the fortunes of Bonaparte, who gave him command of the 15th Division. In the despatch relative to the great battle of Marengo his name was highly lauded. Thereafter he evinced entire devotion to the First Consul, who, on ascending the throne, rewarded him with many honours and the baton of a marshal. From 1808 to 1810 he served in Spain. In 1812 and 1813 he was Inspector-General of the Gendarmerie. In 1814 he was named Commandant-General of the National Guard of Paris. Napoleon, on quitting his capital for the campaign, said to Moncey, "It is to you, and to the courage of the National Guard, that I confide the Empress and the King of Rome." And this great trust was not belied. Marshal Moncey is admitted to have done all that man could do to defend Paris when the allies thundered at its gates. After the capitulation, he and his handful of troops escorted the fallen Emperor to Fontainebleau. That last duty performed, he gave in his adhesion to Louis, who confirmed him in his appointments, and named him a member of the Privy Council and a Peer of France. Notwithstanding that, Napoleon, during the Hundred Days, included Moncey in the roll of imperial peers, which the Bourbons revenged by depriving the old marshal of his peerage. Being the oldest marshal, he was called upon to preside over the military commission appointed to try Marshal Ney. He re-

fused, in a letter to the King—a most noble, beautiful, and affecting epistle, in which he tells how he is placed in the cruel position of disobeying his Sovereign or of doing violence to his conscience. He recalls Ney's magnificent military career, and gives reasons why that great warrior should not be condemned. He concludes by an expression of hope that he may descend to the tomb able to cry that "All is lost, save honour." Will it be credited by posterity that the Bourbons could punish such a man for obeying his conscience, regardless of the certain loss of worldly honours? They did so. He was confined many months in the fortress of Ham.

In 1823, at the time of the war with Spain, he was charged with the command of the 4th Corps, intended to invade Catalonia. Although nearly seventy, he performed his duty well, and was received in favour on his return. In 1834, after Jourdan's death, he became Governor of the Invalides. On the 15th December, 1840, when Napoleon's remains were brought to the Invalides, he insisted on rendering a last homage to the ashes of the great Captain he had faithfully served, and sick and worn-out as he was, he had himself conveyed to the choir by the side of the catafalque.

He died April 20th, 1842, aged eighty-eight years. He was not a great general, but few, indeed, of the marshals were so honourable and honest. "An honest man!" was Napoleon's own eulogium on Moncey.

Claude Victor Perrin was born at La Marche, in 1766. When fifteen years of age, he volunteered in the artillery, and was an officer in 1789. At the siege of Toulon, in 1793, he attained the rank of general of brigade. He next served in the armies of the Pyrenees and of the Alps. In 1796 he commanded the advance-guard of the army of Italy. He fought brilliantly throughout the war till the peace of Campo-Formio. He then received a command in La Vendée. In 1799 he again went to Italy, and fought in many battles. After Bonaparte's return from Egypt, Perrin aided much to win the great victory of Marengo, and received a sabre of honour. In the Prussian campaign he greatly distinguished himself, and was wounded at Jena. He com-

manded the 1st Corps of the Grand Army at Friedland, and received, on the field of battle, the baton of a Marshal of the Empire. In 1808 he was charged with the command of a corps of the army in Spain. In 1812 he was recalled to share in the fearful Russian campaign, and behaved heroically. In 1813 he commanded the 2nd Corps of the Grand Army at Lutzen, Leipzig, &c. He fought much during the disastrous defensive campaign of 1814, and was desperately wounded.

When Napoleon abdicated, Victor Perrin submitted his sword to Louis, who made him Governor of the 2nd Military Division. When Napoleon returned from Elba, Perrin addressed his troops, urging them to be faithful to the King. They answered him by mounting the tri-coloured cockade! After the second Restoration he was made a peer, and received from time to time numerous other honours and employments. He died at Paris, March 1st, 1841. We omitted to mention that he bore the title of Duke of Beluna.

Laurent Gouvion Saint-Cyr was born at Toul, April 13th, 1764. Sprung from the people, he was originally intended for an artistic life, and studied at Rome. He afterwards became a player. When the Revolution took place, he figured as an actor of reality amidst its terrible scenes. In 1792 he joined, as a volunteer, the "Republican Chasseurs of Paris," and added "Saint-Cyr" to his original name of Laurent Gouvion. Within two years he rose to the rank of general of division. He saw much active service from 1795 to 1800, and again in 1801. He fought in the campaigns of 1806 and 1807, and next year was sent to Spain—that country so uniformly fatal to the reputation of Napoleon's marshals—where he reaped nought but misfortune and disgrace. In 1812 he commanded the 6th Corps of the Grand Army, and having nobly attacked and defeated Wittgenstein at Polotsk, Napoleon created him a Marshal of the Empire, August 27th. The new marshal proved himself right worthy of his exalted rank during the retreat; and even when seriously wounded, he on one occasion had himself carried in the midst of the battle.

In 1813 he made the campaign of Saxony, and signalized himself at the battle of Dresden. But his day of glory was over, and eventually he was made prisoner with his corps of 16,000 men. After the Restoration he was made a Peer of France by Louis, and remained faithful to his new Sovereign during the Hundred Days. After the second Restoration he held various offices—Minister of War, Minister of Marine, &c. He died at Hyères, March 12th, 1830, leaving an unsavoury memory in the estimation of the Bonapartists, who accuse him of having exhibited great ingratitude towards his old master.

Emmanuel Comte de Grouchy was born at Paris, October 23rd, 1766. He was brought up to the profession of arms, and, like not a few officers of noble families, he readily embraced Republican principles in 1789. During the campaign of 1793 he was named general of brigade. He was actively engaged in putting down the protracted civil war in La Vendée; and in 1798 he went to Italy, but won no laurels there. At Pasturana, borne down by numbers, he defended himself when covered with wounds, but fell into the hands of the Austro-Russians. For months he lingered between life and death, and was exchanged at the end of a year. He next commanded a division of the army under Bonaparte, and shared the glory of Marengo. In 1807 he commanded a corps of the Grand Army in the Prussian campaign, and fought at Eylau and Friedland. In 1808 he was employed in Spain, and in 1809 in Germany. In 1812 he commanded three corps of cavalry in the Russian invasion, and during the awful retreat Napoleon gave him the com-

mand of what was called *l'escadron sacré*, which was intended to act as a last reserve. It was composed entirely of officers, who no longer had troops to command.

Grouchy fought bravely in defence of France when it was invaded in 1814, and Napoleon considered he had earned a baton, and nominated him a Marshal of the Empire during the Hundred Days, when Grouchy was intrusted with a corps to operate in Belgium. Every reader knows how he fought at Ligny, and how he did not fight at Waterloo. His inactivity on that occasion has never been satisfactorily explained, although it is hard to believe he was really a traitor, nor is such a supposition compatible with the fact that after the second Restoration he was proscribed, and sought refuge in America. In 1819 he was permitted to return to France, and his titles and honours were restored, but his dignity of a marshal was not recognised until Louis Philippe confirmed his nomination by an ordonnance of November 19th, 1831.

Grouchy died at St. Etienne, May 29th, 1847.

To conclude these brief sketches of Napoleon the Great's Marshals, we may remark that out of the total number (including Grouchy) of twenty-six, no less than eight died violent deaths, viz. :—Murat, shot by verdict of a court-martial; Ney, the same; Berthier committed (as believed) suicide in a fit of insanity or of remorse; Brune, assassinated; Lannes, mortally wounded at the battle of Essling; Bessières, killed at the battle of Lutten; Poniatowski, drowned in the Elster, when desperately wounded; Mortier, killed by Fieschi's infernal machine in Paris.

NATURE-PICTURES.

V.

Now from heav'n's eaves and tempest-weeping trees,
 And rocks and cliffs, the thunder-drops fall fast,
 Or by the wild and furious-driving blast
 Show'r down in teeming and incessant seas,
 Of rain against the icy lattices ;
 And windows rude of mountain-chambers vast,
 Wherein are tomb'd, yet live, the unthaw'd past,
 And future cold of many centuries,

Which, could a mortal's foot adventurous scale,
 He dead must hide, or living scarce unfold,
 Great wonders of these mountains yet untold,
 And yet unsung in earth's low grov'ling vale ;

Yet these do show the mighty pow'r of God,
 And here his boundless and sublime abode.

VI.

Sway'd by the moon, whose motion rest might be
 By mortals deemed, the tides though to-and-fro
 They roll, seem as they did nor ebb nor flow ;
 Albeit they ceaseless waft with sullen glee
 The shifting seat of the deep-founded sea,
 Now mainward from the rib'd strand dank and low,
 Now shoreward back anon with reflux slow,
 Hither and thither borne all ripplingly

And brightly, though round wrecks unbeacon'd lone,
 Dark crowding oft—more blest the scene and fair
 Where smiles, as smile true hearts, far ocean's breast,
 At changes and mutations all unknown
 To virtue, or to those calm depths that ne'er
 The bounding keel with envious shoals molest.

VII.

Each mountain's rainy sky-absorb'd peak
 Now pours a heavy and down-rushing show'r,
 Wide o'er each moisten'd field and dripping bow'r ;
 While wand'ring clouds in many a distant streak
 That round these high majestic summits reek,
 Grow darker and still darker ev'ry hour,
 And as they drearily and dimly lour,
 In gather'd torrents o'er the landscape break.

But lo! at length the joyous glancing ray
 Of the bright sun triumphantly appears,
 To vindicate his empire of the day
 And vanquish all its gloom, and all its tears ;
 So God, a gladlier light, doth griefs allay
 And banishes men's doubts and dark'ning fears.

VIII.

Not scanty the cool tide by him is sip'd
 Who in the scorching wilderness doth stray,
 And finds a stream fast speeding down its way
 From spring unseen of some dark mountain crypt
 Of ice-cold depths, where mortal hand ne'er dip'd.
 A solitary urn, nor the sun's ray
 E'er shed a faint glimpse of the golden day,
 Nor by its hoar marge wild goat's foot e'er trip'd
 As trickling soft its bright refreshing gleam
 Shines o'er the rugged mountain's gloomy sides,
 And dews the arid sands, through which it glides,
 Methinks the tinkling of that desert stream
 Sounds to the fainting, thirst-parch'd wand'rer dear
 As Sabbath's bell to the soul's world-sick ear.

M. G.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC POLITICS.

DURING the past month the movements and fortunes of Garibaldi and his band of heroes have been the central object of the interest and sympathy of Europe, and his success in liberating the Sicilians from tyrannic government has been hailed in our and other countries with just rejoicing. The ultimate objects of the leader himself, of the force he commands, and of the party at large who sympathize with him in Italy and throughout Europe, being the overthrow of the Neapolitan despotism, and the addition of the territory now known as the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies to the great Italian Kingdom, including Sardinia, and the recently emancipated States, over which the constitutional sway of Victor Emmanuel extends—two questions of vast political and religious importance are hanging in the balance, namely, how far French influence will become predominant in all Italy, and how far the dominions of the Pope will be absorbed by the course of events.

Let us first address ourselves to the last question. It is plain that the attainment of the object of annexing the Southern to the Northern portion of the Italian Peninsula would not limit the aspirations of the party of freedom, because the existence of the Papal States, as such, would not only be inconsistent with the pro-

claimed object of the political unity of Italy, but would be destructive of the geographical unity of the dominions of Victor Emmanuel by cutting them in two. Therefore, the abolition of the temporal power of the Papacy appears to be an essential part of the present movement.

French policy is opposed to such development for double reasons: being politically averse to the existence of a great and independent constitutional government of all Italy, and being pledged to uphold the Papal power for religious purposes.

British policy is, on the other hand, immensely interested in the firm establishment of a strong and independent constitutional government of Italy. At present, Victor Emmanuel is so closely bound to the Bonapartes by family and interested ties as to be too much under French influence. Viewed at a year's distance, the grand object of the late campaign was to establish that influence as largely as possible throughout Italy. It was already strong in the Eternal City, so long garrisoned by its bayonets; it has recently showed its strength as swaying the deliberations of Victor Emmanuel's parliament, and it may succeed in placing a second Murat on the Neapolitan throne.

What is left to British policy? For the last three months our counterpoising system has plainly found

no alternative than to side with the anti-court party in Central Italy, an unfortunate state of things, and rendering it highly preferable that the new Constitutional Kingdom should grow to dimensions sufficient to free it from its present dependence on France. Any check to the course of affairs that would retard their present promise, and especially any move on the part of the Tuileries indicating dictation to the King of Sardinia will, of course, be viewed with extreme and just jealousy in England. The Kingdom of Italy, uniting in grand independence all who will claim to range themselves under the new sovereignty—a sixth “Great Power of Europe”—is now being born, and who shall strangle it in the birth?

Yet it would be foolish to ignore the many and grave difficulties presenting themselves in the course, long before the point can be reached which shall pronounce the existence of a kingdom. Both England and France would deprecate any occurrence by which the throne of Naples should become vacant, unless the sceptre were taken up by approved hands, and looming events seem to threaten a quarrel between those Powers on this important issue. The time when a French satrap ruled there is not forgotten either at the Tuileries or at St. James's; and we cannot but view with apprehension the possible revival of pretensions which have never been wholly laid aside. Without being unduly suspicious, we are justified by the remembrance of Prince Napoleon's visit to Tuscany, and by the notoriety of the attempt of the Emperor of the French to provide an Italian Kingdom for this Prince, in observing that the present opportunity offers another opening for the subtle, restless, and unsatisfied ambition of members and relations of the Bonaparte family. Young Prince Joachim Murat is grandson of a sister of the First Emperor Napoleon. The confidence of Europe has been so shaken by the conduct of the Third Emperor, and especially by his recent annexation of territory, as to compel us not to trust in such princes, and to look carefully to our gunpowder magazines. Whenever the eruption of Mount Etna shall have lit up the fires of Vesuvius, and have poured the streams of insurrection like burn-

ing lava over Southern Italy, let us hope and pray that the dread ignition will not extend to war between two foreign yet highly interested Powers. The interests of England in the Mediterranean are of the most important character, and any thing which might threaten to make the highway to India a French lake must be viewed by this country with feelings of the gravest anxiety. Yet is not the determination of the Emperor to interfere potently to prevent the erection of Italy into a kingdom quite apparent in the enormous armament he maintains? Does any one believe but that if the tri-colour flag boasted a hundred line-of-battle ships, and that Great Britain could not oppose an adequate force, some scion of the new house of prince and king-makers would soon be seen in the Bay of Naples. In point of fact, the Imperial government would be wounded vitally by the erection of a great neighbouring *constitutional* kingdom, for it could not bear the continual contrast presented by the want of freedom under its despotism and the presence of liberty in Italy as well as in England, Belgium, and Prussia. Nor is it too much to say that the Czar of Russia is alive to his objections on the same score.

Plainly, the Italians in general wish to attach themselves to Piedmont, or in other words, to throw off Absolutism in favour of Self-government. Union with Piedmont has become a necessity for every portion of the peninsula which can succeed in getting rid of its old rulers. Whatever speculative differences of opinion there may be amongst the native politicians on the question of Italian Unity, an impression has manifestly been arrived at by their statesmen that it is absolutely indispensable to bring the entire country under a single flag, as the only safeguard against the intrusion of foreign pretensions. The matter of unity secured, the future form of government may remain, if necessary, an open question. All lovers of the constitutional form have, at the same time, guarantees for its continuance in the character of Victor Emmanuel, and in the fact that the recent augmentation of power to Piedmont is chiefly owing to the respect inspired by the representative nature of its government. This is hardly the

time for discussing whether the parliamentary form is the most suitable form for governing the southern Italian people, unused to self-government, and excitable as they are. Indeed, the very name of the men of Piedmont, viz., "Foot of the Mountain men," by pointing them out as the northerners of the country, explains why the self-governing system has been found suitable to them. However, the questions as to what king and what form of rule the Italians will submit to must be left to themselves, and there is no doubt but the public opinion among ourselves will suffice to keep in check any employment of the armaments of L. N. Bonaparte towards dividing Italy into three parts, of which the north and south would be held by his allies and relatives in Milan and Naples, and the centre by his troops in Rome.

The eyes of Europe are now fixed on Italy; and let us say it will be well that the sharpest watch should be kept on all movements in the direction of creating that predominance of French power in the Italian peninsula which was the plain object of last year's campaign.

Turning to Home politics, and from whatever treaties the Emperor of France has made and may make with other Powers for purposes of war, let us offer a few remarks on his recent treaties for purposes of commerce. It is to be regretted that he does not confine his views, like the Manchester school of politicians, to matters of Peace, but that, on the contrary, in the very year he was making a commercial compact with England, he was also engaged in making treaties quite uncommercial with other States, and in making war for an increase of alliance and territory.

One effect of our recent Treaty of Commerce and of the Budget will be, by augmenting and perpetuating the income tax, to render our tax-payers disinclined to incur the cost of checking French ambition.

The Budget of 1860 being a Siam-see twin with the Treaty, these inseparables must be viewed together; and the fact is plain that, while the operation of one of the fraternity will be to strip the revenue of about two millions sterling, that of the other effects a substitution of direct for in-

direct taxation to the amount of four millions. In short, this financial *coup* is an enormously bold stroke in pursuance of the Manchester doctrine of relieving the working-classes from indirect imposts. The country was taken by surprise, for no solemn State investigation had been made into the serious question whether the condition of the public burdens justified such an extreme shifting of taxation from labour to capital.

Similarly, the same Cabinet brought forward their Reform measure without adequate inquiry into the amount of the change they projected. Thus, in both these matters of supreme importance, this very liberal Ministry has ignored the poet's maxim of "looking with forward and reverted eye." Democracy is the end, if not the aim, of the representative measure; and forced economy, of the Treaty and the Budget. Now, whatever may be the political position of affairs, no right-minded Briton can wish for war; yet he will hardly approve that his weapons of defence should have been taken from his hands. The Peace party are bent on making a rupture with France almost impossible, by throwing the cost upon the propertied class, forgetting that the truism, "It takes two persons to quarrel," will cut in another way, when, if we are injured, we avoid defending ourselves. That party seems also insufficiently to recognise the wide distinction between the positions of His Imperial Majesty and our Gracious Majesty in regard of raising the sinews of war. A "Decree" by him who is Emperor by "*la volonté nationale*," is enough for borrowing one hundred millions of money, while she must consult, among others, the good will and pleasure of a party notoriously averse to admit of war, even when it has become a stern necessity.

But, as has been said in other perilous political times, "Thank God, we have a House of Lords!" Fortunately for the present, the Upper Chamber, supported by the sense of the country, has come forward nobly, and rectified the Budget, as it would also have rectified the Reform Bill. Little else is wanting than the shock of battle with the French to make our present condition one of actual war. The state of England is not one of peace; she is as much armed to the

teeth as when the First Napoleon reviewed his legions at Boulogne. All her sinews are at tension, whether those of war, in the shape of an income tax, or those of men as volunteer riflemen.

When the War impost, the Income Tax, is in full operation, the rights, duties, and interests of Property re-assume some of the forms they wore in feudal ages. The real property of the country has to pay roundly for being protected, and should justly have real control of the levy and expenditure of war taxes. In the view of the *Times* newspaper, such a tax "makes Property an Estate of the Realm, charges it with feudal obligations, in binding it to do the king's service on all extraordinary occasions, as the trusty servants of the State." It revives the Plantagenet age, when the Third Edward caused to be proclaimed by sound of trumpet in a hundred cities of England that "royal service," the obligation by which each lord and knight and vassal held his fee, was due to the Crown. Their quota was normal, but the faithful Commons were called on to vote aids of money from non-feudal property. Part of the old order of things has come round by this re-establishment of feudalism. If the barons of the realm must pay special taxes, and also do personal military service, shall they not exercise their right to some voice in the equitable distribution of the public burdens? Surely, when the war taxes of feudal payments and services were abolished under Charles II., it was not intended that the Commons should alone have the power to reimpose them in any form whatever?

The object of the Manchester school in advocating repeal of the paper duty is, that the British press shall be democratized by a multiplication of cheap penny newspapers, which shall dilute and weaken the political power now exercised by influential organs. At present, freedom of public comment is absolutely perfect, its liberty being bounded only by the rights of others; and the influence of the elevated portion of the press, which has purified itself from year to year, and has acquired by its high tone of impartiality, enormous authority, is greater than it ever was. But, forsooth, Mr. Bright is to harangue, and his arguments are to be published,

but are only the copied, not censured! He is the very despot of democracy, and will not, any more than L. N. Bonaparte, permit criticism. But he will have the British press Americanized, rather than Frenchified, so that every village may give birth to a penny journal that shall report the dictates of Manchester, but not have intelligence enough to examine them, or independence enough to comment on them. He will have the monopoly in directing opinion on politics, when only such newspapers as are indorsed by him may pass current, but may only count on it until he is deposed by the "irresponsible mob tyrant."

We set apart the inquiry into precedents as to the right of the Lords to reject a Money Bill, for the real question is, whether there was propriety in their dealing with taxation under existing circumstances. On this issue, the country generally has pronounced a verdict of satisfaction; public opinion, the grand court of appeal, being sensible that the House of Peers, the high court of justice in legal matters, has interposed judiciously in the late political matter, and thus vindicated its position as holding the balance of the Constitution. Those who, with Mr. Bright, confine their view of the conduct of the Lords, in their late vote on the Paper Tax, to the pros and cons about this impost, share his narrowness of views. The distinct and precise ground on which the Upper Chamber refused assent to the repeal of this tax was, that the existing financial prospects were not such as to warrant present remission of a considerable branch of revenue.

Reverting to the Treaty and the Budget, let us see what promises they hold out. Like the fond brothers, Castor and Pollux, whose stars are favourable to navigation, and whose missions were to seek the Golden Fleece, and to free the seas of warrior-pirates, Messieurs Cobden and Gladstone, our modern Tyndarides, are bent on the glory of covering the ocean with fleets of merchant vessels and of abolishing line-of-battle ships. Of old an apostle of peace, Mr. C. has recently found an able and enthusiastic disciple in Mr. G. The former has frequently declared his determination to reduce our public expenditure to the rate of 1838, that is, by

about twenty millions. The latter strongly objects to our present outlay, and makes no secret of his determination to reduce it. Fortunately, however, estimates which disgusted Castor and terrified Pollux were voted readily by the House of Commons. Then those twin stars, consulting together, decided to effect such a revolution as would compel reduction of public expenditure. Believing that if a revenue for war purposes can only be obtained by a direct charge on property, the payers will cut down our present sea and land armaments, the Chancellor of the Exchequer suddenly abolished most custom duties and increased the income tax.

Mr. Cobden has repeatedly and frankly declared his aims to be the total extinction of those duties, with the plain object of cutting off sources of supply. His younger brother, though not partaking of these designs so boldly, yet plainly avows it his opinion that revolution in the mode of charging taxation is the only secure means of assuring a reduction of expenditure. Quite aware that, in the present attitude of France, arising as it does from the opening Napoleon III. sees in Italy, our budget was likely to grow larger, Mr. Gladstone conceived he might persuade the House of Commons, not indeed to cut down the estimates, but to check warlike preparations by depriving the revenue of almost all but direct burdens.

Some further remarks on the question of remitting the Paper Tax may not be without interest. No doubt a strong case can be made against the tax on its own merits; but, as the point was, that the deficit to be created by the projected remission would almost certainly have been made up in creating the present impost on real property, it is no marvel that the possessors of this species of property, which is the last and real security for the stability of the public burdens, stepped forward to avert the threatened increase to the present cumulative charges on this description of property, thus asserting their right to check an extreme case of financial mismanagement. In fact, they interfered in the question as to putting the saddle of taxation on the right horse.

So far as this Paper War rests on the wants and merits of the article itself, we cannot help blaming Mr. Cobden for not having provided for the admission of its "primary material"—namely, rags—in a treaty which is designed to give France the free use of numerous other primary materials. We extract the following curious and interesting details on this subject from a Parliamentary paper recently printed. It appears that, owing to the enormous increase in the consumption of paper during the last few years, the demand for materials most commonly used in the manufacture, such as linen and cotton rags, old canvas, hempen bagging, sheeting, &c., far exceeded the supply, the accumulation of such cast-off materials being necessarily limited, and influenced by causes wholly independent of the paper trade. The effect of this disproportion between the supply and demand is shown in the following Tables, which give, for the last nine years, the prices of the materials principally consumed in the manufacture of printing papers:—

In 1848 the price was	13s.
In 1849 the price fluctuated from	10s. to 11s.
In 1850	12s.
In 1851	" " 12s. to 13s.
In 1852	" " 15s.
In 1853	" " 15s. to 16s.
In 1854	" " 16s. to 19s.
In 1855	" " 16s. to 17s.
In 1856	" " 14s. to 15s.

The maximum price of the materials in question was thus attained in the year 1854, and it was at this period that the producers and consumers of paper called loudly for some substance which could be economically used as a substitute for rags. Attention being thus drawn to the subject, the fibres of a great number of plants were suggested as suitable for the required purpose. Of these fibres may be mentioned those of the straw of cereals, grasses, hay, sugar cane, holcus-saccharatus, West Indian plantain, common nettle, hopbine, potato stalks, liber and roots of trees, tendrils of the vine, couch-grass, hollyhock, common thistle, the shavings of willow and other woods, sawdust, and even the excrement of cows. Most of these substances were provisionally registered in the Patent Office, but, with the exception of

straw, it does not appear that any of them have been used in the manufacture of paper.

The following are the conditions believed essential to the successful introduction of a substitute for the materials at present employed in the production of paper :—

1st. That the substance should be procurable in abundance, and its price such that paper could be made from it at a considerably less cost than from ordinary rags.

2nd. That it should cleanse and bleach rapidly, and yield a strong and pliable fibre that would produce paper possessed of permanent whiteness, and free from knots.

The reporting officer concludes with the following valuable suggestions :—

“ Whilst great efforts have been made to discover some plant which would yield a fibre suitable for the purpose in question, it seems surprising that so little attention should have been paid to the stem of the potato, which, from experiments conducted under my inspection, I am of opinion might be readily made available in the manufacture of paper. Its cheapness and abundance are evident, and from its general distribution over the face of the country, the carriage of the material would be comparatively inexpensive. The dried stem will produce no less than seventy per cent. of bleached and dried pulp, the preparation of which is easy, and the paper, which is formed is of a good colour, opaque, and possessed of great strength. In 1854 the application of the potato haulm to the manufacture of paper was provisionally registered in the Patent Office, but no patent was ever taken out.”

As to the duty on paper, a tax so open to objection will, no doubt, be resigned whenever the country can spare the million of revenue it produces, and when there are no more deserving claimants on the national generosity. All taxes being unwelcome and burdensome, the question of choice is no other than a choice of lesser evil. For our own part, we disagree with those who assert that more may be said against the tea and sugar duties than against the paper tax, since we esteem diffusion of knowledge more than an infusion of creature comforts. Many of the agitators, even Mr. Bright, who have made themselves conspicuous on this question, are notoriously peculiarly interested in their views, so that the sordidness of professional demagogues, the unscrupulousness with which they prostitute great principles to private interests, and the dexterity with which they fasten on any pretext for calumniating owners of property, are becoming more and more exposed. Meanwhile, our own paper must come to an end; so we propose a short armistice, or treaty of peace, in this Paper War, with our countrymen, whether Quaker Bright or others, who are no peace-makers at home, in the hope that our allies abroad will not become our enemies. Unhappily, the doctrine of Peace is foolishness to many men; it is peculiarly so to many Frenchmen; and it is not too much to say, that Napoleon III. is, by his restless plotting, denying to Europe the security he, in 1852, gave to France.

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LA QUESTION IRLANDAISE.

AFTER the British Government had suppressed the insurrection in Ireland of 1798, some French generals asked Bonaparte if he proposed to avenge the Irish who had suffered in that cause, and his answer was:—"They made a diversion; what more do you expect from them?" This measure of the utility of the Roman Catholics in Ireland as an instrument of offence against England is probably the degree of interest felt for them by French politicians. In fact, Paddy is the cat whom Monsieur Monkey coolly asks to put its paw in the fire. Within the last five months, ever since "*La Question Romaine*" has become the religious and political question deeply and fiercely agitating the zealous Roman Catholics of France, they have sought to effect a diversion in Ireland. The descent of Humbert on our western coast, on the 22nd August, 1798, was regarded at Paris as of little more importance than the contemporary landing of some French troops near Fishguard, when they were scared by the red petticoats of the Welsh women. Yet, though we are convinced that the bulk of our Roman Catholic countrymen would be unfavourable to any fresh invader, no one can be blind to the circumstance that steam greatly facilitates

the landing of an armament large enough to make our country the battle-field of France and England.

If the question were not beyond a joke, we would say we fancy there are few Frenchmen and Irishmen green enough to propose to turn the Green Isle into a religious and political Aceldama. Entertaining little apprehension of any rebellious attempt on the part of our countrymen, we are still alive to the certainty that, if ever any such attempt be made, it will occur at the time most suitable to France. The season selected would naturally be after harvest, as offering some prospect of maintaining, by seizure of corn and cattle, an occupation through the winter; for we quite admit the possibility of making this island the scene of several battles, and even that an invader might land in sufficient force to hold out for two or three campaigns. But a little knowledge of geography, statistics, and politics, must leave its possessor in no doubt as to the ultimate result. History need not be invoked in the question; though there is additional consolation in counting up cases of invasive failures, from the three years' occupation of Ulster by a Scottish army under Robert Bruce, to the wreck of the Armada, the defeat of the Spaniards at

La Question Irlandaise, 2nd Edition. Paris, 1860.

Mac-Mahon, roi d'Irlande. Paris, 1860.

Deux Epées, par l'auteur de Napoléon III. et sa Politique en Italie. Paris, 1860.

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Kinsale, and the surrender of the French at Killala. But as these were mere *piano* movements, the *à fortiori* argument is inapplicable in case the French should decide on a *forte* affair. There was, besides those major matters, the lively and curious little *obligato*, in a minor key, instigated by the Pope, anno 1579, when some seven hundred Italians landed on the coast of Kerry, and intrenched themselves behind almost the only good specimen of fortification Ireland boasts. These ingenious invaders were taught such a lesson as deterred others for a long time;—but the lesson they teach us as to the value of entrenchments should not be lost.

Turn we to the case brought against our Government by the Paris press.

Some recent cases of starvation, which have occurred in Mayo and Kerry, are cited by a French pamphleteer as the prominent reason for giving us a Gallic-Irish King and Constitution. Let us ask first, how is it that the Poor Law Board did not meet the destitution in those instances by either striking a sufficient local rate, or calling for a rate in aid? Surely it is not necessary, at this day, to dogear the pages of the Rev. Lord S. G. Osborne's trenchant exposure of the shortcomings of Poor Law officials in the West, in order to enforce any new reproaches that may be due from neglect in this matter? Apart from such grounds of real complaint, let us proceed with the pamphlet. Famine, says the French writer, reigns again in the *coast and mountain districts* of the West. "*Chose étrange!*" says he:—but misery is unhappily no stranger there, where a barren soil and rainy atmosphere have for centuries imperilled the existence of the few inhabitants seeking to subsist on a plant which earth and sky combine to render uncertain.

The ignorance displayed by the writer of "La Question Irlandaise" is so extreme, that we should not take the trouble to point it out, save from a desire to call attention to the mischievous ideas spread widely by this tissue of malignant nonsense. For instance, our native, revolutionary press strives hard to establish the impression that the French people feel deep interest in a "restoration of Irish Nationality." Foreign newspapers have teemed with extracts from the first-cited brochure,

and such comments as this in *La Patrie*:—"Il y a dans cet écrit une connaissance approfondie de la situation de l'Irlande." The fact is, generally speaking, all that those journalists know of the state of this country is what they heard during the famine; and since they can rarely read our language, they have little other than oral opportunities of learning the great change effected since that time.

A writer in the *Illustration* expresses his intention of visiting our country, being, he says, "curious to see the party about to place Marshal MacMahon on the throne." Many persons partake of his curiosity—ourselves among others—for, having seen the party who is to be enthroned, we should like to see the Green Islanders who will perform the ceremony; and the ceremonials will be curious, if they are to be copied from those of the age when the MacMahon was customarily installed King of Monaghan, by placing his naked feet in two imprints of those of his patriarch in the inauguration stone still shown near Carrickmacross. An old authority—Giraldus Cambrensis—says that some Irish kings were installed by bathing in broth made of an inaugural cow; but we conceive that this solemnity will be dispensed with. Will the new monarch be called "King of Tara," like Brien Boroihme and Murtough M'Melaghlin? And what tribute will he exact? This is a weighty question. Marshal MacMahon has certainly been "born to honour," but seems to have no wish to have honour thrust upon him. Indeed, neither the antecedents nor what we hear of Marie-Edme-Patrice-Maurice, Duc de Magenta and Maréchal of France, induce us to believe him inclined to become "Patrick I., King of Ireland."

Among the signs of ignorance of the real "Question Irlandaise," namely, how *Erin go bragh* can be read "*Erin go bread*," let us notice that our French friend says the island has "a soil of great fertility." Compared with the soils of England and France, the soil of Ireland is not nearly so fertile. Our opinion in this matter is, perhaps, as good as his, for we have seen large breadths of the three lands. But statistics are wanting to give the best test, viz., the average of wheat pro-

duced per acreable contents of the three countries. "She has," he says, "abundant mineral resources." On the contrary, want of minerals is her chief material want. Scarcity of good coal, cheaply raised, is the primary check to the manufacturing greatness of this country. "The proprietors of nine-tenths of the soil reside in England." This startling assertion is not to be believed, even in the ratio of believing half what a Frenchman says. Has he not yet heard that the large majority of purchases of land, under the Incumbered Estates' Court, has been made by natives of Ireland? Many of these purchasers are Roman Catholics; yet, though the number of landlords of this persuasion is considerable, how many of them would vote for elevating Marshal MacMahon to an Irish throne? Yet, our friend across the Channel proposes this military yoke for the proprietors of the soil of Ireland, notwithstanding he fancies nine-tenths of their number are in the English interest! Then he calculates that Roman Catholics form seven-eighths of the population; and does not see that the rent-charges received by the clergy of the Established Church are paid by landlords, who, if this charge were abolished, would become so much the richer. Finally, he protests that the country is not represented by 105 deputies only in an assembly of 654. Certainly, if heads alone are to be considered as the basis for suffrage, she has not members enough; but proportionate taxation and intelligence form the basis of the British principle of franchise. What sort of parliament would be held in Dublin if Patrick I. modelled his on that of the Parisian Senate and Corps Legislatif? We should see a House of Lords in London composed of 458 members, distinguished for the possession of permanent wealth, ability, and independence, while the French senators are a paid selection of 164 men, of whom thirty-three are generals, nine are marshals, eight admirals, six cardinals, and others are ministers of state and ambassadors: and we should see, when the Irish element was subtracted from the House of Commons, 449 members; while French legislators are 278, all paid, the majority are nominated by government, while the existing body has the aristo-

cratic element of one prince, two dukes, sixteen marquises, thirty-six counts, eight viscounts, and twenty-nine barons. If the Dublin parliament were constituted like the Paris archetype, and by the rule of three, Patrick I. would have a senate of some score of military men, and a legislative corps of about fifty persons, with a small sprinkling of coronets among them. The mass of voters would be *prolétaires*, or needy, propertyless persons—until, indeed, they made laws that would give them property.

No parallel for the state of the Roman Catholic peasantry suits this pamphleteer but that of the ryots of India. The former he describes as "tenants-at-will, or rather, at mercy." Yet the largest portion of England is held on the same tenancy, and the farmers have stipulations by which they obtain security for making even permanent improvements. Unhappily, the same custom does not obtain here; and, for reasons we will not now enter into, the system of tenure of small farms is by no means satisfactory. But "*Jean de Paris*" exaggerates the matter, and throws the blame where it is least due.

"Who can be surprised (writes he) that, under such a system, where the peasant is deprived of all guarantee, the cultivation of the soil is backward? Who can be astonished that the most legitimate resentments sometimes break forth in acts of culpable vengeance? Who can marvel that such discouragement has carried off a population so treated for ages?"

But how will he escape from the self-contradiction evident in the above statement? A sufficiency of security must have existed to have produced an over-abundant population. Our present having grown out of our past, some brief retrospect is necessary. The Celtic law of partition, having equality for its object and communism for its practice, naturally produced even more poverty, nakedness, and famine in former ages than at this day. One difference is this, that whereas, anciently, chieftains had authority to effect partition of land, the landlords of late times used no power to prevent their tenants from continuing the pauperizing plan of subdivision. Even in the matter of prohibiting exhaustion of the soil by

over-cropping, a function sedulously performed by British landlords, the extreme difficulty in Ireland of obtaining verdicts from juries for breaches of covenants in leases has left the Irish tenant powerful for impoverishing the land. Again, most skilled agriculturists, from Arthur Young downwards, are agreed as to the enormous evils attending culture of the potato on a scale that made millions of human beings dependent upon this perishable root. Evils briefly these:—It absorbed all manure and reproduced little; it facilitated early marriages and unlimited procreation of children—and yet its liability to failure continually kept these millions on the brink of famine, trembling over the horrible precipice of death by starvation. Yet, how was an Irish landlord answered if he ventured to remonstrate against over-reliance on this treacherous root? What useful powers could an owner of land exercise in a country where, when he claimed possession of what the occupier could not pay for, he was liable to be murdered. How is it that the tenantry on the Irish estates of some landlords, whose British estates present admirable spectacles resulting from mutual satisfaction between owner and occupier, are not similarly content and prosperous? Where does the fault lie? In the soil, in its owner, or in its occupiers? For example, the revenue of the Marquis of Waterford from his English estate is nearly the same as from his Irish; but, while the former is held by about fifty tenants, some of whom are better off than our squireens, the latter is in the hands of about one thousand families; so that, on the average, the comfort of these latter is only one-twentieth that of the former. Yet, whenever landlords proposed to enlarge farms in this country, what an outcry there was! The utmost they, in general, could do, before the famine forced out many small holders, was to exert some influence in checking partition. If any one will take the trouble to look through the rate-books of a few Poor Law Unions, he will observe innumerable cases in which precise divisions, sometimes in two, sometimes in three, sometimes in four parts, were made, prior to the famine, in agricultural holdings. To subdivide is the

old, traditional impulse of the Celtic peasant. Some English writers, ignorant of this fact, attribute to the cupidity of the landlord what has really been caused by this instinct on the part of tenants. Sydney Smith writes:—

“The rapacity of the Irish landlord induces him to allow of extreme division of his lands. When the daughter of a farmer marries, a little portion of the little farm is broken off—another corner for Patrick, and another for Dermot—till the land is broken into sections, upon one of which an English cow could not stand. Twenty mansions of misery are thus reared instead of one. A loud cry of ‘oppression’ is raised to Heaven; and fresh enemies to the English name and power are multiplied on the earth.”

This division is the work of the tenants, not of the landlord. A dozen authorities could be adduced to prove that such a process was *the law of the land* in our island in ages when there were no landlords, and when each male member of every clan owning a “country” in common was entitled to occupy a portion. Under such a practice, no marvel if Erin was not an Atlantis of perfect happiness, like the imaginary island of Sir Thomas More, where “*tota insula velut una familia est*,” but rather resembled ancient Gaul, similarly torn in pieces by the same law, which, in the words of Julius Caesar, created factions in every place, and even in every family.

Elsewhere, the ignorance of this pamphleteer takes the form of malicious invention and falsification. Thus, mistaking the function of a “driver,” or man employed to drive off cattle seized for rent, he fancies it is “pousser dehors (*to drive*) la malheureuse famille;” and he describes “constables” as demolishing the cabins of evicted tenants, “with bars and levers of iron.” This militia, he says, is the “crowbar brigade;” and, he declares, “Ireland has an army of twelve thousand demolishers, who do not rest inactive, for official statistics teach us, that in ten years, from 1841 to 1851, no less than 269,253 houses, or cabins, have been thrown down.” Granting his figures as correct, twenty-two demolitions during ten years, or about two a year for each demolisher, does not really prove

great activity; and the statistician forgets that the majority of the dwellings had become uninhabited, or uninhabitable. The mere idea of "fusion of small farms" makes him furious, though large farms offer the surest means for making agriculture remunerative to cultivators, and productive for townspeople. Farming he would none of, and he would away with landlords. Land is the special thing, he conceives, that should be interdicted by law from being hired out. Yet, if he will compare the farmers of our country with the proprietors of his own, holdings against properties, acre for acre, we incline to believe that the sum of comfort would be found here. Of French farmers, unfortunately not a thriving class, we will say nothing; but if another comparison be wanted, let it be between our small farmers and French *métayers*, men, who not having risen to the possession of any property, hire every thing from landlords, and pay in kind. Or if the condition of our labourers be in question, it may be conceived quite equal to that of the similar class in France, where wages average from fifteen to ten pence a day.

To sum up, this pamphleteer falls into the ordinary error of finding faults without suggesting remedies. Blaming our Government because cases of famine occur in Ireland, he, in the same breath, styles poor-houses "terrible prisons;" yet, in our view, the true ground for finding fault is, that those distressing cases were not prevented by means of a poor-law rate—by the instrumentality of this tax, which is the first charge on the landed property of Ireland. Surely, the landlords of the three kingdoms have not been backward in charging their estates for relief of the poor, for they have done so in a compulsory manner, and to an extent unparalleled in any other country. The brochure writer is equally discontented with another alternative—emigration; he thinks that the British Government is the main agent in effecting those emigrations, which have acted as the wholesomest and happiest relief to a superabundant population; and he seems to fancy that our Government is actuated by sentiments similar to those in the age of the Republic, when Thurlow, as Secretary of State to Protector Cromwell, wrote to Henry Cromwell,

Governor of Ireland, ordering him to cause some thousand Irish boys to be caught, to send to the American colony of Virginia, and Henry wrote back that he had done so; and desired to know whether the Protector wished as many girls to be caught; and he adds, "doubtless it is a business in which God will appear." Partaking of French aversion to emigration, *Scande Paris* does not see, that every emigrant gives a practical proof of possessing something more than that low level of poverty, and lack of energy, to which, he says, the peasantry are reduced.

What would be the gain to the Roman Catholics of Ireland by annexation to France? Would King MacMahon introduce the *Code Civil* clauses, compelling almost equal distribution of property among children? Why, even the Swiss, under their peculiar circumstances, enjoy more liberty, in this important respect, than the French, the compulsion extending only to half of the inheritance. Every one knows, that in times when it was deemed expedient to pass laws that should have the effect of impoverishing the Roman Catholics of this country, the penal law of 1704 enacted no more than if a Papist died intestate, and no Protestant heir could be found, the property was to be equally divided among all the sons, or, if he had none, among all the daughters. Our country would be truly *malheureux*, if her breadths of infertile tracts were chopped into morsels of properties, on a system only suitable to deep soil, a sunny sky, and garden cultivation. Unless King MacMahon will resuscitate the Brehon law, and administer justice, by reviving galloglasses and kernes to carry out that code—what will his subjects gain if they copy French law? Will they like its martial department, and thrive under its civil regulations? Will they exchange their present political liberty, with its freedom for running into occasional license, for the police and suppression of France? Will they change their system of local self-government for that of a country where, if townsmen exceed 400, they have not the right to choose their own mayor; and where the insolence of men dressed in brief authority is almost insupportable? In the matter of access to the law, they would lose such a substantial boon as

highly-paid judges, answerable to the superior court of public opinion, and watched vigilantly by our ubiquitous sentinel, the Press. Would the Court of the Tuileries suffer the head agitator in France, if such a phenomenon raised his head, to be elected Prefect of the Loire, and, like O'Connell, Lord Mayor of Dublin, *provoquer la fameuse discussion* of a topic as exciting as "Repeal of the Union" was to the Irish people, "*au sein de la municipalité*?" Would he be allowed to assemble "*des meetings-monstres*," whose "*hurrahs s'élevèrent formidables*?" Strong as the Bonaparte Government is, and supported by the army that shot down the famished workmen of Paris in uncounted numbers, it either dares not permit a political meeting, such as is among the safety-valves of the English system of government, or would quickly disperse one by dragoons and artillery. The French nation are said to have the right of petition, as M. About assures us in his last brochure; but it is not so long since M. D'Haussonville had reason to acknowledge that, however much this right remains intact, it is by no means prudent to allude to its existence. But they have another right, and indubitably so, for they assert it, by occasionally exercising it, viz. : *le droit d'insurrection*, their remedy whenever they become quite dissatisfied with any of the eleven forms of government they have tried during the present century. This is the privilege they wish their Irish Roman Catholic brethren to partake of; yet, though we cannot balance the bloody account between democracy and despotism, we conceive that revolutionists have as much evil to answer for as kings have.

What are the political rights of the French people, after all their changes? The spectacle the nation now presents is much what it has presented for centuries, that of spectators at a theatre, in which government officers fill every part; a public less organized than when its components were regularly ranged in boxes, pit, and gallery; a people without ascertained rights; without working institutions; hardly free in speech, but sometimes employing its liberty, to blame, to criticise like a theatrical audience, and occasionally exercising much license, in damning old performers, and setting

up new ones. But, short of an insurrection, they show small political signs, such as any of those wild forms of sedition and treason which John Bull is accustomed to look at merely as "Paddy's pretty ways." How long would a Daniel O'Connell have lived in Rome? How long an editor of a *Nation* have printed his paper in the Roman capital? Where would the heroes of a Ballingarry and of Italian Phœnix Clubs have been now?

The definitions given by the author of *MacMahon, roi d'Irlande*, of the four various forms of government competing for use or adoption in Europe, are well worth attention. The first, styled by him *l'ancien régime*, is, he observes, at present no more than a phantom; the second, "the Revolution," i.e., a Republic, is a nightmare, but one which tends to appear periodically, and may soon be transformed into a horrible reality, unless care be taken; the third, the mission of which seems to be to serve as a step to the second, is parliamentarism; and the fourth is "the Democratic idea," based on the progressive application of universal suffrage. Of these but two are serious rivals, parliamentarism, as subsisting in England, and "the Democratic idea" in France, which, he might have added, Napoleon III. pretends to represent in its flattering form of "the sovereignty of the people." The former, observes he, has proved in his country a hotbed of conspiracy, a market of wordy orations, or a malignant club of scholars let loose. Of a truth, he says, too true; for possession of copious eloquence, generally unaccompanied by depth and judgment, which is one of the evils of a free form of government, was peculiarly the curse of Paris parliaments. To avoid such a whirlpool, a political Charybdis of rhetoric, such as our present Chancellor of the Exchequer now directs the storm of in Westminster, a Marshal of France is to become despotic in Dublin! We give the author of this proposition due credit for the depth of his observations on the important score, of the comparative adaptability of parliamentary and democratic despotism to various nations. "The first," he declares, to be efficaciously applied in Europe, "would require that France, Spain, and Italy were peopled with Englishmen,

or that all the Catholics of those countries were disposed to suffer themselves to be treated like the Irish."

Here the question of government lies in a nutshell. Protestantism and a free parliament, or Roman Catholicism and despotism. Self-government in religion, or, at the least, freedom from the yokes of Rome, Jesuits, and Confessors; and, as the sequence, political self-government; or submission to those yokes, and their sequence, Monarchal tyranny. The author of *Deux Epées*, has well characterized the present Government of Rome as a thorough copy of the Austrian system. To cut it down is the warmest hope of the wielder of one of these swords, Garibaldi, the champion of Italian unity under a constitutional sovereign and parliament; to support it the endeavour of him who uses the other, Lamoriciere; whose countrymen now propose to send a third sword, MacMahon, to establish it in Ireland under the mask of universal suffrage. The author of *MacMahon, roi d'Irlande*, is quite candid on this latter point, writing thus:—

"We have placed the enemies in presence of each other, let us see the forces of which they can dispose. The preponderant parliament has for long endeavoured to organize us, it has engendered nothing but antagonism, humiliating influences, or else doubtful alliances. The moment, it appears to us, is arrived to work out the other system. Nevertheless, it must not be dissimulated, it is a bold enterprise, for England is powerful, and what is more, she has the immense advantage of having unceasingly pursued her idea, whilst France, after having often wandered, has just re-entered the way, and still she finds it not only encumbered by the balance of account that the interior wreck of the Revolution and of parliamentism offer to England, but also barred out on almost all sides by an exterior chain, of which united Italy would willingly form the last link.

"France has, therefore, for her supporters but her chief and her people, strictly speaking. It is enough:—for in her ardour to throw herself upon the booty carried away by her rival, England has allowed the flaw in her cuirass to be seen.

"What, in fact, is the unity of Italy to her, except the indispensable complement of her antagonism against us? Well, if it is the rule in diplomacy, like as in war, to answer attack by attack, how shall we reply to this one?"

The reply is to be—a political diversion in Ireland!

This exactly concurs with our opening remark, to the effect that the French regard the Irish merely as good to make a diversion. A marshal and part of the army of France are to transplant universal suffrage and despotism in a land severed, after seven hundred years' possession, from the British crown. "Ill-governed people have the right," says the pamphleteer, "to withdraw themselves from the laws which rule them, by means of voting, and even by insurrection." But, there is another right, that solemnly asserted in the armorial bearings of the British crown—"Dieu et mon droit!"

In exercise of the free right of criticising the acts of government, let us venture to state our opinion as to what is most needful for our own country. It is much to be deplored that the system of governing England by the opposition of two great parties extends into Ireland to ranging her people in two religious as well as politically opposed ranks, since the effect is to aggravate their natural antipathies. Parties, or rather individuals, gain by the play of these factions; but the whole country loses. What Ireland most wants is thorough union with Great Britain. It should not merely be one of legislators, but of laws; and this would be possible in a more complete form than is the case in the union with Scotland, which has long received the name of North Britain. For legal purposes, Ireland might be called West Britain; and ought not to be mocked by being excepted from laws passed for the sister countries. Competition for employments under the Crown is, of course, much the cause why Protestants and Roman Catholics are divided into hostile parties; and, as it is plain that even the most despotic government could not be carried on without the allurements of patronage, we must apprehend that administrations so dependent on public opinion as party ones, which intermittently deal out rewards to their supporters, will continue to use this means of obtaining support.

The geographical position of our island destined her to be the mere adjunct of Great Britain, a country of greater size, of enormous resources, very superior in civilization, and con-

sequently the seat of government. Were we, like Jersey, nearer to the coast of France than to the shore of England, we might have succumbed to the government of the former country. The inhabitants of the Channel Islands, however, have never talked of wishing to be annexed to their nearest neighbours. Besides that Ireland is naturally under political subservience to the stronger country, she is also doomed to be its draw-farm. These two points are so plain, there is little to say about them, save to suggest the maxim that nations should sometimes, like individuals, submit to their condition. Whatever domestic discomforts Ireland endures arise from local quarrels springing either from religion or land. The circumstance that the sympathies of the Roman Catholic population are in favour of sustaining the present government in Rome, and are therefore opposed to the general tenor of English politics as regards Italy, is insufficient to warrant extreme antipathetic views. Religious, political, and possessional disputes will, doubtless, long continue more bitter in our country than elsewhere in the world, for various reasons; but we must ever enter our protest against continual profanation of the holy name of God, the sacred cause of religion, and the noble cause of just political freedom, for the detestable and sordid purposes of bigotry and party.

During the last forty years, the attention of the Parliament of the United Kingdom has been constantly directed to all that "kings and laws can cure" in this country. In the words of the great and earnest republican, John Milton :—

" This is not the liberty which we can hope, that no grievance ever should arise in the commonwealth; that let no man in this world expect; but when complaints are freely heard, deeply considered, and speedily reformed, then is the utmost bound of civil liberty attained that wise men look for,"

But to all except the prepossessed, there are notorious maladies in the Irish body politic almost insusceptible of cure, and these are aggravated by questions between wealth, work, landlord and tenant, owner and occupier, still more insusceptible. The needy, ignorant, bigoted, and turbulent Roman Catholic of Ireland differs as much from the Roman Catholic of

other countries, as did the mere Irish, whom Lord Macaulay contrasts so markedly with the comparatively governable Anglo-Irish Catholics under Talbot and Sarsfield, and with the religious, easy, and peaceable English Catholics of the same times. The Irish in the United States are not regarded with much favour by the Americans, and are distinguished for noisy turbulence. Just now they are at a low discount, because of their fanatical hatred to the liberal Italians, and of their attachment to the Pope and Bomba II., while almost all Americans are Republicans and Garibaldists. Meanwhile, the United States are an admirable outlet for all admirers of universal suffrage; and every emigrant makes room at home for the comfort of those who remain behind—for that prosperity which has been put to shame by the recent cases of severe destitution. Under the present circumstances of our country, we do not see an excuse for neglect of the poor. *Jean de Paris* quotes, in translation, Lord Clare's statement as to the progress made by this country after she obtained freedom of trade : " Il n'y a pas sur la face du globe de nation qui, pendant la même période, ait fait en agriculture et en industrie des progrès aussi rapide que l'Irlande." If this was true in 1798, it is even more true of the period from 1848 to 1860—the increase in the exports and imports of this island being one of the most extraordinary recorded in history. Repealers think the native Parliament was the talisman that effected that first improvement; but, considering political security as indispensable to commercial progress, we do not believe a Parliament in Dublin would conduce to peace, either at home or abroad, especially if it were a copy of Parisian prototypes. At the least, French friends of freedom should first give freedom a fair trial at home. But they fear lest a free Parliament in France would arouse her factions, and convulse her from one end to the other. On the other hand, neighbouring nations wish to see freedom of debate in the Paris Parliament, with liberty of the Press; believing these would be the best guarantees for the peace of Europe, since unfettered expression of thought would prevent schemes of aggression being planned secretly, and only dis-

closed when the moment comes for executing them.

Before consigning *Jean de Paris'* pamphlet to our waste-paper basket, we must quote a passage from it, in which he says a British Lord lately proclaimed that Great Britain is "the pharos of nations, the light and safeguard of the world;" and that John Bull will declare of the Irish:—"The people are senseless who do not appreciate the benefits of Britannic civilization." Without going so far as to paraphrase his lordship's simile by comparing our Parliament to the sun, we would observe, having recently inspected the latter luminary through a telescope, that we saw several spots in it, which reminded us of the remark of James I. when, as a child, his royal mother having taken him to see a meeting of the Scottish representative body, he exclaimed, on observing a gap in the roof of the ball: "There is a hole in this Parliament!" The truth is that, though no one

would go so far as to pick holes in the sun, even if they did not already exist, there is hardly a human institution with which fault cannot be found. For ourselves, we are not surprised at the French people not appreciating the parliamentary system, since the Parisians frequently abused it; and so insensate is this nation, we really believe that if *Jean de Paris* polled all the young *Parisiennes*, he would find them unanimous in voting the sun an imperfect institution and a spoiler of the complexion: nay more, we fancy that the candle-light beauties would rebel, and declare for putting the sun out altogether. Valuing freedom of debate in Parliament and liberty of the Press far higher than universal suffrage under Napoleon III, we look to the rule of three to solve this question. If the British Parliament is a pharos, and our friend's pamphlet a rushlight, what amount of illumination does the world receive from the Paris Parliament?

RIENZI.

BY PROFESSOR DE VERICOUR.

PART II.

THE Cardinal Legate had withdrawn to Monte-Fiascone, and, in the name of the Pope, concluded a close alliance with the Colonnas, the Orsini, and all the nobles who were the most bitterly hostile to Rienzi. They all prepared to attack Rome, or reduce the city by famine, in investing it. The danger was imminent. The Tribune made an appeal to all classes of citizens, and to the peasantry. A few barons responded to his appeal, and among them, John of Vico, who entered the city with one hundred horsemen, and a supply of corn. But rumours of treason were circulating about his intentions. Vico, on his arrival, did not go at once to the Capitol. Rienzi invited him with his son and principal companions to a banquet, kept them all prisoners, disarmed their soldiers, whose arms and horses he distributed to his own followers. He had made hasty preparations, when he learnt that the enemy, with about five thousand men,

had encamped within about three miles of Rome. He had not neglected his usual mode of rousing the enthusiasm of the Romans. He related to the assembled people that his patron, Saint Martin, had promised him victory; that Pope Boniface had appeared to him during the night, and announced to him a battle in which he would be avenged of the insults of the Colonnas; after which he divided his army into three corps, and at their head, marched towards one of the gates of Rome. The army of the barons was advancing during the dead of night, with old Colonna and his son at their head. Their intention was to surprise the city, having bribed some of the guards, who having been changed, baffled the whole plan. When Stephen Colonna beheld the failure of the attack, he resolved, with his colleagues, to defile in battle array before the city, in order to brave the enemy. They were thus passing close to the gate of the city, near Rienzi

and his bands, with trumpets sounding tauntingly, exasperating the Romans within, who were foaming with fury, when the city gate was suddenly flung open. The younger Colonna, thinking that his companions had entered, darted in, and the Romans receding, somewhat taken by surprise, he boldly dashed on the Tribune, who being overthrown, exclaimed, "Great God, will you betray me?" In the meantime, the Romans having recovered from their momentary stupor, overpowered and slaughtered the younger Colonna, and the old man and nobles hastening to the rescue—they were received with fury, and all cut down or obliged to take to flight.

This was a great victory. Seven Colonnas had fallen. Old Stephen was almost broken-hearted. The nobles were panic-struck. Rienzi did not know his advantage. His febrile accesses of delirious excitement were always followed by a state of prostration. It must have been with him the result of his physical constitution. His fainting fits were more frequent than formerly. Moreover, success led him to great display, and to festivals instead of to the completion of an enterprise. The next day he went to the field of battle with his son, accompanied by 100 knights; he made inhuman difficulties about granting the permission for burying the illustrious dead. He picked up some earth, moist with blood, and shed it on the head of his son, in proclaiming him "Knight of Victory." The whole of this scene created great disgust among many of his adherents. The massacre of the Colonnas had estranged also many of his partisans. But he had promised the Roman militia a pay which he could not grant without levying a new tax. The people, in many groups, were murmuring loudly at his pride, profuse display, and banquets, and protesting indignantly against the chance of fresh taxation. In the meantime, Rienzi was inactive, no longer assembling the people on the Forum, remaining surrounded by the lowest populace. The Legate of the Pontiff, on the other hand, displayed a surpassing activity, watching the general discontent. He skilfully launched among the Romans a terrible manifesto, addressed by the Pope to the people, in which the usurpations of Rienzi, his cruelties and

follies were enumerated and stigmatized, closing by the announcement of a decree of excommunication on both the Tribune and the city, which would soon follow. He had, moreover, received from Avignon a large sum to assist the barons, who now surrounded the city again, and threatened it with famine. The menace of a famine, and the excommunication, were more than enough to cool the enthusiasm of the Romans. Rienzi himself was discouraged. He thought he felt the palace of the Capitol tremble under him every night. An owl that came on the battlements of the Capitol frightened him during his sleep by its shriek; it was driven away, but returned again and again. He thus allowed days and sleepless nights to pass without forming any resolution.

During this state of superstitious weakness and irresolution, the Legate published the decree of excommunication. Rienzi roused himself, and resolved not to fall without resistance. His council had refused him the authority to increase the tax upon salt, and to appoint a captain of war; he now endeavoured to change the majority in the council hostile to him, and convoked new elections in the districts of Rome. The majority of the ballot went against him. He tried one last effort which could not but prove a failure. In the presence of the crowd assembled at the Capitol, he annulled all his former decrees, so characterized by their arrogance, pretensions, and usurpations; he promised to submit to the instructions of the Pontiff, and cancelled the superior authority he had awarded to the Roman people. This crest-fallen, unmanly profession of faith of the Tribune, was received with loud murmurs by both his partisans and his enemies. In the meantime the Legate was forming a secret plot for the ruin of the Tribune, with the Colonnas, the Savelli, and a Condottiere, Pepino, Count of Minarmino, who was commissioned by the King of Hungary to collect soldiers to march against the Queen of Naples. Rienzi, hoping for some assistance from that king, did not anticipate the hostility of Pepino, although he had shortly before banished him from Rome, for having committed some act of plunder at Terracina. On the

15th of December, a bill was placarded at the gate of the castle of St. Angelo, exciting the people to free themselves from the excommunicated Tribune. Rienzi ordered it to be torn down, and summoned its author to his Tribunal. But in the evening of that day the cries of "Death to the Tribune" were heard clamoured in several parts of the city. Early the next morning the belfry of the Capitol called the people to arms. No one answered it. Every party sought its safety in its district. Rienzi sallied out, followed by a few remaining soldiers;—the people at last, gradually, slowly, collected. He tried once more the magic power of his eloquence, but his faith in himself was gone; he spoke with a feminine nervousness, of all he had done, of the injustice and ingratitude he was subjected to. He wept abundantly; many wept with him, and when he begged to be released from the authority that had been intrusted to him seven months before, not one dissenting voice was heard. Probably, as a last mark of respect, a silent crowd accompanied him and his wife, who was concealed under a monkish robe and hood, to the Castle of Angelo. All the gates of the city were immediately thrown open. The barons returned; the Legate installed himself at the Capitol. The Tribune was declared solemnly a heretic, sacrilegious, and hung in effigy. Two senators were appointed, and his government abolished. Again, Rienzi made one last attempt; he had one of his symbolical pictures affixed to the gate of the Church of Santa Madalena; but the Romans had latterly suffered from famine; they paid no attention to the allegory, which fell, destroyed, and soiled by a rabble of boys, whilst Rienzi beholding his powerlessness, disappeared from Rome. But in the interval between his fall and this last attempt, Rienzi had gone to Civita Vecchia, where his nephew commanded the fort, leaving his wife, sons, and relations in Rome, where, through the generosity of old Stephen Colonna, they lived secure and tranquil. When the nephew was obliged to surrender the fort, Rienzi, skilfully disguised, returned to Rome, to the Castle of St. Angelo, where, it appears, by the published documents, that two of the Orsini were plotting to have him

taken, in order to give him up to the Legate, or have him hanged or murdered. Their death alone saved him. It is well established that he left Rome and fled in the direction of Naples, towards the end of January, 1348.

Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, in his brilliant romance, attributes this first fall of his hero to the excommunication and its blighting results. But the excommunication alone could not have worked such a change among the Romans. The history of the fourteenth century, and of Florence especially, abounds with instances when this pontifical ultimatum was powerless and often braved. Rienzi had committed gross political errors, among which the most fatal to him were his folly of summoning the Emperor to his tribunal and his insulting and expelling the pontifical vicar who was disposed to favour and support him. He certainly evinced flashes of genius and energy, but proved himself a mystical, literary Utopian, devoid of many of the leading characteristics of a statesman. His heedlessness, puerile ostentation, and extravagance, disgusted the people. Many of his acts of despotism destroyed also the public confidence, and when at the last moment he abandoned his pompous titles, annulled his former ordinances, these sudden changes and exaggerated concessions, were received as a testimony of his weakness, and as a proof that self-interest alone had actuated him in all his proceedings—hence a mass of the people abandoned him and joined his enemies.

Rienzi was now a wandering outcast, but far from being discouraged. Being abandoned by all parties, he turned to one of those Condottieri, the scourge of Italy—men who for a certain sum of money undertook every thing. The German, Werner, one of the boldest adventurers, who called himself "the enemy of God and of mercy," was then not far from Rome with his lawless band. He had, a few years previously, plundered twelve large cities of Northern Italy, and braved the united forces of the Visconti and the Scala. The fallen Tribune proposed to this brigand to join him and attempt a surprise of Rome. They came near the city. Had they suddenly attacked it, they might have succeeded, for a part of the people, suffering from the cruelty of the no-

bles, were already regretting Rienzi. But, they hesitated, and gave time to the Legate to assemble troops and take measures of defence. Moreover, Rienzi had collected, through his friends, an indispensable sum of money, and one of his agents, Papencordt says his own brother, fled with it. The Condottieri, unwilling to act without subsidies, and seeing Rome well guarded, turned away towards Naples, leaving, in his way, Rienzi safe in one of the wildest solitudes of the Apennines, in a convent of some poor mystical monks, dissenters of the Order of St. Francis, who, in the mountains of the Majella, spent their lives in contemplation, prayer, and in the expectation of purer times, of a general reform in the Church, and of a universal fraternal poverty. This year (1348), during which the memorable black plague transformed Europe into a huge charnel house, the fearful earthquake that followed, which shook Rome to its very foundations, was well calculated to confirm the poor monks in their forebodings and visions, and lead all warm imaginations to share them. Rienzi joined the monks in all their ecstatic reveries and in their abstinence; he inflamed them with his mystical eloquence and ambitious projects. The mutual febrile exaltations, the yearnings for days of purity and spiritual greatness, continued—Rienzi was beheld as a prophet by the poor monks. He has himself afterwards related his residence in the Majella, and it seems that he has exaggerated the austerity, poverty, and humility of these solitaries.

At the commencement of 1350, the most revered hermit in the country, Fra Angelo, came to Rienzi, knelt before him, urged him to action in a pathetic address, observing that he had long enough been in penitence and retreat, that the day of salvation of all had come, for the accomplishment of which two men had been elected, the Emperor Charles IV. and Cola, the Knight of the Holy Ghost, who must hasten to the Emperor, who will aid him to crush the bad passions and regenerate Rome and the Church. However flattering such a proposition could be to the ambition and mysticism of the Tribune, his former conduct to the Emperor made him hesitate as to its being practicable; but

the mystical remonstrances, and prophetic visions of the friar, could not fail to captivate and persuade an imaginative and enterprising nature. It was the year of the Jubilee, the celebration of which had been obtained by the Tribune. Twelve hundred thousand Christian pilgrims had fallen upon Rome. Rienzi could not resist the temptation. He came also. Moreover, he was no longer safe in the Majella. The Archbishop of Naples was preparing snares to have him taken and given up to the Pope. Cola, lost among the masses of people, now at Rome, found many of his old associates and friends, excited their discontent against the Legate, and spoke fervently of his new projects. As the Cardinal was, according to custom, visiting the churches, two arrows pierced his hat: no one was found in the house whence they came. The prelate suspected Rienzi of being at least an accomplice in the attempt, and he requested earnestly the Pope to accept his resignation. Still, it was not by any means a propitious time to attempt a revolutionary movement in Rome, as the whole population was absorbed by the Jubilee, which they more especially considered as a most advantageous speculation to themselves, and from which their attention could not be drawn away by any political consideration, nor by any Tribune, however beloved.

The month of July, 1350, Prague, where resided the Emperor Charles IV., beheld the arrival of Rienzi, who went straightway to the Court, and threw himself at the feet of his Imperial Majesty, whom he addressed in a mystical language, expressive of the purity of his intentions when he governed Rome, confessing the pride that had blinded him, how power had intoxicated him, and how much he had subsequently suffered when God had cast him down in the abyss. He concluded by imploring the imperial protection, and proclaiming that the sword of the Emperor must cut down all tyrants, adding that crows take to flight before the eagle. The Emperor, astonished, listened to him favourably, promised his pardon for the past, and consented to listen to his projects. The allusions of the enthusiastic outcast referred to nothing less than the universal monarchy of the Empire, and the supremacy of the

State over the Church after the long triumph and ascendancy of the Pontifical See: they were all accompanied by prophetic assurances of the protection of the Holy Ghost, of ultimate success in all reforms, till the day when the world would offer a perfect unity in government and creed, when the Emperor, Cola di Rienzi, and the Pope would offer in this world the image of the Holy Trinity. Charles IV. was a practical man, hostile to chimerical ideas, and attached to the Pope and the Church. Nevertheless, he requested the Tribune to give him in writing all he had heard him express; and entertaining some doubt about his orthodoxy, he requested the Archbishop of Prague to watch over him, to keep him a prisoner, but with kind treatment.

Now Rienzi became subjected to endless conversations and argumentations with the Archbishop and many German doctors and scholars who visited him. In all he evinced dashes of heresy. In his memoir to the Emperor, he alludes for the first time to the report which supposed him to be the son of Henry VII., an indelicate disgrace on the honour of his mother; he asserts the prophecy which selected him as a precursor—a St. John—of a new Christ, depicting vividly the corruption of the Avignon Court and the wretchedness of Rome. The Emperor, who had great pretensions to theological learning, condescended to answer the infatuated exile in conversations, and especially in writing; he did so as a faithful son of the Church, defending the orthodoxy, upbraiding Cola for his pride and vanity, pitying Rome and Italy, but protesting that the Imperial power could not regenerate them, and announcing to the prisoner that as he nourished doctrines very dangerous for the salvation of his soul, he must remain in confinement to reflect and return to the Christian tenets. Rienzi replied by an incoherent ecstatic apology. Solitude, the *ennui* of captivity, resentment, had excited his feverish imagination in the extreme. He most vehemently defended himself from the accusation of heresy, refuted all the other accusations, and expressed his lassitude of all human greatness. These documents have been collected and published by Papebrocht; they form one of the most

curious collections of mediæval history, and certainly prove that the Emperor as well as the Archbishop held in great estimation the eloquence of the fallen Tribune. The Emperor now abandoned the exiled heretic to the hands of the Archbishop of Prague, with the charge of informing regularly and legally against him. Happily for Rienzi, the generous and benevolent prelate evinced a paternal sympathy; he saw to the comfort and well-being of his prisoner, and as the fainting or epileptic fits of Cola had become more frequent, the kindest attendants were placed near him. The skilful and good old Archbishop, now obliged to carry on by correspondence the trial of his prisoner, took every means to attenuate his errors and soothe the resentment of the Pontiff. His persuasive benevolence obtained from the ardent but feeble imagination of Rienzi a series of doctrinal concessions which justified his defence of the poor outcast. The latter addressed incessantly to him letters and memoirs repudiating many of his former acts, explaining others, accusing himself of the sin of pride, and dwelling on his boundless contrition and penitence. The prelate discussed also, with a tender benevolence, his mystical ideas, and led him from concession to concession to an almost complete submission to the Church, and to a declaration that, protected by the Emperor, his sins being remitted, his faith pure—being devoted to the evangelical and apostolical doctrine—he was ready to appear before the Pontiff's tribunal, suspecting that the Pope might want his blood, but ready, nevertheless, to meet his justice.

The good Archbishop took Rienzi at his word, and announced to him that he would be sent immediately to Avignon, at the request of the Pope, but warmly recommended to the pontifical favour. A deep gloom assailed the poor prisoner when he found that he was going to be given up. A great sadness prevails in his letters written at this moment. The two letters especially which he wrote before his departure for Avignon,—one to his son and the other to Fra Angelo, the hermit of the mountains of Majella,—are characterized by a tone of sadness and discouragement, blended with a presentiment of his ap-

proaching end, not to be met with in any of his compositions. In the first, to his son, he dwells on the everlasting belief in the future renovation of the world; he urges the youth to be patient and humble—to forget his father, who will soon be with God, and to obey his other father, Fra Angelo, to whom he leaves him, and who will show him the ways of the Lord. In the other, to Fra Angelo, he dwells on his sufferings—he considers them as the fulfilment of a prophecy—he blesses his prison—speaks of his flood of tears, and of his soul that does not despair in sorrow, because after this deluge the dove will return to the ark with the branch of olive tree; and, affecting to close the epistle with these words:—“No longer think of me, I am to be given up to the Pope, who longs for my blood as I am yearning for the celestial Jerusalem; think of yourselves only, brothers; remain concealed and pray for my sins. My wife, the star of my house, has already taken the veil in the order of Santa Clara, with her two dear daughters. Fra Angelo! I intrust my son to you, to lead him away from the world, towards the true light. It is the only legacy I leave to you. As to the few arms, jewels, and other things which are deposited in a concealed spot, in the Abruzzi, and of which my son has no need, pray have them sold, and if a pilgrim brother, goes to the Holy Land, let him, with the value, raise a chapel in which my soul may rest in peace; and if the infidels prevent him from doing so, let him divide the money among the poor priests or Christians of Jerusalem.” This touching epistle reveals, more especially, the singular dualism of Rienzi’s nature. His soul could not exist bereft of his holy mother, the Church, nor cling too warmly to his beloved ideal, modern liberty. He was the victim of that period of transition during which he lived—torn by the two elements, a mystical faith, and a mind enriched with the treasures of antiquity, in advance of his time. His mind and heart were indulging in the hope and dream of a union between the past and future. The Holy Ghost, refuge of all the fervent men of that age, was to be the great link of unity. His dream assumed gigantic proportions; it

shattered his naturally feeble intellect—he fell; but in falling, his dying eyes and imploring hands were directed towards the cross of his Saviour.

Rienzi was brought to Avignon in the month of August (1351). The people crowded to gaze silently on the man who had been the idol of the Romans, and the object of so many splendid festivities. Petrarch says that he arrived between two common soldiers, looking sad and cast down. Thanks to the benevolent efforts of the Archbishop of Prague, he was not to appear before his judges charged with the crime of heresy, but simply of disobedience to the Holy See. The three cardinals appointed to judge him, did not manifest a kindly disposition towards him. He was thrown into a dungeon, with one foot fastened to a chain riveted to the wall. His prison at Avignon, the old tower, in the suburb of Villeneuve, is still shown. Although the imprisonment was harsh, yet he may not have suffered otherwise; for, if we are to believe the contemporary biographer, Rienzi was fat and ruddy in the Avignon prison, and commenced to give way to habits of intemperance, which subsequently brutalized him considerably. The trial was secret and rapidly terminated. Nothing remains of it—not a note, not a word. The accused outcast was not even allowed a human being for the defence. Petrarch wrote secretly in his favour, without daring to sign his letters. The fallen Tribune, abandoned by all, was found guilty, and condemned to death. But Provence, the land of the Troubadours, was then the part of Europe where intellectual culture and poetry were the most honoured and beloved. Although Rienzi was not a poet, his erudition was celebrated; it had been the basis of his power and fortune; and let it be an eternal honour to the humanizing influence of letters, that the inhabitants of Avignon felt indignant that a scholar—a literary character—should be condemned to bring his head on the block; they interceded warmly in his favour, made use even of menacing language, and prepared to revolt rather than to suffer such an execution. The Pontiff, who valued the fidelity of Avignon, yielded to their demand. Rienzi was only

kept a prisoner, but not severely; his books were returned to him—among them the Bible and Livy—and his food was even sent him from the pontifical kitchen. Hence no doubt the change in his appearance and habits, mentioned by the biographer.

A new Pontiff, Innocent VI., was elected on the 18th of December, 1352. From the very day of his election he manifested a deep anxiety about the state of Italy, and the conviction that the restoration of the pontifical authority was the only remedy that could heal the evil with any efficacy. But the application of that remedy was the most difficult question. The division of power between the nobles and the people at Rome seemed to his experienced comprehension an unattainable object. He felt that no reliance could be placed on the Colonnas or the Orsini, and a representation of the Roman populace appeared impossible.

Since the fall of Rienzi the anarchy had been worse than ever; the authority of the pontifical vicars was a dead letter; sanguinary contests between the nobles with each other, and between the nobles and the people, were of constant recurrence. A citizen had been proclaimed Senator by the people, but he was soon tracked by the nobles and obliged to fly. One Orsini and one Colonna assumed in 1352 the title and functions of lieutenants of the Roman people, and they were, not long after, assailed in a popular riot; one was stoned to death, and the other only saved himself by flight. Subsequently, the greatest nobles fought with each other at the head of their bands, and the people, in the meantime, stabbed them right and left. Finally, a citizen, a *popolare*, called Baroncelli, a former warm partisan of the Tribune, took possession of the Capitol, where he planted a white flag, and called on the support of the people for the sake of their liberty. He took the title of Second Tribune and Roman Consul—revived a great number of the laws of the first Tribune—received the oath of the captains of districts, but, notwithstanding a certain practical ability, there was every appearance that his reign would not be of long duration.

The Pope had long fixed his eyes on Cardinal Albornoz, as the only

man who could subdue the Roman nobility. The Cardinal was a stern, dark man, who, in Spain, had warred against the Moors, intrigued at the court of Castille, and finally offered his services to the Holy See. His experience and fearless character were well calculated to crush all the petty tyrants, crafty despots, and brigands who spread desolation in the patrimony of St. Peter. But somebody was indispensable to conciliate the Roman people and hurl down Baroncelli. Innocent VI. thought of Rienzi; he had him brought before him, and secretly gave him his instructions. Poor Cola evidently did not comprehend their drift; delirious with joy and confidence on being drawn from a dungeon, to appear again in Italy and behold Rome at his feet, he did not perceive the cruelty and policy that led to his being associated with a man like Cardinal Albornoz. They took their departure, escorted by a small but excellent troop of mercenary soldiers; they crossed the Apennines, bending their way towards Rome. The Cardinal was bearer of a bull empowering him to exterminate heresy—restore the dignity and rights of the Church—annihilate the leagues formed against the pontifical rights, and enforce the restitution of the Church property. Rienzi had received a letter of instructions, worded in a somewhat ambiguous manner; it stated that the Roman Knight, Rienzi, had been absolved, delivered, and was now sent to Rome, hoping that his sufferings had brought him to his right senses, and to the laying aside of his fantastical visions, so that by his influence and industry he might reconcile the ill-intentioned. Great verbal promises had been lavished upon him at Avignon; the dignity of *Senator* being stipulated as the future reward for his services, on the condition that he would remain faithful to the Church and defend her rights to the death. During the journey, Rienzi, although exulting in his dreams for the future, awoke to the consciousness of his real position. He saw himself almost destitute of every thing; isolated, whilst the Cardinal was surrounded by valiant knights, his relations, and escorted by a little pontifical army well paid. When they all arrived at Florence, the Cardinal was received

with gorgeous splendour and with honours due to a sovereign, whilst Cola remained lost in the crowd of menials unobserved. The Florentines, who had formerly feared his authority, were not disposed to encourage his political resurrection. On the way to Rome, all the partisans of the Church flocked round the Cardinal whilst the ex-Tribune was left in solitude. Once in the *Campagna*, however, the hopes and spirits of Rienzi began to revive; he learnt that Baroncelli had become very unpopular in Rome by his tyranny as well as want of energy, and that the people were anxious for a change, whatever it might be.

The rivalry between Rienzi and Albornoz was becoming imminent at this conjuncture. The Cardinal, in order to ingratiate himself with the Roman people, commenced by attacking the nobility. He fell on the Prefect of Vico, who was then master of ten of the best cities of the Roman States. The latter, forming an alliance with Baroncelli, conceived himself secure against his new ecclesiastical assailant; but this second Tribune was accused of treason by the Roman people in consequence of this alliance, and perished in a popular riot in December, 1353. In the meantime Albornoz, assisted by the Florentine and Perugian militia, took Orvieto and Toscanella in less than three months. The Romans felt favourably impressed by the energy and policy of the Cardinal. They sent him an Embassy to offer their submission to the Holy See, and requesting him to appoint a senator. Rienzi had served honourably in the troops of Albornoz: several Romans even expressed a wish for his return; he conceived therefore that there could not be a better opportunity for the fulfilment of the Pontifical promises. But the Cardinal did not hesitate to deliver himself of his dangerous colleague. He congratulated the Romans on their submission, gave them as senator a certain Guidone, and, determined to keep Rienzi aloof, he ordered him to withdraw and remain at Perugia, leaving a small sum of money for his maintenance; whilst he, with the additional force of the Roman militia, went in pursuit of the rebellious Prefect of Vico. The fallen Tribune

was stung to the quick. He saw how skilfully the prestige of his name had been annulled. He resolved to strike out a new path for himself, and to do so with a boldness that would awe his rival. At Perugia he formed the acquaintance of two brothers, Arimbaldo and Bretonne—the former was a jurist, the second a banker: he gained their friendship and confidence by the charms of his manners, and his persuasive eloquence. These new friends were brothers of the celebrated Monreale, one of the most formidable Condottieri of the time, who was then in Italy with his great company, where he had levied heavy contributions on some of the principal cities of the Peninsula—the brothers of Perugia, transacting extensive commercial and banking operations with these large sums.

Rienzi proposed to Arimbaldo and Bretonne an expedition on Rome, where he would share every thing with them—authority and profits—depicting the glory and advantages that would ensue in the most glowing colours; a little money and a few soldiers was all he wanted. The brothers were singularly pleased with the project. They wrote to Monreale in the most sanguine tone, as if Rome were already in their power, announcing their disposal of a large sum of money to raise and pay a small army; and, confident of his approbation, they hastened their preparations. The great Condottiere, however, manifested some misgivings about the enterprise. He was more practical and experienced than his brothers. He wrote to them that he did not precisely understand the whole plan, could not approve of it, but that as they had gone so far they must proceed—take care that the money was returned to them; and that if any obstacle arose, he would fly to their assistance with two or three thousand men. Rienzi, now engaged in his service, for two months, a band of 700 or 800 horsemen that had just been dismissed by the Lord of Rimini: he paid them one month in advance. He now felt in a position to take a high tone. He represented to Albornoz that his senator was of no avail at Rome, and that he, Rienzi, alone could be useful to the Holy See, demanding a title which was due to

him, and which would permit him to act. The Cardinal, anxious to continue his conquests of the castles of Romagna, gave to Rienzi the diploma of Senator, with full powers, but in the full persuasion that he could always render himself master of Rome on his return, and crush the new Senator by his presence and influence. The expedition succeeded; Rome was ready to receive the Senator; Rienzi made a solemn, magnificent entry into the Eternal City. He and his suite were splendidly equipped; he mounted a beautiful white horse, wore a scarlet mantle, embroidered with gold, and golden spurs. Triumphal arches were raised; the paths covered with carpets, and flowers thrown in profusion on his way; with a multitude exclaiming, "Blessed be the liberator who comes to us!" The procession proceeded to the Capitol, where once more the people heard the beloved voice of their former Tribune. He addressed them briefly, stating that, after seven years of exile and suffering, the Pope had appointed him Senator, but that the approbation of the people was necessary to confirm his election, and that he came to restore order and revive the majesty of the Republic, which the nobles had trampled down. His language was not precisely that of a very obedient servant of the Pontiff. He immediately created Bretonne general of the militia, and Arimbald great Gonfalonier, and sent messengers to the cities of Italy, announcing his restoration. The Romans indulged in the maddest rejoicings. The nobles fled. The Senator appeared confident of the perpetuity of his triumph, authority, and power, notwithstanding the paternal letters of advice he received from the Pontiff, reminding him of his humble origin, of his sufferings, and urging him to guard against the intoxication of greatness.

The population of Rome had been deeply impressed by the difference that existed between the new Senator and their former Tribune. The Rienzi of former days, with the fantastical flashes of his eyes—with the thoughtful, pallid, aspiring expression of his physiognomy—was no more: he now appeared corpulent, bloated, with a sensual glow over his features; his long captivity, and, perhaps, the luxurious fare of the court of Avignon,

had engendered a heaviness, not only on his person, but in his mind; his voice had lost its silvery tone; his words were uttered with a thick articulation—their warmth being the result of wrath instead of noble convictions. His sensual taste for the table had augmented, especially his daily potations. Sir E. Bulwer Lytton passes lightly over the latter excesses; he pities the infirmity—claims the indulgence of the reader in favour of a man obliged to have recourse to physical stimulants and momentary forgetfulness, when the intellectual solace of hope, youth, glory were commencing to abandon him. However it may be, his excesses led to the worst practical results, namely, to an outrageous exaggeration of his faults and weaknesses. In the exercise of his authority, his resolutions were more inconstant and incoherent than formerly, passing from an insane excitement to deep discouragement. His temper had grown most irritable. His former generous sentiments appeared withered. He now proved that he loved power from selfish motives exclusively. Having experienced many deceptions and perfidies, he had lost all belief in uprightness and honesty; mistaking cruelty for authority, he now proved himself heartless and crafty, and most unsuccessfully so. He turned with fierce hatred against the Colonnas; having sent them a messenger to demand their homage, and the poor man having been sent back, mutilated, with an insolent reply, Rienzi assembled the militia and mercenaries, marched against their stronghold Palestrina, but, arriving at Tivoli, he received a first check—the first paid month of the mercenaries had expired; they refused to proceed unless they were paid again. Rienzi took aside Arimbald and Bretonne, whom he persuaded to advance another sum by his persuasive reasonings and splendid promises. The inhabitants of Tivoli, who hated the Colonnas, came also to his assistance. He laid the siege before Palestrina, but the place, resembling much a huge eagle-nest, could only be taken by famine, and, as he was no tactician, he found no means of preventing provisions from being introduced into the stronghold. In the meantime the militia and the mercenaries quarrelled, and caused

great confusion in the besieging army. The siege had every appearance of being of long duration, and Rienzi suddenly departed for Rome on receiving news of events and symptoms that placed his authority in the utmost danger.

The great Condottiere Monreale had not been satisfied with the concession of his brothers. He had come to Rome, and spoken freely, even menacingly, of the Senator. He was then the most formidable personage in Italy, at the head of a sort of movable military republic. To take sudden possession of Rome, and make the Eternal City his prey, was a very probable, lofty project, in such a gigantic brigand; the circumstances were certainly very favourable for such a *coup d'état*. It is impossible to know whether Albornozy did not urge him to the enterprise. Matteo Villani believes that the Colonnas were conniving with the formidable Condottiere for the ruin of the Senator. However, Rienzi, on his leaving the camp, had ordered Arimbaldo and Bretonne to be seized and kept prisoners. On his arrival at Rome, he invited the proud and confident Monreale, with about forty of his officers, to an interview, or a banquet, and had them all assailed, bound, and taken to prison. The Condottiere was brought to trial for his crimes on the territory of the Tuscan cities; he was condemned to death and executed early the following morning, obtaining the favour of not being put to the rack, as he was Knight of St. John of Jerusalem. It appeared that, by this one bold stroke, Rienzi had delivered himself of a dangerous man, paid his debt, obtained possession of the money the Condottiere had brought with him, and entitled himself to the gratitude of the Tuscan cities. But not so. The Senator must be absolved of the accusation of having sent the Condottiere to death, in order to appropriate his treasure. Monreale was far from having brought all he possessed with him; the largest portion of this was sent to the cities of Florence and Siena, as a compensation for the plunders they had suffered, and what remained was distributed among the mercenaries to soothe the anger at the cruel treachery. On the other hand, such is the perversion of

the human heart, and the prestige exercised by crime on a large scale, that Monreale became an object of tender pity in Rome, and even in Tuscany. Rienzi addressed the people in vain, dwelling on the crimes of his victim, and on the advantage which they derived from taking possession of his arms, horses, &c. He beheld with dismay and resentment their displeasure manifested by their silence. Hoping to recover his popularity by a success, he sent against Palestrina a distinguished commander, Annibaldi, of the noble family of the Annibaleschi, who, well acquainted with the country, blocked up skilfully all the avenues to the fortress, the surrender of which was now a mere question of time. But time was the greatest enemy of Rienzi. He was obliged to insure to the Holy See the integral amount of the usual imposts, not to estrange the Pontiff, whilst he remained with an exchequer empty. Such a dearth was intolerable; and he commenced by re-establishing a tax on wine.

The Romans murmured loudly. They cursed the return of the man who formerly had promised the assistance of the state to the poor and to orphans. The axe of the headsman answered all complaints and protestations. The tax was paid, but the discontent and hatred became deeper. Executions now followed executions. Such was the spectacle that Cola, the beloved of the Romans, offered daily to the people: he was no longer a Tribune or a Senator, but a sanguinary tyrant. The execution from among the sympathizers with the people which excited the greatest horror was that of Pandolfo di Guido. He had been his intimate friend and warm supporter when Rienzi was Tribune. He had been sent as ambassador to Florence, and was esteemed for his wisdom and learning. Giovanni Villani suspects him of having been ambitious of obtaining the *Signoria* of the people; but Matteo Villani does not allude to such an ambition, and states only that he was extremely beloved by the Romans, and the only man whom the Tribune had to fear, as Pandolfo was also the one who could the most easily agitate and move the people by his influence and eloquence, for which reason he was tyrannically executed without any cause.

This execution worked the ruin of Cola. The ominous state of the city was an unmistakable foreboding of the subsequent events. But Rienzi remained carefully guarded in the Capitol, surrounded by a few faithful followers, plunged in long orgies, in which he forgot all his fears and difficulties, and ever awaking from them more nervously timid and cruel. His dreams became febrile and awful. As formerly, the Capitol seemed to him to tremble under him during his agitated slumbers. He seldom appeared out in the day time, and when he did so, he was clothed in deep mourning, preceded by emblems of a lugubrious symbolism. In the meantime, Cardinal Alborno, master of the country, had come and settled at Monte-Fiascone, near Rome. There he remained tranquil, as a menacing spectre; he knew that he had only to wait,—that his victim must succumb ere long.

Rienzi, before his fall, clung to one of those romantic hopes which had characterized his early career; and there was also, probably, much deception in his apparent credulity, for, the documents collected by Papencordt establish very clearly his duplicity, as well as his insane pride. There are cases, for instance, when he pretended to have seen in his dreams events taking place, whilst his knowledge, which proved true, was the result of his private rapid messengers. Now, he heard of a citizen of Siena, native of France, named *Jean*, in Italian, *Giannino*, about whose birth many mysterious circumstances were related. This man had been a wanderer in his youth, and had come from Chalons to settle at Siena, where he acquired a considerable property in the wool business. Some impostor easily persuaded Rienzi that this *Giannino*, was no other than John I., posthumous son of the French King, Louis the Hutin, who had been thought dead, but whom his uncles had taken away after his birth, having placed in his stead a dead child. Rienzi seized on this mystification, proclaimed his being destined to avenge this injustice, and found in it a favourable opportunity for dazzling the Romans. He sent for the citizen of Siena, who, on his arrival at the Capitol, beheld the Tribune at his feet, hailing him as King of

France. The poor man declined the honour, but being persuaded at last, by the eloquence of the Senator, he accepted the prospect of ascending the French throne. Rienzi presented this new King of France to the Roman people as his ally, and in his unaccountable infatuation sent him to Cardinal Alborno, with a letter containing his claims against the usurper, Philippe of Valois. Completely absorbed by this insane chimera, he abandoned every other consideration and business. Engrossed by the restoration of a King of France, who would be his faithful ally, he scorned to think of the Colonna or the Orsini. At the same time, growing jealous of the popularity of Annibaldi, and of his approaching success, he deprived him of his command, and recalled him. This was his last folly. The Senator had become ridiculous or odious to every Roman. The universal discontent was ready to explode. Rienzi in his penury was obliged to increase the taxation on salt (*gabella*). This was the spark that brought on the explosion, whilst Annibaldi, indignant at the treatment he had received, became the instigator of the popular fury.

On the 8th of October, 1354, at daybreak, Rienzi was roused by the cries of "Long live the people—death to the Tribune!" A dense, infuriated multitude surrounded the Capitol, and endeavoured to break down the huge palace gate. Rienzi was hoping that other citizens would come to his assistance; but far from it. He found himself abandoned by all the inmates of the palace, and beheld all the issues well guarded by menacing, raging foes. In this extremity, he appeared on the balcony, armed, with the standard in his hand, and asked to speak; but in vain. His voice was drowned by roaring vociferations. Stones and arrows were flung at him. He was obliged to withdraw. One man only had remained with him, and he was thinking of betraying him. Whilst the gate was being battered, Rienzi now resolved to wait for his enemies, sword in hand, and sell his life dearly. But the people set fire to the gate, which soon cracked down, with the gallery above it; at the decisive moment Rienzi evidently lost courage. Instead of waiting firmly for the crowd, he withdrew in a corner of the palace,

blackened his face, cut his beard, and covered himself with rags, whilst the mass of people was rushing in ; he then took a mattress on his shoulders for the better concealment of his face, hastened down stairs, passing through the throng, going in the opposite direction, and crying out, "Down with the traitor." He thus reached the threshold, when a man seized his arm and cried out to him in a terrible voice, "Stop, Rienzi!" A golden bracelet he had forgotten and kept on his arm, betrayed him. He threw down the mattress, and gave himself up without uttering a word. The crowd dragged him away near the marble lion where the criminals were executed. There he was left ; none of these infuriated people daring to strike him ; they gazed on him with a stupid amazement : those eyes from which had flashed formerly such enthusiastic rays, were vacant, fixed, glazed ; that mouth from which flowed such streams of eloquence, was now distorted by terror ; there stood their former idol—now a motionless monster. At last a certain Cecco del Vecchio thrust a sword into him ; Treja, a notary of the Senate, severed his head from the body ; and now, all flocked to dip sword or dagger in his blood ; the corpse was afterwards dragged near the residence of the Colonnas and hung up. It remained three days exposed to every dastardly outrage ; on the fourth day, the Jews were allowed to take it down and to burn it out of the city, as if it was not that of a Christian—at that time the most awful of all disgraces.

So ended Rienzi. His unfortunate victim of Siena remained some time as a useful tool in the hands of the Italian Princes, and finally died miserably, a prisoner at Naples, known as the *Re Giannino*. Albornoz thus placidly attained his object. He very soon entered Rome, and the Romans, exhausted by endless agitations, hailed him with acclamation ; he skillfully prepared the return of the Pope

and the submission of all the States of the Church. Sir E. Bulwer Lytton attributes this second fall of Rienzi to the impost on salt ; but in reality that appears to have been more an instrument in the hands of his enemies to excite the populace to his ruin. The tax in itself would not probably have met with much opposition on the part of the Romans, as it had existed before, such as it was now imposed. In this second period of his career, Rienzi, doubtless, had many difficulties to encounter—his great difficulty was the maintenance of an armed force ; it required great caution, good sense, abnegation—and he proved himself incapable of these. He was no longer the same man. His prestige was gone. He was nothing more than a Senator, and the Romans did not respect that dignity ; it became an object of scorn and sarcasm. If the death of Monreale was just, it certainly was very untimely ; appearances were glaringly against its justice. But above all, Rienzi abandoned himself to acts of tyranny, cruelty, and spoliation. Without any reason he deprived Annibaldi of his command—a brave commander beloved by the people and the soldiers—and thus he increased the number of his enemies. The public resentment was manifest, but he remained retired in the Capitol, in his orgies ; he heeded it not. The unjust, cruel execution of Pandolfo di Guido raised it to the highest degree. Thus Rienzi, having estranged all parties, having lost the esteem and confidence of all, by the conduct we have briefly described, stood isolated, and the *gabella* became a very ready, easy instrument to work his ruin and death. And even during the better period of his political career, Rienzi is a striking example how much, in reality, imagination is a dangerous, inefficient gift, when it stands isolated. Practical intelligence and resolution in human affairs can alone save and regenerate a State.

THE WATERS OF BABYLON.

(A Poem on the same subject, by the Author, is now in the press. The subject is suggestive, and these lines view it from a different side, and in a different style).

I.

I READ that old and wondrous song,
So strongly sweet and sweetly strong,
That silver poem, whose music shivers
With a chime of rolling rivers

Through the forest of the psalms—
Now it droppeth some golden bead,
Hebrew litany, or creed,
On its rosary of the reed :

Now among the dark-green palms,
And through the harp-hung willows grey
It yearneth its sweet self away,
And then the stream is fleck'd with froth,
And then the psalm is white with wrath,
And all the sorrow of the verse
Swell out majestic to a curse.

Blessed be thou, Psalm ! I said,
Whether thy deep words be read
Soft and low with bended head,
Or whether chance at vesper-tide
In some minster grand and grey,
By the organ glorified,

Soft the *super flumina*
Rustles by the wreathen pillar,
While the hush of eve grows stiller,
Till you seem to hear a river,
Willows tremble, harp-strings quiver,
And a beautiful regret
To the heavenly Sion set.

"And why," I thought, "must she be still,

"The muse, that with her hallow'd fire

"Those chosen shepherds did inspire

"Of Bethlehem, and of Oreb's hill ;

"And now, in exile chants again,

"Not less divinely, such a strain,

"As he the son of Jesse play'd

"In Kedron's olive-hoary glade,

"The glittering grief upon his brow—

"In Christ's own church must she rest now.

"Fair, angel-fair, but frozen, like

"A marble maid whose death-white fingers

"Enclasp a harp, o'er which she lingers

"Stone-silent, but may never strike !"

II.

Musing thus, a spirit bright
Stood by me that summer night :

"Come, where the river rolleth calm

"Through that Babylonian psalm ;

"Thou shalt learn by me reveal'd

"Why those holy lips are seal'd.

III.

Then on a great Assyrian quay,
 Fast by the town of Nineveh,
 At noon of night, methought I stood
 Where Tigris went with glimmering flood,
 And walls were there all storied round,
 With old grim kings, enthroned, encrown'd,
 Strange-visaged chief, and winged bull,
 Pine-cone, and lotus wonderful.
 Embark'd, I floated fast and far,
 For I was bound to Babylon;
 I saw the great blue lake of Wan,
 And that green island Ahktamar;
 I saw above the burning flat—
 The lone and snow-capp'd Ararat.
 But ever spell-bound on I pass,
 Sometimes hearing my shallop creep,
 With its cool rustle, through the deep
 Mesopotamian meadow grass.
 And now (as when by moons of old,
 Grandly with wrinkling silver roll'd,
 It glimmer'd on through grove and lea,
 For the starry eyes of Raphael
 Journeying to Ecbatane),
 The ancient Tigris floweth free,
 Through orange-grove, and date tree dell,
 To pearl and rainbow-colour'd shell,
 And coral of the Indian sea.
 Take down the sail, and strike the mast,
 Here is Euphrates old at last;
 Begirt with many a belt of palm,
 Round fragrant garden-beds of balm,
 (In one whereof old Chelcias' daughter
 Went to walk down beside the water,
 The lily both in heart and name,
 Whose white leaf hath no blot of shame.*)
 Grandly the king of rivers greets
 His Sheshach's hundred-gated streets.
 Through the great town the river rolls,
 Through it another river fleets,
 Whose awful waves are living souls.
 High up, the gardens folded fair,
 Rainbow'd round many a marble stair,
 Hang gorgeous in the starlit air;
 And trees droop down o'er spouted fountains,
 That once the hunter Mede saw set,
 Far off upon his purple mountains
 Blossom'd with white and violet.
 But o'er the sea of living souls,
 And o'er the garden, and the wave,
 A muffled bell, methinketh tolls,
 "For thee, earth's chief ones stir the grave."
 And rises to the stars a cry
 Of triumph and of agony.
 Far over all the ancient East
 "How hath the golden city ceased!"
 In shadow of his dim blue room,
 High overhead in painted gloom,

* Susanna.

Like sunset cloud-encompass'd, Bel
 Sleeps golden in his oracle.
 Falleth a voice of far off Pæans
 Down where the lion banner droops,
 "There is a sword on the Chaldeans ;
 "Bel boweth down and Nebo stoops."
 Ah! I hear a sound of woe
 By Euphrates come and go,
 From the Lebanonian snow.
 Rolling wave and sighing breeze
 Wash'd through firs, and cedar trees—
 And the chesnuts plumes of white
 Tossing in a fierce delight—
 And a voice that calls and calls,
 Through the algums, set like walls
 Purple round white waterfalls.
 Deepening aye the voice increas'd,
 River near, and forest far,
 Half like funeral, half like feast,
 "Fallen, O thou morning star!"
 And on by many a basalt column,
 Euphrates sang most sad and solemn,
 As if the prophet scroll below
 His billows touch'd him with a woe ;
 As if e'en now he felt the beat
 Of those predestined Persian feet :
 As if through all his sea-like plain,
 Through all his moonlit roll he hears
 A music of immortal tears—
 A sobbing as of gods in pain—
 A prophecy of far-off years,
 When Babylon should become a heap,
 Sleeping a perpetual sleep,
 In the Lord's strong indignation
 A wilderness, a desolation.
 High gate buried, broad wall broken,
 Deed undone, and dree unspoken,
 Wise men silent, captains drunken,
 Out of her the great voice sunken,
 Sea dried-up, and fountain shrunken.

IV.

'Tis starlight, and the fiery heat
 No longer makes the landscape wink,
 And flicker to the water's brink ;
 It washes by high gates of brass,
 Between its mounds like mountain ridges,
 And white-stoled forms on fairy bridges
 Like boats on seas that cross and meet.
 With white sails moon-besilvered pass.
 Gleams from the naptha cressets fall
 By Esarhaddon's sunbright hall.
 The soldier rests him from the wars,
 Mylitta's girls their dances weave,
 The wise men in the lustrous eve
 Watch the great weird Chaldean stars.
 Bells in blue Heaven's cathedral chime—
 Hands on the silver clock of Time—
 "What of the night? what of the night?"
 Read, ye astrologers, aright!

V.

Who are these sitting by the billows,
With their harps hung upon the willows?
And some among the captor throngs
Bid them sing one of Zion's songs.

"Golden hopes are faded like the sunset,
"Wan and wither'd like the morning moon,
"Golden songs are silent on the mountains,
"Golden harps of Judah out of tune.
"Ah! we cannot sing those songs divinest,
"For, O Sion! we remember Thee,
"Ah! our hearts miss sorely in this valley,
"The wild beauty of the hill and sea.
"If ye must have music from the Exiles,
"Set we words of battle to the harp.
"Sweep it as the wild wind sweeps the forest,
"Let the curse rise high, and fall down sharp!

VI.

What time on Judah's hills they trod,*
Science of song to them was given,
The harpers on the harps of God,
The poets of the King of Heaven.
Mournful their strains, but through them still
The hope of their return is seen,
Like a sun-silver'd sail between
Dark sea, and darkly purple hill.
Strange race! that reads for ever scrolls,
With future glories pictured bright,
As sunsets' golden pencils write,
Slanting sentences of light
When tree-tops dusk, on dark green boles.
Perchance by this broad pulsing river,
Like soldiers keeping step for ever
Since Amraphel was king of Shinar,
They long for Jordan's spray and shout,
And linked music long drawn out,
Passioning with song diviner,
From waterfall to waterfall.
O, for the line of long green meadows,
Waters whose gleams are silver shadows,
Whose glooms, where wood-hung hills rise higher,
Are darkness dash'd with silver fire,
And glens through which those waters come,
With many a crashing downward call,
With sweeping sound of battle pomp,
With blaring of the battle trump,
And double of the battle drum.
And sometimes dawn-blush'd, as with twine
Of rosy flowers of Palestine,
And sometimes touch'd with Paschal moons,
And sometimes yellowing in the noons,
But always gushing like the swell
Of shawms and cymbals raised to Him
Who dwells between the Cherubim,
The Holy One of Israel.

* Videtur hic Psalmus esse Levitarum, qui cantores et musici Templi Jerosolimitani fuerant.

Cleric; Comment. in Psalm 137.

VII.

I saw the starlights all depart,
 I heard a shiver through the leaf,
 I heard the river moan and start
 As if remembering that old grief
 He had in Eden, when the swell
 Of Gihon and of Hiddekel
 Told him that earth's glory fell.
 I saw the white moon fade and fade,
 Until her silver flower was laid
 Dead on the morning's passionate heart.
 But ere the city was dislimm'd,
 And ere the starlit stream was dimm'd,
 And ere the exiles ceased to weep
 Beside Euphrates mighty sweep,
 That spirit came to me and said:
 "Seest thou, why sacred song is dead?
 "Faith sets those tunes of sorrow high,
 "Love gives that longing to each eye,
 "Hope pledges them the victory.
 "O, exiles from a brighter home!
 "O weepers by a wilder foam!
 "O poets, to whom God has given
 "On earth the starry harps of Heaven!
 "When to the city far off kenn'd
 "With love like theirs your eye shall bend,
 "And Heaven look closer through the tear
 "As hills look nigh when rain is near;
 "When by life's stream your faith shall sigh,
 "When ye shall look with hope as high,
 "For Christ's eternal victory;"

God's Church, as in the years of old,
 Shall chant, and her sweet voice returning,
 Shall touch the eyes with happy yearning,
 Shall touch the deep heart's harp of gold.

W. A.

VONVED THE DANE—COUNT OF ELSINORE.

CHAPTER XVII.

"LE ROI LE VEUT."

DENMARK is one of the oldest—some say the very oldest—of European monarchies; and consequently the Danish annals are crowded with a prodigiously long list of kings—a few good, several superlatively bad, and the majority indifferent. Their very names would fill a roll almost as long as that of a regiment of dragoons; and of all the number perhaps there is not one who, on the whole, has bequeathed to posterity a more estimable memory than Frederick VI.—the monarch on whose fiat the life of Lars Vonved now depended. This man was every inch a king. He had some grave faults—who has not?—but he was eminently

fitted by nature to be a sovereign ruler. His name is yet revered by the peasantry of Denmark, and with good reason, for he it was who (when Prince of Denmark) obtained for them a recognition of their rights as free citizens of the country—for until then they were virtually mere serfs. The peasants erected, in 1788, an obelisk of liberty, in one of the suburbs of Copenhagen, to commemorate their gratitude to Prince Frederick. An English wanderer has gazed on that beautiful memorial with beating heart and thoughtful mind. It is adorned at the angles of its base by four colossal figures, emblematic of Fidelity,

Agriculture, Bravery, and Patriotism. This is a noble episode in the life of Frederick, and others of a different kind, equally, or yet more striking, are not wanting.

Christian VII. who became King of Denmark in 1766, was an unhappy sovereign, whose reign was disgraced from an early period by some very miserable and notorious intrigues and melancholy catastrophes, and in 1784 he was declared insane, and the Crown Prince Frederick henceforth became Regent, or virtual ruler of the kingdom, and continued such until 1808, when on the death of Christian VII., he ascended the throne as Frederick VI., and reigned until his demise in 1840. Including the twenty-four years of his Regency, he was the supreme ruler of the Danish dominions for the exceedingly long space of fifty-six years.

It was as Crown Prince and Regent that Frederick achieved imperishable renown. The epoch of his career in question is closely connected with an extremely interesting passage in our own national annals, and also with one of the greatest victories of our mighty seaman, Nelson. The details of the "Battle of the Baltic," as it was called, are familiar alike to Briton and to Dane. Campbell's deathless ode sublimely immortalizes the day when—

"To battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly
shone.
By each gun a lighted brand
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on."

The "Prince of all the land" was Frederick, and most nobly did he acquit himself through the awful fight. The battle commenced five minutes after ten on the second of April, 1801, and in less than an hour's time became general along the entire line. The Danes fought with even more than their characteristic bravery and determination—and no marvel, for every thing they held dear was at stake. They were fighting for their king, their country, their capital, their homes; and the consciousness that their wives and families were praying for their success, and if not actually present, at least within hearing of the battle, nerved every arm. As to our own countrymen, it is enough to say

that they fought for victory, and under such a captain as Nelson, that was sufficient stimulus for them. The part which the veteran general Knut Vonved and his two sons, (the father and uncle of Lars Vonved) took in this great fight, has already been narrated. By half-past one, P.M., the Danish fire slackened, and in another hour their ships and batteries were so nearly silenced that—

"A feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back :—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom :
Then cease—and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail,
Or in conflagration pale
Light the gloom."

Nelson's two famous notes to the Crown Prince (sent under a flag of truce) undoubtedly contributed materially to induce what may be termed a somewhat premature cessation of the obstinate fight, which the Danes even yet doggedly maintain to have been a drawn battle. If so, why did they permit Nelson to avail himself of its results as though he had won a decided victory? It was a victory—very hardly won and dearly bought. The English had 1,200 men killed and wounded; the Danes nearly 2,000. The brave men who fell in defence of their capital on this fatal day, are interred in the marine cemetery of Oesterbrø, and no Englishman who visits Copenhagen should fail to muse o'er that thrice hallowed spot. Nelson himself warmly admired the indomitable courage of the Danes, and he particularly noticed individual instances of almost unparalleled valour. Speaking of one of these, when dining with the Crown Prince at the palace during the armistice, he requested to be introduced to a young Danish officer, a mere stripling, whom he had beheld attacking his own ship, close under its stern, in a pram. Nelson enthusiastically embraced this gallant youth, and hinted to the Crown Prince that he deserved to be made an admiral. Frederick's reply was fine and memorable—stamping him as no common man nor common prince:—"If, my lord, I were to make all my brave officers admirals, I should have no captains or lieutenants in my service!" To resume the narrative.

King Frederick was sojourning at the celebrated royal palace of Fredriksborg, a magnificent brick edifice

situated about four or five leagues from Copenhagen on the road to Elsinore. The Kings of Denmark have so many royal palaces that they might almost reside in a fresh one every successive week of the fifty-two in the year, but Frederiksborg is the favourite country residence. It was built by Christian IV., more than two centuries ago, having been commenced by his father, Frederick II.—hence its name. The chapel of this palace is a most superb edifice, enriched with works of art of incalculable value. The Danish kings are crowned here. On the walls of the gallery, the shields or escutcheons of the Knights of the Elephant, and also those of the Knights Grand Cross of the Dannebrog, are suspended, and the shields of the dead knights are removed to a separate hall or crypt.

King Frederick, like all Scandinavian sovereigns, was generally accessible to his subjects. It was not a very difficult matter for any person, even although not of a rank entitling him to court presentation, to obtain a personal audience, if properly requested on reasonable grounds. As to such a person as Baron Kœmperhimmel (or either of the eminent men associated with him in the proposed attempt to obtain mercy for Lars Vonved), the king was at all times willing to give private audience. When temporarily retired from the cares of state, at whatever of his royal palaces he happened to sojourn, he did not hedge himself with pompous regal etiquette, but rather delighted to sink the king in the quiet dignity of a private gentleman. Whosoever had a tacit right to approach his person without formal permission, was merely announced as awaiting his pleasure, and then unless particularly occupied or disinclined, this virtually despotic monarch would receive him with almost as little ceremony as one gentleman receives the casual visit of another at his house.

King Frederick had dined alone with a keen appetite, having spent much of the day in walking over the demesnes attached to Frederiksborg palace, and then had retired in particularly good-humour to a private cabinet or study adjoining the little tapestried dining room which he invariably used when (as sometimes happened) he chose to take his meal quite alone. This cabinet was a large

antique octagonal room, very plainly and sparsely furnished. An old black table, half-a-dozen leathern-cushioned beech-wood chairs, and a common Danish cast-iron stove, comprised all the furniture, and the walls were almost entirely covered with maps and charts, plans of celebrated fortresses and battles—many of them marked by the King's own hand with lines and figures, and compass-point indentations. In one corner were three shelves of unpainted deal, sustaining about a score of quartos and folios—chiefly geographical and statistical books of reference; and several open volumes, documents, and many loose papers were scattered on the table. Close to the stove dosed an immense Jutland mastiff, and at the King's side stood his favourite deer-hound, its tawny muzzle resting on his knee. Frederick sat in a rickety old rush-bottomed arm-chair at one end of the table, facing the door, with both his elbows resting on a small battered mahogany writing desk, on which was outspread a closely written sheet of foolscap paper, which he was intently perusing. From time to time he abstractedly plunged a wild swan quill pen into a huge dirty lead inkstand, and made corrections in the manuscript. He never dipped the pen without spattering the superfluous ink on to the adjoining wall, which was literally blackened by this careless habit, and yet he would not permit the ink stains to be ever cleansed from the fine old carved wainscoating they disfigured.

Such was the comparatively humble aspect of the King of Denmark's favourite study—yet great and wise men oft crossed its threshold with anxious beating hearts; from it had issued mandates of Peace and War; on its table had been signed vitally important decrees of state, and many a death-warrant.

A slow, soft, formal step approached the door of the cabinet, and velvet knuckles gave a measured yet perfectly audible rap. The King did not uplift his face from the desk, but carelessly extended his hand to a little silver bell on the table. Tinkle—tinkle—tinkle! There was a decorous pause until the third tinkle had ceased to vibrate, and then the door was gently opened and a squat old man in rich but somewhat fantastic habiliments stood on the threshold, and low-

ly bowed his white head to his sovereign. He was the Royal Chamberlain. Thrice he repeated his profound reverence, and then recovering his natural stature with a spasmodic jerk, he stood bolt upright, ivory staff in hand, and in a clear, modulated voice, uttered these words:—

"Sire! His Excellency the Baron Jansen Kœmperhimmel craves audience."

"Himmel!" smiled the King, at once echoing and punning on the name announced; "we will receive him."

"Sire! His Excellency the military governor of Copenhagen, General Otto Gam, craves audience."

"Gam! whatever does old growler Gam want?" impatiently muttered King Frederick, still without raising his head. "Admit him."

"Sire! the Bishop of Zealand craves"

"Eh!" and at length King Frederick looked up with a queer puzzled air. "The Bishop of Zealand? It never rains but it pours. What wind can have blown such a droll trio hither? The Courtier, the Warrior, the Bishop! Jackdaws, Rooks, Ravens! Well, 'tis six thousand years ago since the world began, and human nature is much the same now as then. Admit them!"

"The King's will be ever obeyed!" solemnly cried the Chamberlain, in his official monotonous voice, and stepping aside, he admitted old Otto Gam, closely followed by Baron Kœmperhimmel and the Bishop of Zealand. The King gazed steadily and inquiringly at them as they slowly advanced across the threshold. The forlorn hope himself, General Otto Gam, of a verity did not look at all like a man coming to ask his King to grant a boon. "Growler Gam," as the King was wont to familiarly call the veteran military governor of his capital, was on all ordinary occasions quite sufficiently grim and fierce, but he now entered the presence of his sovereign with a mien and aspect absolutely scowling, ferocious, menacing! He and his two friends paused after crossing the threshold, and made a reverence to the King—Otto Gam stiffly inclining his leonine head as though it worked by a rusty crank.

At a sign from the King the Chamberlain withdrew and closed the door.

"What brings you to our presence, friends?" said King Frederick, in a

simple kindly tone, albeit he looked keenly from one to another as he spake.

"Duty!" growled General Otto Gam.

"To supplicate a boon, sire!" gently exclaimed Baron Kœmperhimmel.

"To implore mercy at the Fountain of Earthly Justice!" meekly, yet impressively said the Bishop of Zealand.

"Ye speak in parables, gentlemen!"

Otto Gam advanced a stride in front of his friends, twirled his white moustaches, hemmed fiercely, and stared hard at his sovereign.

"My King! you are the fortress we are about to carry by storm. I am an old warrior and act as the Forlorn Hope."

Having spoken so far, Otto Gam turned round to his friends and favoured them with a complacent look which seemed to say—"You see I open the assault in proper military style."

"My dear friend," deprecatingly murmured the Bishop.

"General," whispered the Baron, in great alarm, "you will ruin us if you go on so."

"What is the meaning of all this, gentlemen?" cried the King, beginning to be both impatient and angry at such unaccountable behaviour. "Are you come unbidden to our presence to enact a comedy?"

"A comedy, my King! ah, I wish to Heaven it were only that!" groaned Otto Gam. "It is a tragedy, that's what it is!"

"General Gam," said the King, gravely, "even you might know better than to approach us in this unseemly manner. What do you mean by such buffoonery?"

"Gracious sire!" hastily interposed the Baron, "General Gam, carried away by his zeal!"

"Buffoonery!" ejaculated Gam, unceremoniously interrupting the Baron, "does the King call me a buffoon in my old age?"

"Silence, General Gam! for God's sake remember in whose presence we stand, and for what purpose we came hither!" whispered the Baron, grasping the arm of the indiscreet old soldier.

"Let go, Baron!" and he roughly shook the other off. "Do you pretend to teach me how to address my sovereign? Tordner! I who had serv-

ed with credit in three campaigns before you were even born!"

King Frederick dropped his pen on the desk and gazed at the group with an air of singular perplexity. His natural anger was fast turning to a sense of bewildered amusement at the progress of the strange scene. His oldest and most trusted general was here wrangling with his wisest counsellor, and the aged Bishop of Zealand stood by, vainly endeavouring to interpose.

"By the Sword of Odin! some magician must have cast a spell over ye all."

"Sire," said the Bishop, "the simple truth is that we are here to jointly beseech your Majesty to grant a boon."

"Come! *you*, at least, can speak sensibly," said the King, smiling good-naturedly at the prelate, whom he was well known to highly respect, and had oft publicly honoured.

"Sire! if your Majesty will only permit me to explain!" cried Baron Kœmperhimmel, exceedingly vexed that he should be placed in such a ludicrous light by the obstinacy and want of tact of General Gam.

"It is I who have the right to speak first!" doggedly retorted Otto Gam. "You well know that it was arranged that I should lead the Forlorn Hope."

"Lead the Forlorn Hope!" murmured the King in renewed amazement. "Whatever *do* you mean?"

"My King! it is my right."

"Your right! How?"

"Because Wilhelm Orvig was my best friend, and I!"

"Why," broke in the King, "you grow more and more unintelligible. Do *you*," added he, addressing the Bishop of Zealand, "tell me in a few words what you all want."

Even yet the fiery old general would have persisted in being the first speaker, but a dark frown from the King finally restrained him.

"Sire," said the good old Bishop, who intuitively felt it best to go directly to the point, "we are here to most humbly and earnestly supplicate your Majesty to extend your royal mercy to an unhappy man whose life is a forfeit to the laws of his country."

For the first time a suspicion of the

real object of this audience flashed on the naturally acute mind of the King. His brow and lips suddenly contracted, his countenance assumed an air of cold severity, and he austere said—

"His name?"

"Sire," faltered the Bishop, who had noticed the ominous change in Frederick's features, "he is the outlaw, Lars Vonved."

"Vonved!" exclaimed the King, with a start which he could not suppress, "and do you tell me *that you* are here to ask our mercy towards that atrocious criminal?"

"Yes, sire, we all three humbly implore your Majesty to graciously deign to extend your clemency towards!"

"Vonved! pardon Vonved!" shouted King Frederick, springing to his feet, his usually pale features flushed with bitterest anger. "What! the Bishop and the Governor of my capital, and my trusty and well-beloved Counsellor Kœmperhimmel, all come to me to prefer such a prayer as *that*! Are ye mad?"

"Sire, if your Majesty would only deign to listen to!"

"We will listen to naught concerning the miscreant Vonved. You, General Gam, what can be your motive in thus interesting yourself on behalf of a vile traitor?"

"His father and his uncle died fighting for you and for Denmark!" bluffly answered old Gam.

"A fine reason, truly!" sneered the irate monarch. "What else?"

"I should not be standing here, a general in your service, had it not been for Colonel Orvig, who died fighting for your Majesty," continued the undaunted old warrior.

"Colonel Orvig! what had he to do with this slave, this felon, this pirate, this murderer, Vonved?"

"Orvig's orphan daughter became Vonved's wife."

"Ha! has that villain a wife?"

"A wife and boy, sire."

"What! will the viperous brood of the Valdemars never be extinct?" hissed the King.

A stinging retort arose to the daring lips of General Gam, but the baron, who had breathlessly watched the stern and savage spirit of defiance to his king expressed by the old soldier's features, gave such an im-

ploring look that the general suppressed the terrible words trembling on his lips.

"Sire, you once were graciously pleased," said the Bishop, "to say unto me that you would grant any reasonable favour I might any time thereafter crave, and"—

"It is *not* reasonable to seek pardon for such a monster as this Vonved. Anything but that."

Baron Kœmperhimmel then spake.

"Sire, you have, I trust, ever found me a faithful servant and counsellor, and no man living has your Majesty's interest and glory more at heart than myself. I implore your Majesty, for the sake of my past services, to at least deign to listen to what we can urge in behalf of Vonved as a reason why your Majesty may extend your gracious pardon unto him, or at least grant a commutation of his dreadful doom."

"We are astonished that you, Baron, above all others, should petition thus. We will not hear you further."

The King by turns flushed and paled as he spake, and was obviously very much excited and agitated by stormy inward passions evoked by such extraordinary and wholly unexpected efforts on behalf of the man whose race he hated so deadly.

"I, too," said General Otto Gam, in a firm, fearless voice, "have done some service to my country. All my life has been spent in the King's service, and—by my sword, I swear it!—if your Majesty will only grant Vonved a pardon, I"—

"Vonved never shall be pardoned!" interrupted Frederick, with a stamp of his foot.

"Then, by Heaven!" roared Gam, with flaming eyes, advancing yet nigher the King, "I will!"

"General!" almost shrieked the affrighted Baron, "for the love of God reflect! remember you are speaking to the King of Denmark!"

"Ye all seem to have strangely forgotten *that*!" cried Frederick, whose figure dilated with kingly indignation and rage, and his features expressed vivid emotion.

The crisis seemed reached. The Bishop and the Baron exchanged looks of despair, but Otto Gam suddenly wheeled round, and as much to the

amazement of his friends as of the King, regardless of all etiquette or even of the ordinary civility between man and man, strode to the door, burst it open with a kick of his foot, and disappeared. A loud murmur arose from the adjoining ante-room, and the timid remonstrances of the Chamberlain and pages in attendance, were utterly set at naught by the determined old warrior. Another moment and he reappeared, half leading, half supporting a lady, accompanied by a little boy, both dressed in deep mourning—whom he had brought with him and left in the ante-room unknown to his companions.

"Here!" burst with awful depth from his chest; "you will show no mercy as a king—let me know whether you have none as a man! Behold the only child of a soldier who died fighting for you—behold a wife come to beg the life of her husband, a child that of his father!"

The lady threw aside her veil, and in an instant she was at the feet of the King, looking up with clasped hands and white, quivering face.

"Mercy, sire," cried Amalia, in a voice that thrilled the hearts' core of the hearers; "mercy for my husband, for the father of my innocent child!"

The King gazed implacably at the suppliant, but said not a word.

"Kneel, Wilhelm! kneel with me, and pray the King to spare the life of thy father!"

The child betrayed very evident reluctance to obey. He gazed alternately at the King and at his kneeling mother, and at length his keen blue eyes firmly met Frederick's, and an expression of dislike and anger darkened the proud lineaments of his bright young face.

"See!" scornfully exclaimed the King, "the boy is wiser than ye all. He knows better than to kneel—he will not sue!"

"Wilhelm! O, God, my child! kneel for the life of thy father!"

As she spoke, Amalia convulsively grasped his arm, and almost forced him on his knees by her side. The noble boy's eagle eye never for a moment withdrew from meeting that of the King, but he deliberately placed his little hands together in an attitude of prayer, and in his clear, bold, ringing voice exclaimed—

"King Frederick! please pardon my father!"

The King's dark frown deepened, and his glittering angry eye remained riveted on the face of Wilhelm. That marvellous child—the last of the race of Valdemar—quailed not, but once again his voice broke the almost breathless silence.

"Please forgive my father, and God will forgive you, and we shall all love you, King Frederick!"

"O, sire!" tremulously, yet solemnly exclaimed the venerable Bishop of Zealand, "God speaks to you in the untutored voice of that child! In the name of Him whose servant I am—in the name of my Heavenly Master I appeal unto you, my earthly master, and implore you to restore to this child his father—to this heart-broken woman her husband! Mercy, sire, the most glorious attribute of earthly dominion—oh, grant it! and the angels in Heaven will rejoice, and God Almighty will approve and reward you!"

"Sire, sire!" sobbed Amalia, "grant our prayer, and so may God Almighty grant you the dearest wish of your heart, and render you happy on earth, and receive you into the eternal mansions of bliss provided for the good and merciful!"

King Frederick raised his eyes from Wilhelm, and gazed from face to face. His own countenance was agitated by conflicting passions and emotions. Anger and vengeance struggled with astonishment, admiration, and generous impulses of mercy. The former quickly predominated.

"Ye have conspired in vain!" said he, in a voice which he would fain have rendered calm and cold, but which sounded hollow, broken, and hoarse. "The Valdemars for generations have been traitors: the father of that boy is worse—an outlawed felon-slave and murderer!"

No sooner had these words escaped the lips of the excited monarch, than Wilhelm Vonved sprang to his feet—a prolonged cry of wild defiance burst from his throbbing bosom, and echoed shrilly through the room.

"It is a lie, King Frederick!" screamed he, doubling his fists and furiously stamping on the polished oak floor, whilst his body quivered and his eyes flashed and sparkled with fiercest passion, "The Valde-

mars are not traitors—my father is not a felon-slave, he is not a murderer! He is a great seaman-warrior and a Prince! I know it—Mads Neilsen told me. You lie, King Frederick—you lie!"

So astounded were all by this outbreak that not a word of interruption was offered until Wilhelm paused, panting and breathless. In the ardour of his burning indignation, the dauntless child had advanced close up to the King, who in sheer amazement recoiled a step or two—and no marvel; for that a child a few years old could thus speak and act—could thus defend the honour of his race and of his condemned father, was almost superhuman. His own poor mother seemed frozen with fear and utter astonishment, and the three other spectators listened to his words almost incredulous that they heard aright, and gazed at him enthralled.

The King was the first to speak. The very excess of his surprise quickly induced a speedy reaction, and although while Wilhelm spake, he seemed torn with divers emotions—extorted admiration certainly being of the number—he yet now gave way to a furious burst of kingly passion.

"What!" shouted he, "is it not enough that men, my subjects and my sworn servants, come hither to beard me, but this child—this traitor's spawn—must be trained to insult, to defy, to call me a liar to my teeth, in my own palace—I, a crowned and anointed king! Ha! ye are traitors all! Ye are a viperous brood of conspiring traitors!"

He sprang to the table and rung his silver bell furiously. The door instantly opened, and the old Chamberlain stood on the threshold, pale and trembling.

"To the guardhouse!" roared the king, a light foam flying from his ashy, white lips. "Send the guard to clear my cabinet of these reptile conspirators—these vile crawling traitors! Ah, villains! I will teach ye all what it is to conspire against your sovereign! Ye shall know what it is to arouse the wrath of Denmark's king. He shall die—the felon Vonved shall die the death of the vilest criminal—he shall perish on the wheel! Nought shall save him—he shall be broken alive—the traitor, the murderer!"

"My father is not a traitor—he is not a murderer. You lie, King Frederick! and when I am a man I will kill you!" shrilly broke from the lips of Wilhelm.

So maddened was the King that he made a step forward, and uplifted his hand to strike the heroic child, but restrained himself with a mighty effort.

At that moment, when the heavy footsteps of the guard were heard hastily approaching, General Otto Gam uplifted his powerful voice:

"King Frederick!" exclaimed he, "you have called us conspirators. Do you remember when you and others were conspirators—when you conspired successfully, not to obtain pardon for a man cruelly condemned, but to judicially murder Counts Struensee and Brandt, and the innocent Queen Matilda? Do you remember how the princely Knut Vonved, Count of Elsinore, great grandsire of this glorious boy, braved and denounced you in her defence, and thereby incurred your undying hatred to him and his race? Do you remember what he did when he found all his remonstrances, all his appeals, all his demands, all his denunciations of that

mystery of iniquity unavailing? He scornfully threw his general's commission at the feet of King Christian—he drew his sword and broke it across his knee. I shall imitate him. Here are my commissions as General in your service and as Military Governor of your capital."

Otto Gam drew forth two parchments as he spake, and contemptuously cast them at the feet of the incensed monarch.

"And here is my sword"—drawing it from the scabbard—"a sword which I have wielded for my country more than half a century—it is now worn out like myself, and it is time we were both broken."

He snapped it over his knee, and threw the fragments at the King's feet.

"Take my broken sword! I am no longer soldier of yours."

"Have a care General Gam, that I do not take your head!" stammered Frederick, convulsed with passion.

"Take it! My sword has grown dull and my head has grown white in your service. The one is broken—give the headsman the other, tyrant, if thou wilt!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

AMALIA IN THE DUNGEON OF LARS VONVED.

It was not in human nature for a man like the Baron Kœmperhimmel to be otherwise than most deeply mortified at incurring the resentment of a sovereign whose favourite adviser he had hitherto been, but if any thing could mitigate his chagrin, it was the conviction that he had injured, if not ruined, his prospects as a courtier and diplomatist, in the sacred cause of humanity. He was a brave, unselfish man, of very generous and chivalric impulses, and he even yet would not abandon the cause of the most unhappy though innocent lady whose affliction he had fruitlessly striven to mitigate. He resolved to obtain, if possible, permission for her to visit her doomed husband in his dungeon. He felt there was no time to be lost, being convinced that Vonved's death-warrant would now be speedily signed, and orders issued for his execution within a brief period. He therefore privately waited on the Minister of the Interior, who happen-

ed to be a personal friend, and besought him to grant an order for Amalia to have an interview with Vonved. The Minister admitted that he certainly had power to grant such an order as regarded any ordinary prisoner, but he dared not do it under the very peculiar circumstances of the case in question, without express permission of the King himself. After urgent entreaties on the part of the Baron, the Minister consented, with many misgivings, to personally ask the King to issue the order required. He did so, and contrary to his own expectations, King Frederick instructed him to give an order for Amalia to see her husband once in every twenty-four hours, prior to his execution. She was to be permitted to remain two hours alone with him in his dungeon, each interview. No person, whatever, was to be allowed to accompany her beyond the outer gates of Citadellet Frederikshavn.

Even this boon was received with

transport. Baron Kœmperhimmel was of opinion that it would be best for Amalia to proceed alone to the Citadel and present her order. She did so. General Poulsen, the commandant, read the Minister's order with profound astonishment, but he knew well it was no forgery, and therefore admitted her with considerable reluctance and misgiving. The captain of the guard was ordered to conduct her past the chain of sentinels to the dungeon door. The warder who accompanied him opened it just sufficiently for Amalia to pass, and the captain of the guard gravely intimated that she was at liberty to enter and remain within for the space of two hours.

As the door clanged behind her, and its bolts and bars jarred horribly in their iron sockets, Amalia felt for one instant as though she would fall dead. A thick film was before her eyes, yet she could dimly see through it the form of her husband recumbent on his bench, and then the rattling of his fetters sounded like thunder in her ears as he fairly leapt to the centre of the dungeon as far as his body chain would permit, and extended his hands with an exceeding great cry. She reeled forward—his arms enclosed her like bars of steel—she clung convulsively to his neck—and sank almost unconscious on his breast. He bore her to the bench, and folded her to his wildly-beating heart. Then the strong man wept bitterly and aloud.

And so, sobbing and weeping, and clinging yet closer unto each other, they sat until the edge of the agony of meeting was blunted. No word was uttered about forgiveness. The very fact that he held his wife to his heart told Vonved that she had more than forgiven him—that she loved him more than ever.

Amalia at length raised her quivering, tear-bedewed face.

"Oh, my husband!—dear God! dear God!"

"My wife! my darling, noble wife!"

Vonved tenderly raised her head with his fettered hands: his chains clanked. Amalia shuddered and shivered at the sickening sound.

"O God! to see thee thus!"

"King Frederick may fetter my limbs, but my soul is free. Lars Von-

ved in a dungeon can scorn and defy Denmark's king in a palace."

Amalia clutched at Vonved's fetters with her delicate hands, as though to rend them asunder.

"O, that my tears, that my heart's blood, could melt these cruel chains! O, my husband! would to God that I could die for thee!"

Vonved only enfolds her yet tighter, and his great heart beats yet faster.

"They will murder thee! They will kill thee by hellish tortures! I cannot die to save thee, but I will die with thee! When thou diest I die!"

"Thou shalt not die, my soul's idol! Thy God will cherish thee. One so pure and good as thou art is very precious unto Him."

"Christ Jesus, have mercy on me! My Saviour, look on me in yearning compassion! Pity me, O my God!"

"He does pity thee, my wife! God looks down on thee from his throne above the heavens. Comfort! courage! hope! Thy God is my God. He has not forsaken me, wretched as I am."

"Surely thou canst not—thou darest not hope that God will deliver thee by a miracle—and nought less can save thee now?"

The old inscrutable smile once again wreathed Vonved's lips.

"Human means must and will, by God's permission and blessing, work my deliverance," said he in a tone of calm and profound confidence.

These mysterious words and the air with which they were uttered caused Amalia to glance at him in mute amaze, and almost with affright. He met her look with a beaming gaze of deepest love, and pressed his lips to her forehead in a long clinging kiss. He presently evaded her questions by desiring the recital of her efforts to obtain his pardon—Commandant Poulsen having already briefly informed him of the powerful yet vain effort made on his behalf. She told him. He listened with intense interest, and expressed his warm gratitude to the three eminent men who from the most generous and honourable motives had dared so much to save him. He expressed no surprise whatever at the conduct of the King. It was precisely in accordance with the character he always ascribed to Frederick. But the behaviour of his own child, Wilhelm

Vonved, delighted him beyond measure. His exultation was excessive, and he would have Amalia to repeat over and over again the very words of denial, and defence, and threatening, spoken by the marvellous child to the King—he made her describe minutely, even the attitude of Wilhelm and the tones of his voice. He seemed for awhile to absolutely forget his own terrible fate in the fiery rapture of being the father of such a boy. But his wife thought not his thoughts. Her child was a Valdemar—she was not. She piteously aroused her husband from his proud abstraction.

"They will soon be here to hear me from thee! Dear God! how canst thou!"

"If I glory so in my boy, thinkest thou I forget thou art his mother?" tenderly and solemnly replied he, instantly arousing himself from his joyous reverie, and concentrating all his trained stupendous intellect on the one great subject of his own life or death. "Courage, my darling wife! What! thinkest thou that when all human aid appears to fail him, Lars Vonved is still without a last resource to baffle the direst malice of his foes?"

Amalia could only respond by a despairing sob.

"There is one who will be the instrument of saving me."

Amalia gazed at him in dumb surprise.

"With her aid I shall never die by the hands of the headsman."

"Her aid!"

"Thy aid. 'Tis *thou* who wilt save me."

Amalia spake not, but she devoured every eloquent lineament of her husband's face, and tried to read his unfathomable eyes—in vain.

Vonved saw she doubted whether he did not madly mock and sport with their mutual misery, and he ceased his enigmatical language.

"Listen, my wife," whispered he, "and as thou wouldst yet again sleep happily on my bosom, remember every syllable I utter. I told thee that my grandsire, Knut Vonved, yet lives?"

She made a mechanical gesture of assent.

"Thou must this night see him. This is what thou must do. On quitting my dungeon, go straight to Nyhavn Byens Side, and find the dwelling of one Carl Jetsmark, an ex-ser-

geant of Rantzaw's regiment of Funen dragoons. Tell him that I have sent thee to him. If he ask thee for a token, show him this."

Vonved drew off his finger the massive gold signet ring, with its peculiar engraved legend—the same which he had used to seal the paper he gave to Captain May, on board the Camperdown, and which had not been taken from him, and handed it to Amalia.

"Should he require more—as he doubtless will, for he is as cautious and shrewd as faithful—ask him if he can remember the sacred oath he swore long years ago amidst the ashes of the Kings of Denmark, of the line of Valdemar, in Roeskilde Cathedral. And remind him that you know that Sergeant Jetsmark was long the trusted orderly of Knut Vonved, Count of Elsinore."

"And then?"

"And then he will believe thee, and say he is at thy service. Ask him to instantly conduct thee to Knut Vonved, whose secret retreat he knows, and when thou art in the presence of that grand old man, tell him whom thou art, and ask him to give unto thee that which will save the life of his grandson, *Lars Vonved*."

"That which will save thy life," mechanically repeated Amalia.

"Ay, this very night Knut Vonved completes his 104th year, but I doubt not God will enable him to understand what thou requirest."

Vonved paused. His wife had breathlessly listened to his words, and every one had sunk deeply into her soul.

"If Knut Vonved asks thee for proofs that I really sent thee—show him my signet ring, and tell him that *though the ship has sailed fast, the eagle has at length dropped the sword on its deck*. That will suffice. He will then give thee the tooth of a Greenland whale, curiously carved with representations of marine objects. The root, or broad end of that whale's tooth is surmounted by a silver Neptune's head."

Amalia gave Vonved a piercing look, not altogether devoid of reproachful doubt, as though to say—"Dost thou indeed jest with death?" Her husband smiled gently and significantly.

"Nigher, my wife! nigher yet!"

He pressed her to his bosom till

their lips almost met—till their eyes flashed into each other.

"Patience, sweet wife, and thou wilt soon know all. Thou wilt bring that whale's tooth to me on thy next visit, for with it in my hand I am saved—without it I am lost."

Amalia would have cried out, woman-like, at these mysterious and terrible words, but her husband closed her lips with his own.

"Hush, Amalia!" whispered he; "do not forget that tyrants are cunning as well as strong and cruel. He who built this dungeon may have supplied its walls with ears, in imitation of a certain hideous despot of olden time, whom history has carefully hoisted to the summit of an immortal gibbet. Hear me—thou alone. When thou placest in my hand that whale's tooth, I shall examine it until I find a small black dot, not larger than a pin's head, representing the muzzle of one of the low guns of a man-o'-war, etched and outlined in Indian ink on one side of the tooth. That black dot is in reality a miniature steel knob, connected with a powerful spring. I shall press the dot—it will act on the spring—and the Neptune's head forming the top, or crown of the tooth, will fly up, revealing a hollow space. From that space I shall draw forth a piece of parchment, folded to fit the orifice, and written all over with mystic Gothic characters, which are decipherable only by one of the line of Valdemar, who has been taught, like myself, the subtlest mysteries of his ancient race. Beneath the parchment lies a small gold box, originally made by a famous Italian artist for Valdemar the Great, and which has ever since remained in our family, being transmitted, in a direct male line, from heir to heir of our race. That little box!"

Vonved paused suddenly in his cautious whispering, and drew his wife's

head close to his mouth. For a minute or two his lips emitted words which would have been inaudible to any being present but her for whom they were intended, and then, with an uncontrollable impulse, Amalia struggled in the arms of her husband, and disengaged her head, and gazed at him with a countenance expressive of awful emotion and horror.

"Vonved!" wailed she, in a voice utterly unlike her own, "wilt thou do *that*? Hast thou at last renounced thy God?"

For an instant Lars Vonved's countenance was darkened with terrible anger—the first time it had ever been so darkened unto *her*; but he subdued his passion as quickly as it had been evoked, and simply ejaculated—

"What! does my own wife think I am capable of committing that which some deem to be the unpardonable sin? Never! Let them rend me limb from limb, and burn my body, and scatter my ashes to the four winds of Heaven—but never will I lay impious hands on the sanctuary of my own life! So long as I am permitted to live—so long shall I deem it that my Creator *wills* it that I *should* live. Many of the race of Valdemar have died violent deaths; but never has one perished by his own hand. Thinkest thou that *I* will be the first to do *that*?"

"Vonved!"

"Thou hast grievously misunderstood me, Amalia."

Again he whispered, and at length his wife looked up in his face, no longer in repulsive horror, but with amazement, not unmingled with dread and terror.

"Thou wilt do it, my wife?"

"I will, so help me God!"

"Amen!" fervently exclaimed Vonved, "and may the great God whose true servant thou art, aid and bless thee, my darling heroic wife!"

CHAPTER XIX.

KNUT VONVED: ÆTATIS CIV.

THE unhappy wife of Lars Vonved on quitting his dungeon was conducted through winding corridors, and across courts, and past guardhouses, and over the drawbridges of the inner and outer moats, until she finally emerged free of the terrible citadel, and soon entered Amalie-Gade. Through that

fine street she walked almost mechanically, and when she arrived at Amalienborg (a magnificent and unparalleled place, formed of four superb marble palaces intersecting the street), she grew so bewildered that she knew not which way to turn. The sentinel stationed at one of the

archways observed her distress, and supposing her to be a stranger, kindly inquired if he could direct her. She faltered that she wished to reach Nyhavn Byens Side, and was informed that she had only to walk straight onward. This little incident aroused her, and with a shudder she recalled to mind what she *must* do that night, and therefore she felt the imperious necessity to master her anguish and her despair, and nerve herself for the inevitable coming trials.

Eight o'clock struck as she passed through the little street leading from St. Annæ Plads to Nyhavn, and one of the quaint old watchmen of Copenhagen, muffled in his thick uniform great coat, with huge fur cap on head, and staff in hand, and lantern at belt, uplifted his voice and began to chant, with long drawn intonation and hoarse guttural emphasis, the first verse of the Watchman's Song. The watchmen of Copenhagen yet continue the ancient custom of chanting a species of song or hymn, commencing at eight in the evening, and continued at intervals till five in the morning, a fresh and appropriate verse being chanted every successive hour. Amalia clutched her hands tightly over her throbbing breast, and listened with a strange thrill to the solemn and poetical stanza—the first of the song—being chanted at this particular hour:—

“Naar Mørket Jorden blinder
Og Dagen tager af,
Den Tid os da paaminder
Om Dødens mørke Grav;
Lys for os, Jesu fød!
Bed hvert et Fjend
Til Gravens Sted,
Og giv en salig Død!”*

“Og giv en salig Død!” murmured she. “’Tis a Christian prayer; but what a death have they doomed *him* to suffer on the morrow! Despair not yet my heart! for He who died a yet more cruel death on the accursed tree, hath said ‘Come unto me all ye who are weary and heavy laden,

and I will give you rest!’ And it is written, ‘Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver ye!’ Precious promises! millions have ye sustained, and oh! may I have faith to cling unto them and believe in them with all my heart, all my strength, all my soul. Faith! ah, faith is the one thing needful.”

It was a dark, blasty, tempestuous night. The fierce black east wind from the roaring Baltic swept in heavy gusts across the harbour, and howled down Nyhavn until it expanded in savage eddying swirls and flaws in Kongens Nytorv. Very few people were abroad. Amalia hesitated whom to address, until she saw a one-armed porter in the act of closing the great entrance gate of a court of houses, and he proved so deaf that she had much difficulty in making him comprehend that she sought the residence of one Sergeant Carl Jetsmark. She had applied right, however, for the man motioned her to enter the court, and directing her to one of the houses, intimated that the person she sought resided on the top-story—for the houses of Copenhagen are generally built like those of Edinburgh and other cities, on the principle of a main common staircase, and separate dwellings on each floor or flat. On the top landing she found three doors, which she had to grope for in the dark, and knocking at hazard at one of them, it was opened by a haggard, bleary-eyed woman, who held a rush-light in one hand and shaded its dim flickering flame with the other. “Next door!” grumbled the hag, and she instantly slammed her own door in the face of the applicant. Amalia shivered and shuddered, and felt sick at heart as she knocked at the middle door of the three. It was quickly opened to the extent of a few inches only, and a little old woman dressed in Freisland fashion, with a plate of silver on each side her head, and a curiously fashioned frontlet of the same metal, perked forward a sour, wrinkled, wizened

* The above may be literally translated—

“When darkness blinds the earth,
And the day declines,
That time then us reminds
Of death's dark grave.
Shine on us, Jesu sweet,
At every step
To the grave-place, [burial-place]
And grant a blissful death.”

visage, and querulously demanded what was wanted?

"Does Sergeant Carl Jetsmark live here?"

"What do you want with him?" sharply retorted the crone, in a harsh cracked voice.

"Does he live here, my good woman?"

"If you know I am a good woman, you ought also to know whether the man you seek lives here."

"Let the woman in!" shouted a stern quick voice from an inner room. "I am here! Let her in, Henne!"

At this peremptory command the old woman grumblingly admitted the unknown visiter into a short passage, at the end of which an open door showed the interior of a room. Its floor was large but irregularly shaped, and the actual space was very much circumscribed owing to the room being merely a garret, and two sides of the roof slanted so that there was only a width of a few feet down the centre of the floor where a person of moderate stature could walk upright. In one corner stood a bed, without posts or curtains or canopy, as customary in Denmark; and a nest of drawers, a great oak chest, a deal table, a few beech-wood chairs, and some trifling articles of domestic utility, completed the humble furniture. Every thing betokened poverty—not poverty of a squalid grinding nature, but decent respectable poverty; and whatever the moral qualities of old Friesland Henne might be, she at any rate kept her humble home notably clean. By the side of the stove—that universal household fixture in Scandinavia—sat a man far advanced in years, wearing a threadbare undress military uniform, and a bear-skin cap. He looked what he really was—a war-worn superannuated veteran. In his left hand he held a pipe, in his right a book which he had been reading by the dull yellow light of an antique bronze lamp supplied with whale oil; and on his knee was crouched a huge black cat, who ceased purring and expanded his great green eyes with a suspicious stare at the stranger.

When Amalia entered the room, the old soldier merely lowered his book, and took the pipe from his lips, whilst he gazed in evident surprise at her muffled figure, and gruffly asked her name and business.

"You are ex-Sergeant Carl Jetsmark?"

"That is my name."

"You served many years in Rantzaw's regiment of Funen dragoons?"

"I did; what of that?"

"I only asked to be quite sure I had found the right person."

"Well, I am the man. Your business?"—with increasing gruffness and impatience.

Amalia stepped quietly forward and threw back the shawl which had hitherto covered her head in the manner of a hood, and almost concealed her countenance. The veteran gave one quick, searching glance at her, and his whole manner instantly changed. He pushed the cat off his knee, laid down his pipe and book on the table by his side, and rose with an air of respectful alacrity.

"A lady!" exclaimed he, in a tone of decision. "Pardon my rudeness."

"I have nothing to pardon. I have come here on a matter of pressing importance. Life or death are in the balance."

"What can I do, lady? Whom does your business concern?"

Amalia drew a step nigher the old soldier, and glancing significantly at Henne, who had sidled up to listen with an air of mingled spite and curiosity, she whispered—

"It concerns one dead to the world, but alive to you."

A gleam of vivid intelligence lighted up the sergeant's rugged face.

"I wish to speak with you alone, and at once. Time is short."

"Henne! leave us alone," cried Jetsmark.

The old woman affected deafness, and vigorously dusted a chair with her green fringed apron.

"Do you hear, wife? This lady wishes to speak in private with me."

"Yes, yes, Carl, it is, as you truly say, a bitter cold achbone night. We shall hear of wrecks on the east coast by morning, for a gale like this never blows its fill without!"

Here her husband, with a muttered malediction on her hypocritical stupidity, interrupted her by taking her by the arm and leading her out of the room into an inner chamber or closet. He said something impressive which quieted her angry remonstrances, and then bolted her in—a summary and soldier-like way of settling the matter!

"Now, lady," said he, in a low earnest tone, coming back to Amalia, as she tremblingly stood in the middle of the room; "we are quite alone, and cannot be overheard. On whose behalf have you sought me?"

"The Count of Elsinore."

The iron-visaged old sergeant could not suppress a hoarse ejaculation, and he gazed more piercingly than ever at the pale features of his mysterious visitor.

"What Count?" cautiously said he, after a brief thoughtful pause. "It is said the Count of Elsinore is dead, and the race extinct."

"Said!" mournfully echoed Amalia, "whatever is said, you at least know, as well as any man living, that the reverse is the fact."

"Give me some token, lady, that I may know whom you are—or at least, that I may have confidence in you."

"I will: behold this."

She held forth the signet ring which her husband had given her. Sergeant Jetsmark took and held it closely to the lamp. He recognised it in a moment.

"I know the signet, lady, but he who sent it"—

"Told me to ask Sergeant Jetsmark if he remembered the oath he solemnly swore many years ago in the vaults of Roskilde Cathedral, amidst the sacred ashes of the kings of the line of Valdemar."

"And did he tell aught more?"

"He said that Sergeant Jetsmark for many years was the orderly of General Knut Vonved, Count of Elsinore; that the Count regarded him as a loyal and devoted follower, and honoured him with unreserved and implicit confidence. He said, moreover"—

"Enough, madame! I ask no more. Only one can have sent you to me—Lars Vonved?"

"He did!"

The lips of the old soldier quivered in doubt and hesitation, as he slowly exclaimed—

"You must indeed be a dear and trusted friend, lady, or he would never have sent you to me."

"I am his wife!" solemnly answered Amalia.

"His wife, ah, my God! what a blind old dotard am I not to have suspected as much! His wife! yes, Colonel Orvig's daughter? Ay, I

knew your father—I saw him fall. I was stationed, a dismounted dragoon, at the Lillebalders battery, when your father came up to inspirit us. He spake a few words to me, and was just turning away when a live shell fell at our feet. It burst. I escaped unhurt—your father received his death-wound. He died on the spot in my arms."

Amalia sighed heavily, and made an involuntary gesture of impatience. The old sergeant noticed it and hastily resumed—

"Command me, honoured lady, I am at your service."

"You know the secret retreat of Knut Vonved: conduct me to him."

"I will. Ah, Himlen! that the mighty old warrior should be compelled to hide like a hunted beast of prey! That the noblest and wisest of the Valdemars dare not enjoy the sunshine of the land his ancestors ruled for centuries—the land for which he has fought and bled, and both his sons died! Lady! I have been by his side in battle when he bore himself like a demigod: he now is helpless, and the very fact of his existence is only intrusted to a poor old worn-out soldier like me. But a day of retribution will come, as sure as God reigns in Heaven!"

"Time!" murmured Amalia, "time, my friend, is fleeting!"

Jetsmark made a respectful gesture of assent, and immediately unbolted the door of the closet, and called to his wife to come forth. The old woman sullenly complied, and scowled most viciously at the innocent cause of her brief banishment from her own hearth.

"Henne, I am going forth with this lady, and may be some hours away."

"Well, I'm sure!" snapped the shrewish Henne, "to go out at this time of night, with a—a nobody knows who!"

"Hok! thy tongue, woman!" angrily retorted Jetsmark, as he cast over his shoulders his threadbare old dragoon's cloak, "or, thousand devils! may Ole Luköie fly away with you."

The incensed Henne was in the act of commencing a bitter tirade, but Amalia laid down a piece of gold on the table, saying—

"I am sorry to have given you so much trouble: pray accept this."

"Gold!" ejaculated Henne, pounce-

ing on the unexpected prize like a hawk on a mouse, "a real Frederick d'or! Many's the weary day since I last saw and touched red gold!" And in the ecstasy of her delight she rubbed, and smelt, and even tasted the piece, finishing by balancing it on the tip of her yellow skinny forefinger, triumphantly ejaculating—"Gold! red gold! king's gold!"

Jetsmark cast one glance at his wife, gloomily expressive of unutterable contempt for her grovelling avarice, and then opened the door to depart. Henne, thereupon for a moment ceased to apostrophise the Frederick d'or that she might hold the lamp to light them down the well-like staircase.

On emerging into Nyhavn Byens Side, Jetsmark skirted Kongens Nytorv, and led the way down the long Storre Strand, crossed the canal at its end, and proceeded past the ancient Börsen, or Exchange; then across the harbour to Christianshavn—a part of Copenhagen surrounded by water and forming the main shipping quarter of the port. The streets here are narrow, short and jumbled: the houses tall, dark, and dismal in their general aspect. The only object which a stranger would care to visit Christianshavn to behold, is the church of Our Saviour. It has a wondrous spire, richly adorned, piercing the air like a tapering spear, to the height of nearly three hundred feet, and is surmounted with a globe, sustaining a statue of the Saviour. A marvellous staircase winds round the *outside* of this spire quite to the summit, and he who ascends thither ought to have sturdy legs and steady nerves.

Passing by this church the old sergeant traversed street after street, lane after lane, much in the manner of a hare doubling on her hunters, until Amalia grew bewildered and breathless, and inwardly suspected that the sergeant was by no means going the directest route to their destination, but rather adopting the most circuitous he possibly could, as though to cunningly throw any unseen pursuer off the scent. At length, however, he reached a spot in the vicinity of Vilders Plads, towards the northern extremity of Christianshavn, and nodding his head towards an isolated house, he whispered the ex-

pressive monosyllable, "Here!" It was a long, low, brick building, having a ground floor only, surmounted by a very steep and high slated roof. In the middle of the front was a porch, common enough in the suburbs of Scandinavian towns, and in the villages.

Sergeant Jetsmark opened a little lattice door, and walked through a small garden until he reached the porch. He beckoned Amalia close to his side, and whispered—"Be silent until I tell you to speak." He then stooped down and sought in the dark for a slightly projecting broad nail-head in the wooden frame post on the right hand. Having found it, he felt for a piece of whip-chord attached to the nail-head, and ran his fingers along the cord till he felt the other end pegged in the earth about a couple of feet on one side the porch. Near to this peg he felt a very small brass ring, by the aid of which he raised an iron plate covering a square hole a foot deep. At the bottom was a wooden knob, which Jetsmark pulled—thereby ringing a private bell, the tinkling of which would at once notify to the inmates of the house that a trusted friend sought admittance. Hardly a minute elapsed ere a slide above the door of the porch was withdrawn, and a tremulous voice asked who was there?

"Your ancient comrade, Carl, of Rantzaw's dragoons!" answered Jetsmark.

This reply was instantly followed by the rattling of a chain and the withdrawal of bolts. Then the door opened, and the figure of an old man with an oil lamp in his hand, appeared on the threshold. When he caught a glimpse of Amalia he started and uttered an expression of surprise and alarm, but Jetsmark hastily spake a few words to him in a dialect which Amalia could not comprehend, but which was simply Freisian, for both the old men were natives of the island of Amager (near Copenhagen), which was colonized by East Freislanders nearly three centuries and a-half ago, and to this day their descendants mainly people it—retaining their own peculiar language, laws, and tribunals. Whatever Jetsmark said, the effect of his words was apparent in the surprise and hesitation evinced by the retainer of Knut Vonved. The ser-

geant gave him no time for consideration, but promptly led Amalia within the porch, and motioned his old comrade to rebolt it. The latter then led the way into a sort of antechamber—half parlour, half kitchen. By the stove "crooned" an aged dame, seated on a low stool. Like Jetsmark's wife, she wore the Freisland costume, but her elbows rested on her knees, and her face was buried in her hands, and she rocked to and fro, as though in pain or tribulation.

Again Jetsmark and the old servant, Veit Pedersen, exchanged a few earnest whispered sentences and then the sergeant respectfully requested Amalia to withdraw the shawl which veiled her countenance. She did so, and for the first time looked fully at Veit Pedersen. She saw a thin withered old man, seventy-seven years of age, who stooped considerably, and evidently was very weak, and tottering slowly to his grave. His face was filled with rugged lines, and he had not a tooth left in his gums, and hardly a hair on his head. Yet this poor aged feeble creature had in his prime been a right valiant warrior; bravest of the brave; the best swordsman of Rantzaw's dragoon regiment of terrible fame; a man of unstained probity, and of devoted loyalty to the outlawed master whose sole body servant he had been for the last quarter of a century. His once piercing but now dim eyes gleamed through their filmy rheum as he gazed at the stranger lady.

"Madame the Countess," said Jetsmark, "may it please you, my lady, to now tell Pedersen with your own lips whom you are, and the purport of your visit."

Amalia instantly complied.

"Good friend," said she, "I am Amalia, wife of Lars Vonved, the grandson of your master, Knut Vonved—whom I must see by command of my husband."

Veit Pedersen muttered some inarticulate words, but instead of replying directly to Amalia, he went up to the old woman, Magdale, his wife, who had hitherto not even turned her head to regard the visitors, and shook her by the shoulder, and spake eagerly to her in their native tongue. She quickly turned her lack-lustre eyes towards Amalia, and hastily tottered to her feet. The hus-

band and wife drew quite nigh to Amalia ere they addressed her in Danish.

"Thou art *his* wife!" cried Veit.

"The wife of Lars!" echoed Magdale.

"It is true, my friends; I am the wife of Lars Vonved."

They both looked at Sergeant Jetsmark, as though to ask—"Is this indeed reality? Or do we dream?"

Jetsmark promptly responded.

"Veit and Magdale! this lady is indeed the Countess of Elsinore. I know it—I have heard her counter-signs—I have seen her tokens—I will answer with my life for the truth of her words. Obey her as ye would obey the Count himself."

Thereupon the two old people seized her hands and pressed them to their shrivelled lips, ejaculating and sobbing. They would even have knelt at her feet had she not restrained them.

"Dear God! that we should live to see the wife of our beloved young master! His wife! The wife of Lars Vonved!" cried they. "He slept in my arms when a little child, many and many's the hour!" sobbed Magdale. "He has climbed my back a thousand times!" murmured Veit. "I taught him all the tricks and feats of boyhood—I recited to him the deathless deeds of his own glorious ancestors—I gave him his first lessons in arms. Ay, ay, I am a decrepit old worn-out creature now, but time was when I was as straight as an arrow, as lithe as a leopard, as strong as a lion, as fearless as a Valdemar. 'Twas I who first taught Lars to wield his sword, for I once was a matchless swordsman, and in many a deadly field have I fought, and fleshed my blade, and crimsoned it to the hilt with the rudest heart's blood of valiant foes. Ay, ay, time was, and time is. See what I am now! And look at Magdale, my lady! Look at my dear old wife—for she is even yet dear unto me. Good Lord! fifty years ago I and Magdale were as handsome a couple as ever sun shone on. We are both natives of Amager—born the same month of the same year—and before I went to the wars I courted her, and ah's me! could you have seen us as we danced on holidays! A finer young fellow than myself, and a more handsome sprightly damsel than Mag-

dale, ne'er footed it together! In all Amager there was not one worthy to hold a candle to her!"

Veit Pedersen paused a moment, and then he and Magdale, with all the natural eager garrulity of age, began to remind each other of passages in their early life, and of incidents concerning the childhood and youth of Lars Vonved. It was a touching scene, which at any other time would have affected and interested Amalia exceedingly, but her heart was enwrapped in the one absorbing idea of the object of her visit, and she turned to Jetsmark with an appealing look. He understood her, and energetically reminded Veit that if he loved Lars Vonved and wished to aid to save him, he must lose no time in preparing his master to receive her. The old man sighed and moaned like one aroused from a pleasant dream to face painful realities, and after exchanging a few sentences in Freisian with Jetsmark, quitted the room.

"I have convinced Pedersen that he *must* rouse our old master sufficiently to enable him to understand what you require," observed Jetsmark.

"Is there, then, a doubt of that?" asked Amalia, with a shudder.

"God only knows!" was the desponding reply. "He sometimes, as Pedersen has told me, hardly uncloses his eyes, or speaks a word, for days together. He exists only in the past."

"But to-night?" and Amalia clasped her hands with sickening apprehension.

"To-night, my lady? God is very good. God is all-merciful and all-powerful!" devoutly exclaimed the old sergeant.

"What meanest thou?"

"Madame the Countess, I hope and I fear—but hope is stronger than fear. Knut Vonved this very night completes the 104th year of his age."

"I know that."

"True, my lady, but it is fearful to think of *that*, when the life of your husband depends, as I now begin to thoroughly comprehend, on the fact that his grandsire will this night be able to perfectly understand that which you require at his hands. Still I hope that—ha! here is Veit Pedersen."

Veit came back with more animation than he exhibited when he went. In mingled Danish and Freisian

(which he jumbled queerly together owing to his excitement), he announced that "his Highness the Prince" would immediately "receive Madame the Countess of Elsinore." Occasionally this devoted servant and follower would simply and affectionately speak of Knut Vonved as "my master;" but he yet more frequently proudly spoke of him as "the prince," or "his highness"—and the title was real, not imaginary. Knut Vonved was by birth a prince, albeit he, like the prior heirs of the royal line of Valdemar subsequent to their family ceasing to be the ruling dynasty of Denmark, virtually ignored the mere princely rank, to bear the yet loftier (because, in Denmark, peculiarly significant and symbolical) title of Count of Elsinore—first subject of the kingdom. When, however, his attainder specially restricted the forfeiture of his titles to himself, and his grandson Lars legally became Count of Elsinore, he still was incontestably a prince, inasmuch that the Empress Catherine had solemnly invested him with that dignity after his last great victory as a commander-in-chief of her armies; and although his attainder deprived him of every title derived from Denmark, it did not and could not affect his foreign dignities, and he continued *de jure et de facto*, a prince of the Russian Empire, of the first class.

Jetsmark and Amalia both questioned Pedersen, and they learnt that Knut Vonved was now, and had been all day, far more "himself" than for months and even years previously. He understood Pedersen at once, and intimated that he even expected the visit of Amalia, and would see her forthwith. Be it here understood that Knut Vonved had long known that his grandson Lars was married to the daughter of Colonel Orvig.

"I shall stay here and await your pleasure, Madame the Countess," said Jetsmark with mingled anxiety, respect, and sympathy.

Pedersen then led Amalia towards the presence of his centenarian master. Passing through the ante-room they crossed a large closet in which Pedersen and his wife slept, and beyond that was a passage about ten feet in length, wainscoted with walnut, which was lined with faded blue velvet hangings to the height of a man. At the extremity was a nar-

row door, covered with green baise, and studded fancifully with brass nails. It opened at a touch, and Amalia at last stood within the chamber of Prince Knut Vonved.

It was a low oblong room, hung on all sides with ancient threadbare tapestry, representing scriptural subjects—possibly the work of some of the ladies of the house of Valdemar, long centuries ago, and hence kept as an heirloom. With this exception the room was almost devoid of ornament. It contained a few rush-bottomed chairs, a round oak table, and a bed, without posts, or canopy, or curtains, and steeply sloping from head to foot. On the tapestried wall by the bedside hung a field marshal's baton, a pair of very old war-worn holster pistols, and a superb sabre, the hilt of solid gold richly chased, terminating in a lion's head, with diamonds for eyes. Various precious stones thickly studded the scabbard, both edges of which were sheathed in gold; and acorns, and oak, and laurel leaves intermingled, all exquisitely wrought of the same metal, were attached in bold relief the whole length on each side.

That field marshal's baton Knut Vonved had received from Catherine, his imperial mistress, five years before he resigned her service, and he bore it in hand during as many subsequent campaigns, in each of which he won for her repeated victories—that sabre was a personal gift from the great Empress, who in presence of her brilliant court, buckled it around him with her own hands—those battered holster pistols had been presented him by his father when he first joined the army in his sixteenth year, and throughout his warrior-life he never used any other.

Though so humble, the chamber was scrupulously clean, and yet poor old devoted Veit and Magdale were the only persons who ever attended on its occupant or dwelt beneath the same roof with him.

And where was he—the prince by birth and by heroic deeds of arms—the field marshal who had repeatedly led mighty armies to victory—the lion-hearted warrior and sage statesman—the centenarian outlawed head of the kingly race of Valdemar?

A huge softly-cushioned arm chair was placed by the side of the stove, and deeply buried in its embraces was

the motionless bent figure of an exceedingly aged man. His outer dress was an ample fur robe, intrinsically of very great value, for it was entirely composed of the rarest Russian sables. His head was nowhere bald. Thick flakes of glossy hair descended on his shoulders to a great length, and mingled with the beard which descended far below his breast. Hair and beard were alike white as the driven snow. His chin rested on his bosom, and his eyes were closed. Amalia was astonished to behold scarcely a wrinkle on his grand majestic features. His countenance itself was that of a most noble looking man in green old age. It was full-fleshed; the complexion was quite fresh and delicate, and he had not lost a tooth. One must look again at the hair and realize the excessive bodily debility, to be convinced that Knut Vonved was indeed a man who had lived a full generation beyond the span prescribed by the inspired Psalmist. Amalia saw at the first glance that his features had a marvellous likeness to those of her husband and her boy; and they all three bore indisputable resemblance to an authentic portrait she had once seen of the mighty founder of the line of Valdemar.

Veit Pedersen went up to his master's chair, and announced with an unaffected air of the most profound respect, that the Countess of Elsinore was present. Knut Vonved did not appear immediately conscious of what was uttered, but in reality his hearing was only very slightly impaired, and he now both heard and understood every word. Slowly he unclosed his eyes and looked steadily towards Amalia, who had remained standing just within the room. She met the gaze of those keen blue eyes, which were undimmed by film, and yet retained much of their piercing brilliancy.

A moment's pause, and Amalia bounded forward and knelt close at his feet with clasped hands.

"Prince Vonved! save him! save my husband! Thou only canst!"

"Who art thou?"

Had not Amalia seen his lips unclosed and steadily move, she would have doubted whether Knut Vonved had really uttered these words—for they were spoken in a low yet perfectly clear and peculiarly sweet tone.

"I am Amalia, wife of thy grandson, Lars Vonved."

"Thou art Colonel Orvig's daughter?"

"I am."

"I knew him. He was a brave man, and he died for Denmark. Who brought thee hither?"

"Sergeant Jetsmark."

"Jetsmark was ever a good soldier, and a faithful servant. Why hast thou sought my presence?"

"My husband commanded me."

"Hast thou a token?"

"This!" and she held up Lars Vonved's signet ring.

Knut Vonved never even glanced at the ring, but kept his gaze riveted on the anguished countenance of the suppliant at his feet.

"Was that all?"

"He bade me tell you that *though the ship sailed fast, the eagle has at last dropped the sword on its deck!*"

"I know it. What does he need?"

Amalia repeated her husband's words.

"Dost thou love thy husband?"

"More than life itself!"

Very slowly and with extreme labour Knut Vonved extended his right hand and laid it on her head, as she knelt by his side.

"Bless thee, my child! May the God whom I worship and in whose dread presence I shall this night appear, bless thee now and for evermore!"

Indescribably solemn and thrilling was the manner in which he uttered these words.

"Thou wilt save him?"

"I will. Fear not, my child. Thy husband shall be saved."

Knut Vonved spake with the calm inspiration of a dying prophet-king. He then gave precise orders to Veit Pedersen to search in an old chest in a recess behind the tapestry, and in a few minutes a wrought-iron casket was produced, and from it the mysterious whale's tooth was taken and delivered to Amalia.

Again Knut Vonved spake—

"Thou hast a boy? Bring him hither."

"On the morrow?"

"My eyes will never behold the dawn of a morrow on earth. I must see him now—see him ere I die."

Amalia was fain to comply with the desire so touchingly expressed. Sergeant Jetsmark was sent for Wilhelm, whom he quickly brought into the presence of his great-grandsire.

Long and silently did Knut Vonved gaze at his descendant, and to the full as steadily was his yearning gaze returned by the most princely child.

"Such as thou art, once was I, well-nigh a century ago!" murmured Knut Vonved. "Our race has not degenerated."

The speaker made a feeble movement, and Amalia anticipating his intention, caused her boy to kneel, and half guided, half lifted Knut Vonved's right hand till it rested on Wilhelm's head, and then, with awful fervour the patriarch pronounced a blessing on the child.

A solemn pause ensued, broken by the voice of Knut Vonved, and Amalia was struck by the wondrous, unearthly radiance which now o'er-spread his countenance.

"Thy mother has taught thee to pray?" said he to the yet kneeling boy.

"Yes; I say my prayers night and morning."

"Thou knowest our Lord's Prayer?"

"Yes."

"Let me hear thee."

Wilhelm immediately clasped his little hands, and still fixedly meeting the beaming gaze of Knut Vonved, he commenced in a clear modulated voice the thrice hallowed prayer:—

"Fader vor du som er i Himlene! helliget vorde die navn, tilkomme dit Rige, skele din villie som i Himmelen saa og paa Jorden!"—

A cry from his mother interrupted the child in the middle of the prayer.

Knut Vonved's hand inertly slipped from Wilhelm's head—his eyes closed in death.

Thus passed away a once mighty man—one of the bravest, the noblest, the best, of the illustrious race which sprung from the loins of Valdemar the Great.

The last sight Knut Vonved saw on earth was the bright young face of Wilhelm—the last sound he heard was the voice of the child uttering the Lord's Prayer.

THREE DAYS AT KILLARNEY.

THE FIRST DAY—THE MIDDLE LAKE.

To enumerate the objects of interest about Mucruss and the Middle Lake may resemble more nearly the catalogue of the auctioneer than the sketch of a lover of the picturesque; nevertheless, we think it well to particularize—with a view to the convenience of tourists who may follow us—that they may ascertain from our experience ere they try it themselves, how the day may be allotted to the work before them.

1. The Abbey Ruin; 2. The Demesne; 3. Brickeen Bridge; 4. Dinis Island; 5. Torc Waterfall; 6. Mangerton, not Mainger-ton, but Mán-gurton.

These will well employ the day; they filled ours with incessant occupation, and as ceaseless enjoyment.

We attacked Mangerton first, fair and fasting, at four o'clock in the morning—our object being to cram within the sixteen or eighteen hours devoted to sight-seeing, as much of a *varia cæna* for eye and mind, as the receptive faculty could contain.

As in Berlin, Strasbourg, and Vienna, our policy has ever been to scale the altitude of the Schloss, the Cathedral, the San Stephan, that we might trace each city's mazy plan from a favourable *point de vue*, and mark, as in a map, the whereabouts of our position in our future rambles: so here we would look down, as it were, from the Eagle's Nest, upon the expanse of the Lakes, and settle the spots upon which our successive swoops were to be made. Our sentimental object was to gratify that love for mountains which most persons of taste indulge. We, ourselves, vegetate habitually in a flat country, and our ideal of Paradise is a land of hills. To breathe the air of mountains, pluck the heather, bilberry, and arbutus of mountains, drink of the spring upon the mountains, tread the bright wholesome herbage of the mountains, shelter beneath the pine groves of the mountains, clamber up the granite rocks of the mountains, gaze upon the boundless panorama of the mountains—

these were objects of desire, the longing for which nothing could stay but their free enjoyment.

See us start in broad but still greyish daylight for Mangerton, the base of which is not quite two miles from our hostel. We meet with no disaster on our sure-footed colts, but there occur not unamusing mishaps of sundry kinds, incidental to travel: a walking-stick drops and is lost for ever, a hat gets swept off by a neighbour's umbrella, a pocket-handkerchief takes to itself wings, and is gone; but above all, the indispensable Guide-book is forgotten. For that, however, there is a remedy in the countless *corps des guides* of the innumerable tribe of O'Donoghoe. Arrived at the base of the ascent, a bridle-path sweeps off to the right, which our ponies follow with admirable tact and perseverance. From the Devil's Punch-bowl—a dark and lonely tarn, sunk deep amid perpendicular rocks, nearly two miles up the mountain—a foot-path conducts to the summit, which is a long boggy level. Here, from an elevation nearly 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, such a scene discloses itself as is without parallel in the British Islands. Grand, wilder, and softer scenery may be found elsewhere, but not the same variety packed in so narrow a compass. The extent of range is wonderful, too, considering that Mangerton is not so high as some of the bordering Reeks. In the far west and south is caught a gleam of the Atlantic; to the north the estuary of the Shannon; while rugged and ragged mountains are wedded to the loveliest and fairest lakes and lakelets under the sun, in countless profusion under our feet.

The Three Lakes proper of Killarney lie thus from where we stand: the Upper Lake, due west, with Crummaglaun mountain intervening, but not intercepting the view; the Middle or Torc Lake, with Torc Mountain about north-west, lying between; and the Lower Lake, or Lough Lene, nearly due north. The mountains

range about west of our point of view, some presenting sharp peaks of everlasting granite, others covered with verdure and foliage up to the top. We thought, as we took in the circle of summits surrounding the lakes, that they looked like a ring of dancing Titans, grim and grotesque, hardened into granite, as they plunged and flung; or like the weird sisters on Forbes heath, dealing their "uncannie" ingredients into the seething caldron, here and for ever immortalized in live stone by the hand of Nature's own sculptor.

Curiosity sated, and appetite for breakfast sharpened, we bent our way homeward, making no further acquaintance with the ravine of *Cum (Combe) na coppal*, or the Horse's Glen, at the eastern rim of the Punch-bowl, than a hasty glance at its profundity, ruggedness, and noisy torrent. Another of the Killarney lakes (not a show one) would have rewarded our exploration of this gully—Lough Kittane—a handsome sheet of water, but time forbade our forming acquaintance with its unadorned beauties. Boiling water, with eggs in its dancing crystal; and the urn, with its modicum of fragrant tea, beat, at the present moment, all the cold water lakes in the world, on a comparison of their attractions. Thus much and no more, then, for Mangerton, who was to us "monarch of mountains" in our Killarney pilgrimage, the only ascent of any remarkable elevation attempted in our holiday peregrination to the Sou'-west of Ireland.

Breakfast over, we start for Mucruss Abbey and demesne—the Middle or Tore Lake and its surroundings being the business of the day. The name is pronounced Muck-russ, not Mew-cruss. As we have to make a long circuit, and pack a dozen delightful objects into half as many hours, we avail ourselves of car and boat to see what may be seen, and enjoy what may be enjoyed. Shortly after entering the gate of Mr. Herbert's demesne, we forsake our conveyance, which is instructed to await our pleasure a mile further up the avenue, while we diverge to examine the remains of the Franciscan abbey—the quondam monastery of Irrelough. Like most Irish ecclesiastical ruins, which may be pretty, or quite as often the reverse, these are small in size, larg-

er than many, indeed, but nevertheless, far from imposing in extent. The convent buildings adjoin the church, all of them in what may be considered tolerable preservation—their ruin dating only from the time of James, or the First Charles. The cloister, which is a quadrangle of thirty or forty feet, is surrounded by a pretty arcade of pointed and circular arches, supported on pillars of gray marble. A noble yew-tree grows in the centre, of date possibly as venerable as the buildings themselves. The stem of this tree at once suggests itself as a model of those chapter houses, of which several exist at the present day, and some are in ruins, as at Furness, in Lancashire, wherein the groined arches of the circular roof rest upon, and spring out of a column in the midst. This yew-tree, with its noble stock and sheltering boughs, was just such a central stay and roof to these forsaken cloisters. No architectural eye could miss the appropriateness of the design it suggested, or fail to adopt it in some stone structure copied from its pose.

The chiefs of the M'Carthys and O'Donoghoes repose in the vaults of the church—the Roman Catholic commonalty outside. The friars mingle their dust with those for whom they prayed. The east window is pretty, with its uninjured stone mullions—but the stained glass,

"Through which the deepen'd glories once
could enter,
Streaming like gold from off a seraph's
wings,"

is, of course, all gone.

Much more remains beyond in the peninsula of Mucruss, which juts out into the waters, and, like a tongue, laps the tide of both lakes—along which our course, for the present, lies. We return to the main drive, catch a glimpse of the Elizabethan mansion of the Herberts, and pass on. The peninsula runs the whole length of the Middle Lake, and is under two miles long. The breadth of the sheet of water itself is under a mile, the peninsula under half a mile in width—a gem of water and mountain scenery compressed into the smallest circumference—"a watery extract" of lake in a drop—a world of landscape loveliness in a globule. Such quintessential beauty was probably nowhere ever compassed within such

narrow dimensions. In the middle of last century, Bishop Berkeley said—"Your French Louis may plant a Versailles, but he cannot improve a Mucruss."

Our drive takes us past a miniature lough in the middle of the peninsula itself, towards the extremity of the land, where lies, first, Brickeen island, reached by a bridge of a single arch; and thence, a few minutes after, Dinis (not Din-nis, but Di-nis) island, by another bridge. Those persons who are so disposed, will lunch here at a pretty cottage, furnished for the purpose, on potatoes fresh from the pot, and salmon fresh from the lake; the former boiled as only Irish cooks can boil them, the latter grilled on arbutus stakes before a fire of turf or faggots as only practised fishermen can prepare them. Our business was to glut the visual rather than the nutritive organs. Wood, water, and mountain are here combined—a trinity of impressive loveliness, rarely, if ever, equalled—certainly never surpassed. A most striking effect is produced by the mountains crushing in upon these smaller lakes, dropping sheer down into the water, startling by their abruptness—perpendicular and, but for the silken vegetation wherewith they are clothed, terrific. At this point the three lakes meet. Southward, we follow the windings of the long gut that leads into the Upper Lake: in front is the middle one: to our left, the Lower Lough opens under wooded Glenna (not Gleena, but Glen-áh). Under the spell of that enchanting spot, we could have stood for hours; but time pressed, and the south shore of the lake demanded exploration—the Torc mountain, and especially its sweetest of sweet cascades.

Dinis island is escaped by means of a bridge which connects it with the mainland, thus completing the circuit of the lake without the assistance of a boat. We reach the Kenmare road, which skirts the southern shore—pass under the rugged bluff of the mountain, and make our way to the fall of water to which it gives a name. A pretty cottage is found near the cascade—the murmur of the descending lymph reaches the ear—and lo! at last we stand fronting the foam of this epitomized cataract. Some sixty or eighty feet is the height of

the fall—water in motion or water at rest, being possessed of an undying charm, and the charm is heightened by the verdure of the environs. Mangerton with its Punch-bowl,—both mountains, with their prevailing mists and rain reservoirs, feed the waterfall and give it strength. The stream bounds down from one elevation to another, till at last it reaches the lake, and is lost. On the waters of the lake we have not yet adventured—our view of the scenery from the lowest of all the levels attempted being reserved for an evening excursion. From the inmost recess of Dundag bay, we take our departure, to float for one quiet hour on the surface of the loveliest lake beneath the sun. The Devil's island fronts us: we coast under Torc, leaving the green hills of Mucruss demesne and Torc cottage behind, together with flat-headed Mangerton. Before us, rise Brickeen and Dinis out of the water; and behind them, Glenna and the Eagle's Nest. To our right, the peninsula of Mucruss bay, in its verdurous and varied beauty—rocks, trees, heights, and hollows diversifying its length.

But scarcely had we reached its further point, and veered westward for our return, ere the rain, which is so common in these regions—so common throughout Ireland, that an English friend once said to us, with gravest face, "I suppose you do have settled weather here sometimes"—came down in the most liberal style, and drenched us all. The shower, like some wage of warfare, was short, sharp, and decisive. There was no need to hurry out of it, for it was soon over, and its work was too effectually done for us to escape any portion of a ducking by extra exertion. It was a perfect douche. But hereupon ensued a colloquy with Murtagh Macgowan that somehow made amends, and ended our row on the lake with a wholesome and appetizing laugh. We shall call it a

LEGEND OF MUCRUSS.

"What would your honour think of trying St. Patrick's cure for the toothache?"

"But I have no toothache, so that I don't require the saint's remedy."

"Sure, your honour, like Morrison's pills or Daffy's elixir, it's good for every ache under the sun—toothache

or bellyache, or any other ache that ever wrinched one's poor carcase asunder. I never saw the sickness it wouldn't cure. It would be as good as a dry coat to your honour, now, and save you twenty rheumatisms and twice as many colics."

"I have not the least apprehension of the complaints you name; and, in fact, am so fond of water in every shape—drinking, boating, and bathing—that I think the rain rather pleasant."

"But then, your honour, if your clothes were always ringing with the wet, as ours are in this drinchin' place, what would you say then?"

"Well, I suppose I might like a drop of comfort sometimes; but it strikes me, you go to the whisky bottle, even without the excuse of rainy weather, now and then."

"Och, sure, an' its always rainin' hereabout. We have rain like cats-and-dogs most whiles; but when that stops, we have pups-and-kittens comin' down—misty, mizzling, drizzling kind of rain, that goes through one's coatmore as straight as a needle. It's mighty conveynient, in thim say-sons, to take a drop of the crayture; for when we wet our inside with whisky, our outside, if it was drippin', becomes as dry as a bone. And good warrant we have for dryin' ourselves by means o' the same, for sure St. Patrick himself taught St. Bridgid the virtue of it on this same Lake of Killarney. The polite saint cured the darlin's toothache with that same, ten thousand year ago."

"I never knew these saints were acquainted," responded we.

"Och, indeed, they never needed an introduction, for they were as thick as the bark and the tree—as intimate as man and wife—I mane, of course, as brother and sister; for, sure, he was a blessed monk, and she a holy nun: and they came to Kerry together, on the Irish mission—he floating on a big stone through the say, and she riding through the air on a rainbow."

"His boat must have been well off for ballast, and her line of rail, I suppose, was an early specimen of the atmospheric," was our remark, aside.

"Well, you see, sir, after tay at the Abbey, and they felt refreshed, the lady, as is nathral to the sex, felt restless and fidgetty, and nothing

would sarve her but she should go on the lake. They're just like children, are women, your honour—the moment they get one toy, they begin to long for another. If you gave them Holyhead at tin o'clock, they'd cry their eyes out at a quarter past tin for the Hill of Howth. Now, St. Patrick was very polite entirely; sure, he'd take off his hat to a red herrin' on a fast day, and beg its pardon for atin' it: so, says he, 'Miss Bridgid, you must go. 'Tis true,' says he, 'I'd like to rest a while, to get the better of my say-sickness after so long a voyage from Room, and to smoke my dhudeen in the chimney corner, and prepare the notes of my first sermon to the haythens; but when a lady's consarned, business must give way, and her will becomes our pleasure.'"

"Are you sure the saint made such a polite speech?" asked we.

"Ah, your honour, sure if he didn't make it, it's what he ought to have made it: anyhow, he did the polite thing. All Killarney was out to see the saint handing the lady into the boat—it was so illigant and ginteel: he just tiched the faymale beatitude's glove with the tip of his fingers, and spoke to her so reverential-like, as if she was the Queen of Kerry, instead of being little better than the saint's serving-maid. And he bowed at every word he said; and, not to be outdone, holy Bridgid curtsayed down to her ankles; and he took off his hat (his mitre, I mane) with an air. The Frinch dancing-master that comes down from Cork twice-a-week in winter—*Muncher Cottleoon*—never cut an' capered with half the grace."

"Why, you seem to know all about it, Murtagh, as if you had been there," said we.

"Och, your honour, I've heerd it so often that I seem to know it as well as my breakfast of stirabout; and, at any rate, any one would guess the saint would do the thing ginteely. Well, your honour, they sailed about, like Captain Cook, here and there, and nowhere besides, and landed at Innisfallen; and wherever St. Patrick's foot trod, there grew up a shamrock; and wherever Bridgid's bright eyes fell, they dropt a daisy; so that what between the efforts of the two at field-gardening, there were few spots that were not embroidered with flowers. But lo! and behold

you! it was a warm summer's day—the very height of the dog-days—and what should happen but a thunder-storm on the lake! It grew dark all of a sudden; and they saw it gatherin' and gatherin'; and St. Bridgid grew wild with the fear, and she hugged one of the boatmen, and said, 'You jewel,' says she, 'sure you won't let a purty girl be drowned—more betoken and she a saint!' and with that they took to their oars, and off to land as hard as they could pelt. Didn't the water flash behind the blades, and the keel plough a furrow half a fathom deep, and the sweat rowl off their faces as they pullt for the dear life; and the thunder just beginning to spake from between the Torc and the Aigle's Nest, and the lightning to sparkle, and her little heart ready to jump out of her mouth with rale dread. Just thin, there was a flash like a hundred-pounder going off, and it lit up Ross, and Mucruss, and Innisfallen, and every spot around, like an illumination on bonfire night—and St. Bridgid would stand it no longer; so she caught St. Patrick round the neck, and screeched out, 'Paudeen, asthore, you're a philosopher; and will you tell us, for the love of Mary, if water's a non-conductor?'

"May I niver taste any thing stronger than that same," replied the good saint; 'but it's true as your name's Biddy.'

"Do you tell me that," says she; 'for I'm mortal feerd of this lightning, and I'd go to the bottom of the say to get out of its way.'

"With that, your honour, the keel just touched the strand, and out jumps Biddy in the water, crinolines, and brogues, and all, and right down with her under the surface. They fished her up in no time; and she began, with the water streaming down from the colleen's hair: 'O blessed Patrick! (flash)—Och!' and down with her under the water agin. Up peeped her head shortly, and they were going to lead her out, when, flash! came another blink of lightning, and down wint the lovely saint like a startled water-hin.

"At last the storm was over; but not the troubles of the darlin'; for she tuk the toothache, with all the cowl'd water she got, and fell cruel bad.

"With that, your honour, our holy Saint Patrick takes a bottle of holy water out of his pocket, and, says he: 'show me your tooth, my dear.' And he pours three strong drops in it, one after the other, and holds up his thumb and two fingers so, and says: 'by dis and by dat, and by t'other, come out of her, daymon of toothache;' and so, when she took a drop more out of the bottle, the toothache was well, and more by token, she said she was as dry as a bone.

"Well, sir, the saint taught the people the charm from that out; and what, with the three fingers, and the holy water and a sup of whiskey in it, sorra a one amongst us but cures the toothache, or a wet skin with St. Patrick's panasaya."

THE SECOND DAY—THE UPPER LAKE.

BREAKFAST at five A.M. sees us ready for a long day's excursion, the longest we project, the track pursued being our own, and our satisfaction with the route, now that all is over, is perfect.

Landlords, waiters, guides, and boatmen, were dead against the feasibility of our plan; it would never do; it was too long; it was reversing the usual method; it was going against the stream; it was travelling round about; but every assertion of its impossibility only rendered us more resolved to demonstrate its easy and agreeable possibility, omitting, at the same time, nothing really worth seeing in a limited tour of the Lakes.

Our outline was meant to embrace

the Upper Lake, with its islands, the Gap of Dunloe, and all between the further or eastern end of that desolate defile and our hostel, that could be pressed into the hours of sunlight. That the cooking animal might not lack his appropriate delectations, while the pictorial animal was glutting his eyes "with verdurous leaf and plant," with piny precipice, and lucid wave, the Dugald Dalgetty of our party laid in a store of provisions, such as a Vitellius might envy, and hungry travellers would welcome like the manna in the wilderness. Of our feats of prowess performed upon the *champ de bataille* furnished by our trim hampers, that containing the

solid, this the liquid elements of our refection, the modest muse declines a record.

By car we proceed to the tunnel on the Kenmare road, the "New Cut," as it is called, which takes the tourist nearer the Lakes than the older road. We coast the whole "Long range," (of three miles in length,) which connects the Middle with the Upper Lake—a tedious canal-like channel, the current of which we should have breasted, had we gone up it in a boat, and yet, though confined to the road, lost nothing of the picturesque beauties on either side. The Eagle's Nest returned its clear, single echo, as clearly, and showed its abrupt form, as sharply, from the high-way as from the boat. We gained time by this method, and, as we fancied, a finer prospect. We had seen enough of the channel at its lower end, too, at Dinis, where we looked up under the two arches of Old Weir Bridge, at its exit into Torc Lake, and admired the rapids which we did not care to encounter. The Eagle's Nest, Glens Mountain, and Toonies, were glorious objects in the bright morning sun, radiant as warriors with a golden casque, the vanguard of a still more imposing troop beyond the Gap westward, the Reeks, whose rere stretched away to the sea-board of the Atlantic.

Opposite the Eagle's Nest, on our left hand, a cascade of flashing waters, on a small scale, repaid a rapid visit.

On, however, still on, with our most handy outside car, the perfection of conveyance for tourists anxious to jump off, and itinerate for sight-seeing purposes every now and then. "It bowls you along," as our carman said, "as handy as a taypot, wanting the spout and the handle."

At the tunnel a boat awaits us, and we enter it, to prosecute our watery journey over the narrow surface of the smallest of the Lakes. In no direction is it a mile in length, and the lofty mountains, amid which it is buried, make its dimensions look more insignificant still. But it is surpassingly beautiful, notwithstanding, and is studded with islands, of every shape which rocky surfaces can take, and crowned with a coronal of the richest foliage. The evergreen oak, arbutus, and juniper, here thrive to a marvel, and surprise the on-looker with their

luxuriance of leaf and colossal growth. Having surveyed this lovely lakelet from every portion of its expanse, and left the print of our foot on every sand, we make our way up the stream, at its further end, as far as Lord Bandon's miniature demesne, and its pretty cottage; when taking the last farewell of a scene we shall never, probably, witness again, we resigned ourselves to the guidance of Murtagh Macgowan, our cicerone. Our further course was to be pursued on foot, by far the most effectual way for seeing objects satisfactorily, but one, at the same time, which either narrows the limits of a tour, or else, obliges one to extend the time of its duration.

Onward we sped, looking back at times on the lake, whose narrow surface resembled a portion of a river rather than an expanse of water, and hemmed in so completely, that it seemed to have no outlet of escape; yet, it smiled as cheerily in its tranquil prison, as any resident in that hermit region might do, whom no social claim called to sterner fields of duty, whom an indulgent Providence allowed to grow old in this most sweet seclusion: "the world forgetting—by the world forgot." At a mile distant we approach the Gap of Dunloe, forming with the Upper Lake, the specialty of the day's visit. Much comes in incidentally besides, as the *Cum* (Combe) *Dhu*, or Black Valley, on our left front, correctly so named, with its gloomy depth, and sullen stream, the Reeks and the Purple Mountain, with the Gap between, together with rush of waterfall and hush of tarn, which abound in these mountainous solitudes, where the scream of the eagle strangely intermingles with the bleat of the goats or ragged sheep, who crop a scanty dinner off crags that hang in mid-air.

A loggin stone, near the right hand, at the entrance of the Gap, reminds one of the ubiquitous presence of those mysterious Druids, the tokens of whose weird worship meet us in the most remote recesses, as well as on open down and frequented plain. Ireland, no less than Biscay, Brittany, or Mona, must have been a favourite haunt of the votaries of stone-worship; for not even Carnac, with its cairns, can rival, in curiosity or number, the monuments of rude, yet

artificial, construction, that stud the way from the shores of Shannon down to the coves of Kenmare.

The Gap of Dunloe is a fissure of the wildest and most gloomy severity, running north and south at the west of the Lakes, the rift being between the mountains of the Reeks and the Toomies. This gorge is marked by naked and bleak rocks, rising high overhead—by deep and inky pools, here and there at the bottom of the ravine, which is traversed by a thick thread of water—and by a rapid closure of the cliffs about half way through the Gap, so as almost to threaten a stoppage of the way. There is just room for a footway, however, and no more. Never was region so desolate and sterile. The gloom of the grave has settled over the spot; and it is worth the traveller's while to visit it for the sake of a new sensation. Killarney is all beauty and life elsewhere—here all is gloom and death. Byron's solitary gentleman, who doated on petrifications, might here "sit on rocks and muse o'er flood and fell" to his heart's content, for through the livelong day he would see little else to vary his contemplations.

"Sure, your honour," said Murtagh, "whin God made the world, all the rocks that remained over, that he couldn't build into the round, he thrun them here."

Entering the Gap at the wrong end—the Head—we had the pleasure of finding our route facilitated by descending the whole four miles through it—a much more pleasant operation than facing its repulsive ascent in the orthodox direction. Besides, from an elevation at entering it, we commanded its chief features in the entire descent, acquiring a familiarity with the salient point of the chasm that few travellers, we presume, who merely pass through it, achieve. One of its tarns, the least life-like of the lot, is that where St. Patrick is said to have drowned "the last serpent," when his saintship

"Drove the frogs into the bogs,
And banish'd all the varmint."

Rather more than halfway down the Gap the path widens into a road practicable for the country cars; but, as we had no conveyance at hand, we continued our way on foot.

We had gathered by the way, in this desolate region, as many companions as a recruiting-sergeant on a market day; for, to the standing reproach of this region, idlers abound. There is some pretence of traffic, it is true, with many, like the eternal sawdust pincushions, lucifer matches, tagged laces, and Turkey rhubarb of Cheapside; for they offer you milk, whisky, and later on in the season sundry wild berries, besides their services as guides; but disguised mendicancy is the main reliance of most.

From the northern end of the Gap, our road was clear to tramp to the Brig of Laune, or Beaufort Bridge, at the north-western end of the Lower Lake. But what was that, with the little Loe trilling its liquid music by our side, the lark high overhead, light hearts in our bosoms, and a determination to prove to the stereotyped tourist and guide that as good routes might be projected by an intelligent traveller to suit his own taste as any already devised. Our plan was a brilliant success. A boat was to await us at the bridge; and thenceforward our progress and the elements would be so completely under our management, that we could time our return to a minute.

The castle of Dunloe crowns a hill a mile or so before us—an ancient keep, intended to guard the pass of the river. It is still uninjured, although it figured in the Parliamentary Wars, and is thus of respectable antiquity. It is surrounded by trees of as venerable an age as itself, and proves that the barons of olden time possessed a taste for the picturesque in the localities pitched upon for their abodes. The very choicest views over the Lower Lake, with its exquisite islands—the level and wooded shores of the northern side—the magnificent hills and forestry of the south—all present themselves continually to the denizens of this happy abode. Far happier they, in these piping times of peace, to enjoy the elegant repose of a country gentleman's mansion, than the hardly-assured safety of fort or fortalice in troublous periods of domestic broil or foreign invasion.

True to their directions, we find a boat awaiting us here; and our trusty sons of the wave preparing a welcome, in the shape of an extemporised benediction, lavished, no doubt, upon every

successive party with equal sincerity. Every mouth was graced with a black pipe when we arrived; but their benediction was evidently meant to bear fruit, in the shape of what is called in Ireland, a *sketch* of whisky. The civility of the salutation was a kind of thanksgiving for favours to be bestowed. Here the spokesman of the party, before we were seated, began with—

“Ach, sure, your honour, explorin’ Killarney and huntin’ the divel through his own domain in the Dunloe Gap is warm and dry work in the hot month of June. You ought to take something to prevint your catchin’ a thunderbolt of a cold whin you sit down. Be the same token, smokin’ itself is dry work, and waitin’ for the gintry; and whin your honour refreshes himself, maybe you’d pass the powder-flask round, and give us all a prime.”

As we faced down the lake on its western side, its lofty walls were feathered with foliage to the very water’s edge. The sun had passed his meridian an hour or two, when, by our direction, our boatmen pull into a cove on our right, where a tiny stream embouches on the lake. Here we meant to dine. Ourselves and our companions twain provide out of the remains of our feast a sumptuous banquet for our guide and for the crew of our barque. The cascade a short way up the stream (Sullivan’s—it ought to have been *O’Donohoe’s*) on the Lower Lake, was beautiful, with its deep seclusion and triple fall. Interlacing trees shut out the light of a rich afternoon sun, and the festooning fringes of the forest must have been dense indeed to exclude the golden rays. We paced our path down again to the lake, and bathed ourselves, by way of amends, in the flooding sunlight that fell direct on our boat and the rude breakwater below. We dined on the open sward where he shone, and blessed the Giver of his glorious beams.

Dinner over, we had a chat with Murtagh about the ramble and exploration of the morning, when he favoured us with the

LEGEND OF DUNLOE.

“How did this Gap come to be split so? some earthquake, doubtless, in the early ages of the world.”

“Well, your honour, that may be; but the people of this country account for it differently. For, once upon a time, as I’ve heerd tell, there was one Finn Macool lived hereabouts; he was a mortal tall kind of a *bouchal*, anyhow—one of the joints (giants) mintioned in Ginesis, I believe; and when he was a little bit of a gossoon, the day he wore his first breeches, he would be riding every thing he came across, as other little boys will ride upon a slip of a stick for want of something better: so nothing would sarve him but he should sit astride over the ridge which is now the Gap of Dunloe. They say he was ninety miles high when he was nine year ould; an’ if it be true, it must have taken a power of goatskins to make him his breeches, and no ind of tailors to stitch them together. How many acres of flax it took to make a shirt for him, I won’t vinture to spekylate upon. Well, your honour, in them early ages of the world, the ridges and the mountains was as soft as new mortar or butter fresh from the churn, in regard of their being only just turned out of the mowld. So, no sooner had my young hayro sat down with one fut in the Upper Lake and one in the Middle one, than the ridge gave way beneath his seat; and down he sunk till he was up to his chin—the ridge up high before, and the ridge up high behind him. Yees may be sure he didn’t stay long there, but gothered himself up in no time, and off to his mother, whimpering and whining all the way because his new white crackers was spoiled with the mud. More betoken that his story is true, they say the impression of his nose is still at one side of the glen near the top, and of the back of his head against the other. I never seen it myself, your honour, nor has it been seen in the memory of man; but it’s aisy to account for that, for you perceive that near the top it is all overgrown with shrubs and trees that hide the mark of the *joint’s* faytures. But other people say that the anchor of Noah’s ark tore down the gap during the flood, whin the pathriarch was takin’ his pleasure in his yat (yacht), one rainy day, and he wanted to stop awhile, in order to sind one of his boys on shore for a dish of berries to sayson his glass of punch with after dinner. They say

the flood drove the great say-captain on, and the soft mud of the mountain was bad holding ground, and the fluke of the anchor tore the rift right through the ridge, for a rapparee of a sou'wester come on him onawares, and blew him off to Armaynia or Virginia, or some other haythenish place, in the wink of a midge's eye. 'Tis myself knows little about it, only I've seen the Gap of Dunloe just as it is ever since I was the height of that. I don't suppose it was ever much different, to spake of."

Two hours afterward beheld us on our further way, Mucruss being within our easy reach. Our course, in coasting towards Glenna, enabled us to

"Slowly trace the forest's shady scene,"

for it is one continuous wood from Beaufort Bridge for fully three miles on our right, our place of afternoon's refection being rather less than half-way along. As matter of course, we glide by the insignificant islets that lie inshore in this direction, but halt at none. At length we reach the well-kept sward before the cottage that invites the traveller to land at the base of Glenna. All here bespeaks the hand of care, the eye of taste, the heart of benevolence—the Kenmare family having done all in their power

to make the patch of green here bordering the lake serviceable to the tourist in search of the picturesque. Nothing can be sweeter—and no inducement can draw us home so early as we might go from this fairy spot. A tea here were far more grateful than in the most elegant coffee-room—hence tea becomes for the nonce the want of the times. Between the cottage at Dinis, which was within easy reach of a messenger in the boat and our Glenna paradise, our wants were readily and liberally supplied, and fully two hours more were consumed on soft Glenna ere we could tear ourselves from the enchanting spot. The sun was setting over Mangerton, and lighting up, with purple and gold, the heathery crown of Glenna over our head ere we allowed our Murtagh to summon us with his bugle to embark. Instead of passing under Brickeen Bridge into the basin of the Torc Lake, we coasted along that shore of the peninsula of Mucruss which borders the Lower Lake. Passing by dozens of islets to which O'Donoghoe's name gives celebrity—his "Horse," his "Table," his "Gun," his "Broomstick"—said islets consisting, in many cases, of sheer rocks—we make land at the point nearest to Cloghereen village and its commodious hotel.

THE THIRD DAY—THE LOWER LAKE.

THIS, as the most extensive and varied, we reserve for a *bonne bouche* on the last day of our tour: a kind of first love (of it alone we caught a gleam on the evening of our arrival)—our first love and our last—just as in Westmoreland, Grasmere, Buttermere, Keswick, Ulleswater, and Conistone, only sent us back to Windermere with fresh zest for its more expanded and insinuating beauties. That fine lake is not one of those concentrated and striking belles that take you by storm, but one of those more catholic and softer natures that win upon your liking, and eventually drive the dasher out of your heart. So with Lough Lane or the Lower Lake at Killarney; we are disposed to believe that of our enjoyments in our tour, the largest share was derived from the multifarious, though less imposing succession of interesting objects it supplied. Besides, five miles at a stretch of lake surface,

is something to look at, not a mile or two crowded in by high heaven-kissing hills, which is too narrow for effect. Bowls, *paterae*, *tazze*, are the images which such diminutive concavities suggest—small utensils of domestic use—whereas, the wider lake finds its apt similitude in a Versailles mirror—a wide expanse of shining glass bound within a golden rim.

Its extent grew upon us from our pedestrianizing freely along its shores, before we embarked for an inspection of its *Belle Isle*. Ere we reached our point of embarkation, proceeding on foot from Mucruss, all the way round the north-eastern angle of Lough Lane, our walk must have been little short of ten miles; so that our liquid love grew to the amplitude of an inland sea, as we compassed its borders in our promenade!

We bade adieu to Mucruss before breakfast on the third morning, in-

tending to transfer our travelling gear to one of the hotels nearer our point of departure, where we should breakfast and sleep. Having appointed the boat and crew of the previous day, to cross the lake for us, to the same rendezvous as yesterday, our carpet bags were stowed away under their care, and with three stout shillelaghs for our only conveyance, we start on foot for Killarney. The road is good, bordered with trees most of the way, in some places densely and regularly. On our left, immediately after starting, lies Castle Lough, a considerable reach of our lake, famous for its fish. Further on, the Lake Hotel is passed, one of the most attractive of the caravanserais of this region. The gentry are squatted rather thickly along the road, right and left, in fancy cottages and farms, and more pretentious mansions and demesnes. Castle Lough, Cahirane (the seat of our present Irish Secretary), Danesfort, Flesk Cottage (Lord Headley's), Woodlawn, and others, command points of eminence, and help to adorn the region which furnishes such favourable sites. Mountains in whole clusters are visible on the left, Coomaglawn, Glena, and Toomies, to the more distant Reeks. The morning sun glistens on their tops, bathed in the dews of night, and draws their exhalations up in silver steams into the skies. The birds sing cheerily; the Flesk prattles along its channel to join the lake; the air is fresh and moist, combining the soft humidity of spring with the warmth of incipient summer. And to crown the whole, the trout on our breakfast-table were the curdiest, the ham the raciest, the eggs the freshest, the cream the richest, the *tout ensemble* the most appetizing spread we ever sat down to in this breakfast-eating world.

After refreshment we are early on our expedition to join our boat, aiming at the exhaustion of all that is picturesque by the way. We traverse Lord Kenmare's west demesne, thrown freely open to the public; cross the Dinah river, admire the Hill Bellevue, rightly so called, Cloughnacuddy and Knockreen, past the Victoria Hotel, which commands the finest scenery of the Lower Lake, to the remains of the old Cathedral of Aghadoe. Let the tourist but mount the hill on which this very old ruin stands, and then ascend the base of the Round Tower,

which alone remains of that peculiar structure, and all the world could not present him a more delightful view than that of the Lower Lake, lying open to his unobstructed gaze. Here, with its thirty islands, it lies a gem of liquid beauty, in every changeable mood of calm and storm, of sun and moonlight. Such a scene is a revelation to the rightly apprehensive soul. Here, if anywhere, the heart should run over "with silent worship."

Sated with indescribable scenic loveliness, we turned to the tower on whose lower range we stood, all that remained of one of those antiquarian puzzles, the Round Towers of Ireland.

"Have you any idea of what use these tall buildings were put to, Murtagh? I have heard bell towers, and light towers, and fire towers suggested; sepulchres, libraries, treasuries, and hermitages; land marks, ecclesiastical boundaries, Pagan, Druidical, and Danish erections; but none of these carried conviction with it to my mind yet. What say you, Murtagh?"

"Och, your honour, how could I venture to speckylate where so many wise and laarned men differ? If I must give my opinion, anyhow, I should say they were Fin Maccool's tooth-picks."

"Pray, how do you make that out?"

"Well, you see, sir, it is aisy enough. For Finn Maccool, when he was full-grown, was a tear-and-ager of a *joint*; they say he could put the moon in his watch pocket, an' I never doubted but he could. Well, it stands to rayson so big a man must have eaten big cattle. And big mate we all know is coarse mate, for the bigger the carkish is the coarser it is; and so it must have stuck in his teeth, and made the use of a tooth-pick needful. And being a big man, with big teeth, his tooth-pick must have been big also. Ye see, your honour, the thing's as plain as praching, and praching's plain enough, seeing every cobbler's brat can do that as aisy as he'd peel a pittaytie."

Murtagh called our attention to the Loughaun or pool near this, which has the strange effect of either stuffing the ears or tying the tongue. Although one could almost step across it, it is said that persons on the opposite sides of it cannot hear each other conversing.

The water of that pool is thus of a sufficiently remarkable quality. Nor

are its anti-acoustic properties restricted to any quantity of it: for we brought a bottle of it home and brewed a bowl of—we'll call it tea—with it, to test its powers by more minute observation; but the results were still the same. Not a syllable could be heard even across the table. There was vehement gesticulation—the open mouth, the sparkling eye of eloquence—all the pantomime of conversation in fact; but only pantomime after all. The lips moved of my two friends, pouring forth, doubtless, paragraphs and periods of astounding fluency of rhetoric and most convincing argument; but not a syllable met the ear. We commend a repetition of our experiment, on the same narrow social scale, to all future visitors of the Loughaun Pond. We record our experiment *pro bono publico*, inasmuch as this water offers a ready expedient for those luckless benedicks, who, mated with Xantippe partners, often cry:—"Would I were deaf, or she were dumb!" If it were bottled for exportation, one might anticipate a generous sale, to exceed in popularity the springs of Sedlitz or Selters, of Vichy or Spa.

Two miles further of a walk introduce us to variations of substantially the same scenery. Mangerton in the south, coming out more clearly as we trend further west, after doubling the north-east point of the lake, at Prospect Hall, under Aghaboe. As we approach the Laune River, Dunloe Castle, and our expectant boat, we leave on our left, Greena, the seat of the O'Connells, a collateral branch of the famous Dan's family, and find ourselves girt with the Beaufort Woods that clothe the river. The bridge is of several arches, and the stream respectable, bearing the surplus water of the lakes in full tide to the sea. Rapid, broad, and beautiful, the river itself is an object worthy of a visit, its pictorial adjuncts of mountain and outspread lake, encroaching wood and baronial hall, rendering it, at this hour of noon, with a full orb'd sun of June shining sheer upon it, an

"Exulting and abounding river
Making its waves a blessing as they flow."

Henceforth for the lake and its islands. Sufficient wind was up—a light steady breeze of summer—to admit the unfurling of a white sail—caus-

ing a dancing emotion of delight to our skiff that quickened afresh the pulses of the pleasure-seekers on board. Your rowing is a dull affair—a matter of plodding industry and dry calculation, whereas your skimming the waters at the impulse of the breeze is the flight of genius, and partakes of its excellence. Touching at a point or two in the north-western angle, we scudded boldly down the lake, denying ourselves the joy of touching at exquisite Innisfallen, till after dinner, when we should explore its glades, and infix its beauties on our hearts, so that no subsequent objects of interest should obliterate the impression. We would go from Killarney after the fullest sip of its choicest sweets, so as to retain in all its integrity the most joyous reminiscence of the spot.

Hence, we made Ross Island our destination, and as we skimmed the blue wavy surface of the lake, the legends and localities of the traditional water-sprite were our recreation. They are too well known for repetition. Moore has embodied the most poetical one in the eighth number of his "Irish Melodies," relating to the annual procession of the knight, on his white steed over the waters of the lake at daybreak on the 1st of May. It begins thus:—

"Of all the fair months that round the sun,
In light-link'd dance their circles run,
Sweet May, sweet May, shine thou
for me!
"For still when thine earliest beams arise,
That youth, who beneath the blue lake lies,
Sweet May, sweet May, returns to me!"
"Of all the smooth lakes, where daylight
leaves
His lingering smile on golden eyes,
Fair lake, fair lake, thou'rt dear to me;
"For when the last April sun grows dim,
Thy naiads prepare his steed for him,
Who dwells, who dwells, bright like in
thee!"

And so on: the words, perhaps, owing much of their charm to the old air, with which they are wedded "in linked sweetness." Some persons will recognise the tune as that to which the Scottish words are adapted of "My ain Fireside"—but we know it best, and admire it most, notwithstanding the fascination of Moore's fancy, and the polish of his rhymes, as an Ulster Harp tune, with the simple name and words of "The bonnie cuckoo." Our readers shall judge between the pet

poet of May-fair, and the rustic bard of the Glens of Ultonia:—

"My bonnie cuckoo, I tell thee true
That through the woods I'll rove with you;
I'll rove with you, until the next spring,
And then my cuckoo shall sweetly sing:
Cuckoo! cuckoo! until the next spring,
And then my cuckoo shall sweetly sing.
The ash and the hazel shall mourning say,
My bonnie cuckoo don't go away;
Don't go away, but tarry here,
And make the season last all the year.
Cuckoo! cuckoo! oh, tarry still here,
And make the season last all the year."

The region we were now in was the O'Donoghoe country; the proper name of the Knight of the White Horse, being pronounced, not *O'Doe-no-go*, as an Englishman calls it, but *O'Dunnahoo*. Our Scandinavian friends will find in the sound of its final syllable, and its orthography of *oe*, a direct adaptation of the Baltic *oe*, with its application to a thousand northern isles. Our waiters, chamber-maids, boatmen, guides, all boasted the knightly patronymic—all Killarney were O'Donoghoes, the Kenmares, Headleys, Herberts, and O'Connells—all O'Donoghoes, although these with some others had disguised the connexion by newfangled names. The inns we stopped at were The O'Donoghoe somethings, and our hosts, of course, portly and civil O'Donoghoes. Our guide belonged to the same comprehensive tribe, his mother having been an O'Donoghoe born, but his father's family having had a blacksmith in it some generations back, the son of the man of horse-shoes was called Macgowan, the smith's son. The change may have taken place long enough ago for the smith to have shod the white steed of the legendary knight, but even a single generation is quite long enough, *nobismet ipsis testantibus*, to establish a *soubriquet* in the place of a surname:—Jimmy the nailer, a neighbour of our own, (his real surname being well known to us) has dropped by universal usage and his own consent, into James Nailer.

"Why, Murtagh," interpellated we, amid the usual cicerone-drivel about O'Donoghoe, "it seems nothing but O'Donoghoe is to be heard of here."

"Sure, your honour, we're all O'Donoghoes out this-a-way: and I'm not over certain but St. Patrick himself was an O'Donoghoe. For if I asked your honour who the saint was, sure you'd answer me—I dunna who:

and if your honour asked me who he was, I'd have to say, I *dunna* who any more than your honour. So 'tis myself's inclined to take up with the notion that he belonged to the ould stock after all, and was a rale honest O'Donoghoe."

Under the shadow of Ross Castle, rising out of the waters, Murtagh tried the magic of his bugle with delightful effect, the echo seeming to follow the windings of the lake after the first direct reply from the lofty tower in front.

The afternoon was devoted to dining on the most southern point of Ross, this extensive peninsula or island, for the most part a flat, for we followed the sun in his flight, commanding clear views of Mucross, Castletough, and Glenna, all that previous exploration had made familiar as household faces, and as dear. Towards five in the evening, we prepared for the excelling charm of Innisfallen (Innisfal-len, not Innisfall-en), an island of some score acres, but of incalculable scores of lowland graces.

"More mighty spots may rise, more glaring shine,
But none unite in one attaching maze
The brilliant, fair, and soft—the glories of
old days."

"The glories of old days" were represented here by abbatial ruins of small account, save a Saxon doorway, which retains some of its pristine comeliness. The abbey was once of great note, a home of the learning of the day, a sanctuary of its piety. A document, called the "Annals of Innisfallen," written in the fourteenth century, exists in the library of Trinity College, Dublin.

On this sweet spot we made preparation for bivouacking until the rise of the summer moon should send us home by her pale light.

We landed at the small pier, and found ourselves in a region so fair and fairy-like, that it richly justified the reputation it had gained, so long ago as the fourteenth century, of being "a paradise, and a safe sanctuary." It is densely wooded around its shores, but exhibits many a clear space in its centre, open to the gaze of heaven, and seeming worthy of its gaze. The scanty ecclesiastical remains on the spot, claim an antiquity reaching back

to the seventh century, but the island was, probably, inhabited by holy men even prior to so early a date. From the summit of that cliff these peaceful monks looked across the lake, upon the land that emblemized to their souls a forsaken world. That mile of intervening water, as completely shut them out from "the crowd, the hum, the shock of men," as if an interfluent ocean had poured its tides between. The recluse resigned himself, in such solitudes to an anticipation of death and sepulture, from the hour that he stepped on this shore wrapped in the penumbra of the last long eclipse. The boat that ferried him over was to him, Charon's, admitting no return; the island, his Philæ; the abbey cemetery, his pyramid; all this was as certain as fate. The cloister of Innisfallen was one of the most secluded, as well as selectest, spots that devotion ever chose,—

"Where sinful souls their farewells take
Of this vain world, and half-way lie
In death's cold shadow ere they die."

Our homeward lingering row upon the lake by moonlight is something too sacred for description—it belongs to the esoteric experiences of life—those "within-the-veil" oracles which are not for profane eyes and ears. The midnight chimes found us on that "phosphoric sea" silent with adoration, no longer sketchers but worshippers. In that bleached intense moonlight we had scarce senses for the visible world—the soul felt irresistibly called away into communion with the invisible—a mute celebrant of a silent but not less acceptable litany before the throne. No words can fitly picture the complexion of our thoughts than those of Byron, and there we must leave them without more open apocalypse:—

"All heaven and earth are still—though not in sleep,

But breathless as we grow when feeling most;
And silent as we stand in thoughts too deep:—
All heaven and earth are still: from the high host

Of stars, to the lull'd lake and mountain-coast,
All is concentr'd in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all Creator and Defence.

"Then stirs the feeling Infinite, so felt
In solitude, when we are least alone;
A truth which through our being then doth melt
And purifies from self."

Felix faustumque sit omen !

Reviewing our whole experience at Killarney, and all its varieties of mountain, lake, and woodland scenery, we were as much struck by its forestry as by aught besides; but we should add, by way of explanation, that we are as fond of trees as ever a Hamadryad that haunted the woods of Thesaly. The mantle of foliage that clothed the form of nature before us, was broidered with every hue of the rainbow, and with every caprice of pattern. Green, of course, was the prevailing colour; but, green, from the duskiest black to the most faded white—no "bull" this; for the dark green and the pale, by contrast, appeared, in very deed, like the cheek of day reposing on the lap of night. Ivy and other creepers, lichen and mosses, covered bole and rock, stone dyke and ruined arch, and twined in and out through summer hedges in the most picturesque zigzaggery, playing a game of vegetable hide-and-seek with the more pronounced arboreals, and the courses of an antiquated architecture. So picturesque and pleasing was their effect, covering up the rents of time and the nakedness of nature, that they looked a sylvan cosmetic laid on the face of the fringed scene, to hide the dilapidations of beauty. Tall forest trees plunged their leafy tops in copious baths of sunshine; on the lower boughs, the wood-pigeon cooed to his mate, his never-varied, never-ceasing, "How-do-you-do-oo-oo?" and in the shrubs that nestled beneath, the linnet brought forth her young, and the leveret cowered during the hot noon, after swallowing his hasty breakfast on the lawn at daylight, his primitive green tea, of fresh vegetables steeped in morning dew. What, with magnificent pillared avenues of full-grown forest trees, ushering us along our way like polite masters of the ceremonies, bowing their welcome as we passed, and glorious parasites, that here and elsewhere flung their tracery from bough to bough, softening rough outlines, and paying, in added grace, to their supporters an ample return for their friendly arm; what with single boles, standing in their sturdy independence here and there, flouting the winds with their swaying branches, and ever singing the song of the Miller of Dee, "I care for nobody, no, not I;" and what, with

clump and cluster herding closely together, like frightened deer; those same deer, at the same time, peering with their bright brown eyes, out of the depths of their enclosure—this spot proved itself a paradise of woody delights; a *Sylva*, as fair as any Evelyn ever painted, or planted, or enjoyed.

Our path lay mostly along (can there be a fairer in sunny June!) under a seemingly impervious mass of foliage, the boughs bestowing a perpetual benediction with their outstretched arms over our heads, the winter frosts and spring huskage, displaced by the fresh leafage that had taken

their place, weaving a brown and aromatic carpet under our feet. It was lonely enough to be out of the world; fragrant enough to be a minster with its pervading incense, filled with the homage of happy insect life, and provocative of worship in man:

“A populous solitude of bees and birds,
And fairy-formed and many-coloured things.”

The carpet beneath our tread was diapered here and there with sun-streak and shadow from the embowering arcade above, and glimpses of falling water gave a golden gleam to the panorama.

THE INFORMER.

CHAPTER I.

PEGGY CROSS.

ON the borders of Leitrim stood the lonely hamlet of Dring—a group of fifteen houses lying in a valley overhung by steep rocks. Picturesque from its extreme wildness, the surrounding country was bare and uncultivated. Here and there goats might be seen browsing on the rugged heights, or mayhap a few stunted cows, with rough coats, seeking food among the heather, herded by a sun-burnt child scarcely past the age of infancy. No ornamental seat was within miles of that deserted spot. From no point, however elevated, could the eye detect a single belt of plantation. The priest's house lay apart from the hamlet, a long, low, thatched building, standing in a garden, where cabbage and potatoes grew from year to year; and still further away, on an elevated point, was the rude chapel of the district, remarkable for its slated roof, its large wooden cross in front, and its isolated aspect. Where the people came from that gathered to that dreary little place of worship, might have puzzled any one to tell; but certain it is, that Sunday after Sunday it was filled to suffocation, while crowds of people knelt outside, telling their beads in agonized devotion, or gazing with reverence at its sacred walls. Like spirits conjured up by the magician's wand,

these peasants could be seen each Sabbath morning descending heights, or flocking up from solitary valleys, in great streams; the women clad neatly in garments chiefly of their own manufacture, with snow-white caps, blue or red cloth cloaks, and clean bare feet; while the men rejoiced in shirts of dazzling hue, whose collars touched their ears, comfortable coats, and strong shoes—for though the women might dispense with these latter articles, without any diminution of dignity, no man, but of the most abject description, ever appeared without them. People might be dirty and untidy on week days, but none, save the very degraded, were unclean on the Sabbath—even silly Pat M'Gaskin, in all his rags, had a white shirt then, for the “honour o' God.”

About a quarter of a mile from the hamlet, far down in a sequestered nook, with jagged rocks around it, one of which formed part of its back wall, stood a little cabin, lonelier still than any abode we have mentioned. A neat dwelling it was, with a well sanded floor, and well scoured furniture—snowy white the dresser opposite the door; well dusted the rows of little pictures hanging on the walls; bright the tins ranged on the shelves. There was an inner room off the principal one—an apartment so low, that

you could hardly stand up in it without getting a knock on the head from the roof; but still it formed a comfortable sleeping chamber—whether a very wholesome one we cannot presume to say; but the occupant of it was rarely ill—that was certain. This house belonged to a woman called Peggy Cross—one who had never married, though in her youth suitors had not failed to seek her hand. She was now between forty and fifty—very tall and thin; rather plain than handsome; with a sallow complexion, small black eyes, hair still untouched by silver streaks, and a remarkably acute expression of face. She had always been a dutiful daughter, and up to the period of her parents' death, had supplied their wants with the proceeds of her industry. Now she was alone, but independent, as a lengthened period of service in farm-houses had given her the means of providing comfortably for her advancing years. Peggy had had a sister, younger than herself, who was handsome, and who, like herself, had often been a hired servant in the houses of strangers. That sister was now dead—a shadow had fallen upon her good name—and no one ever alluded to her in the presence of Peggy. Notwithstanding that she was economical to the last degree as regarded expenditure on her own dress and food, Peggy Cross had an open hand for the poor; no beggar was ever turned from her door without a kind word and assistance. Remarkable for possessing a silent tongue, which encouraged many to confide their cares to her, this woman was the possessor of almost as many secrets as the priest himself; of course there were some that disliked, and some that feared her; one or two considered that she had dealings with a certain person that must be nameless; a few were of opinion, that "the sorra bit o' religion the same woman had;" and those who were aware of some passages in her history, now forgotten by the generality of folks at Dring, looked upon her as hard-hearted and cruel. Once Peggy had been a servant in a priest's house in a distant county, and whether she witnessed any scenes there that made her a sceptic, was not known; but certain it is, that a short time afterwards, she gave up attending mass. We will

introduce the reader to the interior of Peggy's cabin.

Heavy rain had splashed drearily all the day, and now, when evening set in, it splashed as drearily—soaking into the thatch of many an ill-roofed hovel—hissing, as it dropped upon smouldering fires—streaming with sooty colour down rugged walls. A bright fire blazed in Peggy's kitchen, dry turf and well seasoned lumps of bogwood diffusing light and warmth through the apartment. Three people, besides the owner, occupied the room: one was an aged woman, dressed in garments whose quality and quantity proclaimed her to belong to the class of wandering beggars, now, happily, more rare in Ireland than they were twenty years ago. Her head was enveloped in a grey caul, over which was tied a red cotton handkerchief, while round her figure was wrapped a yellow quilt, concealing a vast amount of clothing beneath it. Very bulky, indeed, did the good woman look; for along with her other garments, she carried round her person whatever bed-clothes she required for her night's rest, blankets and all. Singularly plain in feature, this old woman presented an unprepossessing appearance: her nose was flat and broad, her brow heavy, her small eyes sunken, her cheeks large and prominent, and her feet and ankles of elephantine dimensions. No wonder that Granny Dunn was the terror of children for miles around, when she stalked silently into the kitchens of the peasant and the farmer, to secure the relief she never had to ask for in words, and for which she never either deigned, or was expected, to say, "thank ye."

The other two guests of Peggy Cross, were a miserably thin little woman, who lived in the hamlet, and her brother, a remarkably good-looking young man, named Bat M'Govern. The sister, Jane Mullins, was the wife of a blacksmith, in poor circumstances and delicate health, with a family of boys and girls, not much short of a dozen, though many had died.

"It's a pity o' them that hasn't a roof over their heads to-night," observed Peggy, as she made the fire still brighter. "How far did you thavel the day, Granny?"

"Anan!" said Granny, raising her

eyes from the wallet, whose contents she was examining.

Peggy repeated the question in a still louder tone.

"Only as far as Para Bawn's; it was there I stopped last night," replied Granny, in a high key.

"It isn't often Para Bawn lets travellers rest a night under his roof, Bat," whispered Peggy to the young man. "How in the world, Granny, did ye get a night's lodgin' at Para's?" she shouted, bending her head close to the old woman's ear.

"Because he wasn't to the fore himself—the ould tyrant!" replied Granny; "an' I made Weeny let me stop whether or no; she darn't turn me out in the cowl, though maybe she'd have liked to do it."

"Where was Para himself?" asked Bat M'Govern, with some interest.

"Away at Carrigallen, sellin' the brown stirke," answered Granny, promptly.

"That's the last o' the cattle, I b'lieve," observed Peggy Cross. "Now, its fall certain, that Para has taken some new notion in his head about sellin' off his cows. I warrant he'll be stockin' the farm with a fine kind afore all's over. It isn't want that's makin' him part them anyhow."

"Nobody knows who's in want these times," said Jane Mullins; "the wet harvest 'ill make many a man poor that was rich a year ago."

"They say there's a power o' stills workin' through the country," continued Peggy; "it's poteen they're makin' o' the corn."

"An' who'd blame them, Peggy Cross?" demanded Mrs. Mullins, energetically; "only for poteen there 'id be more people starvin' than anybody can tell—that's what I know. An' maybe the priest wouldn't get his dues, nor the landlord his rent, if the stills quit goin'. People can't live without money, nor die aither, for that matter. Isn't it only the other day that Father Gilligan refused to say a prayer over Jack Connor's gosssoon—Lord rest him—'till so many shillins was laid on the coffin fornint his eyes?"

"Ay, I heerd tell o' that," said Peggy, looking thoughtfully into the fire.

"An' did you hear how the corpse might have gone into the grave without the blessin' o' God on it, only

Para Bawn's daughter kem forrid an' laid silver on the coffin lid?"

At the conclusion of this sentence Bat M'Govern moved his position—sitting for a moment upright, and then falling back in a rather dejected manner.

"Weeny's tendher-hearted, no doubt o' that," remarked Peggy, hastily brushing away a tear; "but I wish she was less wild an' skittish; she vexes me often the way she goes on, ramblin' about at all hours. I don't b'lieve there's a spot about the place she doesn't know for many's the mile round; she could go over the country with her eyes shut."

"Did ever any one see a child less like the father?" said Jane Mullins, after a pause; "he's so plain an' coorse lookin', an' she a'most like a fairy, though I shouldn't say it."

"She's too handsome for a poor girl like her," said Peggy, sighing; "maybe it 'id be better if she had some of her father's steady ways; for though he's hard and gripin' sometimes, he's an honest man; nobody can say he'd wrong a body ov a penny."

"Para Bawn wouldn't give what 'id dhrop off his finger to a starvin' crature," said old Granny, whose ears, like those of many deaf people, sometimes caught low spoken words not intended for their hearing; "an' maybe he'll be in want and beggary himself yit—who knows?"

"Come, Granny, bake your bannock, if ye have one to bake, afore the fire gets slack," interrupted Peggy, who did not like the gloomy forebodings occasionally indulged in by the "thravellin' woman."

"Never heed the bannock," said Granny, gruffly, as she drew out her pipe; "we're spakin' ov Para Bawn above, the greatest ruffin in Irelan'."

Jane Mullins winked at Peggy, and both nodded their heads in silence.

"Ay, an' Miss Weeny, too," continued Granny, fumbling at her pipe; "maybe I could give her a heart-scald, with all her finery an' her beauty; some o' these days she'll know her own place, I warrant!"

For a long while the old woman continued to mutter forth disjointed sentences, all indicative of hostility to Para Bawn; till, having satisfied herself, she rose, and proceeding to the dresser, prepared to make a cake

with some oatmeal which she drew from her wallet. Silently and slowly she went about the task, asking no questions, and making use of whatever culinary articles she fancied, without seeking permission from the owner. Soon the process was completed—baking and all; and then Granny lay down to rest in a remote corner, for she was to pass that night under Peggy's roof. Coiled up, and looking more like a huge bundle of clothes stowed out of the way than any thing else, she was soon apparently fast asleep, while the rest of the occupants of the room conversed in subdued tones.

"And now, Jane," said Peggy, with an anxious expression of face, "is it thrue that Pether Mullins has takin' to the poteen business?"

"Ay, Peggy, it is," replied Jane, a little ashamed; "but what could we do? The childre was fairly starvin', an' the bit ov corn we had wasn't fit for any thing in the way of aitin', an' so he thought he'd make something ov it yon way."

"An' have you any call to it, Bat?" demanded Peggy, turning to M'Govern.

"Oh, don't talk about it to him, Peggy!" exclaimed Jane. "He'd never look at a still, only that Pether isn't able sometimes to go down where they have the fires, an' rather than let me go, Bat takes a run down to it; but he says, he wouldn't touch a farthin' o' the price got for the poteen for all ever he seen."

"He's right," said Peggy. "If there's a thing I hate, it's a still. An' is it thrue that Para Bawn's workin' at poteen as well as another?"

"Spake low, woman dear," said Jane, pointing to the spot where old Granny lay; "the fewer people that knows o' the business the better."

"To be shure, I know that; but tell me is it thrue about Para Bawn?"

"Yis—he has got a still ondoubtedly—it was he began it from the first."

"More fool he!" exclaimed Peggy. "I thought he had more sinse."

"Whisht, there she's movin'!" whispered Jane, as Granny gave a long-drawn breath, and turned in her sleep.

"Well, ye haven't a grain o' wit," said Peggy; "shure the woman's as deaf as a post."

"Troth she can hear when she likes," persisted Mrs. Mullins.

"Well, I wouldn't be engaged in any thraffic that 'id keep me in a fright like that, for all the goold in the kingdom," declared Peggy. "You'll see there 'ill be ould work with the gauger afore long; and finin' and goin' to gaol; ugh! it isn't worth the trouble!"

"Don't be too hard on us, Peggy," said Jane, with a heart-broken air. "If you had seen as many childre as I have, pinin' an' dyin' afore your eyes for the fair hunger, you wouldn't wondher if a body 'id sthrive to keep the life in them that's livin'."

"Hard!" thought Peggy, looking drearily into the fire; "it isn't for the likes o' me to be hard on anybody!"

For a long time she sat gazing before her with the eyes of a person studying the past.

CHAPTER II.

WEENY.

MRS. MULLINS and her brother had departed from the house, and Peggy was still sitting by the fire, when a gentle knock came to the door.

"Who's there?" asked the woman, starting up.

"It's me, Peggy," answered a low voice.

"Musha, Weeny, is it you, at this time o' night?" demanded Peggy, hastening to light a candle and open the door.

"Ay, I'm a bother to ye at all

times," was the reply—half sad—half playful, as a young and fragile girl glided in. She was rather below the middle height, yet taller than at a first glance might have been supposed, as the smallness of her hands and feet, and the delicacy of her form and features, imparted an almost child-like character to her appearance; so tiny had this young creature been in early childhood, that she was given the pet name of Weeny, which still adhered to her. Dressed

in the simple garments of her class, her attire was scrupulously neat—perhaps a little coquettish. Her hair, of a light brown hue, was still permitted to hang round her head unconfined by comb or pin, but it was drawn smoothly behind her ears, so that no stray lock dangled over cheek or brow. Throwing back the hood of her wet cloak, Peggy gazed with scrutiny at her visitor's face, while the latter entered into some explanations respecting the cause of her apparition at that late hour.

"Father's away still," she said, "an' the house above's so lonesome, I thought I'd come down and sleep with you, Peggy. Granny Dunn was at our house last night, an' I never slept a wink, I was so much afraid ov her. She's a terrible woman!"

"Take care how ye spake," said Peggy, warningly; "for the same woman's beyant there in the corner."

The girl checked a frightened exclamation, and then laughed.

"Well there's no use talkin', but I'm in dread of Graunny," she said; "she hates my father so much; an' she says she could tell me what 'id make my hair stand up on my head."

"If she'd tell ye something that 'id make ye turn it up the way it ought to be," said Peggy, drily, "it 'id be well done. You're growin' too big, Weeny, to have it hangin' about ye; an' ye ought to larn to stay quiet at home, instead of runnin' through the country."

"Oh, musha, Peggy, I wish I never was born!" said Weeny, flinging herself on a seat.

"Fie! fie!" cried Peggy.

"Ay, indeed, Peggy: it's frightful lonesome up in the ould house beyant, an' I've quare thoughts in my head about sperits, an' ghosts, an' the like. Last night, when Granny an' I were sittin' our lone at the kitchen fire, there kem a sound like moanin' down from the room where mother died, an' Granny said it was no wonder we'd hear the like—for there were two deaths in that room; but I couldn't get her to tell me who the other person that died was: she said, maybe I'd know soon enough to my cost."

"Never heed Granny an' her talk!" exclaimed Peggy, "she's forever grumblin' an' ravin'."

"Oh, she puts terror in my heart!" cried poor Weeny, clasping

her hands. "Was it thrue, Peggy dear, that the fear ov my father killed my mother?"

"Them questions isn't right," said Peggy, snuffing the candle.

"I'm only askin' ye, because Granny said she lived and died in mortal terror ov him."

"Never mind her; yer father was a good husband; an' don't you know he's a good father?"

Weeny held her peace. She knew her father rarely spoke a kind word to her.

"I'm of very little use, Peggy," she said; after a pause; "look at my hands, shure they're not fit to do any thing! If I was bigger an' stronger, maybe father 'id like me better."

"Why don't ye stop at home an' work like another colleen?" asked Peggy, looking compassionately at the fair young girl.

"Work 'id kill me," she replied, mournfully.

"Come, come, no nonsense!" cried Peggy, who saw her little friend was falling into low spirits; "what 'ill ye do when you've a house o' yer own? If you'd have come sooner down here you'd have seen Bat M'Govern an' Jane Mullins; they were sittin' with me for two hours an' more."

A quick flush passed over Weeny's face; but there was no gaiety in her eye: she did not even smile.

"Whoever 'ill marry Bat 'll be a happy woman," said Peggy; "he's a good brother, an' he'll be a good husband."

Weeny said nothing.

"Come, now," added Peggy, "if you an' Bat have quarrelled, tell me all about it, an' I'll be the one to make it up between ye: for I noticed him lookin' downcast like this very night."

"We didn't quarrel," said Weeny, looking very pale.

"Anyhow there's something over ye, Weeny. What is it?"

"Many's the thing," replied the girl, sadly.

"Where did ye get the money ye gave Father Gilligan, for sayin' a prayer over little John Connor's remains?" asked Peggy, suddenly.

"It was the money for the week's housekeepin'," replied Weeny. "It was ov a Monday, an' I had it all in my pocket at the funeral; so when I seen the grief o' the mother, and the shame o' the poor father, I just slipped it out an' laid it on the coffin-lid."

"An' now, what about the house-keepin'?" said Peggy.

"As good luck 'id have it, father's away ever since, an' I don't care a pin what I ate myself. See here's what I have for the morrow," she added smiling, as she drew from her pocket a small oaten cake.

"An' won't yer father want an account ov the money when he comes back?" asked Peggy.

"Yes," said the girl, sadly; "but I can't help that."

"How much was it?"

Weeny specified the sum, and then Peggy, after considerable rummaging among various articles on the dresser, such as handleless mugs and a spoutless teapot, succeeded in gathering together as many shillings as her young friend had parted with.

"Here, child," she said, affecting an air of pleasantry, "you can take these, an' when you an Bat's married, you'll pay me. There now, don't be thankin' me; I set no value on money, though them that thinks themselves better may."

"It's not the first time you've done me a kindness, Peggy Cross," said Weeny, "an' I'm afeard I'll be in your debt for ever."

It rather puzzled Peggy to see that Weeny's spirits scarcely rose at all, even after she got the money. It was plain that something more than common was upon her mind.

"People oughtn't ever to fret for nothin'," she said at length, "it's a great sin, Weeny. I onst knew a young woman about your age, that used to have the lowness o' sperits ahead when she was safe and comfortable at home; but it wasn't till she went out to sarvice among black strangers that she knew right what it was to have sorrow at her heart."

"Who was she?" asked Weeny, perhaps regarding the individual as of mythological origin.

"Oh, she was a rale woman," said Peggy, gravely; "I could tell ye more about her than that."

"Well, tell me something to pass the time anyhow," urged the girl; "ye know you're great for tellin' stories, Peggy, an' I don't feel as if I could sleep a wink."

Peggy looked fixedly at the fire, as was her custom when thinking, and then she spoke:

"Many's the time, Weeny, I tould

ye stories when ye were so small I could hould ye on dher my arm; but I never tould one like what I'll tell ye now. More than a score o' years ago, there was two sisters livin' with their father an' mother, in a snug farm house not far from Carrick; and it kem to pass that misfortune overtook them, an' they were obliged to lave home an' earn money to keep a house over their parents' heads. Instead ov orderin' here an' there servants o' their own, they had to do the biddin' ov others, an' they felt it sorely, especially the youngest one, for she wasn't used to doin' a hand's turn, an' she was as beautiful to look at as ever a lady in the country. We'll call them Joan an' Mary—though that wasn't their rale names; but it doesn't signify. Well, Joan used often to be vexed with Mary, for the talk she'd have about marryin' in a grand way, thinkin' nothin' was too high for her; an' she'd say, maybe it's a jauntin' car she'd be dhrivin' to mass on yet; but Joan thought such fancies was nonsense, an' she'd tell her sister to put them out ov her head entirely. Howsom-ever they were scattered in the long run, an' Joan hardly ever saw her sister, at all, except when they'd get lave at Christmas, maybe to go home; at last Joan went down to live with a priest, Father Michael, we'll call him, for convayniency; but his reverence was over fond of a sup now an' again, an' half his time he'd be tipsy, an' as cross as ever ye seen, so that in all the places Joan was, this was the worst o' them. Well, she hadn't heard a word ov her sister for many's the long day, when one night late, a rap comes to the door, an' who should step in but Mary, lookin' more like a corpse than a livin' woman. 'What in the worl' brings ye here at this hour?' said Joan, quite sharp, for she had that unfeelin' way ov spakin' at times. 'It's not for myself I'm comed,' said Mary, 'but for another; an' with that she opens her cloak an' shows Joan an infant lyin' across her arm asleep. 'Oh murther!' cried Joan, clappin' her hands, 'what disgrace is this ye've brought on our mother an' father!' an' she was goin' on in a frantic manner, for she thought the life 'id lave her, when Mary caught her by the arm an' said—'Quit, Joan, ye don't know what you're sayin'—there's

no disgrace at all—I'm a married woman; but I can't tell ye no more at present.' Now Joan thought this was all a made up story, an' she ordered Mary to lave her sight at onst, an' Mary begged her to have mercy on the poor innocent child, and give her some money, for she hadn't a half-penny. 'Go to you're husband,' says Joan, as bitter as ever ye seen. 'He's not in the country,' says Mary; 'he went to Englan' to thry to get somethin' to do, an' I thought to have heard from him afore this; but I'm afeerd he's dead, an' ye see the child's born, an' I had to lave my place, an' I'm fairly starvin' wid hunger an' want.' 'It's a likely story from beginnin' to end!' said Joan; 'away with ye out o' that!' Well, Mary just turned on her heel that minnit, with her eyes flashin' like two coals, an' without spakin' another syllable, she was off in a jiffy. When she was gone Joan's heart softened, an' she ran to the door to call her back, but she couldn't see a stime ov her anywhere, though there was a fine moon shinin'. It wasn't for more than a fortnight after that, that Joan heard ov her sister again, an' all the time she was cryin' for shame an' grief, till one evenin', at dusk, a poor woman from the mountains, beyant Father Michael's house, kem runnin' for his riverence in all haste to attend a dyin' woman that was lyin' above at her cabin. 'I'm just goin' to my dinner,' says the priest, 'an' I'll have ye to know that I can't be disturbed this a way every minnit.' 'I'll keep the dinner hot an' nice till ye come back,' says Joan. 'It doesn't do,' says his riverence, 'to encourage these sort o' people; let the woman wait till I'm done, I'll go up in an hour maybe.' 'Come yerself, an' see the crathur,' says the woman to Joan, 'for she axed me to sen' ye to her.' With that Joan thought it was maybe Mary that was dyin', and she put on her cloak, an' away with her; and sure enough it was her sister that lay nearly in the last agonies; but she knew Joan, an' she tould the woman o' the house to let her an' Joan spake a few words together by themselves. 'Joan,' says she, when they were together, 'ye see a murderher fornint yer eyes!' Joan couldn't spake, she was that thunderstruck; an' Mary went on: 'your hardness made me kill my child;

for when I left you that night I just got up on the rocks an' flung it down into the sthrame o' wather half-a-mile from this; but if the feelin' I had doin' it 'll stand for any o' the punishment o' the sin, then I won't suffer much more in another worl'! I thought it better to let it die yon way than any other.' Then she tould Joan how she had married the son of a sthrong farmer livin' near the place where she was hired, but that fear made them keep the marriage saycret, an' at last it began to be suspected they were too great. So the farmer bein' an honest man, had anger again' the son, an' faith he sent him out o' the country entirely; but all the while neither Mary nor he 'id let on they were married, for fear o' the father givin' away the property to some o' the younger sons; an' there she had to give up her place an' go beggin' along the country, hidin' her reale name, till she comed to where Joan was hired in Father Michael's, for the sorra word she heard from her husband all the time, an' she didn't know where to direct even a lettther to him in Englan', for he tould her not to write till she got a line from himself. Now Joan couldn't but b'lieve all this, as they were the words ov a dyin' woman, an' Mary tould her the name an' all ov the boy she married, but the sorra haporth Joan cared who he was, so she was married at all, for she knew Mary 'id never live to see the light ov another day. When the poor young woman had quit spakin' she got into convulsions, one afther another, dhreadful to look at, an' Joan ran every minit to see if Father Michael was comin' up, but the sorra inch ov him appeared, an' Mary died that night. For a long time Joan was like one turned to stone for the words of her dyin' sister. 'Yer hardness made me kill my child,' stuck fast in her heart; she used to dhream o' them a'most every night for longer than you'd b'lieve."

When Peggy concluded her story, Weeny looked very hard at her, but forbore to ask the question that rose to her lips, and feeling at last sleepy, she retired to rest. But Peggy sat very long at the fire, staring vacantly at the coals, as they faded from red to white, till at length the last spark died out. And there she sat still.

CHAPTER III.

PARA BAWN.

THE house of Para Bawn—so called from the fairness of his hair and complexion in youth—stood in a field a little off the highway. It was a large, decayed-looking building, that had in by-gone days been an inn where the passing traveller could halt and refresh himself; but now no wayfarer ever received a night's lodging under the roof with the sanction of the owner. Dreary was it upon a wintry day, when the wind shrilly shrieked along narrow passages, and through dim garrets—still drearier in the summer time, when the evening twilight stole quietly through its numerous narrow windows—drearier of all in night depths, when the moonshine played in weird devices over floor, wall, and ceiling. The roof was in want of repairs; here and there, where slates had been blown off, gaps appeared displaying the rafters and other wood-work; the walls inside and outside had not been white-washed for years; doors and windows were worm-eaten and unpainted; while the numerous rat-holes gnawed in all directions increased the neglected aspect of the building. Para Bawn, or, to give him his proper name, Patrick Wafe, had not married till the age of forty, and he then bestowed his hand upon a young woman, who brought him a considerable fortune in the form of cows and sheep. Plain in appearance and remarkably timorous in spirit, this girl had accepted Wafe's proposal at the command of her parents, and the life she led as his wife was the reverse of happy. With faults on each side, and love on neither, the marriage seemed unblest. There were dark scenes in that lonely house—discord, strife, terror. At length a brighter time arrived—a daughter was born, and both parents rejoiced; there was now a bond of union between them. Wafe's harsh nature grew soft as he looked at the infant in its cradle; friends were hospitably entertained at his house, and he treated even his wife kindly, bringing her presents, and in many ways displaying a change of feeling towards her. The baby seemed robust and healthy, yet Wafe was continually in

alarm lest death might snatch it away, and he worried the mother a good deal by his anxiety respecting it. Indeed, it was only when he fancied she was neglectful of it that he seemed inclined to return to his former harsh treatment.

"God help me if anythin' happened that child!" was the thought that often haunted Mrs. Wafe's mind, till at length some of her neighbours began to fear it would unsettle her reason.

About this time Granny Dunn, who had commenced her wandering life, was a particular favourite of Mrs. Wafe, to whom she used to bring various charms and blessed herbs, from renowned fairy women for the benefit of the infant; and they were frequently closeted together for hours in the absence of Patrick, who regarded Granny with a feeling of antipathy. Boundless was the young mother's charity to the beggar-woman, whose gratitude was sincere. Like many people of weak intellect, Mrs. Wafe felt more pleasure in the friendship of an inferior than in that of an equal, and Granny's obsequiousness flattered her, while some of her neighbours looked upon her familiarity with the wanderer as something decidedly reprehensible. Para Bawn was generally considered a successful farmer; and renting twelve acres of land, he reared every year a goodly number of young cattle, buying or selling at every fair within thirty miles of his own neighbourhood, and thus being frequently absent from home for days together. Often he had gone even as far as Ballinasloe, to make purchases; and upon one occasion he stayed away there a whole week, enjoying the gaieties of the great October fair. On his return from this excursion he found his wife alarmingly ill—almost delirious—with no attendant but Granny Dunn, whom she would not permit out of her sight, while she also insisted upon having her chamber darkened so gloomily that no object was distinctly visible in it. Alarmed at this extraordinary state of things, Wafe called in the aid of a doctor and the priest, both of whom advised him to let his

wife do as she liked, as she was evidently suffering from a severe nervous attack, and opposition would only make her worse. Agreeing to this advice, Wafe permitted Granny Dunn to hold her place at his wife's bedside—never entering her room himself—as Granny told him his presence made her worse; while the child was also kept in confinement never leaving that gloomy chamber, to the great dismay of all the matrons about the place, who were of opinion that the “poor wee thing” id be lost entirely.” It was dreary to see the strange figure of Granny Dunn in the costume of her class, going in and out of that dark room, several times a day, and often at night too—for the old woman never seemed to require sleep; while the heavy moaning of the unfortunate woman, lying incarcerated there, ever and anon broke the silence, varied at times by the feeble wail of the infant in the cradle. A month—nay more—passed away, and then death came to release Mrs. Wafe from sufferings which none knew the extent of save, perhaps, Granny Dunn. Before her departure the woman asked to see her husband; but for reasons of her own, Granny delayed bringing him the message till it was too late. Wafe only entered the room to witness the final struggle between life and death, and his wife went to her grave with a secret of an important nature unrevealed.

Para Bawn did all honour to his wife in the matter of the funeral; he buried her “dacent,” and his neighbours were satisfied. But all his love for his infant daughter vanished from that day, for on desiring Granny to

bring it to him, he was shocked to behold how emaciated and pale the child seemed, while to add to his dissatisfaction, it turned away from him with shrieks and cries of a most unflattering nature.

“Take it out o’ that, entirely!” he cried, angrily, as Granny hid its face on her shoulder; “the child has been destroyed between ye!”

And so Granny retired with it, and laid it with a grim face in the cradle once more. But she was speedily dismissed the house, and strangers were hired to take charge of the baby. More than one person was of opinion that Weeny had been bewitched in her infancy. Yet, she attracted a good deal of interest in the neighbourhood, and Peggy Cross, in particular, made a pet of her, keeping her often for days and nights in her cosy little cabin when Para Bawn was rambling away at fairs and markets.

Wafe was avaricious and a speculator; but whether he lost or gained, he kept his doings always to himself. The wet harvest, alluded to by Jane Mullins, had indeed been injurious to him, and everybody knew it; whole fields of corn having been spoiled, as far as any thing eatable was concerned, by heavy and incessant rains. This circumstance induced him to form a design of illicit distillation, which he imparted to some neighbours, who, being in the same strait as himself, entered fully into the scheme; and soon a body of confederates was formed, all joined together by oaths which it would have been considered most heinous to break.

CHAPTER IV.

THE STILL-OWNERS.

THE autumn moon shone brightly in the sky; the winds were hushed; nothing broke the stillness but the rush of a distant mill-stream sounding clearly from afar. In a deep hollow, surrounded by rocks, sat the band of distillers, grouped round several turf fires, not bright, but warm. Nearly a dozen stills were at work, while their owners smoked and chatted together.

About sixteen individuals were present, and all were armed more or less; some being provided with pistols, others with stout shillelaghs, and one or two with weapons even more

deadly. Many of these men presented striking contrasts: there were gaunt, anxious-looking creatures, watching their stills as though life and death were concerned in them; wild looking fellows of harum scarum aspect, who merely liked any thing of a lawless character; grave men who had convinced themselves they were doing no harm in making whatever use they pleased of their own property.

Para Bawn was present, as was likewise Bat M’Govern, on the part of his brother-in-law.

The former was a large, powerfully-

built man, of sixty, with a decidedly plain face, rendered unpleasant in expression by the whiteness of his eyebrows and eyelashes, and a tendency to redness in the eyes themselves. Being the highest in rank of all assembled there, and the personage who planned the arrangements concerning the secret business, appointing the places of rendezvous, &c., Para was looked up to with much respect, some of the men addressing him as "Sir." And he liked this obsequiousness well. Bat M'Govern did not seem to take particular interest in the proceedings; he was merely provided with a walking-stick as weapon of defence in case of a surprise, and he rarely entered into conversation, except when particularly addressed.

"Now, boys," said Para Bawn, with that tone of importance which so imposed on the gaunt, hungry members of the confederacy; "are ye all shure you're not tellin' too many friends respectin' the poteen makin'? It won't do at all to be lettin' this body an' that body know ov it. In particular I'd be shy ov talkin' much afore women."

"It's not possible to keep the women that's consarned in the business in ignorance ov it," observed M'Govern, a little drily; "ye know there's Jane Mullins that be tould every stir; but I don't think she has a notion ov turnin' informer on herself or any one else."

"Ay, but maybe she'd go spake ov it to somebody else that 'id turn informer," said Para Bawn, looking shrewd, and not overly well pleased; "women's remarkable for lettin' out saycrets."

"That's all a mistake," remarked Owen Keegan, a jocular-looking man, with a keen black eye; "catch any young woman tellin' out who's the boy she likes best, as long as she chooses to keep it to herself! Depend on it the most o' them can be as dark as ever ye seen."

"They're contrhary, ondoubtedly," said Para Bawn; "an' that's the reason I'd be cautious ov tellin' them too much; if anythin' vexed them, they'd go off maybe out ov spite an' discover all."

"Well, as there isn't ever a woman here to spake for herself or her comrades, it isn't fair to be talkin' ill ov them," said Keegan. "I never no-

ticed women to be a bit more contrhary than men, in the long run—some o' them's wise an' some's foolish, just like any other sort o' people. There's Peggy Cross, beyant, she's a wondherful dark body."

"The greatest oddity in Irelan'!" exclaimed Para Bawn. "Sure, Father Gilligan himself doesn't offer to meddle with her."

"His riverence takes things aisy enough, sometimes," continued Keegan, looking droll. "Many's the tidy little keg o' poteen goes in at the back gate above, an' no questions axed consarnin' where it came from, though it's emptied regular."

"Now to quit jokin' about the matter," said Para Bawn; "I'd have ye to look sharp about ye boys from this out, for word kem this mornin' that the revenue chaps from Mohill had marched as far as Shilmaleek, an' they had sazed a few stills in that part of the country. So I wouldn't wondher if they'd be down among the mountains here in no time, if they'd get the wind o' the word."

"Let them come on, we're able for them," said Keegan, laying his hand on the musket that lay beside him.

"Unless somebody tould them the spot to come to they'd have ould work ferretin' us out," said Para Bawn, gravely; "but ye see there's a reward offered for every still discovered, to any one that 'ill turn informer, an' that's the temptation they're houldin' out."

"If the gauger waits 'till somebody turns informer, I mistrust he'll wait long enough," said a gray-headed old man. "I've had doin's with stills at different times for five-an'-twenty years, an' I never knew one o' my comrades to turn thraitor, though there 'id be forty or fifty maybe at a time in the saycret, an' a heavy reward, too, placarded everywhere, to beguile the chaps into informin'."

"Were there any women in the saycret, Phil?" asked Keegan, winking at his next neighbour.

"Ay, plenty; but the never a man or woman played a false trick on us; if they had, they couldn't have stopped long in the country, for we'd have burnt them out ov house an' home."

"Ay, an' too good the punishment 'id have been for them," said Para Bawn, bitterly; "hangin' itself wouldn't be too heavy a penalty."

"Times is gettin' althered in Irelan', anyhow," observed Keegan, with a sigh. "There isn't half the sperit there used to be in it. Why, boys, long ago there 'id be as much fightin' at every fair as there's in half-a-dozen now-a-days. Ye see, teetotalism an' English tame ways is doin' a dale o' mischief. People's beginnin' to think too much ov money makin' an' savin'. Now, there was my father kept a race-horse, an' him not to say rich, but he had the sperit ov a jintleman, an' he never cared how he spint the money. 'Ony,' he'd say to me, 'never turn a shillin' in yer hand afore ye give it away. I'd never wish to have a son o' mine with a mane dhrop in him.' And I'd have tuk his advice, only the sorra many shillin's I ever had in my possession."

While the still-owners thus talked among themselves, they were not aware that a female figure was watching them from above, half hidden by the brushwood that clothed the rocks. Clearly the moonlight revealed to her the smugglers' haunt, and its occupants. The rustling of this figure,

as it moved away, caught the attention of Keegan and a few others.

"Whisht!" said Para Bawn, his eye contracting for an instant; "didn't ye hear somethin' stirrin' above?"

"I thought I did," replied Keegan, as he scrambled up the rock-side; "shall I fire?"

"No," said M'Govern, laying his hand on the musket Keegan had seized; "don't be too ready takin' life; maybe it wasn't an inimy was there."

Keegan pursued his search for the intruder, but in vain; the figure had glided into an adjoining glen before he caught a glimpse of it.

"Somebody was there, ondoubtedly," pursued Para Bawn; "ye had better keep watch, Keegan, for fear of a surprise."

Owen did as he was desired; but no further surprise came. The mill-stream gurgled in the distance; the breeze, light as the breath of a quiet sleeper, wandered through gorse and fern; and so the night wore on, till the fires under the stills grew faint, and each man had his expected quantity of liquor distilled.

CHAPTER V.

SUSPICION.

AFTER that night peace was no more known to the smugglers. As Para Bawn had given warning, the revenue police poured down immediately on the wild country round Dring; and their success in still-hunting was something extraordinary.

"Only think o' them searchin' Jack Connor's house," said Mrs. Mullins one day to Peggy Cross; "an' the minnit they wint in, they just marched sthraight up to the spot the still was hid in, as if they knew aforehand where it was. An' so poor Jack 'id have had to go to prison, only faith they couldn't find him as aisy; for he ran out through the little windy at the back o' the house, an' away with him among the rocks till they were right gone. Myself was in mortal terror till last night, whin Bat jist took out the still an' hid it in some spot where, he says, it may lie long enough; but the never a word he'll tell Phil or me where it is; for, between you an' me, Peggy, he thinks there's dhirty work somewhere among the chaps. Let it be who it may,

he's afeard there's somebody with too glib a tongue about the business."

"An' still they're goin' on with the poteen as hard as ever!" exclaimed Peggy.

"The most o' them is; for ye see, Para Bawn is the obstinatest man in Irelan', and the faster the stills is tuk, the more he'll stick to the work; he says he won't be baffled noways—and with him at their head, the boys won't give up. A good many have bought new stills in place o' them that was sazed on."

The illicit distillation now became more exciting than ever to those individuals who enjoyed "sprees." Frequent skirmishes took place between the police and the smugglers, the latter of whom sometimes were successful in driving off the enemy; but it was in unguarded moments, when the gauger and his men pounced down upon dwelling-houses where stills were secreted, that the officers of the law spread terror: the owners of these houses, whether they were men or women, if caught, were always taken

off to gaol; and cries of lamentation could be heard rending the air, as these misguided heads of families were borne from their children to undergo the punishment their guilt had incurred. The misery that Peggy Cross had, from the first, foreseen, was gradually extending over the neighbourhood—upwards of twenty stills having already been seized. At length, the gloomy persuasion filled all minds, that a traitor was among the secret band. In no other way could the success of the revenue men be accounted for.

Never had winter progressed more drearily in the vicinity of Dring; desolation seemed to have entered almost every family. Peggy Cross was indefatigable in her efforts to alleviate the prevailing distress; and more than one young child, bereft of its parents, found a shelter under her roof; but the exertions of one charitable individual could not avail much. The wet harvest and the piteous business had indeed proved disastrous.

"Now comrades," spoke Para Bawn one night to a body of his friends in his own kitchen; "if ye wish to give up the stills I've nothin' to say again' it, for we've all ondoubtedly got a heartscald by them. What I lost myself doesn't signify—merely one still an' a keg o' the liquor; but it's what I blame myself for bringin' so many people into throuble; an' tho' I have plenty o' corn still on hands, I'm willin' to put an end to the whole thraffic, because I know as well as I stand here, that there's an inimy an' a spy among us, let that wretch be man or woman!"

This announcement was followed by a silence that lasted for some minutes. At length Owen Keegan answered:

"It's not worth while to go stop the business while we have so many stills yit; an' besides, maybe if we continue it, we'll have a chance ov catchin' the informer. What reward will we give him, Para, if we come across him?"

"The reward he deserves," replied Wafe, emphatically, glancing over the faces round him with a keen eye. "I'm the man that began the piteen work; an' I'm the man that 'ill appoint the judgment on him or her that plays us false!"

In concluding this sentence, Para's

eye rested for an instant searchingly on the figure of Bat M'Govern, who suddenly raised his hand and pressed it on his forehead, as though a sudden pain had seized him.

"If I knew the ruffian that dared to bring sorrow into the neighbourhood, I'd be willin' to see him shot!" continued Wafe, in renewed excitement.

"Death 'id be too good for him," replied Keegan; "he ought to be let live, to bear the disgrace that he has brought on himself and all belongin' to him! If I was to live a hundred years, I'd never put faith in the word ov a man or woman related to an informer!"

"Never!" repeated Para Bawn, striking his hand so loudly on the dresser, that cups and saucers all jingled in concert with a tremulous motion of plates and dishes. "He's worse than a thief an' a robber; he's the manest ov all rascals!"

"There may be some excuse in temptation," said M'Govern, in a voice not quite steady; "nobody knows what can come over the heart ov man."

"No excuse at all!" shouted Para Bawn, fiercely. "Look at the desolation over the country; look at the starvin' childre, cryin' for their mothers an' fathers that's locked inside the walls o' Carrick gaol; and then say where's the excuse for the villain that done the mischief! Oh, boys! give honour an' glory to them that's worthy ov it, but scorn an' bathred to them that deserves the like! We'll have no shillyshallyin' about it!"

There was a gloom over nearly every man in the large kitchen; an unpleasant feeling reigned in every bosom—suspicion was on the alert—on whom might it not fall? Who could regard himself safe from the horrible imputation? Who could venture to trust his neighbour? As each man pondered, the more enraged he felt against the traitor who had, in a measure, brought disgrace upon every member of the community. Regardless as these men might have been of the laws of the country, they yet had strong notions of an honour peculiar to themselves; the individual who would have no scruples in cheating the revenue, would scorn to overreach his neighbour in the smallest matter.

"The thing is," said Para Bawn, after a lengthened silence, "I'll set a watch to thrack the inimy, an' so we may go to work in pace from this out, for I warrant no man 'll baffle me long. When I catch the traitor, won't he know his place!"

Now it so happened that somebody

heard these words outside the kitchen door: for a listener stood trembling there, with clasped hands and a burning brow.

"Oh! wirra, what 'll become o' me?" was the exclamation that burst from the parched lips.

CHAPTER VI.

MISERY.

BAT M'GOVERN and Weeny Wafe had been attached since childhood, yet the stern nature of Para Bawn deterred the young man from speaking openly of his love. The farmer, with his riches and his pride, was indeed a formidable personage for a youth depending for his daily bread on the labour of his hands to think of proposing to, for his only daughter, and that daughter a creature of rare beauty. Had the girl not smiled upon him he would never have dared to think of her; but Weeny could not help seeing that he was by far the finest looking man in the neighbourhood, and though poor, his family had been respectable, his grandfather having possessed a farm of thirty acres in the county Mayo, which gave him a sort of distinction among his companions. M'Govern was very proud; he had long dreaded the idea of a refusal from Wafe, if he hinted a word of wishing to marry his daughter; and thus, though Peggy Cross often asked why he didn't "spake out," and secure Weeny before any one else came and carried her off, he could not prevail on himself to try his fate. Often he wished in his secret heart that she was a poor girl without sixpence for her fortune.

About the time of the still-hunt, a change suddenly came over M'Govern's manner to Weeny. Instead of being abashed, as latterly he had been in her company, he seemed to have grown bolder and more confident. Peggy Cross, at whose house they frequently met, was glad to observe that he was "takin' heart" at last, and she used to make sundry opportunities of letting them talk together, while she pretended to be busy about domestic matters, though all the time "she'd have an eye," as she said herself, "to see how they were comin' on." But to her dismay, Weeny herself seemed the stumbling-block now.

In proportion as M'Govern grew courageous, the girl became timid and nervous, evidently anxious to repel his advances, yet unwilling to speak her mind out abruptly. Pale and silent she would let him talk to her, sometimes raising her eyes to his face, with a look of sorrow and pity that might have touched a colder heart than his, but rarely answering him, except in a flurried, confused way, that puzzled Peggy considerably. The most curious part of the matter was, that Bat did not appear offended with Weeny, he that used formerly to be so shy in talking to her.

"Now, if Bat had come into a fortune," thought Peggy; "I could make somethin' of him growin' so bould, an Weeny so stand-off; but as it is, I can't come to a right notion o' them at all."

One evening while the young people were sitting in her cabin, Jane Mullins and her husband, the blacksmith, entered, and the conversation as usual turned upon the magic-like success of the revenue men in discovering stills during the past six weeks.

"There never was the like known afore," said Peter Mullins; "the ould-est man about the place says so. Some blames one, an' some another; but more thinks Granny Dunn's as likely a body to carry stories as any bein' in the country. Ye see she's in an' out ov every house, an' she hears what's goin' on in all places; an' don't ye think, Peggy Cross, that she'd do for a good spy?"

The colour faded away from Weeny's cheek, till she looked ghastly white, as Mullins spoke; but no one observed her, as she sat in the shade, except the ever-watchful Peggy. Bat's eyes were resting on the ground.

"Let no one belie Granny Dunn!" said Peggy, stoutly. "Come, Weeny,

you're not sayin' anythin'; what's your opinion ov the informin'?"

"Mine?" asked Weeny, starting and trembling; "it's my certain belief Granny Dunn has no call in it," she added in a faint tone.

Peggy gave a very searching look at the girl as she spoke, and a curious idea flashed through her brain; she turned her eyes on M'Govern, and he, too, looked paler than usual, with an uneasy expression of face. When the rest of her guests had departed, Peggy was determined to speak with Weeny alone, and so she commenced—

"Now, Weeny, nobody a'most can deaive me, an' more especially yourself, for I know every turn o' your face, and its plain to me that yer mind isn't aisy regardin' the still-huntin'. I don't wondher one bit at that, seein' yer father's so much consarned in the poteen business, an' he must have a dale on his mind; but will ye tell me, child, why ye grow as white as a sheet every time we spake o' them that's suspected ov informin'?"

This straightforward inquiry sent the blood all rushing from the girl's heart; her head became giddy; she could not utter a single word.

"Weeny, asthore," continued Peggy, in a tone at once grave and sorrowful; "I've known ye, an' felt a frendship for ye, since I seen ye scarce bigger than a doll in the nurse's arms in the big house beyant, an' I'd expect a thrue answer from ye to whatever I'd ax ye. Do ye know anybody that's consarned in the informin'? for if ye do, tell it ont, an' don't disgrace the father that owns ye by havin' any call to such a mane savage."

Silently the girl stood before her inquisitress, every nerve quivering, her breath coming and going in a gasping way that shocked Peggy; while she continued:

"I don't say it's a right thing to go

again' the law; I have a heavy hathred to the mention o' poteen; but still I've a pity in my heart for the crathurs that's sthrivin' to keep their families together by such work—hard work it is—sittin' up all night like wild things, an' then havin' to do their day's labour afther all; an' so, I say to ye, Weeny Wafe, if ye know who the man or woman is that's the spy, don't keep it to yourself no longer. Why don't ye spake, child?"

Wildly tearing her arm away from the hand that Peggy had laid upon it, Weeny darted to the door.

"Stay a minnit, Weeny Wafe!" called out Peggy, looking dark and stern; "answer me one thing or another, or never cross yon threshold again!"

The girl gave a despairing look over the humble room where she had so often sat, resting her eye for a moment upon the simple pictures hanging on the walls; and then, without uttering a single sentence flung open the door and rushed out.

"It's as well!" she cried, as she hurried from the house of her once trusted friend; "it's as well first as last! Soon all must be known, an' I may as well hide myself at onst. Oh! musha, wouldn't I wish I was safe in my grave this night!"

The stars were glittering in a cloudless sky as the wretched girl hurried on, she cared not whither. Shrinking from entering the house of any former friend, she dreaded to return to her father's dwelling, where the silence of the rooms and her own superstitious feelings made her fear being alone. She dreaded to meet her father too. In that horrible hour Weeny Wafe would rather have been the lowest peasant at Dring, with a heart free from the load of shame that overwhelmed her, than what she felt herself to be.

CHAPTER VII.

GRANNY DUNN'S STORY.

WEENY had not long quitted Peggy's house when the door latch was lifted, and Granny Dunn walked silently in. For some time Peggy was so much absorbed in her own thoughts, that she neither addressed the old woman nor observed that a cloud of more than usual heaviness hung upon her brow.

"There 'ill be quare work to-night, I'm thinkin'," said Granny after a lengthened silence.

"Where?" asked Peggy, starting round.

"No matter, it won't be without desarvin'."

"Well, Granny, there's no use in

droppin' hints that way, unless ye spake out plain," said Peggy, a little impatiently.

"Maybe not," resumed the old woman with provoking coolness; "but ill news comes time enough."

"Ye mightn't be makin' a body unaisy, then," said Peggy, who, being in an irritable humour, spoke a little sharply.

"Don't snap at me, Peggy Cross," said Granny, rather more mildly than usual; "don't let us part bad friends, for this is the last night I'll ever ax a lodgin' in yer house."

"Why, what's goin' to happen?" asked Peggy, still unmollified.

"D'ye mind, Peggy, how I've got my hearin' wondherful this night?" resumed the wanderer; "ay, an' I've an appetite, that 'id ate all afore me if I'd get it. Well, them's all signs o' the grave. I know the grip o' Death's on me."

"How's that, Granny, agra?" demanded Peggy, her tone becoming once again kind.

"I'm four score an' five years ov age last Hollentide," continued Granny; "an' it's time for me to be off—so, plase the Lord, I'll thravel back to my own counthry, an' lay my bones with my people that's berrid there. The morra I'm intendin' to lave Dring, never to see it more."

"Oh, with the help o' God, Granny, we'll have ye back in the spring," said Peggy, cheerily.

The old woman shook her head.

"The daisies 'ill be peepin' over me then, Peggy."

A long silence ensued.

"I heerd the skreel o' the banshee last night over the whin bushes beyant Killogan," resumed Granny; "an' I knew it kem to warn me to go back to my people's counthry. Three an' twenty years ago I left it to beg the worl', an' I never seen a sight ov it since."

"There isn't many belongin' to ye alive in it now then, I warrant, Granny," said Peggy, looking compassionately at her aged guest.

"Not one then; ten childre's lyin' together in Shinrone berrin ground, an' the man himself along o' them; but it isn't o' that I'm thinkin' now; nor o' the agony o' death; nor o' the hardship I've gone through them years back; but ov a heavy sin I

committed, Peggy, that priest nor mass mayn't be able to blot away in the sight o' God."

"What was it, Granny?" asked Peggy. "Maybe ye couldn't help it; many's the one takes a bit to ate now an' again, but it doesn't signify."

"It wasn't a bit to ate I took at all; I never stole as much as 'id blind yer eye from man or woman; the crime I spake ov was far worse."

Peggy's countenance assumed a grave cast—her thoughts reverted to the still-hunts.

"What's this you done, Granny?" she asked, in an agitated tone.

"I wronged a dyin' woman, Peggy," replied Granny, in a low voice.

"Who was she?"

"Mary Wafe, Para Bawn's wife."

"In what way?"

"You're a discreet woman, Peggy Cross," said Granny, clasping her hands round her knees, and lowering her head till her chin rested on her bosom; "an' I know ye never spake of what's tould ye in the wrong place; an' along o' that you've a friendship for Weeny Wafe, that 'ill keep you from givin' her a fret too sudden. So what I'm goin' to tell ye now ye may keep to yerself, till ye see fit to spake ov it—maybe when I'm in my grave. Listen a while then. When I first began beggin', there wasn't one as good to me as Mary Wafe—she an' I kem a'most from the one part o' the counthry, an' I used to know her when she was a child, an' that made her trust me more than anybody else about Dring—not a grief or a thought 'id cross her heart, but what she'd tell it to me; an' when the husband 'id thrate her like a ruffin, as he was, the sorra one 'id know it but me, if I chanced to be about the place. After the child was born, I'd bring her charms, an' one thing or another for it, till she thought there was nobody like me; but faith the man himself couldn't bear the sight o' me; an' he used often to say I'd be the manes ov killin' the infant. Well, Peggy, what d'ye think, but one time, when I was on my thravels, a good piece off, one summer's mornin', just nineteen years ago last June, I kem to a lonesome spot, for all the worl' like a place there 'id be fairies—an' it not above four o'clock—an' what did I see, but a

wee infant, hangin' by its clothes to a thorny bush, over a brave sthrame o' water. I scrambled down till I got at it; an' when I tuk it up, I seen the life was in it, though that was all. Though I knew I might get into throuble by it, I couldn't find it in my heart to lave it there, so I carried it away with me, and sthrove to put hate in it, till it began to stir an' move the wee hands—but there wasn't a house any place nearer than a mile, or more, an' I tuk it on till I kem to the nearest town, an' then I found I got far more charity, for the sake o' the infant, than ever I got afore. 'It isn't losin' I'll be on account ov it anyhow,' says I to myself—an' I continued to keep it with me, clappin' it on my back, and carryin' it quite convaynient everywhere I went—an' it thrived well. Next time that I kem to Para Bawn's, I showed the little cratur to Mrs. Wafe, for the man himself was a great piece off at a fair, an' she was delighted with it, for it was the purest infant ever ye seen—but anyhow I brought her that time a bundle ov herbs for her own little one, an' she boiled them up the way she always done, an' gave a tay-cup full o' the medicine to her own child—when, glory on us! the poor wee thing tuk the convulsions, and died off in an hour."

"Shure that can't be, unless ye brought it to life again," said Peggy, interrupting the narrative.

"Wait till ye hear all. Well, then, we knew there must have been poison with the herbs—an' the poor mother fell to screechin' murther, like one deranged—but faith the most thing she dhreaded was the anger o' the husband when he'd come home—troth it overkem her own grief clane. There wasn't one in the house, but ourselves two, an' seein' her goin' cracked through the room, tearin' her hair, and cryin' out, 'Oh, I'll lose my life when Pat comes back! what 'ill I do at all!' I ups and says to her at last: 'Here, Mrs. Wafe, for the love o' marcy, take the foundlin' and lay it in the cradle, and no one 'ill be a whit the wiser, for I'll take the poor wee corpse where it 'ill be berrid safe.' So, faith, the fair terror o' the tyrant that owned her made her be agreeable, an' she let me lay the foundlin' where her own child had slept not

much more than an hour before; an' I took the corpse and hid it in the chist where she kept her Sunda' clothes, till evenin'."

"Granny, that story can't be throe," said Peggy, shuddering; "it a'most turns me sick."

"As throe as that my own bones 'ill soon lie in Shinrone grave-yard," declared Granny, striking her forefinger three times slowly on the palm of her left hand. "My own two hands locked the corpse up in the chist, an' when night kem, I tuk it away an' had it berrid, where it 'ill lie till the Judgment Day."

"An' d'ye think I'd b'lieve that any woman 'id do the like with her own child, unless her heart was iron?" asked Peggy.

"Ye don't know what terror can bring the heart to," said Granny; "ye don't know how a bad husband can destroy the feelin's of any woman, an' make her lie, an' grow as mane as the black slave in the islands beyant the says; he's the greatest curse undher God's sky! The unfortunate woman's head was a'most turned anyhow, an' she raved, an' ranted, an' jumped to the top o' the bed like mad, till I had to hould her down with fair force; an' all the time I darn't let any one into the room; but afther a couple ov days she went off into a kind ov stupor—though the fear o' the man never left her heart—an' she'd moan ahead like one in rale agony. All the time, I attended both her an' the livin' infant in the cradle, an' I dhressed it in the dead child's clothes—thinkin' to myself, that shure if I was the manes of killin' one child, I saved the life of another. When Para Bawn kem home, the sorra much he cared about his wife bein' so ill, but he was cracked entirely to get a sight o' the child; but I'd always baffle him one way or another, puttin' the blame on the oddity o' the mother, till he never laid eyes on it for a month, and more; an' then, all at wonst, Mrs. Wafe kem to the point o' death, an' when she was near departin', she tould me she wanted to see the husband; but, guessin' what she wanted with him, I didn't do her biddin', Peggy asthore, but decaived her, when the very dew o' death was over her face, an' never brought Para Bawn to her till the

breath was all but gone, an' the rattle growin' wake in her throat."

Peggy covered her face with her hands, for some minutes unable to utter a word, while the old woman continued :

"So Para Bawn never knew that his child was dead, an' the foundlin' lived as his daughter under his roof from that day to this."

"Granny, ye done wrong!" at last exclaimed Peggy, indignation colouring her sallow cheek. "What's to come ov Weeny when she hears the truth—if the truth's in it at all? It's not possible to allow such decaivin' to go on. Oh! poor child it 'id be better if ye had left her to perish among the rocks, where ye picked her up!"

"Stay, Peggy," said Granny, extending her long arm till her hand touched Peggy's shoulder; "maybe Weeny 'ill thank God yit, that she isn't Para Bawn's child; whisper."

Peggy bent her head till it was on

a level with Granny's face, and then the old woman spoke a few words in her ear which made her turn pale and utter a faint "My God!"

Para Bawn sat alone in his dreary home, with black beetles crawling up the kitchen walls, and crickets chirping by the hearth. The fire was smouldering, the air damp and chill, a gale was blowing from the north, and a hollow moaning swept down the narrow staircase leading from the rooms above. Wafe felt a strange nervousness that night—a presentiment of evil was over him—and so he sat, as if watching for something, he knew not what, with a dull cloud on his face. The something came at last near the midnight hour—a knock at the outer door—a boy with perspiration standing on his hot brow—uttering in the twinkling of an eye these words—

"Bat could ye to run for yer life this very minnit, as fast as you can!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FIRE.

MORE than once in her life, when her mind was ill at ease, had Weeny passed the night in the open air, sitting out in wild spots away from human habitation. Strangely brought up, and rarely happy, this young girl had passed a lonely childhood, but never before had she felt such anxiety as had tortured her for the last few weeks. The interview which had just occurred between herself and Peggy Cross awoke feelings of acute misery, and climbing to a steep height, where furze and bramble grew thickly, she sat there for hours, being at length roused to a sense of her imprudence by the heavy tramp of feet below; this alarmed her; and her eye having grown accustomed to the starlight, she sought to discover the cause of the sounds. Leaning over the height, and endeavouring to conceal herself as well as she could, she dimly beheld a crowd of men hurrying by, all armed with weapons of some sort, which they now and then brandished with threats of vengeance. Such sights had of late grown common enough at Dring—fights between the still-owners and the police being frequent—but Weeny thought she heard a name shouted

out with demoniac rage, that made her tremble. It was the name of Para Bawn. The crowd marched swiftly on; their tramping dying away in the distance. Then the girl arose and stood upright, gazing as far as her eye could penetrate, scarcely breathing all the while. How long she stood there she knew not, the time seemed passing in a dream, when high in the air a tongue of flame shot up with sudden fury in the direction of her gaze. Another, and another followed, till a lurid glare of fire seemed to tint the very sky.

"Oh, father!" she cried, clasping her hands, as she sprang wildly down the crag, and away, like a frantic creature, towards Para Bawn's house. Soon she arrived within a distant view of the burning mass. Her old home was fast demolishing, and a hoarse roar like the rush of the ocean in a storm, filled all the air.

"Save my father, save him!" she shrieked, flinging herself fearlessly among the body of infuriated men, who were watching the destruction they had created. "Let him live for God's sake, an' throw me in the flames if ye like!"

"Stand away, Weeny," said Owen Keegan, who, though one of the fiercest there, was yet not ungentle in his tone to the wretched girl; "this isn't any place for you; yer father's escaped, though he didn't deserve it; nobody wants to harm the innocent, so you needn't be afraid, but keep back. Fire the turf-stack boys! whew! there it goes!"

And now a broader sheet of flame spread itself through the air, out-houses sharing the common fate, while the shrieks of cattle rose above the din of crashing timber and the hollow roar of the devouring element. But Weeny heard no more; consciousness forsook her, and she sank senseless into the arms of one who was present merely for her sake, lest aught of injury might befall her.

Bat M'Govern had refused to take part in the revenge thus wreaked upon Para Bawn, for foul treachery, and he was very nearly falling a victim himself to the fury of the enraged band, when his courage alone saved him from a violent end. They saw it was not cowardice that held him back from aiding in the work of destruction when no threat of instant death could compel him to alter his determination. His firm words, "There, boys, ye may shoot me, but I'll never raise a hand to commit murder, or set fire to any man's house," together with his noble bearing and unflinching eye, struck admiration into every man.

"I knew how it 'id be!" cried Keegan; "the chap thinks too much o' the ruffin's daughter, to turn again' the father. Come lads, lave him alone, maybe we'd all be as foolish if we was in his place;" and so every man's arm was stayed.

All night the fire raged. The dawn of the winter morning found Para Bawn's house a blackened shell, filled with charred remnants of rafters, great lumps of cinders, kettles and saucepans molten into strange shapes by the fervour of the flames. But the large turf-stack at the rear of the dwelling was burning still. For two days and a night that huge pile of firing smouldered sullenly on, emitting a dull, oppressive smoke.

How was it discovered that Para Bawn himself was the informer, who betrayed the men whom he had beguiled to their destruction?

Bat M'Govern, by a skill in physiognomy which he possessed in a remarkable degree, had long suspected that Wafe was the traitor, and each day various little circumstances which would not have attracted any one not on the watch, strengthened his surmises. Unwilling, however, to bring such a frightful accusation against the father of the girl he loved, he never breathed a word of his suspicions. Every one was convinced that a spy was among the band, and if they chose to carry on their dangerous practices in defiance of this knowledge they did it at their peril; besides M'Govern had received no actual proof of Wafe's guilt. But what roused the suspicion of Owen Keegan upon the subject was a simple occurrence. Para Bawn and he were at a fair in a town about eight miles from Dring, and while standing together, the gauger's right hand man, an individual well known to the still-owners passed, and giving a wink and a knowing nod saluted Para Bawn with a familiar "how are you, Pat?" Keegan turned his keen eye on the culprit, and beheld that he never raised his head, or pretended to see the formidable person who had accosted him, though it was nearly impossible that such could be the case. Without pretending to have noticed any thing remarkable, Owen said nothing on the subject to Wafe, who seemed "thick," as Keegan expressed it, for the rest of the day. Determined to sift the affair to the bottom, Owen employed a *ruse*. Late that evening he repaired to the gauger's abiding place, and affecting an air of secrecy and confidence, asked if Pat Wafe had told him that the "boys" were to meet at Killogan Pass that night. "No," said the gauger, promptly, "he said he thought the next place would be Claragh." "Well, he sent me to tell ye to come on to Killogan anyhow," said Keegan, "about one o'clock this night;" and then he went off, leaving the gauger without a doubt that he was an emissary from the right source. To Killogan Pass a party of the revenue, accordingly marched, with the gauger at their head, and here they encountered rather more than they bargained for, Keegan having assembled nearly thirty stout young fellows all armed to the teeth, who sprang upon the

police from an ambush, succeeded in driving off the men, and capturing the gauger, whom they ducked unmercifully in a stream. They extorted from their prisoner, by threats of a violent death on one hand, and promises of release on the other, the whole history of Wafe's treachery, and the next night it was resolved to wreak vengeance on the informer. Lest a whisper of this determination might reach Wafe, Keegan and his confederates, who were all young and daring, preserved great

secrecy, and it was only when Bat M'Govern was called upon to give his aid in the terrible work, about half-an-hour before midnight, that he was made acquainted with the proceedings contemplated. It was intended to burn Para Bawn in his house; but M'Govern defeated this scheme by despatching one of his nephews, whom he knew he could trust, to warn the wretch to fly, thus saving him from a frightful end.

CHAPTER IX.

THE JOURNEY AND THE HALTING PLACE.

THE remainder of that terrible night Weeny had passed at the Mullins' house in the hamlet, M'Govern having borne her there when she fainted. Much kindness was shown her by the blacksmith's wife, whose compassion for her was only equalled by her horror of Para Bawn's iniquity. Weeny had long looked upon herself as degraded by her father's dishonesty, which she had been aware of for some weeks, and the dreadful denouement which had now taken place was scarcely more terrible to her than the feeling of suspense she had of late experienced. Even if her parent's treachery and cruelty were to remain for ever unknown to the world, she would have felt that a dark blot rested upon her as the child of such a man; but now what was to become of her? How could she bear to be pointed at in scorn as the daughter of the informer? Where could she run to hide herself from every eye! More than all, how could she show her face in the light of day to the lover, who must feel ashamed that he ever thought of her? Such feelings as these racked her mind all the remainder of the night. She knew that her father must be ruined; she had long known that his debts were heavy and his means of paying them doubtful; now he must be beggared, and she must endeavour to work for own livelihood, if indeed she could live on, so humiliated as she was. Before break of day she had determined upon a plan for the future. When one bitter sacrifice was completed, and the neighbourhood of her childhood abandoned for ever, she would breathe more freely. While

Mrs. Mullins was yet sleeping, and the hamlet lying in the hush of night, with the stars still beaming in the sky, she arose softly, and left the house. Without a shilling in her pocket, she was determined to commence a journey of many miles, and so she set forth. Long acquainted with remote parts of the country, there was scarcely a glen or nook where the smugglers had been wont to assemble for their nightly work that she did not know; often she had watched them, unperceived, from some wild crag, as they sat round the fires; often she had wished that they could have been warned of the danger threatening them. The direction she now took was eastward, and she walked on rapidly till she had gone so far, that she hoped there was no chance of her meeting any familiar face, when she sat down to rest by the wayside. She had not been long there when a well known figure appeared to her, coming down a hill which she herself had lately descended. There was no mistaking this figure; it was that of Granny Dunn, already on her travels since peep of day. She would have endeavoured to avoid the old woman by rising and pursuing her way, but the latter was too quick for her.

"Stay where ye are, Weeny!" she called out, shaking her stick at her; "stay where ye are, till I come up to ye," and quickening her pace, she was soon beside the girl.

"Now, where are ye goin'?" she asked.

"Away down to my mother's people," replied Weeny.

"That's down near Shinrone, *agra*;

an' as I'm goin' the same road myself, we may thavel together, though I warrant I'll make the best walker o' the two. It isn't the first time we went through the counthry in company with other."

"Not to my knowledge, Granny," said Weeny.

"Well, I don't say it is; you'd scarce remimber twenty year ago. Howsom-ever my little jewel, ye often took a cosy nap tied up in the hood on my back!"

"Maybe so," said Weeny, abstractedly.

"Para Bawn's house was burnt last night," continued Granny, "but he tuk good care to be out ov it himself. I'll warrant he'll never come back."

"Granny, don't say anything against my father," said the girl colouring; "I know he done wrong, but still I don't want to hear it from any one else."

"An' what's bringin' ye away out ov Dring?"

"Shame an' grief."

"An' did the boy that pretinded he loved ye when he thought you were rich an' grand, let ye lave him that way?"

"He didn't know it; I'm goin' to see what my mother's people can do for me; maybe they'd hire me for a maid."

"Maybe so," said Granny, shortly; "ye needn't expect much from them when they know you're in want."

"I'll be willin' to do any thing honest for my livin'," said the humbled girl; "though I never done much in my life yit."

"Yer able to do a dale," said Granny, ironically, as she eyed the slender form of her companion.

"Well, Granny, if I can't work much I can live almost upon nothing," said Weeny, smiling faintly.

Here the conversation ended for some time. All the day they travelled without cessation, except when Granny stopped at houses on the way for alms, saving Weeny the trouble of asking any thing for herself; and sometimes they got a lift upon a cart, which bore them comfortably along. Before the day closed in they arrived at a lonely spot which seemed to interest Granny. Ascending some rocks

she led Weeny on till they stood over a brawling stream, rushing, swollen, and frothy, far below them.

"That's a sup o' the broad Shannon," said the old woman, thoughtfully. "Look at it, Weeny, an' see if it isn't a desolate lookin' place for a body to be dhrowned in."

"It is so," said Weeny, shuddering.

"An' yit I seen it onst on a summer's mornin' as pacible as glass, with the sun flashin' on it like bars ov goold, an' a wee fairy child lyin' down near it as if it had dhropped from the sky," resumed Granny, but Weeny was not attending to her words. Fatigue and dread of the coming darkness oppressed her; her feet were blistered and swollen; her heart faint. Much more weary walking followed, and then more driving on jolting carts, till it was nearly ten o'clock.

"We'll stop for the night when we get to John Carolin's house," said Granny; "he never turns a thraveller from the door, no matter what hour they come; an' they get the best ov thratement."

Very glad, indeed, was Weeny, when this hospitable dwelling was reached. It was a substantial farmhouse, with a high slanting roof newly thatched, white walls, shining windows, and an air of neatness and plenty all round it. Granny's summons at the door was answered by immediate admittance, and a hearty welcome from the woman who seemed to hold highest rank in the large kitchen, where Weeny and her aged companion were allowed seats at a very ample fire. Numerous domestics occupied this kitchen—some of whom were knitting, others spinning or carding wool; but the workmen who had done a hard day's labour in the fields were now rejoicing in idleness, lounging against the large hobs of the grate, some half asleep, some smoking. Much good-humour and cheerfulness prevailed here. But in the parlour a solitary man was sitting by himself reading. John Carolin lived "his lone," to the surprise of many who wondered he did not provide himself with a wife, as he was a handsome man, scarcely past his fortieth year.

CHAPTER X.

PURSUIT.

THE strange story which Granny Dunn had told Peggy Cross made an extraordinary impression upon her mind, and before allowing the old woman to retire to rest, she gathered from her several particulars relating to her discovery of the foundling, which set her thinking and hoping. Before daybreak the following morning Granny had left her house; but she had learned enough from her to give rise to a startling but not very improbable surmise. In the midst of her dreams news reached her that Para Bawn's house was burnt, his cattle lost, he himself a fugitive. It did not surprise her, Granny having imparted to her the information the previous night, that such a punishment was contemplated for his newly-discovered treachery.

"Where's Weeny?" she asked of Bat M'Govern, who brought the news to her.

"That's what I came to ask yourself," he replied. "I thought maybe she had come to stop with you."

"Oh, no," cried the woman, "shure I hunted her from the house last night, an' tould her never to cross the threshold again, an' I'm afeard she's run out o' the place entirely."

"If so," said M'Govern, "we had best follow her, Peggy; nobody knows what may happen her goin' her lone through the country this way, an' I'd have you come yerself with me; she can't be far gone yit."

"I'll go willin'," replied Peggy; "but first answer me one thing, Bat. Are ye shure you'll wish to marry her still, an' she the child ov such a father, even if she'll agree to take ye?"

"Ay," said Bat, "without a thought ov dhravin' back; the worl' might go against her, but she'd only be the more to me."

"An' what would yer people say?"

"What they'd like; I'd remain with the same intintion."

"An' you'd make her yer wife without a halfpenny ov fortune?"

"Now, Peggy, there's no use in sich cross-questionin'; ye ought to know me better than to think any thing in

life could change me against Weeny Wafe."

"Very good," said Peggy, compressing her lips.

"And now, let us come on an' see where did she go to;" said the young man, impatiently, "we oughtn't to lose a minnit."

Peggy had some preparations to make before setting out on her search; she had a few papers so long hid in a secret spot to collect, which she tied up and put in her pocket; and there was a wedding ring, real gold too, which she drew from a little box, and placed upon her own finger to carry it safely; together with other little tokens of the past which had been confided to her keeping years ago by one very dearly loved, all of which she conveyed away on her person unknown to M'Govern, to whom she did not wish to confide more than was necessary just at present. Making inquiries everywhere, they learned that Weeny had been seen, by some of those individuals who see every thing, in company with Granny Dunn, going in a certain direction which they determined to follow. The alms-seeking of the beggar-woman served as a clue to her movements, and for some time they found little difficulty in tracing her; but soon they became more puzzled, and at length when evening set in, found themselves going quite astray. Peggy declared she was not now uneasy since she knew the girl was not travelling alone; but Bat lost nothing of his ardour in the pursuit, and would willingly have continued it up to a late period of the night, had not Peggy considered it prudent for them to halt at an inn at about eight o'clock.

The next day snow covered the earth—all without looked wild and dreary.

"Now," said Peggy, "I don't think it's possible for any one to thravel this day on foot; an', at any rate, Bat, we needn't be in such a hurry lookin' for Weeny, when we know she's goin' on down to Shinrone with Granny Dunn. We'll be shure to hear ov her there. But there's a place I'd like to go to, about ten mile

from this, where I've business; an', if you've no objections, we'll take a car here at the inn, an' dhrive down to it. It's not to say out of our way, aither, for it's all on the road to Shinrone, though it mayn't be the same that Granny goes."

Now, Bat did not like this proposal by any means. He would have preferred walking, and stopping at houses to make inquiries; but Peggy was very determined; and though he argued and remonstrated, nothing would move her. She declared it was of the highest importance that they should visit this mysterious locality—and yet she would not tell the youth wherefore.

They were soon seated on a jaunting car, going at a swift pace through

the snow, which lay thickly on the ground, Bat looking very much in "the dumps," and Peggy rather anxious and nervous. Neither of them spoke during the whole drive, which lasted two hours, before they halted at an iron gate leading to an enclosure where stood a dwelling-house of goodly dimensions, all covered with snow. Peggy now jumped off the car, desiring Bat to wait there till she should return. He saw her approach the house hesitatingly, and pause for more than a minute ere she ventured to rap at it. Then he beheld her raise the knocker; then the door was opened; and, after a short delay, she disappeared within.

CHAPTER XI.

THE LAST.

WE return to Weeny and her aged companion. Although a man much beloved and respected for his benevolence and upright character, John Carolin was yet considered a little eccentric. Since he had come into possession of his property, one room in his house had always been allotted for the use of any wanderer who might be in want of a night's lodging; and to prevent any risk from thieves who might apply for such shelter under false pretences, the individuals who arrived at night were generally locked up in their sleeping-room, and the door barred on them to prevent their egress till morning. Granny Dunn, however, being well known for years, was not subjected to such indignity. She and Weeny were given a warm supper before retiring from the kitchen, and the latter did not wonder at her companion's admiration of that "full house." The profusion of food, fire, and candle-light was marvellous; yet there was only great plenty, not waste. Large flitches of bacon and well-smoked hams depended from the kitchen roof and filled the ample chimney; the dairy was well supplied, even at that inclement season, with milk and butter; and there was no lack of beef or mutton in the larder. Clean and airy were the rooms of the house, some being even carpeted and neatly papered; and an old-fashioned book-

case, filled with quaint volumes, adorned the parlour.

Carolin was a wealthy man. He drove his jaunting-car or rode a well-fed horse whenever he chose. He had travelled abroad, and brought new agricultural fashions into his country; yet he was not contented. A blight had fallen upon his youth, and he passed a lonely, desolate existence—sometimes envying the happiness of his poorest workmen, who, after their daily toil, saw merry faces round their humble hearths.

When the travellers entered their sleeping-room, Granny imparted to Weeny various pieces of information relative to their host's past and present life, telling her, in whispered tones, how it was reported in the neighbourhood that he had married when only a "gossoon," and that the girl he chose was a poor servant girl, one Ally Cross, who died while wandering about begging through the country, because his father, who did not know of the match, sent John away to England; and the poor girl was afraid to say she was his lawful wife.

"Anyhow," said Granny, "they say that's the reason he's so good to the poor, an' that he never turns a wandherin' woman from the house."

Had Weeny been in possession of her usual brightness of intellect, she might have connected this story with

the one which Peggy Cross told her a few weeks ago; but, as it was, her mind was so absorbed with her own wretchedness, she could think of nothing else. Her father's infamy, and the separation from her lover, which she determined should be for ever, were dwelt upon all night in anguish. No tear came to relieve her burning brain: all was scorching, burning misery. No wonder that she was ill next morning—her head throbbing, her limbs aching. She could not rise from her bed; and Granny got permission for her to remain under Carolin's roof for that day. The hours passed hazily to her; excitement had given place to stupor, and she lay in a state of demi-consciousness that could not be called repose. Evening came on, and then a heavier stupor, with rare flashes of wakefulness to passing events. Figures gliding noiselessly in and out of the room, a glare of candlelight seeming occasionally to increase to the intensity and brilliancy of fire—confusion of brain—dimness of perception. Is it a dream, or does a familiar and dearly-loved face really bend over her in that sick bed? Do tender hands smooth her pillow? does a motherly voice whisper words of endearment to her—words which she vainly strives to answer? Can she be dying, and are these visions passing before her departing spirit? No, poor child—all is reality: a friend who loves you as a mother is there watching over you: a father is there, too, praying that you may be spared to him—a father, honest, respected, prepared to love you more than his own life; it is his voice you hear murmuring,

"God preserve you, my daughter, to your long-sorrowing parent!"

Oh! precious return of consciousness after days of gloom and stupor, was it not a foretaste of the eternal waking from the darkness of the grave when the spirit rejoices for ever? So Weeny felt it when she clasped Peggy Cross in her wasted arms, and wept upon her bosom; so she felt it when gently told the strange story of her own birth, and that the honoured master of that house was her real father, free from stain of dis-

honour; so she felt it clearer, brighter still, when without feeling of shame she could give her promise to M'Govern, with her father's consent, to be his for life. John Carolin was determined that his child should wed the man of her choice. Happy were the young lovers at last. Happy the father who, for nineteen years, had lived a broken-hearted man mourning the wife he had secretly wedded, and miserably lost, while lying on a sick bed in another land. Happy the long afflicted sister and aunt, who for years had looked upon herself as the cause of infanticide. All were happy, and old Granny blessed them ere she set forth for the spot where her bones were to lie with those of her departed husband and children, in the burial ground of Shinrone.

"Father," said Weeny, as she and Carolin sat in the window looking at the snow flakes hanging on the bushes outside, "can nothin' be done for Para Bawn? He must be very badly off, and my heart's sorry for him. Remember, father, that he gave me food and shelter for near twenty years, an' I ought to do somethin' for him now. If you'd write to Father Gilligan, maybe we'd find out where he's hid, for him and the priest was great always; he never missed payin' his dues regular."

"I'll do what I can for him," replied Carolin, laying his hand on his fair child's head; "but it's plain he must leave the country, he can never live in his own neighbourhood again."

With the assistance of Peggy Cross, who was acquainted with some of Wafe's near relatives, a communication was conveyed to him, that a sum of money would be placed at his disposal to compensate in some measure for the losses he had sustained, together with the extraordinary information, that Weeny was not his daughter, which perhaps relieved him of a considerable burthen.

What became of him finally was never accurately known; but for years his treachery was talked of at Dring, and the stranger was pointed out the sinister looking ruins of what had once been the dwelling-place of the Informer.

THE PARIS AGRICULTURAL SHOW.

A French writer, Delille, justly observes:—*dans l'art d'intéresser consiste l'art d'écrire*. An account of an agricultural show would probably not be interesting to the general reader, unless, as in the case of the recent exposition in the Palace of Industry, in Paris, the describer is able to ascend from the stalled cattle, which formed the delight of the groundlings, to the galleries of the grand exhibition, which contained a multitude of objects of various and universal interest.

In short, the entire Natural History of France and her Colonies was brought, *in subjecta oculis*, before the view. Thus, zoology was thoroughly represented by the finest live specimens of all *les animaux domestiques*, as the equine, bovine, ovine, and other *bêtes à laine*, porcine, and poultry races; while the apicultural live department exhibited a hive of working bees; the piscicultural, some vases of vivacious eels, besides defunct river fishes, and samples of improved oyster-beds; and the sericultural, a new species of silk-worm. Geology and mineralogy sent innumerable specimens; botany contributed a multitudinous collection of woods, great variety of cereals, including a notable collection of maize; many industrial plants, as hemp, flax, and Algerian cotton; with huge beet and other roots, vine-trees in bearing, forty years old, looking like Lilliputian oaks; hops, resins, and tobacco. Implements and appliances of agriculture abounded, from splendid threshing machines impelled by steam, to contrivances for rural constructions, and a quantity of manures in glass jars. In the galleries, the choicest productions of Algeria and Paris were arranged with the proverbial taste of French exhibitions, such as the most sumptuous silks, objects of art carved in onyx, the exquisite marble of Africa, and many luxurious articles of metropolitan manufacture in use in the out-door life of La belle France. Trephies of the triumphs of art were ranged within this Palace of Industry in a million forms, contesting for admiration with a million beautiful na-

tural productions, fresh, as it were, from the hands of the Creator, and bearing "the broad arrow of the Great King," which is "carved on all the stores of his arsenal." Agreeing with the poet, that—

"In the mixture of all these appears
Variety, which all the rest endears,"

let us first give the gentlereader a brief account of the horned tenants of the stalls, certain that he will be interested in choice specimens of the various breeds of cattle throughout the length and breadth of France, especially as this immense gathering, 1,450 heads, included marked contrasts, as between the small antelope-like cows of the southern sandy plains, and the large, sleek, white heifers called Charolaise, worthy to have been offered on Jupiter's altar, or to figure in paintings representing the *enlèvement* of Europa. These thousand cows were feeding on green herbage, and the sweet smell of their breath pervaded the Palace. Everything conspired to gratify the delighted senses; so, even were we not of the nation whose lords recoil not from the litter of the stall nor stable, we should pace the alleys of this "grande solennité agricole" with accumulated pleasure. It was with no mean gratification that Britons, reviewing this great show of French productions, could indulge conscious pride in the truth that English superiority is visible in the highest branches of agricultural science and development, especially in the instances of horses, horned cattle, sheep, pigs, and implements. Thus, first in the bulky printed catalogue, which comprises 652 large octavo pages, stands the category of *chevaux de pur sang Anglais*, with "Monarch," a small, but very handsome horse, at their head. In this *concours hippique*, or equine competition, we remarked some Arab sires, of the small grey race, now entering (crossed with native French breeds) so largely into the mounts of the light cavalry, and admirably adapted for war purposes. The *race Normande* resembles the old English nag. Of the *chevaux de gros trait*, the Boulon-

naise race seems to be the parent of our brewers' and other heavy horses, while the Percheronne, which derives its name from Perche, a district in Southern Normandy, is manifestly descended from the once famous war-horse, the *destrier* of the field of battle and of tournaments, a powerful but active animal, usually gray or white, and now employed in the comparatively ignominious work of drawing the omnibuses of Paris. The influences of climate and of the soil are even more perceptible in the "*espèce chevaline*" than in the "*bovine*," whether we look at a specimen of the "*Flanders mare*," whose Dutch build was so objectionable in the comparison drawn by Henry VIII., or see the small, slender, sinewy steed of sandy deserts. Our notice of this obvious difference is meant to lead by-and-by to a moral applicable to improvement of the "*espèce bovine*," to which we now turn.

In the latter category we found the *pas* given, not to the Durham, or to any foreign horned cattle, but to *la race Normande pure*, well meriting the position, since its cows are hardly surpassed in the essential quality of being excellent milkers. Their universal colour is brindle; so we may conceive that the brindled stock north of the Channel derive from this breed. When crossed with white animals, the produce is flecked, or "*flea-bitten*." Next came Flemish cattle, of which the prevailing colours are red and bay; and in other traits this and the *Salers* race resemble the Devon. The *Charolaise*, or *Nivernaise*, is better adapted for the butcher than any other pure, indigenous breed. A cow belonging to Count Benoist d'Azy, ticketed *mention très honorable*, was notable for compactness and symmetry of form and glossiness of hide. The kindly qualities of this race are apparent on more than the surface. Its prevalent colour is white; yet cases of light buff mottled with white incline us to trace it to Auvergne. Some of the finer sort resemble inferior white Durhams; their horns being short and fine, their shapes square and handsome, and their pelts soft and pliable. In strong contrast to this beautiful breed stood the dark buff *Parthenaise*, whose black eyes, black-tipped horns, black tufted tails, and wild complexion and shape

gave the idea of overgrown antelopes. Gascony sent up some of her badger-coloured beasts, strange-looking animals; and the Garonne furnished specimens of cattle whose tint is called "*wheat*," a colour shared by other breeds, such as those of Franche-Comté, Limousin, and the Pyrenees. From these mountains came more than one bovine animal, of so savage a character, yet partaking of the salient traits both of African and southern French cattle, as to lead us to conclude that we saw before us types of the primeval bull that once paraded before the parent of mankind. Their colour is a black, yellow gray.

Passing from what would seem to be specimens of "*the cattle on a thousand hills*" of Sacred Writ, to what appear to be parents of the black cattle of Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, namely, the *race Bretonne pure*, we admired the admirable though small form of this breed, which is declared to be supreme in production of butter, and is the evident parent of the renowned Alderney cow. The invariable colour is pied. The marked difference between the sleek cattle on the pastures of Morbihan and the starvelings of the mountain heaths is declared to be, of course, due to the difference of soil. There were no less than 157 *croisements* Durham, some of them magnificent animals. The cross with the *Menceau* race is pronounced best of all, and consequently in no other region in France is the Durham breed accepted with such favour. Yet, even generally speaking, these short-horn crosses formed the most important class, since the most scientific persons are agreed that French cattle can be only improved for slaughtering purposes by means of this cross.

The sight of an Algerian bull, about three feet high, dark grey, suggested the idea of this race being of the same stock as similarly coloured French breeds. If we may be suffered to indulge in further speculations as to the origin of primitive cattle, we would say we fancy we saw, in a small beast from the forest of Ardennes, a descendant of the parent of Irish black cattle: the creature, though seven years old, was very small, rough, and black, with back-curved horns, and was only surpassed in wildness of appearance by a speci-

men of the *Landes* breed, smaller still, blackish badger-coloured, with long curled horns, and of most savage aspect. In marked contrast to these types of a race of cattle that may have been driven into Europe before the Celtic hordes of western Asia, stood the most civilized of breeds, the princely Durham, lofty and broad in form, rich in colours of red and white, roan, and that warm lightly flecked hue peculiar to the race, proudly claiming predominance, not as a mere pastoral animal, nor as a labouring one, but as supplying meat to man in the lordly shapes of sirloins and thick ribs of juicy beef. Surely the ox of Durham was bred by the baronial bishops of that city, and stall-fed by the prebend of the cathedral's "golden stall."

We were reminded of the fine cattle in the Flemish part of Pembroke-shire by the similar stocks of Holland and Flanders. The valleys of Switzerland furnished some examples of the best breeds, called *Schwitz* and *Suisse*; mouse-coloured grey is their prevailing colour, and some were splendid animals. The race Gruyère, source of the celebrated cheese of this name, is a large red and white breed. Each bull was provided with a bell as big as a dinner one, hung round his neck by a broad ornamented leather collar.

The show of *Espèce Ovine* showed 187 samples of superior Merinos and Métis-Merinos, and that of foreign long-woolled breeds included 30 Disbleys, Leicesters, &c., while the number of short-fleeced Southdowns was 77. The prevalent idea as to sheep in France, viz., production of wool, not of mutton, accounts for this disproportion of attention to the Merino variety, which is far inferior to English breeds in the matter of meat. Professing small knowledge of the difference of value of various fleeces, though more knowing than the French gentleman who, on being asked £80 for a ram on account of its fine woolly quality, fancied the seller was trying to fleece him, and protested he cared not if the animal's coat were half cotton, we nevertheless are palpably aware of the soft silky touch of the wool of the Merino sheep in comparison with the Southdown. Numerous samples of wools were shown in the galleries. The south of France is

largely devoted to the growth of fine wool. The migratory flocks on the plains of Arles, at the mouth of the Rhone, sometimes numbering 10,000 to 40,000 sheep, each headed by trained companies of goats with bells round their necks, are driven in spring and autumn a month's journey to the Alps and back to their summer and winter quarters.

Of all the extraordinary animals in this great exhibition was an indigenous ass of Poitou, a colossal donkey, shaggy with long, black, fluffy hair, and a head like a hairy fiddle-case, forming a grotesque caricature of a huge wild ass, and so singular as to have been bought for a fabulously large sum.

The *Animaux de Basse-Cour*, or what we call poultry, appeared in due glory in this exhibition of a country whose ancient animal emblem was a cock, no less than 830 cages being devoted to specimens of domestic ornithology. The dryness of the climate of France favours poultry-keeping, and the French are great devourers and sellers of eggs. "*La poule aux œufs d'or pour aucuns, et la poule au pot pour tout le monde, au moyen d'un poulailler roulant*," is the title of an essay that sold largely. The *poulailler* exhibited was an omnibus, lined with cages, for conveying poultry to railway stations. As usual, the aid of Government is invoked for carrying out the well-known legendary aspiration of Henri Quatre—

"*La poule au pot ! ce vieux cancan,
S'allie enfin au poin de seigle ;
L'œuf issu du coq gallican,
Eclôt sous les ailes de l'igle.*"

French eggs are golden indeed, if the estimate of the yearly home consumption, 227 million of francs, may be relied on ; without counting foreign *débouchés*, of which the English mouth is declared much the widest. Crève-cœur chickens carried off the palm, and there were astounding instances of cocks and hens from Cochin-China, where the French have made great conquests of this gigantic variety of the little feather-footed bantam. "*Coq et poules de race de combat*" stand in the catalogue, and the male birds maintained such continual challenges to all comers, that these pugnacious bipeds of gallinaceous breed must represent the original Gallic cock. If we may linger longer

in the basse cour, we would not forget the *Oie* of Strasbourg, to whom the world is indebted for *foie gras*; nor can we pass over pigeons, suggestive as they are of the feudal age of France, when only a seigneur was entitled to keep them, and when the peasantry round his chateau were obliged to beat the water of its moat by night whenever madame lay in, in order to quiet the frogs.

Apiculture, or the management of the bee, another French emblematic animal, still figuring on imperial trappings, was lively represented by a *colonie d'abeilles liguriennes*, who, like their brethren in the London exhibition, carried on their brisk business, regardless of the human crowds around them. Bee industry enters not inconsiderably into the resources of a country whose hot sky and flowery gardens foster the little insect producing wax and honey, specimens of which were largely exhibited.

Before noticing the Algerine animals, let us pass comment on their lord and master, a Moor of Barbary, by nature and art a remarkable specimen of Othello's race. In our archæologic eyes, his virtue lay in his dress, brought in juxta-position, as it was, with the costumes of Breton and Alpine peasants; for the three were similar as to inexpressibles, there being little difference between the petticoat pantaloons of a Zouave, the knickerbockers of a Tyrolese, and the bagging breeches of a Breton. Then all three wore much the same sort of short-sleeved jacket, and were cinctured with sashes: the only marked distinction being that the Frenchman had, in place of turban or of high peaked hat, a broad-leaved slouch black one, with strings for transforming it either into a cocked or a three-cornered hat. There is little to add to what we have already said as to Algerian horned cattle, unless Angora goats may be included in this category, remarkable as they are for their long, soft, silky hair; so let us glance at some vegetable objects.

The Comité Agricole de Rambervillers sent a magnificent exhibition of cereal and other produce, yet was not rewarded with a medal; while a certain farm at Cornation received a gold one for a beggarly show of bags of grain flanked by a couple of cheeses.

The expositions of the committees of Lille and Dunkirk were splendid in samples of corn and flax. The finest animal and vegetable produce comes from those districts, since they form part of the region of rich loam reaching from the Belgian frontier to Caen, Alençon, and Orleans, and bounded on the south-east by the less fertile province of Champagne. This vast tract of loamy soil is the seat of, perhaps, the finest wheat in the world, having the advantage of a thin skin, and containing an unusually large proportion of gluten. Excepting a large strip of land, broad along the southern bank of the Dordogne, including the province of Guyenne, and reaching the centre of the Pyrenees, there are only two other rich loamy districts in France, and they are small, one being Alsace, and the other lying between Nantes and the ocean. Mapped out agriculturally, as was done by Arthur Young, the whole country may be divided into those four pieces of loam: a huge tract of various soils, including Auvergne, and south to the Mediterranean; the chalk soils of Champagne and Poitou; the red rocky region of Lorraine and Franche Comté; the sandy loams of Bourbonnais and Gascony; the flat *landes* around Bordeaux and elsewhere; and the pastures and heathery wildernesses of Brittany.

Probably the most interesting inanimate object in this show was the *grande exposition*, occupying a large space, sent by Mons. Léopold Javal, *propriétaire exploitant* of the estate of Arès, part of the tract of sand and marsh called the Landes de la Gironde. From the catalogue raisonné of this contribution, we extract the following particulars of the exploits of this spirited landlord in improving a hitherto waste and almost hopeless "part of France," for so this desert may be termed; and it seems that the success of his operations has stimulated another proprietor, M. Perreire, who owns some 25,000 acres, to enter on a similar large scale of ameliorative undertakings. The land in question, about 10,000 acres, was once part of the seignory of the Captals de Buch, one of whom figures in the warlike pages of Froissart, and it remained till the last forty years in a state of nature, a mere wretched pasture, where some small flocks and

herds snatched the scanty herbage and passed on over the enormous waste. The few inhabitants of the old seignoral chateau lived almost entirely on the produce of hunting and fishing. How peculiar is the state of the herdsman here was well demonstrated by a wooden effigy, raised on lofty stilts, of a *berger*, or *gardeur de bestiaux*, whose function requires that he be raised on high, so as to obtain a view of the wide expanse over which his four-footed charges are wandering. Armed with a rude firelock, and provided with a gourd full of water, he stalks along, his stilts strapped over shaggy galligaskins of black sheep-skin, and his body clothed in a sleeveless coat of white ditto, the woolly side out. A more outlandish figure can hardly be conceived. In 1835, the estate came into the hands of a naval officer, who converted a piece of marsh on the Arcachon side of the estuary into a reservoir for sea-fish, which has been so much enlarged by the present proprietor as to be able to keep and send a continual supply to the Bordeaux market. It is quite possible that similar little canals, cut in some suitable spots around the Irish shores, would be available as reserves of fish in a state fresh for sale.

M. Javal began, in 1847, a vigorous course of drainage of the marshes, of formation and cultivation of fields, and of planting about 7,000 acres with plants and seeds of the maritime pine, from which the following results have already been partially obtained. This species of pine grows rapidly; specimens fifteen years old were twenty-five feet high; the first produce of this forest will, therefore, be resinous, both in its raw form and as essence of *térébenthine*, &c. After the young pines had provided shelter enough, other sorts of trees were planted, such as white and black oak, mulberry, acacia, poplar, *chêne liège*, or cork-barked oak, *bourdène*, for making gunpowder charcoal, and other *arbustes*, or shrubs adapted to the soil, but the virtues of which we will not trouble our readers with, since "non omnes arbusta juvant." Four tall pines were exhibited, to show the mode of taking resin, which drops as *gemmes* from the scarified bark into earthen vessels.

The effects of this planting on an

extensive scale are good in the present and promising for the future. First, the blow-away sand is set at rest; and, secondly, the ocean is prevented from continuing its inroads on the shore; moreover, the absorption caused by the tree roots gradually dries the marshy land, so that the herbage improves and can be depastured. Meanwhile, small portions of land are brought into cultivation, so that, though when the estate was purchased, only twenty-five acres were arable, it now produces many roots, grain, vegetables, and some wine; and the owner calculates that after having cut down the forest, much of its site will be fit for cultivation. Well has he earned the large gold medal just awarded him!

Viniculture sent samples of produce from Bordeaux, Champagne, and Burgundy; and there was even a model of a little vineyard, showing the manner in which vines can be protected from frost by earthing and matting. Fond tradition attributes the introduction of the vine into Gaul to the mythic hero Brennus, i.e., the Breton, whom the poet Béranger makes say in one of his songs:—

"Les champs de Rome ont payé mes exploits;
Et j'en rapporte un cep de vigne."

Quitting legend for truth, we repeat the well-known fact, that the most favourable situation for a vineyard is an open one upon rising ground facing the south-east; or, as the Latin poet briefly expresses it:—

"—— apertos
Bacchus amat colles;"

a predilection evidenced in a map of the vineyards which produce the finest wines of Burgundy, classed in three qualities according to the merit of their products, each enclosure being coloured according to its quality. Thus, in the first rank appears the renowned *Clos de Vougeot*, a small enclosure near the village of this name, not far from the town of Nuits. The judgment which determined the comparative merits of these three classes of *cuvies*, or brewings, has been fully accepted; and it indicates, as the cause of the differences, the higher, middle, or lower situation of each vineyard on the declivities of the range of hills which form, to the north, the valley producing the best

wines of Burgundy. The finest, or most delicately flavoured vintages, are the upper ones, because their soil is the lightest; while the quality of the wines diminishes in proportion as they have been grown on the lower and heavier lands; and this to such an extent as to divide the common growth of the plains into *grands vins ordinaires* and *vins ordinaires*. The highest-priced and priced are known as of Volnay, Beaune, Nuits, and Chambertin. The former town claims pre-eminence for its *crus* over all save Clos de Vougeot; and their vendors seek to improve the sale of their exquisitely-flavoured, perfumed, and cheering commodity by imprinting the ensuing apostrophe on their cards:—

“ Si tu veux, à table, être gai,
Fais-toi servir du vin de Volnay.”

High up on the hill, a vineyard, still known as *La Cave*, the cellar, received its name, according to tradition, from having included a cellar in which the choicest wines of the country were stowed for the ancient Dukes of Burgundy; and two others, one near Aloix, the other near Volnay, are each called *le clos du roi*, from having anciently supplied the royal cellars of the King of France; while a fourth, also near Volnay, either takes its name from its supposed same relation to Charlemagne, or has been given it by tradition or by the ambition of its proprietor. So acknowledged is it, that to *travailler* the wines of this province, i.e., to mix them and add some amount of alcohol, is hurtful to their flavour, that the idea is regarded as a sort of petty treason; so British palates are not as likely to be deceived in this matter as by industrious *travailleurs* of other vintages. This province, and particularly the department of *La Côte d'Or*, in which the prime wines are grown, has also the specialty of excellent cassis, a liqueur meriting to be better known abroad. The delicate plant from which it is extracted finds its aptest soil and climate in the vicinity of Dijon, whence the cassis manufactured there surpasses in aroma and in beauty of colour.

Among all the agricultural implements, none astonished the 36,000 work-people of Paris who poured in one Sunday, so much as a sowing ma-

chine from Suffolk, flaunting in the red and blue colours dear to English farmers, and looking as complicated and as unfit for the fields as a grand piano. The maker, however, assured us he expects that this implement will spread as widely in France as it has at home. Our admiration was next excited by a *trieur*, invented by F. Marot, a cylindrical sieve, with five compartments, which marvellously contrive to separate seeds mixed with corn; for we saw “*un échantillon affreux*” of dirty corn submitted to this process and presently sorted into barley, oats, rye, peas, beans, vetches, tares, and clover. It is to be feared that the show of implements made by both home and foreign exhibitors will not be sufficiently patronized in a country where cultivation on a small scale is the rule, and on a large the exception. No principle in agricultural economy is more incontrovertible than this—the more that the wealth of the cultivator spares of the labour of men in cultivation, the more does he furnish to the subsistence of other men. In 1855, the number of threshing machines in France was estimated at above 80,000; but the south is still so unprovided as to employ horses, mules, and oxen, to tread out the corn, principally maize, which cannot be threshed by machinery; and this antique operation often compels that the grain be washed before it can be shown at market. As is well known, most French *grandes exploitations*, especially in all industrial departments, are undertaken by the clubbing together of small capitals. The notorious disadvantage of this system of association, as compared with individual care, energy, responsibility, and gain, is particularly felt in all cases where agriculture is carried on by it. Wherever, as in the country under consideration, small properties are held in partnership, poverty is usually either present or threatening, and the condition of affairs can hardly prosper; for narrow means and partnership in a business which requires skill and close thrifty attention, are more apt to produce disagreement and discontent than a kindly social state.

Artificial *engrais*, or manures, of many varieties, sent their *échantillons*, or samples, enveloped for the most part in glass jars. More than one inventor seeks to solve the important ques-

tion of disinfection of towns by utilizing their sewerage. Artificial manure being to home-made what credit is compared to capital, is to be considered only as a means to the full end of possessing a sufficient home-supplied quantity, and should therefore be chiefly employed in stimulating those growths which are consumed by cattle in the farmstead, according to the apothegm enunciated by the great agricultural chemist, Liebig, that:—"There is but one manure which maintains the fertility of a field in a durable manner, namely, stable-dung; and since the need of the times compels agriculture to find means capable of entirely replacing it in its action, it is necessary to arrive at success in such substitution, to replace all its component principles."

Good and large slates being scarce and very dear in France, the manufacture of roofing tiles forms a staple trade throughout the country; and, as every traveller has observed, oak is a material frequently employed. Burnt clay, however, being in more general use, the pleasing colours of red, weather-stained tiles impart that warm and agreeable look to French villages which is wanting wherever slate, as in our country, coldly tints the landscape. Paper substances prepared with bitumen are of rare use. There is at Clichy a large factory of this material, the cheapness, impermeability, and lightness of which recommend it for adoption under certain circumstances. The manufacture of tiles, whether for roofs or for floors, may well flourish in a country whose Emperor dwells in the *Tuileries* palace, so called from occupying the site of an ancient tiler. Besides that, as every traveller knows, red clay tiles prevail in the roofs throughout France, he also will have not failed to observe that even many bed-rooms in the capital itself are paved with the common hexagonal tiles of the country. More than one exhibitor showed patterns of new and elegant forms of roofing tiles, one of which struck us as peculiarly simple and light, at the low cost of 1fr. 47c. the square metre; and another style, handsomer in pattern, was offered at 1fr. 45c., and is remarkable for its ingenious contrivance for excluding rain. There were also some interesting specimens of attempts at ornamented mosaic paving

tiles, in imitation of various marbles. In our own country, where the humidity of the climate prohibits exposure of either brick or stone as outer walls of houses unprotected by a coat of cement, builders are often perplexed by the difficulty of giving them some tint that shall please the eye; so we do well to notice a ferruginous aluminous composition invented for tinting plaster, and which, rich in colour, and giving the walls of a house the appearance of brick, may be recommended to all who dislike white, yellow, and dull hues.

Draining pipe tiles, indispensable for perfect drainage, made in some parts of France, under the difficulty of want of coal, are burnt by means of wood; just as much iron ore is also submitted to the same process. The following tariff shows how expensive all furnace processes with wood must be, as well as the cost of draining with wood-burnt tiles:—

Taux or Pipe Tiles.	Diameter of Bore.	Price per 1,000.
1	30 millimetres.	25f. or 20s.
2	35 "	27
	(about one inch).	
3	40 millimetres.	33
6	70 "	70
9	95 "	120
10	110 "	150 or £6
11	120 "	175
12	130 "	200 or £8

The value of the use of these and other instruments for relieving the soil from superfluous moisture is enforced by a *brochure* freely circulated by M. Aboilard, containing several reports of the results obtained on drained lands, which, since our own country suffers most severely for want of more extended operations of this nature, well deserve attention. Briefly, the good effects are, facility in working heavy land, increase of results from manures,—which, whether in the form of lime or of farm composts, hitherto were weakened by wet,—and consequently a much larger produce, especially of roots.

Tubes we saw, for various uses, whether agricultural, as for conveying liquid manure, and for irrigation; some formed of bitumenized paper; and a flexible variety, called *tubes halter*. Also we must chronicle an admirable "boiler," if this term is applicable to a huge iron vessel for cooking corn and vegetables by means of hot air. This *Cérésienne* boasts that

it will not burn the food committed to it; but will cook mangel-wurzel and potatoes without water, and with economy of combustibles.

Algeria, the new and largest French colony, came out richly in this grand show, being the pet foster-child of the mother country, or rather the nurse to whom she commits the care of providing for some of her surplus population; and were it not that this African *aide-de-chambre* is a very dry nurse, and by no means a quiet one, there might be some hope for *les enfans de la patrie*. But hitherto neither the agriculture, commerce, nor industry of the colony has got out of government go-carts and leading strings; and capital is frightened away by the flash of Arab sabres and Zouave rifles.

Among the most attractive exotic products, we hasten to notice *Oued Allah*, words signifying in Arabic, "the divine liqueur," an ambitious denomination, yet declared justified by the numerous virtues of this wonder-working stomachic. Perhaps we should have mentioned first the plant characterized by the poets Spenser and Byron, as—

"Divine tobacco, which from east to west
Cheers the tar's labour, soothes the Turk-
man's rest."

Samples of French as well of African grown and manufactured cigars "made," as Paddy says, "one's teeth water" to smoke half a dozen in some *Salon Mauresque*, such as was also exhibited, or at least the furniture and decorations of an oriental divan, with its couches of silk and golden tissue, vases for sherbets, and paraphernalia of pipes and narghilais. Were it not, as Paddy also says, a *shaugh* of the *dhudeen* is mighty consoling, he would never have survived the miseries entailed on him by the other vegetable Sir Walter Raleigh introduced to his notice, and we consider his plea for permission to cultivate tobacco for sale a fair one. The crops grown in the rich loams of Alsace and Picardy are very profitable, although under stringent regulations, and taken up as a government monopoly. The return is often £50 per acre, though of inferior quality to foreign tobacco; and, as experience has shown, there is nothing to pre-

vent the plant from answering well in Ireland.

Algerian textile things were represented by a cotton bush in full bearing; stuffs made of camel's hair, soft, warm, and pliant; fleeces of Angora goats, suited for costly linings to mantle beauty in during winter; and splendid woollen rugs or carpets manufactured in the province called Constantine, with a thicker variety, made by the tribes of Oran. Among the numerous beautiful articles in onyx, now worked extensively in Paris, were a pair of charming vases, price £200, and some semi-transparent mantel-pieces, too delicate for any fuel but bright, sparkling wood.

It is time to turn from this gossip to reconsider the main object of the Exhibition, viz., improvement of the several departments of the science of Agriculture.

Before talking about improving the breed of cattle in France, each severally interested party must make up his mind what he wants. Up to the present time, the general idea has been to obtain, not beef for the butcher, but steers for the yoke. But the endeavour to combine the qualities of activity and fattening is obviously futile; besides the plain fact that the muscle and sinew that have laboured for years at the plough are unsatisfactory when served up as beefsteaks. In short, Jean Bonhomme must decide whether he most prizes beasts of burden, or good milch cows, or cattle that fatten quickly. If he would have his stock excel either as energetic or as lymphatic, he must specialize the service he requires. But if he will look at an ox as if it were a horse, and admire its long legs, quick step, and hardness in enduring fatigue, he must retain the aboriginal rustic races of his country, with their strong, thin formation, and heavy pelts; nor venture on delicate and precocious exotic breeds, which demand abundance of nutritious food, and shelter from the weather; all which they would repay richly, but would shrink and dwindle under the labour Breton bullocks bear.

Yoke versus collar, a galling question among French farmers, is one we will not harness to; yet admit that where, as in the south, a drop of rain does not fall for six months, overflow-

ing milk-pans, and fat ribs of beef are not to be expected.

In the province of Languedoc butter is so little known that olive oil supplies its place in cookery. The principal produce of the land is that of Canaan of old, "corn, and wine, and oil." The chestnut or corn-coloured cattle of the country do all the ploughing, tread out the corn, and carry it to market. A verse of an old rustic song, still popular on the plains of Limousin, paints the love with which the peasant regards his yoke of oxen:—

" Les voyez-vous, les belles bêtes,
Creuser profond et tracer droit,
Bravant la pluie et les tempêtes,
Qu'il fasse chaud, qu'il fasse froid."

In Gascony, where ostentation proverbially embellishes the speech of men, its provincial pride crops out in the form of ornamented trappings for beasts, their yoke and other harness being ordinarily adorned with tufts of red wool, their bodies protected from gad-flies by netting; and on fête and market days is added a capuchin, formed of ozier and covered with white sheep-skin, surmounted by a plume of coloured horsehair, which, waving over the heads of the animals, adds much to their pomp and vanity. The more south we turn in France the less is John Bull's notion of an ox partaken of; for it is not its goodness in eating that is thought of, but its kindness in ploughing, and, occasionally, its fierceness in fighting. As for a bull, in no country used he to be considered fit to eat unless he had been baited, hence the "bull-rings" in several old towns in Ireland, and hence the bull-fights in Bayonne. In the neighbourhood of this latter city the horned cattle, of whatever sex, are so bellicose as to afford great fun in "bull-races," as these games are called, thus described by the Marquis de Dampierre in his bucolic work:—

"Those who, in the department of the Landes, have partaken of a pleasure which there is especially popular, viz., the races, are able to judge of the marvellous agility of the charming bovine race of these parts. Bulls figure rarely in these games, which, however, bear the name of bull-races. It is more usual to see oxen or cows in strife with the *écarteurs*, and making with them assaults of lightness and dexterity. Here are no

longer those terrible and moving Spanish fights, that display of luxury, those desperate combats, that flowing blood, and the inevitable death of even the bravest bull; it is nevertheless the same ardour which impassions the crowd, the same agility, the same audacity on the part of the actors, and a curious knowledge of the habits of the animal, before which they present themselves boldly without any other defence than the rapidity with which they slip aside. The animal rushes upon them with all its impetuosity; it finds nothing before it, and stops short, stupified, to recommence the struggle. It is delightful to watch a skilful *écarteur*. Scarcely does he, cigarette in mouth, make the slightest movement as the bull rushes upon him head downwards; its horns graze his chest, but he has sufficiently calculated the distance; sometimes, firmly standing, he awaits the animal; and when the latter, furious, lowers its head to strike him, he sets one foot between its horns, and leaps over it in *sang froid*, aided by the rapidity with which the bull raises its head. But all are not equally adroit, and many are the episodes of torn breeches and of novices roughly overthrown, which enliven the spectacle and force the prudent directors of these very popular fêtes to hold the bounding animal by means of a long rope which prevents grave accidents. The man who is generally charged with this care is expert, and knows, therefore, how to measure his watchfulness by the degree of skill shown by the *écarteur*; he himself has often need to avoid the attacks of the animal while leaping the barrier, and it is necessary he should have a sure eye."

According to an able account of this Show published in the *Times*, the number of cattle annually slaughtered in France is reckoned at four millions, averaging about sixteen imperial stone each carcase, or much less than half the average weight of English, and the proportion of cattle per acre is far below ours. In fact, two million oxen are engaged in labour, so that a large portion of the animals butchered consist of old beasts and of calves.

Notwithstanding that the extent of France is as 53 to 34, compared to England, the number of her *bêtes bovines* was calculated at but ten millions, of which four millions were slaughtered yearly, giving 400 million kilogrammes of meat, while the latter country possessed eight millions of heads, of which two millions only were killed yearly, and they gave

500 million kilogrammes of meat. The difference is owing to the fact, that, in the former country, the animals are smaller, and that about two and a half millions of calves are killed yearly. Beef is becoming a scarce article of diet, butcher's meat being an unknown luxury to the poorer peasantry, in consequence of the piecemeal parcelling of farm plots among a race of semi-gardeners. The upper classes do not like fat meat, on the score of its being "coarse and soft;" just as our epicures, aspiring to mountain mutton, look down on Leicester. In short, from a variety of causes, neither meat of any sort, nor cheese, enter nearly so much into the composition of average Frenchmen as of average Englishmen. It was a saying of a celebrated breeder of sheep; "much high-breeding enters in by the mouth." Without crediting that the Frenchmen of old, who fought so splendidly under the leading of their first Emperor, had been brought up on the diet ascribed to them in English nursery songs: as frogs, soup-meagre, vol-au-vent, and other airy kickshaws, we cannot but believe that the substantial feeding, which makes the bone and muscle of Britons, will serve their country as fully as its wooden walls, rifles, and projected fortifications.

A correspondent of a daily newspaper (January, 1854) gives an account of a conversation with a sailor, about to sail with the fleet to the Black Sea, in which the latter, on being asked his reason for his confidence that the British fleet would beat the Russian, gives it to the following effect:—"You see, sir, the Russians have no liberty, and they don't get as much beef as we have, and, therefore, it stands to reason, that they can't work as well, nor fight as well as we do." Understanding by the word liberty, both political liberty, in its widest sense, that is, freedom from arbitrary interference, whether from above or from below, and personal independence, that is, the freedom of every man to do what he thinks best, so long as he does not disturb his neighbours, the sailor's view of the subject goes a great way towards describing the causes of the strong points of Englishmen, both in working and fighting.

The action of the sun on the South

of France has produced an effect similar, in a minor degree, to the deterioration of Palestine, once a land flowing with milk and honey, yet dependent on irrigation. The visits of rain, that "angel of the sea," are in summer few and far between. Continual drought, insufficiently alleviated by artificial means, has diminished the quantity of nourishment to be drawn from the soil; and compulsory division of capital, whether in land or in money, has hindered man from applying art towards bringing the natural element, water, in salutary operation over a soil rendered thirsty by the other element of parched air. Except where irrigation has been extended, great uncertainty embarrasses every sort of cultivation, especially that of the vine, the uncertainties attending which equal those incident to hop culture, including irregularity in the quantity and quality of the produce, uncertainty as to sale, and necessity of large capital for the plant and for labour, besides constant residence and superintendence. What is true of viniculture is also the case with sericulture to a minor degree, for though mulberry leaves are less susceptible of injury than grapes, the *ver à soie* is so tender a worm as to require constant care, especially during storms. Again, the wide tracts of poor land can only be used to feed sheep, which also require capital and care. In short, the natures and circumstances of almost all the productions of the South of France, by causing irregularity of annual returns, demand possession of capital and exercise of surveillance on the part of the proprietor. Hence, the ancient system of *métayers*, or managers, who have no property of their own, still prevails over this region, and the formation of a farming, or middle class, between landlords and labourers, is hindered.

It was stated in the *Times* of the 22nd ult., that there are in France five or six million holdings of less than twenty acres each, and only 4 or 500,000 averaging about 130 acres each; so that accumulation of capital in farming hands is scarcely possible. Such is the deserted state of the centre of France, that advertisements have been sent to the newspapers in England inviting her farmers to come and colonize there! But we suspect that Jean Bonhomme must

make some changes, or John Bull, an emigrant there, would find he had made no good exchange in the matters of taxation, good laws, government, and cross roads.

To continue to quote the above account:—

“Everywhere in France, husbandry suffers from the heavy burdens, legislative and fiscal, with which the land is encumbered. Under the stringent laws regulating the transfer of land by sale or heritage, capital refuses to be invested in improving farms that may at any moment fall to strangers by the process of equal inheritance; and real property is enormously weighted with taxation—property tax, probate duty, duty on sales, the excise on wines, beer, and other produce, and the octroi, besides general and local rates and taxes. It is asserted, also, that the interest to mortgages swallows up one-third of the income of the real property. So that, while peasants compete excessively for strips of vineyard, it is not uncommon for large proprietors to sell their demesnes and invest the money in untaxed securities.”

Two-thirds of the whole area of the kingdom are cultivated; and so largely are grain crops grown, that nearly a quarter of the surface is under cereals, while only one-sixteenth of England is so appropriated. Such being the excess of cereal produce, there is a corresponding scarcity of live-stock and manure, the animal produce of the country being equal to only one-third of the vegetable produce, whereas in England these two classes of productions are equal. Precluded by excessive duties, the importation of oxen in 1845 was but 5,046, and in 1846 but 5,874, a ridiculous amount for a country of which the capital was consuming more than 6,000 per week, and which exported nearly as many annually to the little islands of Jersey and Guernsey. If the grievous taxes on articles of subsistence had then been reduced, the alimentary crisis of the ensuing year might have been averted, and the revolution of the succeeding year avoided. One of the animals recently

exhibited was a savage-looking, small gray cow, aged eleven years, with long wide horns, ticketed thus:—“Transformée en bœuf par le procédé Charlier, après avoir donné huit veaux.” Notwithstanding her transformation, the look of this old dairy-woman was not *appétisant*; there was no tenderness in her; her name only as “*bœuf*” whetted our tastes, for, as antiquaries, we know that beef used to mean fat cow, just as mutton means eatable sheep. In a bucolic point of view, the Swiss and French sides of the Jura mountain present a contrast which requires more explanation than we can suggest. On the Helvetic slope, the cows have glossy skins, transparent horns, sleek forms, and swelling udders, so many signs of vigorous health; but on the Gaulic *versant* the animals have dirty hides, opaque horns, and weak, rickety shapes. Why this contrast? Surely not because, as some writers say, the latter animal lacks the salt freely given to its neighbour, but because property, both in land and cattle, is held much in common by the French people.

In conclusion, agriculture, which is the broadest basis of the natural resources of the country under contemplation, suffers from the pettiness and poverty of the multitude interested in it. We are assured that a distinguished *sénateur* asserted lately, in open Senate, without fear of contradiction, that, considered broadly, agriculture in his country is less advanced than in any other in Europe! Having recently discussed in these pages the causes of this backward state of georgic and bucolic affairs, we need say no more, save that as such is the condition of these sciences among the French, there is little cause for Britons to be proud of excelling them in agriculture, while our ingenious allies may well be proud of a multiplicity of the artificial productions which figured in their Palace of Industry, since many are entitled to *vif éclat* from their distinguished grace and good taste.

BONIFAZIO.

How picturesque is Bonifazio
 On its white pyramid of rock above
 The straits between the islands. Genoa,
 Princely Republic, held this fortress-town,
 And still the lion rampant, Genoa's arms,
 Is seen upon the antique houses there,
 And still the name of Doria, Genoa's chief,
 Lives in its streets.

Outside its fortress-gate
 I sit at sunset on the dizzy brink
 Of the white rock, and watch the violet sea
 Flusht with the saffron of the sky, and mark
 The golden light upon the glimmering sails
 Of fishing-boats bound homeward. Opposite,
 Sardinia's mountains melt into the haze,
 Vague in the twilight as a lover's dream,
 Or as the destiny of young Clotilde,
 Sardinia's princess, mated to a man
 Whose fiery fathers dwelt in Corsica.

And now the lighthouse, like a lamp upheld
 By some strong Titan, glitters through the gloom.
 And suddenly across the fading straits,
 From Longo Sardo on Sardinia's north,
 Red light of a fanal comes blazing out
 In silent answer. So to Corsica
 Sardinia sends "Good night." Ay, verily,
 Pharos to pharos flashes greeting. Night,
 With peace upon her wings for aching hearts,
 Falls swiftly on the world.

These wondrous Straits,
 How magical their beauty while the west
 Glows with innumerable dyes!—The west,
 Where daily the Omnipotent Painter works
 Fresh marvels!—In those granite island-crag
 Now drowned in liquid gold, the Romans dug
 Quarries, hewed columns, loaded barques with stone,
 To build their palaces. Even now, half-hewn,
 The columns lie—the ruined forge is there—
 Traces of charcoal still upon the cliff,
 Though Æolus has let loose all his winds
 Over that sea for centuries. As the day
 Fades slowly, half I dream I see the ghosts
 Of toga'd workmen, stalwart men and stern,
 Plying the forge. How came they to depart?
 Was it when Rome was falling? Did there fly
 Over the sea strange rumours to their ears
 Saying, *The Northmen sack the Imperial town:*
And the great Prince for whom ye build is slain?

Ah, City of the Cæsars! Other years
 Bring other powers: and from this very isle,
 This fierce fair Corsica, a race have sprung
 Too Cæsar-like, who'll grasp the world, or else
 Be driven from the perilous throne they hold.

M. C.

A FRENCH OPERA-GLASS.

It is scarcely a profound secret—and lightest probing of this subject, ever so delicate, it is hoped, will not go to fill up the measure of that well-known perfidy, with which the name of Albion has been always associated, it is no mystery, then, that the relations of certain “lively” neighbours of our own, in respect to their literary craftsmen, are of a peculiar and exceptional character. It is no profane lifting of the veil, if we whisper cautiously, that the great French reading public are in the habit of bursting tumultuously into those quiet gardens and academic groves where their literary children sit thoughtfully filling in copy for the feuilleton corner of the newspapers. They claim a usor in these select grounds, as of right, and spread themselves over these fair plaisaunces with an unreasonable curiosity, just as they invade, of Sundays and bright holidays, the dainty gardens of St. Cloud and Versailles. The “*Great Waters*” must be set a-playing for them, or they may perhaps wreck the flowers and shrubs; and the graceful penman, whom they have come to look at, must go through *some* poses plastiques—some elegant “drawing-room act,” at least, or the prying lieges may be inclined to use his furniture unhandsomely. The sallow Romancer; the Boudoir poet, sicklied over with the pale cast that results from immoderate indulgence in cigars and petites verres, of absinthe and cognac, perhaps, too, from the salt tears that force themselves from his eyes as he reads a tender idyll to a hemicycle of sympathizing female friends; the smart dramatist of the Gymnase; the *chiffonier* or scavenger of quaint and questionable odds and ends from the Demi-monde: these gentlemen must lay down their pens, gravely rise, and do honour to their visitors. They must show them over their diminutive entresol; point attention to their various knickknacks, clock, suspended pipe collection, large variety of eccentric facetiously-headed sticks, portraits of ladies filling high positions in the ballet walk of life, and other such decorative furniture. The faded

Werther-faced one must please to throw wide open his closet doors, even that sanctuary where his particular skeleton is laid up; must bring forth his old garments to the light, to be appraised and felt over by the admiring fingers of these literary Sans culottes—That special sinuosity in the line of his hat brim—the peculiar tint of his waistcoat—that shabby cap, which he frankly confesses brings inspiration with it, and without which he becomes barren and inefficient—on all such points he is pressed greedily, and his answers taken down. The public finger passes thoughtfully over his temples, taking phrenological diagnosis of their peculiar conformation, seeking for Combativeness, perhaps for Philoprogenitiveness, and other such curious developments—just as the rustics at the fair convince themselves, practically, that there is no deception, gentlemen, in the case of the famous giantess—taking up portions of that unhappy lady’s person between their fingers.

Does he cling to a special Café; has he a corner in that establishment towards which he makes instinctively on entering—a favorite peg on which he loves to hang his hat, becoming uneasy if anticipated? Does he prefer cotellettes à la Maintenon to the same delicacies à la Soubise? Does he take two or three lumps of sugar in his coffee, or does he prefer that beverage wholly without such deterioration? Does he write on blue-tinted, or on purely white, paper? Where does he buy his cigars; or does he eschew such stimulants, and with a quaint eccentricity, affect the humbler and more degraded species of tobacco? For accurate and authentic information on all these points, there has grown up, in Paris the Beautiful, an overpowering greed—an insane craving, which the most ample particulars have hitherto had only the effect of stimulating. M. Eugene de Mirecourt has been by far the most extensive caterer for this species of entertainment. He became a vast contractor, as it were, and commenced his operations on an astonishing scale. He took on himself to supply this nutriment in

the gross, and accepted all orders. Forth from the shop of Gustave Havar, a courageous publisher, fluttered that army of light birds, whose yellow plumage is familiar to the British reading public, and which soon scattered themselves towards the four corners of the earth. "*Les Contemporains*" was the name of this new ornithological species. They carried in their bills the strangest details, which, if not strictly true, were, at least, *well found*. The world bought, read, and laughed—but this wholesale submission, of some two hundred authors, painters, musicians, and actors, to Mr. Weller's well-known optical instrument, a "patent double million magnifyin' gas microscope of hextra power," was a dangerous experiment, from the terrible combination it was sure to provoke. The French writing men might chuckle and whisper together, as a brother writing man was delicately scarified; but when all were forced under the lens together it became serious. Accordingly, this grand contractor broke down suddenly, and had to atone for his enterprise in an ungrateful, but varied, succession of dungeons. His little yellow libels, however, remain, perhaps one of the most curious results of the second quarter of this century.

Not so long since, the portière of M. Balzac's boudoir, (it is not French ladies only who have boudoirs,) was lifted up quietly by his own publisher, and we were permitted to take a short peep into the mysterious inner life of that most eccentric man of genius. The frank publisher told all he knew concerning the private accounts—the notes-of-hand, long since overdue; the strange shifts, and questionable tricks, where at least money was concerned, of this vagrant spasmodic nature. That a spade shall be called a spade—that there shall be full and complete outspokening on all matters usually hedged round with a certain privacy—that all things hidden in respect of domestic life, shall be dragged into the dazzling glare of an electric light—this seems to be the new literary gospel of our neighbours.

One M. Charles Monselet has recently put forth a sort of procession of his brethren, sketched in a familiar fashion, and which bears for title, "*The Literary Opera-Glass*." In this in-

strument, that free and easy taking of the reader by the button-hole, and withdrawing of him into a corner; that cool *tutoyer* of a perfect stranger, and encircling of him in an affectionate embrace, is carried out with a matchless effrontery. This is not the agreeable familiarity of the true humorist, who chatters boisterously before even pure strangers, because he cannot keep down his tumultuous spirits; but the impertinent freedom of an ill-bred fellow, who, on a five minutes' acquaintance, proposes a pecuniary loan. Applying, then, this optical instrument to our eyes, let us look round the house, and see what curious company usually sits in the literary boxes and stalls, in the galleries and amphitheatres even—all looking at the queer Paris drama on the stage before them—and taking notes of characters and passions.

One of the most striking results of such a glance on all sides of us will be the discovery that there are some 400 workers busily engaged in spinning romances, newspaper feuilletons, and volumes of poetry, for the supply of the Paris public: most of whom being men of tolerable mark among their own countrymen, and standing above the level of purely anonymous drudges, who make a wholly distinct legion, are yet utterly unknown to the British reading public! We have something, therefore, to learn, as to the ordering of this matter in France, some 400 names, of which 350 sound strange and unfamiliar, which leads to an eccentric feature of French authorship—namely, that of writing under the disguise of quaint *noms de plume*, or assumed names. This affectation is carried to a more absurd length than we on this side of the channel would suppose. It is become a system; and it is supposed that by masquerading under some short and barbarous title, a sort of piquancy is imparted to the writing. Thus, "*Old Nick*" is the favourite *domino* of one M. Forgues, who, under shelter of this unholy *soubriquet*, scatters strange facetiousness and curious quips broadcast. Nadar, a name familiar enough, and which has a certain astrological ring, screens behind it the more prosaic one of Tour-nichon, which has a ring of its own, too—a sort of huckstering city ring, which would fit one of M. Paul de Kock's bourgeois husbands hand-

somely. Eugene de Mirecourt sounds Romanesque and Dellacruscan; yet it only disguises the ill-sounding appellation of Jacquot! Cham, the ingenious caricaturist, bears in private life a name not so abrupt or so singular; and there can be little doubt, but that a gentleman who signs music with the striking syllable, "Jam," is not so addressed by his friends in the privacy of social life. By the aid of the Opera-glass we are let into the secret of these re-christenings. M. Boiteau, a rough and untrimmed patronymic, was enlisted by the director of an Art journal, "who," M. Monselet tells us, "not finding his name sufficiently soft and eloquent, obliged him to sign Paul D'Ambly, to which the youth assented cheerfully. This director has, in fact, a trick of newly baptizing all his staff. M. Jules Fleury became *Champfleury*: Hippolyte Castile, *Le Chevalier Castile*. Aubriet was obliged to introduce a 'y' into his name, and become *Aubryet*." M. Basset finds his name jar on the nerves of susceptible readers, and transforms himself into *Adrien Robert*, to which no romantic reader could reasonably object.

Another strange feature in French authorship, disclosed by this achromatic instrument of M. Monselet, is the startling and fantastic titles writers are in the habit of placing at the head of their works. It has been seen what virtue is supposed to be inherent in a name; but there is a far more mysterious efficacy in a *title*—not of nobility, but of a romance. The great British public, who are acquainted with but a score or so of the French romance factors, and who have touched at the fairy island of Monte Christo, and followed the Three Musketeers on tip-toe and with bated breath, cannot have the faintest conception of the fantastic *sign boards*, the wild emblazonry and legends which hang at the thresholds of these story-tellers. Public appetite must be stimulated by some such device. "Impossible Affection!" would at least excite curiosity; so, too, would "The History of a Nose." "Madame Potiphar," though questionable, shows to what a strange order of subject Frenchmen will resort in their rage for novelty. "A Carp in a Tub" is mysterious, and has a certain allegorical meaning. "Improbable Stories," pique curiosity;

"Monsieur Pelican" promises something droll; and "The Feast of Seven Gourmands" looks appetizing. So, too is the "Voyage Round," not *ma chambre*, as would be expected, but round "Queen Pomarè," which dignity typifies a well known lady in Parisian circles. What but something melodramatic, and general supping off horrors, could come of "Twixt Eleven and Midnight." Surely from such a novel must have been extracted the generic specimen of the highly wrought fiction, given in M. Monselet's book, and set down at one Dennery's door:—"The proof—the proof, I say, quick—how slowly that hour hand moves; no mode of retreat—ah, ah! a door! 'Tis my chamber, Monsieur! well, this cabinet! Be seated, Colonel, and listen to me. You may judge me afterwards. (A silence for a few minutes). That was twenty-five years ago! In the environs of Montereau there lived a family composed of a young girl—two sons-in-law (he lifts his eyes to Heaven.) This young girl—ah! you turn pale, M. le Colonel (movement on the part of the Colonel). No noise—no fuss, if you please, monsieurs, we are observed! This evening, then, behind the gardens of the hotel, at nine o'clock, I shall have my seconds. (Aloud to Emmierance), your hand chère amie! (They pass into the ball-room)—saved! saved! saved!" This quaint jumble is a fair specimen of the spasmodic novel. Some titles verge on the profane. "The Soul's Hell," and a story entirely devoted to that awful place of punishment, and entitled "L'Enfer," carry the principle of striking titles a little too far. One enterprising publisher actually brought out a journal called *Satan*; but we are told it did not take a firm hold of the public. It is not written what popularity "*The Conversations of Charles Bandelaire with the Angels*" ever reached to.

French critics have a curious and forcible expression applied to their dealing savagely with victims that come under their knife. "Ereinter," that is "*breaking the back*," is the popular phrase applied to this deadly operation. No one could *ereinter* so well as Janin, and in a light, glib way, following suit, the author of the "Literary Opera-Glass" brandishes his little scalpel, and disposes, perty, of the great flock of writers, entering into a

curious personality. "*Gorges*" is a "six feet high scribbler;" *Lapointe* "a woman's and children's writer;" "*Chochinal*" a little blackey, with spirit enough for two whites; *David* is no more than a "novelist who has had his hour, or rather his quarter of an hour;" and *Berger* is dismissed as "a savant at twenty-two carats;" *Ponsard*, the dramatic satirist of the Bourse, "is a literary accident;" *Sejour* is written down "a statuette in Florentine bronze;" and *Serret* is only "a sous lieutenant in the school of good sense."

Scribe, the prolific, has a certain reputation, but still is sadly overrated. "I don't deny the *Vendôme Column*," says M. Monselet, "neither can I deny Scribe." One Alexander Dufai, under pressure of the alphabetical arrangement of the work, puts up his head, as does Polichinello in the play, only to be cruelly beaten down with a "hou! le villain!" Debay is thus smartly handled:—"The Literary Society claims him as an associate. Without that, he might be taken for a perfumer, from the titles of his books. 'Hygiene of the Hair and Beard,' 'Hygiene of the Face and Skin,' 'Hygiene of the Feet and Hands—of Beauty,' 'Hygiene of Marriage—of Bathers.' You think, perhaps," adds Monselet, "that I am talking nonsense!" Berlioz, composer and writer, is thus bitten in, with strong acid:—"Any thing not worth singing, he has written. His criticisms in the *Debats* are full of *face*, which convulses with laughter." M. Berlioz—*couailliac*—is branded as "skirmisher of the light press and frivolous romance." But what is he to Commerson, "who is editor in chief of a journal which bears about the same relation to the *Debats* that a *syrringe* does to a *sceptre*!" These are good set terms. But what is this to the cruel stroke in store for M. Cesena, on whose name being called, he merely remarks:—"Come, let us be serious, and pass on." Or to the treatment of *Hippolite Castile*, who is sneeringly accused of trying to be like *Mirabeau*, "only *Mirabeau* without his organ, his prison, or his small-pox." Could any thing be more contemptuous than quoting, *a propos* of Massas, an extract from the French cookery book:—"Take a hare, cut it up into small pieces, and get it to

boil before a slow fire, &c." And having given minute directions for the treatment of this delicacy, passes by the unhappy victim without a word! M. Plouvier is "seen running, running hard after the omnibus of Romanticism; but the conductor only shouts to him, "All full inside!" M. Planche, the critic of the well-known *Revue de deux Mondes*, is thus happily photographed at his work:—"What a school of surgery is here! and what a surgeon in Planche! See with what skill and *sang-froid* he turns his sleeves back, and delicately works his instrument into the flesh of the patient whom chance has sent into the operating-room. In vain the patient shrieks—Planche hears him not. The patient weeps—Planche sees nothing. He might, perhaps, remark that tears contain a certain amount of phosphorus, a little chloride of sodium, some mucus, and a little water. "The operation over, he turns to the infirmarian, who is holding a basin for him, dips his fingers, wipes them dry, and passes to another victim." Just "as there are ladies' bootmakers, so are there ladies' story-tellers," with which complimentary flourish the ingenious Sandeau—who lent the first half of his name to Madame George Sand—is introduced. La Landelle is only known to the public "by some *savage* and *tattooed* stories," such as "The Ebony Princess," &c. And a dramatist called *Lelioux* thus receives his congé:—"The Odéon took ten years to bring out his play of *Don Gaspar*; and the French theatre, at its wit's end through his importunity, actually gave him money to get *himself* played elsewhere, just as one might bid him *hang* himself elsewhere." M. Lucas is presently mentioned. "Suffer me," says M. Monselet, "to wipe the glasses of my spectacles!" M. Lesquillon is the next name. "My spectacle glasses are now wiped," is the only commentary it provokes. M. Lebidiois is the next. "They (the spectacle glasses) now glitter with a fresh lustre. Let us go on." And so the unoffending triad is despatched. One writer "makes a paradox spring out every now and then, like a Jack-in-the-Box."

Would we have a few details as to the *personnel*, the hue-and-cry de-

scription, as it were, of some of these famous men touched in a familiar, personal style! There are copious details set out in M. Monselet's "Opera-Glass," so as to help such as would perform the perplexing feat of running as they read, to recognise this or that author by some strange mark about his appearance. *Goy* is "a well-dressed man—brilliant—varnished; rings on his fingers, and a highly-trained beard: the most tawny, as well as the most affable of translators." It may be interesting to know that *Grolier* wears a black silk cap at every season of the year. *Gastineau* is "as pale as fresh butter." Should we meet a man with "tangled hair; with a long flowing cloak covered with the most eccentric braiding; with a whole jeweller's stock of charms and knickknacks hanging at his waistcoat, we shall know him to be no other than one *Leo Lespès*, who wrote "Paris in its Arm-chair." *La Madeleine* is easily recognisable, being "a dazzling blonde." And *Malleville*, having unhappily but one eye, is the more likely to leave an impression on the memory. In *Prosper*

Merimée, readers will take a more direct interest, and will be glad to know he is "large without embonpoint, with a mocking expression about his face." So far so good; and *M. Merimée* might "justly aspire to what is known as a 'diplomatic bearing,' were it not for that fatal overgrown nasal promontory, that indiscreet feature." *Trapa doux* must be a quaint eccentric character. Of enormous stature, and known at the *Café Momus* as the "Green Giant," he has the habit of answering the question "How are you?" with a cautious "That depends." Latterly he has only been seen at remarkable interments. *Peter Zaccane* is the very last of literary men, as *M. Achard* is the first, "that is, in alphabetical order!"

Has not *M. Monselet* courage thus fearlessly to "take" private boxes with his "Opera-Glass?" or has he no wholesome terror of an early pilgrimage to the Bois de Boulogne, where he may be called on, like luckless *M. de Péne*, to answer for his free speech, rapier in hand.

OUR POLITICAL CHORUS.

THE British Press has long played a rôle in politics analogous to that which the Chorus of a Greek drama fills as respects the performers, in pronouncing a running commentary on the conduct of the principal actors, so as that the audience better understand the motives of events, through the medium of an agreeable recitative uttered by spectators interested in the scene.

With all the world for a stage, Britain fills so great a part in the real, living play of life throughout the habitable globe, that some of her *corps dramatique* may well stand aside and endeavour to pass judgment on the main actions; or at least should chronicle current passages, if they do not speak, like a chorus, as exponents of public opinion. For ourselves, we aspire to being little more than monthly gossips, the "*Sarah Gamp*" and "*Mrs. Harris*" of the political births each month brings forth; since we do not appear until what we have to talk about has, in general, lost its quality

of news. Yet, though claiming as much incognito as "*Mrs. Harris*," and perhaps somewhat of her knowledgeable and judicious character, we do not pretend to the prophetic talent asserted by her female friend, nor partake much of this notable personage's philosophic and didactic disposition. Indeed, whatever relic of classic days may remain in the form of a chorus transmuted into a printing press, the augurs of Rome have not had, since disbelief in Druids, any modern representatives. Omens are quite disregarded, and we know no substitutes for the Sacred Chickens whose capricious appetites used occasionally to decide the fate of nations; nor is there any thing in place of other ancient political fowl; although it is not too much to think that some of our Democrats unconsciously act the part of the Geese of the Capitol. Let us, then, looking far away from home—after we have duly, but briefly, thanked those demagogues for their

recent valuable services—glance at the wreck of the Malabar, applaud the magnanimous deportment of Lord Elgin and Baron Gros in the hour of danger, and find not an ill omen in the perishing of mere matter, but a good one in the assurance given by those high examples, felt and followed as they were by nearly all present in the trying scene, that the military and political business of the Allies in China will prosper under such leaders. There was a rumour that the Chinese government had acceded to all demands; but this is unconfirmed, and, on the contrary, there are precedents for believing that the said government will observe treaties no longer than the stay of a considerable British force shall compel their observance.

Since writing the above, we find we are mistaken in saying there are no political prophets; for it seems that Mr. John Mitchel, "the distinguished Irish patriot," arrogates the function of augur in politics for both the New and Old Worlds. In an account, in the *Missouri Daily Democrat*, of a lecture delivered by this accomplished soothsayer, on the 13th ult., we find the following:—

"John Mitchel is augur enough to tell us a great deal of the coming flight of the French eagles, whether across the sea like their progenitors the Roman eagles, or to the Rhine, in the fortresses and castled crags of which they hope to build their eyries. He knows very likely if an invasion of England is contemplated by the Emperor of the French, and if he chooses, can conduct his audience, torch in hand, through the catacombs of the Revolutionists, through the underground region inhabited by Carbonari, Red Republicans, Phœnix Clubs, and other subterranean tribes."

Really it is fortunate there is a living prophet so capable, and one who appears willing to tell what he knows about political birds, beasts, and reptiles. However, until revelations as to the destinies of the Old World come to us *via* the New, we must be content to use whatever information the English Press and other sources supply, and merely offer the ensuing commentary on recent political occurrences.

It has been repeatedly announced that the imperial policy of France, having accomplished its object on the

side of Italy, is extending its power and influence towards the Rhine, by opening negotiations with Bavaria for the cession of the Palatinate, on the west bank of this great river, holding out the prospect to that power of compensating herself at the expense of Austria in the Tyrol. Recent revelations show how far the Imperial plans for intervention in the affairs of Germany are matured. It seems more than probable that were Prussia to lend herself to the designs of the French Emperor, he would engage to compensate her for the cession of her Rhenish provinces by the annexation to the Prussian Crown of the kingdom of Hanover and the province of Holstein. For the present, in order to embarrass Prussia, the Emperor is confidently understood to have assumed the Danish side in the question of the Duchies of Holstein. But, since Prussian ambition is aroused, there has been an obvious policy on the part of France to excite it further, not only to giving way on the question of annexing a mere province, but even to offering the kingdom of Hanover, and, moreover, directing the views of the Prince of Prussia over still larger breadths of German dominion. Were it not that there is a map of the German Confederation, the late interview at Baden might have been signalized by the tempter showing, from the summit of the Mercur hill, near that town, part at least of the tempting regions. But in these times maps, pamphlets, and private meetings, fill the parts anciently performed by means of functionaries of inferior fidelity. The brochure of M. Edmond About, the simple "peasant," as he styles himself, of Saverne, Bas Rhin, has developed the whole design with sufficient clearness to enable us to offer some comments on the late mystical meeting at the capital of continental gamblers, after we have first expressed our regret that the Prince of Prussia should appear to have lent himself to an innovatory and dangerous principle, by interfering in Danish affairs in support of the demands of Holstein and Schleswig.

Seers of old augured much from the flight of birds: even to our day little wrens suffer annual martyrdom from Christian boys, because these "kings of all birds" were the favourite oracles of Pagan soothsayers. We

ourselves saw lately the French eagle fly across the Rhine, and perch on the Mercur hill above Baden, so called because it was sacred to the god of thieves and ambassadors. The fowl of prey finally alighted at the tea-table of the Villa Stéphanie. What does this portend? Will the princes of Germany, still fluttering in their dovescots, settle down in assured quiet? Though the Emperor of the French is no Coriolanus, their meeting with him would appear to have been conducted on the sound principle which prompted the question of Menenius to the Volscian guard:—"Has he dined; canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner." What they said to him, or rather, what assurances of his most distinguished consideration he gave them, have not transpired. All we know for certain is, that he smoked cigars during the intervals of business. Is this ominous? The classics afford no precedents to be drawn from tobacco. Red savages smoke the calumet of peace; so let us hope that Germany saw through that cloud nothing but piping times. There has been little elucidation of the main objects of this surreptitious Congress, excepting the pamphlet which heralded it, entitled "*La Prusse en 1860*," disclosing two delicate cases for dealings between Napoleon III. and the Prince of Prussia—one of a private nature, the other of the public or political character we have just noticed. As regards the former case, it is an exposure of the attempts of some officers of the Berlin police to incite an insurrection in Posen by fictitious correspondence with the Democratic Committee in London. It seems that these officious spies went so far as to write false excitations to the revolutionary conspirators to renew the horrible attempt of Orsini. Now, according to close observers, the proposed victim of that detestable *attentat* has not been the same man since it occurred. The explosion of the murderous bombshells roused him to action, and the mere name of the assassin is sufficient to quicken the political restlessness he has shown ever since.

The London Committee went so far, it appears, as to be entrapped by the Prussian police into forwarding the receipt for making Orsini bombs, and the spies, in acknowledgment, asked

if the French democrats would delay in risking another attempt, and reiterated the question whether the Republicans would essay to overthrow the tyrant? It is with the justest indignation the pamphleteer stigmatizes this atrocious plan for proving men by suggesting one of the most terrible of crimes; and we can conceive, as objects of the recent interview at Baden, remonstrance on the part of the Emperor of the French, and an endeavour to set himself well in the opinion of the ruler of Prussia. Yet, however much Louis Napoleon Bonaparte may desire to stand favourably in the sight of the crowned heads of Europe, it is notorious that he also tries to keep well with the *Carbonari* and other secret revolutionary societies, and that he leans principally upon democratic feeling in France. Nothing less than immense sacrifices to this latter sentiment would save his country from another trial at Republicanism. In fact, his throne is based upon Democracy, though wielding the sceptre of Despotism.

Clearly enough, the matters, whatever they were, on which the Emperor of the French spake with the Prince of Prussia, partook of the nature characterized as delicate or tender; they evidently were cases in which one, at least, of the interlocutors wished, to quote a roguish diplomatist, that "his eye should be upon the countenance of him with whom he speaketh, in order that it shall tell him how far he may go;" or, to use common expressions, the desire was that the interview should be *tête-à-tête* and *vis-a-vis*, "between the four eyes."

So far for personal motives; and with regard to political objects, the scheme of the conference seems even more clear. The design of Napoleon III. appears to have been to prevent a coalition either of the German princes, or of them with Great Britain, hostile to himself. Diplomats among them have formed a theory that he has only so far modified his uncle's policy as cautiously to avoid raising up a combination against him, and that he has carefully weighed the cause to which Montesquieu ascribes the successes of the Roman Republic, that of not attacking more than one enemy at a time. This theory, set forth among the German people in a

hundred forms, naturally renders them even more suspicious when at peace than at war with France. They are therefore inclined to regard any recent expression of amity much as Ulysses regarded the respite given him by Polyphemus, as the sad privilege of being devoured last. Who can believe that the idea of German unity can be agreeable to Napoleon III., a potentate who fully recognises the maxim, *l'union fait la force*? Division among the sovereigns of Central Europe immensely increased the power of Russia, and their compliance with the policy of Metternich enabled Austria to dominate in Italy. Therefore they are responsible for the war which became necessary to weaken the first of these powers, and for the campaign which degraded the last. But of a surety, this great political truth was not propounded at the Baden tea-table, where Prussia gathered those anointed chickens, the petty kings, under her wing.

Let us recollect. A remarkable flight preceded the swoop of the French eagle, a rapid course from Hanover to Berlin, not of a mere carrier-pigeon, but of the King of Hanover himself. Had he heard that his kingdom was likely to be handed over to Russia, as a compensation for Rhenish provinces about to be seized on by France? Even the present year has a precedent which might induce Prussia to play the part of Piedmont. If the magnificent notion of "German unity" was recommended to the Prince Regnant, perhaps there was a whisper in his ear that the French army is ready to aid him in quelling any refractory princes, and asks for itself only a strip of land along the north-west bank of the Rhine. Prussia notoriously aspires to be the foremost power in Germany; and, if any such authority as is commonly ascribed to M. About's *brochure* is due to this production, it contains powerful incitements for pursuit of that ambition. Why should she not own this passion as freely as Piedmont has done; and why should not a conference at Baden do for her prince what the meeting on the western bank of the Rhine, at Plombières, effected for Victor Emmanuel? Part of the whole plan, but not, of course, including any annexation by France,

stands out lucidly in the pamphlet, painted in colours bright enough to dazzle any prince who might be less guarded than he of Prussia may be believed to be. He is invoked to claim a hegemony for his sceptre, and to call on French bayonets to assist him in obtaining it. The peculiar and pseudo-unsatisfactory constitution of the Prussian Parliament is contrasted with the pseudo-popular existence of universal suffrage in France. But the working of all this plausible political scheme is far more delicate than was the carrying out of the plan of French aggrandizement in Italy. Prussia has to be incited to take the initiative in assuring a position that would lead to a second "Confederation of the Rhine." The event which followed the first Confederation was the "Continental Blockade," devised by Bonaparte for the express purpose of destroying the power of England. Many reasons, however, exist for giving assurance that no such coalition will recur. Northern Germany is the sheet anchor of the Protestant religion, and the ties binding her to English interests are not to be quickly snapped. The events of the continental revolutions of 1848 have left no agreeable recollections, nor raised any glittering hopes among the German people, and the Emperor of the French has by no means overcome the distrust almost universally felt by them towards him. This meditative people are not likely to be caught by a visible trap, however baited, since they cannot but see that the projected scheme for their unity is likely to end in discord, strife, war, and the loss of their trans-Rhenish possessions. No one can tell what a year may bring forth; but regarding Louis Napoleon as chief of a nation of gamblers, let us hope that, whatever game he played in the "Conversation House," as the Baden palace for roulette and rouge-et-noir is called, he will not succeed in breaking the political bank of Northern Germany.

Among the arguments advanced to show why, as is pretended, the French, or rather their Emperor, "pushes on the Germans into the path of unity," reference is made to the maxim, *diviser pour regner*, in proof that, if ambition possessed the French, they would not desire to see thirty-two millions of Germans form a united nation,

Yet surely, whenever these latter are bent upon uniting will be time enough to speed them on the way. History records few instances in which either national union or independence has been obtained by means of foreign swords. The pamphleteer contrasts the hope of Prussia to place herself at the head of the proffered unity with the inferior chance of Austria. This latter empire, he says truly, inspires but mediocre sympathies in the German nation—for so long as the hegemony of the Allemannic states rested in the hands of the House of Hapsburg, they governed national affairs for the interest of their dynasty, and aggrandized Austria at the expense of Germany. "The day," continues he, "when the Teutonic spirit, essentially liberal, entered the road of religious reforms, Austria placed herself at the head of the Ultramontane reaction."

* * * In summary, "she presents in her population an inhomogeneous mixture of nationalities; in her Government despotism by right divine; in her Concordat oppression of conscience; in her custom-houses the spirit of prohibition;" while, on the other hand, "Prussia personifies German nationality, religious reform, commercial progress, constitutional liberalism." * * * "If she decided on playing the rôle of Piedmont, all the Germans, excepting princes and *hobereaux*" (rustic landlords), "would hasten to clear the way for her." *

* "They understand that it is useless and ridiculous to support thirty-six governments where one would suffice." All this plain speaking concludes thus:—

"Italy, august mother of our civilization and of our arts, has entered, under the auspices of France, into the path of independence and unity. Our armies paved the way where she walks to-day alone, conducted by Piedmont. * * * France sees, without fear, an Italy of twenty-six millions of men constitute itself to the south; she will not fear to see thirty-two millions of Germans found a great nation on her eastern frontier."

Such is the glittering artificial fly dangled before the eyes of the Prince of Prussia, and he is conjured to bait his hook to please the popular taste. He is to abolish the most reasonable representative system in the world in favour of universal suffrage and

vote by ballot. Hear the French Lucifer:—

"People endeavour to persuade the Germans that we have allowed ourselves to be despoiled of the parliamentary regime. It is certain that our parliament is much changed since 1848. It is no longer a coterie of 4 or 500,000; it is the entire nation which sends directly its deputies to the legislative body. This assembly, elected by universal suffrage, like the Emperor himself, no longer enjoys the ridiculous privilege of continually interrupting the course of affairs, to replace action by specchifying, union by coalition, public interest by private vanity, the serious progress of a great people by the stirring of some small oratorical ambition; but it enjoys the incontestable right of voting all the taxes and all the laws of the empire.

"This admitted, must we be jealous of the Prussian constitution? Is the principle of the responsibility of ministers applied to Prussia? Not yet. Have the Chambers the *acknowledged* right to refuse imposts? And what are the Prussian Chambers? The second, that which corresponds to our Corps Legislatif, or to the House of Commons, recruits itself by a mechanism much more ingenious than democratic. There is no universal suffrage, and not even election in the first degree. Being given a circle, or *arrondissement*, which pays 300,000 francs of direct taxation for instance, they divide the rate-payers into three unequal detachments. The fifteen or twenty large proprietors who pay between them the first 100,000 francs, form the first class of electors. The second is composed of two or three hundred persons, who pay between them the following 100,000 francs. All the other citizens paying the tax direct, that is to say, two or three thousand persons form the third. Each of these three classes assembles separately and name an equal number of electors; six, for instance, from each class, and the eighteen chosen electors join in their turn to proceed together in the choice of a deputy. It follows from thence, not only that labourers have no hope of being represented in parliament, but that the third class, or the great majority of the bourgeoisie, will be always in the minority in the electoral corps, and will never send a deputy to the Chamber."

Of all political questions, nothing, we conceive, yields in importance to the one so much demanding solution, viz., whether the French are fit for parliamentary government. We may perhaps, therefore, be allowed to digress into some comments on the

above sketches of the parliament that was, and of the legislative body that is in Paris. The former is described as having been elected by a "coterie" of about half a million of men; but in truth the number of electors was not half this amount, was very much too small, and very easily corrupted. The other extreme, universal suffrage, has been adopted; but the dependence of the *corps législatif* on the Emperor, as nominor of the majority of its members, is almost complete. Obviously, if the bulk of voters chose, they could return men capable of carrying out the democratic doctrine of the right of the people to tax property to any amount. Prussia, on the other hand, has adopted an electoral principle copied from that of the Roman *Centuria Comitia*, conferring graduated suffrage or cumulative votes, according to the amount of taxation. Now, without discussing how far the constitution of representation in Prussia is objectionable, we imagine that few persons, save some in an advanced stage of Radicalism, will deny that there is considerable virtue in a system which confers political power according to the degree in which the burden of taxation is borne.

The author of "*M'Mahon, roi d'Irlande*," is quite worth listening to there, as in the following paragraph he shows that the Old World is divided between two leading principles:—

"There are to-day but two really serious adversaries in the field, parliamentarism and the democratic idea, England and France. If the first is triumphant there is an end of French influence, for it would be puerile to contest the superiority of our neighbours in this matter. Save some cases of individual surrexcitation, in fact, the English Parliament preserves generally a certain decency, if not all its dignity; while in France a parliament given up to itself will never be any thing but what it has always been, according to circumstances, a hearth-stone of conspiracy, a fair of words, or else a paltry club of emancipated school-boys. It is necessary then, in order that this regimen may be effectually applied among the different nations of the West, that France, Spain, and Italy should be peopled with English, or that every Catholic should be disposed to allow himself to be treated like the Irish."

Here is the grand question plainly put—"Under what king, Bezonian,

speak, or die!" The answer in each individual case will probably be thus, on the average:—Every Protestant will wish to carry out his system of religious self-government into political affairs, while most Roman Catholics, succumbing to priestly authority, would also succumb to despotism.

Under the present phase of affairs in Naples, it is impossible to augur whether and when the recent turn of events will re-assume the direction of forcing Southern Italy from a tyrannical dynasty, and uniting it to the Northern constitutional regime. Meanwhile, the Emperor of the French has gained the advantage of serving to prevent fusion, in so far as his advice has been adopted by King Ferdinand.

As long as the Italians are left to dispose of their own political fortunes, the English will certainly not interfere. Nothing but the pretension of a foreign power to establish its domination in the Latin peninsula could induce us to depart from the neutrality hitherto observed. But our interests in the Mediterranean are so great as to cause us keen jealousy lest, as has been asserted, France may, after further aggrandizement of Piedmont, enlarge her demand for Nice and Savoy to requiring Genoa and Spezia, two of the finest ports in the Mediterranean.

It was confidently stated last month, that the French government had given its consent to a loan in France for the Pontifical government; that the sum required is one million sterling, to be raised by public subscription at five per cent., and that Messrs. Blount and Co., of the Rue de la Paix, were appointed to direct the matter. The embarrassed state of the Holy Father's finances forms, however, a gulf requiring Cæsus as a Curtius. Since the loss of Romagna, the receipts have fallen from twenty-two millions of crowns to eight millions, and meanwhile the expenses have been tripled. The fiscal crisis, if not imminent, is approaching, which will leave the temporal power of the Pope sustained by little else than French sabres, for much cannot be expected from the motley army under Lamoricière. By a strange revolution, his Holiness hopes to re-establish his temporal authority in the Eternal City by means somewhat resembling that by which the inhabitants of Babylon

expected to reach heaven, by employing a crowd of men to effect, through material means, what was morally impossible; and the confusion of tongues, which began in Babel, and now prevails in the Papal army, will, probably, result a second time in dispersion. The new position of the French troops in Rome is as follows:—their withdrawal is postponed; the Eldest Son of the Church guarantees the Eternal City to the Holy Father as his residence—beyond that he will not interfere. All the appeals made to the Papal government urging it to retrieve its position by well-considered reforms, having been met with no attention, France can no longer interfere in behalf of the Pontiff, should his own subjects revolt against tyranny and ill-treatment at the hands of the foreign mercenaries that form his gendarmerie, for, on the contrary, if the Romans be attacked by the foreign force in his Holiness's pay, they will be defended by the French. In connexion with this statement, it may be noticed that the sum of £80,000 has recently been voted by the *Corps Legislatif* of France for the restoration of the palace of Avignon, which was at one period the residence of a banished pontiff. This is evidently in anticipation of events which may occur before long.

Let us now look, first at France, then at home. The process of acclimatizing the principles of a free trade in France is going on slowly under the direction of Mr. Gibson and care of Mr. Cobden, the Goneril and Regan of British revenue personified as King Lear, and whose steward, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, would cut down estimates for men-at-arms, were he allowed to do so. As it is, this official has not all his own way; and this is well, for so long as the British king kept his income in his own power, it was of some use to stipulate for a guard of knights; but the "Treaty" once signed, his unnatural offspring turned his troops out of doors. In poetic or dramatic justice, the over-generous old sovereign was avenged on his ungrateful children. The House of Lords has already righted the revenue, by refusing assent to the repeal of the paper duty; and the state of the last quarter's receipts fully justifies the pre-

dictions of those who doubted the wisdom of repealing it. The "privilege question" may, perhaps, be thus narrowed. The admirable elasticity of the British Constitution exists because neither the Crown, Lords, nor Commons have power to bind the other. The rule respecting tax bills is, the Commons grant, the Lords assent: the exception proving the rule is, when the latter dissent. Their assent is necessary, and its virtue lies in their power to be dissentient. They are, of course, responsible to public opinion for the consequences of exceptional dissent; and, in the present instance, opinion is in their favour. In short, people are disinclined to the democratic doctrine of the right of the House of Commons to deal absolutely with questions of taxation, just as they also repudiate the idea that the untaxed may tax property to any amount.

Among difficult debates as to distribution of taxation burdens, the claim to impose charges for the formation of harbours of refuge is not the least vexed. Harbours of refuge have been proposed over and over again on the east coast of England, and commissions have examined and reported on the most eligible localities. But the question, where the money for constructing such havens is to come from, is by no means determined. The shipowners, the most interested parties, are not willing to be tolled or taxed for the purpose; and since the objection that insurance causes carelessness cannot be refuted, a case is not made out for charging the community with the cost of protecting such private property as mercantile shipping. In the meantime, wrecks grow more numerous, and annually an amount of life and property is lost almost astounding. The recent report shows that the east coast of Ireland is also in need of refuge harbours. The Commissioners observe truly that nature has done much for our south, west, and north coasts. On the one side, they saw the magnificent harbour of Galway, and on the south the still more magnificent harbour of Cork. To the north, there are Lough Foyle and Belfast Lough, both affording excellent anchorage ground. Coming to the north-eastern coast, they examined the fine natural bay of Carlingford—a

splendid sheet of water, but impeded in utility by a bar of rock, which engineers, however, agree could be easily removed. The report, therefore, recommends that the sum of £50,000 should be expended here, and a like sum at Waterford. About one hundred and thirty miles of shore, from Kingstown to Dunmore, were, however, passed by, notwithstanding this considerable extent of coast is virtually without any harbour. Now, the entire seashores of the counties of Wexford and Wicklow not only afford no shelter to the fleets of merchant vessels daily passing to and from Liverpool, but their sandbanks and rocks lie most dangerously in the narrow way. Perhaps the cost of constructing a harbour somewhere near Tuskar lighthouse, the Irish Eddystone, deterred the Commissioners; yet we cannot but observe that this fine pharos, and the many wrecks every winter throws on the neighbouring promontory, point to this locality as demanding to be thoroughly examined as to the practicability of forming a harbour of refuge there.

With regard to the subject of our National Defences, conceiving that the instructions to the Commissioners precluded the most important point, viz., inquiry into the best mode of protecting the capital of England from invasion, we quarrel with their report. The fortifications recommended to be constructed are confined to the defence of dockyards, Portland Harbour, Dover, and the mouth of the Thames. But these places, however desirable it is that they should be invulnerable, are not vital. London, the heart of the British Empire, is the seat of its vitality. No ghost is needed to tell us this; for even the admirable report of Lord Overstone was not wanted to explain what would be the results of the great blow of foreign invasion on the centre of British life. Moreover, the steam dockyard of Woolwich is practically included within the metropolis, and its security is of more consequence than that of any one of the other arsenals. We cannot imagine that the French, should they ever assemble their forces to make a descent upon England, would admit into their views for an instant the mere destruction of one or more of our dockyards. Their aim would be to subjugate, not

to maim. Such at least were the tactics of the first Napoleon, who, like a hawk, pierced straight to the heart of his victim. Twice he marched direct into Vienna; he subdued Prussia by seizing Berlin; and thought to humble Russia by penetrating to Moscow. Fortresses have stopped the progress of many an invader. Last summer, the famous Quadrilateral arrested Napoleon III. in his march towards the Adriatic. Engineered lines enabled Wellington to hold his ground for years in the Peninsula. A fortress, even of an inferior kind, enabled the Sepoy mutineers to maintain themselves for four months in India. Hardly a capital in Europe, excepting London, but has suffered the affront of foreign invasion, and hardly one but is strongly fortified. The defence of the metropolis is assuredly the right object for consideration. The Commissioners admit that the main object of an invader would be to push for the capital, since his hope of any real success must lie in the expectation of obtaining command of it. Who can tell what would be the terms such a calamity would impose on the conquered? In the words which have been echoed throughout the United Kingdom, "IT MUST NOT BE!"

The conclusions of the Commissioners as to the necessity of having fortified dockyards and arsenals cannot be gainsaid. Though no one would propose to make Portsmouth as impregnable as Cronstadt, nor to change the present sensible policy of having several sea arsenals instead of a single one as extensive as Cherbourg, the cost of reasonably fortifying them is not so excessive as to deter a very wealthy and vulnerable country. As the Commissioners show, we must augment either our fleet to an enormous extent, or our regular army, or else spend a round sum in fortifying. The last course will be by far the cheapest in the end, since a fort costs less than a frigate, is not liable to wear and tear, and does not require to be perpetually manned. The cost of the projected works, twelve millions sterling, is not to be weighed against the inestimable privilege of feeling that London stands safe from being taken. Lines protecting the city would, in effect, be the best fortification of the coast itself. Make the great prize of victory safe against

attack, and no enemy would think it worth while to attempt an expedition so hazardous as a descent upon the shores of England must always be. A sudden raid upon one of our seaports would be the utmost expedition that the boldest foe would engage in; unless, indeed, he should venture on what is now threatened, landing an army in Ireland. To guard, so far as new fortifications are concerned, against this risk, all the Commissioners propose is some light outlay on Cork harbour. Our pages have discussed the topic of forming a fortified dockyard here so often, we will for the present say no more than congratulate the Irish Members of Parliament, who, in their recent interview with the Prime Minister, found themselves "preaching," as he expressed it, "to one already converted" in favour of this important point.

The proposition made in a recent magazine article, entitled, *London, the stronghold of England*, has deservedly attracted a good deal of favourable notice. This plan is to afford defence to the capital by constructing detached forts on some surrounding commanding positions. The scheme principally recommends itself by its cheapness; and that quality might even be enhanced, if a further suggestion were acted upon, of purchasing the land for the sites of the forts by the sale of some barrack-grounds in London, which would also produce the accessional advantage of sending the soldiery into the better air and exercise of the proposed suburban fortifications. Whether the huge and rather unsightly barracks in the Birdcage Walk could be advantageously displaced by some other description of edifices, is a question we will not venture to do more than suggest. On the other hand, the above scheme is said to fail in the measures both of military science and efficiency. *Sub hac judice lis est*. To the simple vision of Cockneys, the Surrey hills, so prominent from Piccadilly, ranging along the southern side of the metropolis, which is the side most open to an invasive attack, seem to offer the preferable site for entrenched lines. But the suggestions published by Colonel Jebb propose to form a line of trenches still further off, with the same object, viz., to enable the small forces, that could be got toge-

ther in case of sudden war, and successful landing of the enemy, to hold his army in check upon their advance, until the latent strength of the country could be brought to bear. For this purpose, he would have lines constructed from the Thames at Reading to the Medway above Chatham, simple earthworks thrown up with little expense, and in a very short time. The line of country thus selected to form the British Torres Vedras is the escarpment of the chalk range running westward from near Maidstone, towards Reigate, Dorking, Guildford, and Farnham. Perhaps we may be suffered to remark that we suggested the formation of strong military lines on the south-eastern downs in an article on *French Military Matters*, which appeared in this publication last October. The possession of such entrenchments would, in not requiring garrisons to be shut up, so far from weakening the force disposable for service in the field, give it a complete line of defence, prevent it from being *en l'air*, and therefore endow it with confidence. The advance of the enemy would be checked at so considerable a distance from the capital as to leave time for the construction of additional intermediate defences, supposing that such had not been before determined on and formed. Fortunately, the vicinity of London is surrounded by waste lands, on which detached forts could be cheaply constructed. If we must mention these well-known localities, the names of Hounslow, Putney, and Hampstead Heath, Molesey Hurst, Enfield Chase, Barnes, Wimbledon, Mitcham and Sydenham Commons, and Shooter's Hill instantly suggest themselves as fit sites for such fortifications.

Meanwhile, nothing is proposed on authority for the defence of London and Woolwich. It is pretty certain, that even the broad-spread martial spirit evinced by the formation of Volunteer Corps, does not prove that the well-known, deep-seated, dislike of the British people to fortifications and standing armies, is as sufficiently overcome as the sake of security demands. Much remains to be done, to disabuse the public mind of the idea that fortifications must needs be enormously cumbrous and costly things—walls, such as Babylon boasted of, and as surround the Chinese empire. A

sum equal to the National Debt has been lavishly expended on railways, because these are, forsooth, "works of peace." And is not what will enable the citizens of a capital to sleep securely also a work of peace? If the marshals of France could be consulted, they would, probably, be found unanimously of opinion, that the possession of the capital of England is the only prize worth fighting for. In default of knowing their views, let us see how Mr. Bright, or at least his newspaper, the *Star*, regards the matter. This organ, contemplating the question in its political bearing, exclaims:—

"Fortification of London!—a notable scheme this, truly; and, moreover, one, the realization of which, might prove substantially convenient to the enemies of freedom. The threat, that a body of men would march to the metropolis, exercised a very salutary influence in promoting the speedy passing of the Reform Bill, in 1832. When the next measure for popular enfranchisement reaches the climax of its fate, our oligarchy would, doubtless, be delighted to find themselves masters of forts and earthworks, whose artillery would rake every avenue of approach to London."

Plainly, Manchester peacemakers and marshals of the French empire are *d'accord*, as the latter would say, that, as to fortifying London, "it must not be." But who else disagrees with the dictum of Lord Overstone? Ten times twelve millions of money are not to be counted for a moment against the chance of the occupation of London. One million would suffice to make defences to the south, and still leave the road from Manchester open to any zealous body of radical reformers. Most valuable measures are obtained by compromise; are the radicals willing to accept this? But we will not do them the injustice their would-be leader does; the day of Jack Cades is gone by. No town in Great Britain has evinced more ready loyalty in equipping a large band of volunteers, than has this centre of manufacture; and, probably, in none is the necessity for political and patriotic security more keenly felt.

After all, the old Gaelic proverb, "a bulwark of bones is better than a castle of stones," will ever come true. Our national defences consist in stout hearts and strong arms, whether the

danger be apprehended from abroad or at home. When the chartists made their grand demonstration in 1848, and ulterior annoyances were anticipated, what put a stop to their projects? Why, the simple fact, that, upon counting heads with the special constables, they found themselves immensely outnumbered. So it will be, by the grace of God, with the present apprehension of danger of invasion. Any foreign potentate who might entertain so wild a design, as an incursion into England, will do well to *count rifles*; and when he finds, that for every soldier he can land, Queen Victoria can count two armed men to oppose him, he must be a foolhardy general who would embark in the mad venture.

Meanwhile, the French Press, amusing its readers with details of the various phases assumed by what it pleases to term the "phantom of invasion, which haunts certain imaginations in England," chronicles, among other modes of defence, the exercise, or drill, undertaken by a battalion of ladies in the north of England, and the invention of certain grenades, which may be thrown by fair hands into the ranks of the advancing foe. "From such steps," says the editor of *La Patrie*, "the formation of regiments of English *Amazones* is not far." Yet, the husbands and brothers of the British fair accept these demonstrations at their true value, as so many evidences of that universal spirit which will render invasion an event that "must not be." The recent gatherings of the national array give earnest of the answer of the people of England—"It shall never be!" One hundred and thirty thousand volunteers proclaim for themselves, and as representatives of tenfold their number, their readiness to fit themselves for fighting in defence of their country. Their efficiency astonished experienced generals at home, and has startled veteran warriors abroad. The main obligation of keeping up this effective state, and of maintaining and increasing the still swelling ranks, lies with the officers. In the time of Lord George Gordon's riots, the Guards said they did not care for the mob, if the Gentlemen Volunteers behind would be so good as not to hold their muskets in such a dangerous manner. Though this

complaint does not apply at present, the anecdote is so deliciously characteristic of English soldiers as to merit repetition. Mark the contempt for a mob, the respect for gentlemen, and the quiet courage. Volunteers can be made efficient only through their officers; and as some of these form the weak part of the machine, the appointment of a few experienced army officers as extras may appear necessary.

The Review on the 23rd of June was a splendid success. The value of the display is the proof it gave that the warlike instincts of the British race are as fresh and vigorous as ever. There were above 20,000 men, the bone and marrow of the middle classes, representatives of 130,000, who have already come forward at their country's call. The inclemency of the weather during the preceding six months, is, doubtless, the principal cause why the entire levy has not yet shown a much longer muster-roll. Two hundred thousand, only half the number of Volunteers in 1805, is the least sum-total the country should be content with; and in our character as Chorus, we loudly call for "more men." It is, in truth and in effect, loyalty and patriotism which make the Volunteers, one and all, the heartiest defenders of their Queen and country. From its very nature, a volunteer force must remain in its own country, and is, therefore, strictly a defensive force, not menacing our

neighbours, and opening no vistas of foreign military glory to ourselves; and just as the most powerful fleet at sea is the British specialty for war, an armament by volunteer riflemen should be regarded as our national land specialty, for further security at home, even during times of peace.

An immediate effect of the success of the Review and the National Shooting Match has been a large augmentation to the force; the Royal rifle shot on Wimbledon Common is echoing round the remotest hills of the land by volleys from many thousand new weapons. A volunteer guard composed of 200,000 of the flower of the youth of England, Scotland, and Ireland, will be a better guarantee for peace than the thousand influences said to lurk in interchange of national commodities; and as mankind are governed by fear as well as by reward, let us, while we buy and sell freely with foreigners, keep, *Deo adjuvante*, our "powder dry." There will be no need of a second Waterloo, when the nations, *tria juncta in uno*, that fought under Wellington, shall have peaceably mustered a larger force for defence than the great Duke commanded; so let us rejoice, that—

"Still the thick battalions come and come,
As though all England, the long pent-up
store
Of her deliberate valour would outpour;
Not flaunting in war's trappings, rich and
gay,
But all in sober green and working grey,
O Lady of the Land! thy feet before."

A PINCH OF GOLD-DUST.

It is impossible to fix the date at which gold was first gathered from European soil by human hands. The most ancient records that have been handed down through countless generations to us of the present day, contain incidental accounts of the value set upon gold by the rudest races of mankind. Only by ten comparatively civilised nations of old, was gold used as a medium of exchange; eastern sa-

vages laid plates of it upon their teeth, while others plated the skulls of their parents with this, the most precious metallic product of their soil." It has been asserted by various writers, and with various degrees of confidence, that the first systematic search for gold made on the continent of Europe was instituted by one Cadmus, a Phœnician, and that the spot selected for his mining operations was

* "The Issedones are said to have the following customs:—When the father of one of them dies, all the kinsmen bring to him some of their kine; after they have slaughtered these animals and cut up the flesh, they proceed to cut up also the deceased father of their host, and, mixing together the different kinds of flesh, they spread it forth as a banquet. With respect to the head of the deceased, they strip it to the bones, scour it clean, and plate it with gold, and afterwards use it as a sacred ornament at the great annual sacrifices they make."—*Herodotus*.

Mount Pangæus, in Thrace. If Cadmus may be fairly accepted as the original European gold miner, mining for this precious metal in Europe originated as far back as fifteen centuries before our era. The writings of the ancients prove beyond doubt that gold, in the remotest times to which their investigations reached, was collected from the sands of rivers, by the rudest barbarians at the earliest recorded period of the world's history. Gold dust was easily wrung from the conquered tribes of the east and south by the greedy warriors who peopled the shores of the Mediterranean; and the dusky tribes of Central Africa, into whose realms the most dauntless hero of Egypt or Greece did not venture to penetrate, bartered with their civilized neighbours their plentiful gold, for toys or luxuries. That mining was carried on systematically by the ancient Egyptians, and with some skill, is proved beyond a doubt;* and it is, therefore, not improbable, that some of the hardy Phœnicians, who figure so prominently in the early history of the world, busied themselves in the gold regions of Thrace, of Siphnos, of Cyprus, and of Spain. In his *Odyssey*, Homer minutely describes the process employed to gild the horns of the cow, brought by Nestor as an offering to Minerva, proving thereby that the art of overlaying substances with the precious metal was known before his time.

We have seen that this art was familiar to the Hebrews in the time of Moses; and in the early prevalence of this art of shamming, we may notice the germ of the rage for counterfeit splendour, which has since characterized so many ages of the world. The economy of substance, which is the object the gilder has in view, proves also, in addition to a love of unreal display, the value of the metal employed, and the high price set upon it. Undoubtedly, many centuries before Homer's time much human labour had been expended in Europe in collecting gold; and it is not unreasonable, bearing in mind the active figure which the Phœnicians made in

the navigation of the Mediterranean, that to them the merit of having originated systematic gold searches in Europe, is due. Homer, without setting aside the claims of Cadmus the Phœnician, to the distinction of having originated gold diggings in Europe, pleasantly introduces Helias, or the Sun, as the original gold discoverer. With this poetic claim we might deal as gravely as with that of Cadmus; since, in sober truth, the dust of ages so thickly incrusts these early traditions, that only here and there can we grasp a solid lump of facts upon which we may raise a truthful superstructure. It appears, however, after comparing the statements of various ancient writers — after consulting Homer, Hesiod, Pliny, and Herodotus, and others — that the islands of the Mediterranean were the first clumps of European soil explored by ancient gold seekers. Cyprus, in ancient times, yielded large quantities of gold and silver; Siphanto, one of the Cyclades, was extensively worked for both the precious metals; and busy men explored the metallic wealth of Thasus, so named after its first miner, a Phœnician, according to Herodotus. From these islands vast quantities of gold were undoubtedly poured into Greece; and while the Spartans disdained to use the precious metal, the Athenians eagerly received the produce of their own mines. Five hundred years before our era considerable quantities of silver and gold were obtained from Sardinia. All Athenian gold appears to have been equally divided among the citizens till the time of Themistocles; afterwards the mines were generally worked by companies, who farmed them from the State, together with slaves to work them; for with the Greeks, as with the Egyptians, slaves appear to have been the original miners. The Greek miners, under the latter system, received in return for their gold-mining, an obolus per day, with food and raiment. Herodotus, in his account of the wars of Darius, alludes to the mines of Thasus, thus: "Darius sent a messenger to the Thasians, who were falsely accused by their neighbours

* There is a sepulchral tablet in the British Museum, of the twelfth dynasty, in honour of Athor-si, a functionary supposed to have been a superintendent of mines at that period.

of meditating a rebellion. He commanded them to throw down their wall, and take their ships to Abdera, for the Thasians, in consequence of their having been besieged by Histieus, the tyrant of Miletus, and having a great revenue, turned their wealth to account in building long vessels and throwing up a stronger wall around their city. Their income proceeded from the continent (their mines on the Thracian coast), and from their mines; at least, from the gold-mines at Scapte Hyle proceeded, in all, eighty talents; from those in Thasus itself proceeded a revenue somewhat less than the above, but so great still, that the Thasians, who were exempt from taxes on the produce of their lands, obtained every year from the continent and their mines a total of 200 talents; and when the revenue was at the highest, 300. I, myself, have likewise seen those mines; and the most wonderful of them, by far, were those which the Phœnicians discovered, who, together with Thasus, colonized that island, which now receives its name from this Thasus the Phœnician. These Phœnician mines are in Thasus, between a place called Ænyra and Cœnyra, and opposite to Samothrace. It is a large mountain, thrown about in the search after ores. Such, therefore, is that mine." Herodotus also mentions a small island, near the Gyranthes, called Cymarnis, which contained a lake with golden sands.

At a more recent period of Grecian history than that to which our previous remarks refer, vast quantities of gold were obtained from the southern portion of the European continent. In Attica very productive gold mines were explored; and the Colophonians became celebrated among the Greeks for their skill in separating the noble metal from the quartz or other foreign substance with which it was found. Pliny asserts that the ancients were well acquainted with amalgam and its application, not only for separating the precious metals from foreign particles, but also for gilding. It is certain that this latter art was far advanced at a comparatively early date, since Lucretius compares the beaten gold of his time to the web of a spider, while Martial will have it not less thin than a vapour.

Pliny tells us that the thickest leaves of ancient gold-workers were called *bractea prænestina*, because a statue of Fortune, fashioned at Prænestina, was gilded with these costly plates.

The wealth of Pytheus, the ruler of Celœna in Italy, who offered nearly four million slaters of gold of Darius to Xerxes, and who brought his subjects into an abject condition of distress by requiring that they should all search for the precious metal, illustrates the greed with which despotic men coveted this metallic wealth. Alexander imported from his wars in the east, precious metals variously estimated in value, between forty and fifty thousand talents. This estimate does not include the spoil collected at Pasogarda, Ecbatana, and Persepolis, and the great wealth accumulated by his satraps. Indeed the thirst for gold which characterized the ancient nations was not less intense than the love of gain in the present day; and it is curious to remark how this avarice has advanced geographical knowledge. First, it tempted the nations inhabiting the southern shores of the Mediterranean to search the islands of that sea, and afterwards to plant their civilization on the bright land of Greece. These hardy Phœnicians penetrated the wild Andalusian valleys in spite of the vigorous opposition of the barbarian natives, in search of silver and gold; and then these dauntless seamen crossed the ocean in their frail ships, and pressed the sea shore of our Cornwall to carry away our tin and the gold that was found associated with the tin alluvium. To the craving for gold throughout Europe in the sixteenth century we owe the rapid colonization of the western hemisphere; and the noble metal that glitters about the streams and on the loose lands of Australia is about to draw a vast population to the great southern continent. The old traditions respecting the marvellous abundance of the precious metals in countries which yield little or no gold or silver in the present day, are singularly supported by the authentic accounts of the vast quantities of these metals possessed by various states of antiquity. Of Tartessus, the Tarshish of Scripture, glowing accounts were abundant of old; how Phœnician ships returned thence, down the Guadalquiver from the foot

of the Sierra Morena, to these southern colonies, laden to the water's edge with precious metals, and on arriving at their destination, anchored with a solid silver anchor; how in the time of Pliny, Asturias supplied two thousand pounds of gold annually. The north of Europe was alluded to as a region rich in gold and silver on very vague authority; but the quantities of gold which the Phœnicians, the Greeks, and after them the Romans, actually contrived to collect from the beds of rivers and other loose land; and the abundance of precious metal in which the barbarian tribes with which they occasionally came in contact, appeared to rejoice, amply justify the glowing records of ancient writers. More gold was probably collected during the centuries which comprehend the prosperity of the ancient Hebrews, Egyptians, Phœnicians, Greeks, and Romans, than has been produced for the use of mankind since the beginning of our era, up to the time when gold was first extensively collected in California. The search for it not only lead adventurous men to explore unknown countries, but also to study the economy of labour. The mines of Attica, in the time of Solon, returned a revenue estimated at eight hundred pounds sterling of our currency; and so systematically were these worked by leading men in the time of Demosthenes, that he classes the directors of mines with agriculturists and other recognised bodies of the community. Of the vast quantities of gold stealthily collected by individuals—by the Salassi from the sands of the river Po; by the Tarbelli at the foot of the Pyrenees; and by the tribes that had exhausted the banks of the Pactolus before the time of Strabo, no minute record exists, since these operations were generally carried on by individuals, in fear of the rapacity of their more powerful neighbours. Before the gold mines of the Greeks passed into the all-absorbing power of dominant Rome, the working of them was carried on with considerable skill; and it is related of Philip of Macedon that he so ordered those which came into his possession, that their productiveness was immensely increased. In their mining and smelting labours the Greeks understood the value of a sieve, the economy of a bar-

row, and the use of charecoal. Of the properties of quicksilver, however, it is not clear that they were cognisant. They melted their gold by a slow fire; and in the smelting process understood the value of alum, salt, and nitre. Gold was their most precious product, and they offered vast quantities of it to their gods, and supplied bars of it to the great Phidias. Before the Persian war it was liberally divided among the citizens of Athens; and afterwards it was farmed for the public good. It was often gained to express religious devotion; and in the pursuit of it invaluable knowledge of distant countries was brought to the civilized people on the shores of the Mediterranean.

The masterly summary of Augustus Bœckh (in his *Slaatshaushaltung der Athener*), of the existing evidences of the amount of precious metals in circulation in ancient Greece, places the matter fairly and vividly before the reader:—

“The quantity of gold and silver in Greece, more especially that proportion of them which was used as currency, although at first it increased but tardily, afterwards increased at a rapid rate when the treasures of the east were opened to the Greeks by the invasion of Xerxes. Prices rose, of course, in the same proportion, so that in the time of Demosthenes the value of money appears to have been five times less than in the time of Solon. At an early period the supply of precious metals, particularly gold, was scanty, both in Greece and Rome: and Theopompus asserts that in the days of Cræsus, gold did not exist at all in Greece; so that the Lacedæmonians, when they required gold for a religious purpose, were compelled to barter with Cræsus for some. Alcæmon the Athenian laid the foundation of the wealth of his family, when Cræsus permitted him to take as much gold out of his treasury as he could carry at once. Even in the seventieth Olympiad gold was a rarity.

The mountains of Pangæa, upon the borders of Thrace and Macedonia, contained immense metallic wealth; from them flows the Hebrus, celebrated for its golden sands. And in addition to the gold and silver mines which were upon the mountains, the precious metals were found on both sides of them, to the west as far as the Strymon and Pæonia, and to the east as far as Scape Hyle. In Pæonia, it was said the ploughman turned up particles of gold with the soil. On the eastern side were the important

gold mines of Scape Hyle, and the precious metals extended across the sea as far as Thasos, where very extensive and productive workings had been set on foot by the Phœnicians, who had also first established mining in that region upon the main-land, which was afterwards taken up by the Thasians until the Athenians obtained possession of these mines. Upon the western side, in Macedonia, the mines were so productive, that Alexander the First, the son of Amyntas, in the time of the Persian war, received from them a talent of silver daily; but the chief places were Daton and Crenides, afterwards Philippi, which in the first year of the 105th Olympiad fell into the hands of the Thasians, and subsequently, under the power of Philip of Macedon. Here it was believed that gold grew again as fast as it was extracted. When, therefore, ancient historians assert that Philip had a golden chalice, which he regarded with such anxiety, that he laid it under his pillow when he went to sleep; and also, that before the time of Philip a silver vessel was a rarity; it does not follow that the quantity of precious metal extracted from the earth was inconsiderable, inasmuch as extensive mines had long been worked both in Greece and the neighbouring countries, and much gold and silver had been imported from the east; we can only infer from these statements, that little gold had been wrought for private use, and that luxury had not yet reached its climax."

Bœckh contradicts himself when, after having expatiated on the vast riches collected by Pytheus and others of a remoter age, he concludes by saying that gold was a rarity in the seventieth Olympiad. The golden treasures laid up in Babylonian temples; Delphi blocked up with glittering offerings (afterwards coined into ten thousand talents of gold and silver by the Phocians); and thousands of slaves busy sifting the golden sands of Asturias, and crushing the golden rocks of Nubia; the interior of Africa yielding abundant gold dust, and tribes from the east sending their precious metal westward, may be grouped in juxtaposition with the learned professor's assertion, to undermine it.

Alexander the Great returned from the east laden with countless measures of gold; and such was the productiveness of the mines at Philippi at one period, that it was popularly believed, according to the professor's own statement, that gold grew up again there as fast as it was removed. But so much gold was laid up in temples throughout the most flourishing period of ancient Grecian history in proportion to the quantity in circulation, that the calculations of ancient historians furnish no reliable records of the gold actually in the possession of the ancient civilized nations of Southern Europe. It is undoubted, however, that during the notable period of the Macedonian Empire, vast treasures of gold were possessed by the people of that empire, and that its price was maintained up to the time when Constantine rifled the heathen temples of their tempting contents.

It is believed that gold was first coined in Lydia. The old gold coin known as a slater, was struck by Croesus; and those called daries, by Darius, son of Hystaspes: the weight of these latter, was equal to two Attic drachmas.*

These coins circulated largely throughout European Greece. Presently all the treasures poured into Greece, by the victories of her great generals, flowed towards the capital of the dominant Romans; and as Italy grew in wealth, Greece was despoiled of her treasures of gold. The gold of the Alpine torrents worked by the Salassi; the pure and abundant gold of Aquileia, the Carthaginian mines, on the borders of the Tago and in other parts of Spain; and afterwards the mines of Dalmatia, said to have yielded fifty pounds of gold daily, in the time of Nero, poured towards the centre of Roman civilization. From Spain, mined by forty thousand slaves, twenty-five thousand drachmas of precious metal streamed daily into the Roman treasury; and individual diggers made one-third of an Euboic talent of silver per

* In Attica, and almost all the Grecian states, and even out of Greece, the talent contained sixty minas; the mina one hundred drachmas; the drachma, six oboli. In Athens the obolus was divided into eight chalcæ, and the chalcæ into seven leptæ. The silver mina was worth about £4 0s. 6½d.; the talent, £241 13s. 4d. The Euboic was of little more value than the Attic talent.

diem. It is estimated that, throughout the years when the golden tracts of Gallæcia, Lusitania, and Asturia, were busily searched, twenty thousand pounds of gold was the yearly produce. In the ardour with which the stream works of Spain and France were worked by the Romans, the mines of Italy were for a time neglected. From the Etrurians the Romans obtained large supplies of well-

wrought copper; and, possessing golden tracts so vast and profitable as those to which we have alluded, it is not surprising that the comparatively unprofitable gold regions of their peninsula were for a time unnoticed. The Roman people did not begin to mine systematically until two hundred and fifty years before the Christian era.

HISTORICAL MEMOIR OF THE O'BRIENS.

ONE of the signs of the good times on which Old Ireland has at last fallen consists in the minor yet not insignificant fact, that the records of her past now evoke an extended and tolerably impartial interest among all shades of belief and opinion among our countrymen. The bitter, divided days are over, when faction, whether fierce or sordid, sought to wrest History to its purposes; and since all apprehension lest the story of elder and more troubled times should be turned to evil use has disappeared, every native historiographer, whatever his turn of feeling, applying himself to elucidate past ages in the better spirit of the present day, does so in expectation that his work, though it may not be read by all with acquiescence, will at least be welcome; and, moreover, that charitable allowance will be made by opposite views for those it may set forth.

The "Historical Memoir of the O'Briens," recently published by John O'Donoghue, A.M., member of the Irish Bar, a valuable contribution to the most interesting department of the history of Ireland—memorials of her illustrious families—bears evidence on its title-page of the bias to be expected, in the announcement that it has been "compiled from the Irish Annalists." Considering the important parts filled in Anglo-Irish history by some members of this house, we conceive that annals and documents bearing on the English side of the question should have weight in the scale; and indeed the author himself

seems to be of the same opinion; for, notwithstanding his title-page, he has referred to other authorities, yet not to the requisite extent. Thorough equity in the writer of a book of this sort is, however, undesirable, since the labour of giving bright and permanent impressions of the various fortunes of a distinguished house should be of love, undertaken and carried on in all the glow of warm-hearted partiality. For this reason, one of the family is generally an enthusiastic, and therefore its best, illustrator; and the general reader, turning over pages of eulogies dictated by a species of filial piety, grants them the same allowance a Roman patrician would have been accorded when perusing the *fasti* of one of the aristocratic houses of the great city.

But, perhaps, it is just because the author of the book before us is not an O'Brien, that we have to thank him for a sufficiently judicious memoir of a race of men who did not yield the point of being quite Irish to the De Burghs and Fitzgeralds, even when these latter were proverbially said to surpass the natives in nationality. Protesting moderately against the drawbacks of this work, written as it is from an Irish, Roman Catholic, and therefore, antagonistic point of view, we are, at the same time, glad to hear the other side, and to give this memoir a place on our book-shelves, in its light of a tribute to one of the most celebrated clan families of our country, as a literary monument, conceived in much the same sentiments that induced "Florentius O'Donohou, Eques

Historical Memoir of the O'Briens, compiled from the Irish Annalists. By John O'Donoghue, A.M., Barrister-at-Law. Dublin: 8vo. pp. 551. 1860.

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Auratus," to set up, in the year 1700, a marble one in the Scots College in Paris, in memory of a noble Gaelic relative. Far from us and from our friends be that frigid philosophy which refuses to admire piety and patriotism under other forms than those it has adopted; and let no Irishman be our companion who could see, unmoved, a touching record such as that foreign tomb, with its simple epitaph in honour of a brave countryman, who fought for and followed the fortunes of the last Stuart King.

This historical memoir of the O'Briens treats of a race that is an exception to the many instances in which families once occupying a regal station have, after their declension, sunk into obscurity. Certes, Brien Boromhe, titular monarch of Erin, was not a polished personage, and would not have been fit company for Alfred the Great:—nor was the region of his posterity, the Kings of Thomond, extensive:—yet there is something to attract our attention in the truth, that the family under view challenges consideration above all our native clans, as having, during many centuries, held high place in general estimation, first, from the glory reflected on them by the renown of their patriarch, the Victor of Clontarf; and secondly, from their great local and long-sustained power, which, being the result of their remote situation and courageous independence, enabled them to retain much of their territory, and to transmit part of it as an heritage to the present day;—while, mediævally, their fame was obtained by the services rendered to the English interest by the peers of their line; and latterly, as Marquises of Thomond and Lords Inchiquin, they have held the highest rank among the few houses representing our ancient Gaelic princes.

As the volume before us represents the many acts and scenes of the long drama of events in which the chiefs of this eminent clan performed their part, and explains to some extent their general relation to it, the name of "Historical Memoirs" is an apt designation:—but our archeologic tastes would have been more gratified by a different form of work, such as might have given a picture, full of rare and curious details, of Gaelic life, to serve some future novelist in throwing such a halo of romance round Irish historic

features as the author of "Rob Roy" shed over the robbers and rebels of the Scottish Highlands. The author, on the contrary, satisfied with often ignorant and distorted native chronicles, and with some search into printed state papers, has included so few manuscript sources as to have added little to the already published information about this clan, and has cast little light upon the several points of its status of old, which might have constituted a refreshing portion of his work; such as, for instance, the ceremony of inaugurating its kings under the Druidic tree on the plain of Magh-adair; a comparison between its condition and that of other great tribes, in ages when O'BRIEN-MORE, or the Great O'Brien, marshalled under his banner the subordinate captains of the septs forming his powerful "nation," all of whom sprang from the same patriarch, as O'Brien of Arra, McBrien Ogonagh, the Kennedys, O'Loughlens, O'Carrolls, O'Maghers, McMahons, O'Connors, O'Grady's, O'Mulrians, and O'Dwyers:—and it would have been pleasant to read of the poets and bards, hereditarily bound to sing the praises of the clan, and of the physicians and surgeons holding land for the service of curing their wounds and maladies. Knowing of no book, whether serious or romantic, giving a satisfactorily faithful description of a Gaelic clan, Irish or Scottish, we should have been rejoiced to find the void filled in this account of one of our principal septs, whose kings, though, unlike the chieftains of the Rhine, wanting "much that conquerors should have" nevertheless enjoyed many remarkable attributes and outward appliances, which gave dignity and barbaric pomp to their rude state as kings of an ancient, semi-civilized Celtic tribe. Again, the eyes of every living being of their name would have been gladdened by an engraving of the map of the earldom of Thomond, made in 1571, mentioned in the lately published catalogue of State papers; and by a copy of a contemporary manuscript, giving "the names of the 125 castles" in that territory, with those of the persons holding them.

These, and other matters, however, will probably find place in the next edition of a work that is the second of a new class of Irish literature, in-

augured by the popularity of the Marquis of Kildare's careful and modest volume of researches into the story of his ancestry—a book originally printed privately yet subsequently made public—and now leading others into paths of inquiry similar to the one so accurately and unobtrusively investigated by “the first gentleman in Ireland.”

The author has set some solid Scandinavian accounts of the battle of Clontarf in the scale against inflated Irish statements. For ourselves, we have our own theory as to the reason of this famous field, of which the scene was the sea-strand, and the direct cause, it would seem, an obnoxious salmon weir—else why its native name, *Cathcoradha Clontarbh*, i.e., the battle of the weir of Clontarf? The facts were, we believe, that the Danes of Dublin and Limerick were deemed ugly rival fishermen by the native kings; and accordingly, his Majesty, Melaghin of Tara, finding less salmon yearly in the Liffey and the Boyne, combined with his Majesty Brien, of Kincora (*Ceann-coradha*, i.e. the head weirs), who had the same complaint to make as to the Shannon, and led their hosts to the sea-strand, for the purpose of abating the piscatory nuisance in the forcible manner not unknown to the present century, and graphically described in the novel of “Redgauntlet.” It is not improbable that the lord of Kincora had previously made a similar onslaught on the foreign weirs at Limerick, still known by their Danish name of the *lar*, i.e., salmon weirs. Whatever the obscurity as to the victory of Clontarf, and however much its grandeur and effects have been exaggerated, there is no doubt it made an impression on the small hordes of Scandinavian settlers in the seaports, and considerably daunted and diminished these hardy fathers of Irish commerce; whose value was, at the same time, so well appreciated by the native kings that, as annalists assure us, these rulers evinced an intelligent understanding of the principle of political economy, which advises division of labour, by “leaving,” says our authority, “a sufficient number of Danes in the outports to carry on trade,” while the native lords continued their special rôle of governing; their clansmen acting as swordsmen

or rough police, and their slaves maintaining this force and the regal establishments. Though Brien Boraimhe was not, as we surmise, good company for the learned of his age, such as Bede and other venerables, it is plain he kept a good table at his “palace,” or palisaded fort, at Kincora; for besides plenty of the fish he battled about, his meat larder was royally supplied. *Bo-roimhe* signifies “of the Cow Tribute,” and chroniclers say that 1,000 of these useful animals were yearly sent to him by the northern provinces; while the south-east sent some 360 fat cattle; an amount nearly equalled by the contribution of hogs, and forming a princely revenue. Nor did he lack wine to wash down these viands, being in receipt of an annual mulct of 150 hogsheds from the Danes of Dublin, and of 365 from the Danes in Limerick, being a special supply for every day of the year, with a reserve for feasts and festivals. His ascendancy arose from his having availed himself of the privilege of asserting monarchy in a land where his family slogan, “By the Strong Hand,” was the prime social principle. Our author cites a good definition of some rights by which the sovereignty of this country was anciently assumed, to the effect that the nominal King of Ireland was reputed monarch in this manner:—if he were chief of the northern half of the island, and could control one of the two southern provinces, he was accounted of sufficient power to be “King of Tara;” but if he were chief of the southern half, and could not command all the south, and Tara as well, including the lordship or region round the hill, and, besides, either the Province of Ulster or Connaught, if not both, he would not be considered sufficiently powerful to be king of all.

“Behold,” writes Mr. O'Donoghue, “in this one paragraph the source of all the civil wars of the native Irish, and the key to those numerous expeditions undertaken in the lifetime of the reigning monarch and in times of profound peace, with a view to the succession. With such a rule of succession for the monarchs, and the law of tanistry for the inferior princes, no amount of individual courage or patriotism could have maintained the independence of Ireland or have consolidated its monarchy.”

The law of succession, whether to a throne or to other descriptions of property, does indeed shape the condition of nations ; and besides that we see, in tanistry, the cause of nearly all the wars that desolated Ireland, we may also see, in its sub-law, equal partition, the cause of much of her poverty. After the conquest of most of the race whose war-cry was "The Strong Hand" by the feudal followers of Strongbow, the regal clan in question was one among the five tribes of noble blood that were specially privileged to avail themselves of English law in their dealings with the colonists ; and they were also welcome to have adopted the feudal system had they been so inclined ; but they adhered to their own laws for three hundred and fifty years, and in consequence, as our author observes : "their private wars for the sovereignty of Thomond made their territory the battle-field of the neighbouring English factions," whom the heads of their rival factions called in to enforce claims. In this necessity to seek support from men who had the advantages of a superior political system, and were conscious of the vast power ready in England to back the cause of her colonists, more than one of the mediæval O'Briens adhered to the conqueror nation.

The oldest and most memorable instance of loyalty in any of the members of this clan is that of its chieftain who, in the fourteenth century, was chosen to command the native troops sent to co-operate with the colonists of the Pale in expelling Robert Bruce and his ambitious brother, at the time of their invasion. That Scottish occupation of the north during three years, the warlike and successful renown of its leaders, and the distracted state of Ireland combined to hazard her union to the English Crown. In true Border fashion, the brothers Bruce had, in June, 1315, led a terrible raid through the centre of the island, and were preparing to cross the Shannon, when their passage was disputed by a force commanded by the Prince of Thomond.

To appreciate the importance of this resistance, its circumstances and singularity must be understood. At that period, "the whole land of Erin was," we quote the expressive, oriental phraseology of a contemporary

bard, "one trembling surface of commotion," for many of the native chiefs, in confederacy with some traitor barons, had invited the victors of Bannockburn to fight a battle in Ireland that should break the foreign yoke. Yet even in that rude age, the sense of the value of connexion with England had penetrated the consciences of the clan O'Brien sufficiently to induce them, at a meeting at Ralahine, to call on their king to oppose the invader, and the bold stand they made had the effect of turning Bruce back, baffled, to his ships. There were also at that epoch, as at others, individuals of the stock, who, suffering from the faulty constitution of the native laws of property and power, were even less attached to their own clansmen than to the neighbouring colonists. One of these hapless and restless characters was "Murrrough of the Fern," the savage leader Spenser mentions, who, deriving his appellation from the circumstance of being, as a clan outlaw, compelled to lurk in wild, desert places, committed devastations that threatened to reduce the fairest lands of the province to a similar condition of waste and infertility. Time rolled on, and with the decline of centralized, feudal authority, the independent station of the Kings of Thomond grew firmer, so that, in the middle of the fifteenth century, they seem to have exercised as unchecked a power over the persons and goods of their people as is now possessed by any Russian prince whose estates are remote from St. Petersburg. Security leading on ambition, in 1466, King Teige, having mastered his greatest foreign neighbour, the Earl of Desmond, and having revived the tribute of wine paid to his progenitor by the Danes of Limerick, in the new and civilized form of a black rent of sixty marks, employed the money in subsidizing the clans of Leinster, to pave the way to the hill of Tara, where he expected to be crowned King of Ireland. So formidable was this aspirant to a regal position once held by an ancestor, that the conduct of Desmond, then viceroy, in combining with this ambitious chieftain, was the main reason of his sudden seizure and decapitation.

Anciently, the O'Brien country, subsequently confined to Thomond, west of the Shannon, included a

more considerable region in Southern Connaught, and large tracts on the opposite eastern banks of the river. Much of this latter district, and especially in the neighbourhood of Athlone, then a mere ford, bridgeless and houseless, was composed of bog, moor, and forest, the latter an ancient tangled growth of oak, alder, and hazel. The broad Shannon, separating the west from the east of Ireland, served as the great bulwark of the O'Briens, their natural shield against invaders. Confident in their strength, they had, however, about the fifteenth century, constructed a bridge over the river, principally to connect the eastern part of their country with the western, but partly for predatory purposes. Before the middle of the succeeding age, when Dublin Castle was beginning to make itself felt in Connaught, it became a first object of the English to break down this bridge, to prevent the incursions of the O'Briens. This retrograde step in civilization, evincing the weakness of the government, was accomplished after much resistance on the part of the clan; and in lack of pickaxes and crowbars, the soldiery are represented as having destroyed the bridge, described as fifteen score paces in length, by the slow and laborious appliances of bills, swords, and daggers. But either the work of destruction, performed with such inadequate implements, was confined to an arch or two, or the clan made haste, after the enemy had withdrawn, to repair damages; for, two years subsequently, the Earl of Desmond was directed to march his men to O'Brien's Bridge, and cast down the strong castles built thereon. The prominent resistance to this attempt to isolate these formidable O'Briens had been made by a sagacious leader named Morrogh, who, as tanist and brother to their king, was successor-elect to their sovereignty, but who, on succeeding to the perilous office, had the prudence, in 1542, to come to terms with Henry VIII., in order that his uncertain hold of the elective rulership of the clan should be transformed into tenure of the ownership of the country, as an earldom, from the crown of England. How this revolution from tanistry to feudality was effected, and what amount of commotion among the clansmen attended the abolition of

their ancient laws, are well shown in this their historical memoir. The chiefs of this race, who had from the twelfth to the sixteenth century, despite the utmost efforts of English Governors, maintained their primitive independence and authority, were now to abandon their antique and faction-fraught customs of succession to power and property, to descend into the humbler, but securer, rank of hereditary nobility, and to lead their turbulent tribe into the path of feudal law, order, and obedience. Accordingly, among the requests King Morrogh made to the Crown are the following:—

“That the laws of England may be executed in Thomond, and the naughty laws and customs of this country be clearly put away for ever. That he shall have, to him and his heirs male, all such lands as he is possessed of, with rule of governance, reserving to his Majesty the gift of bishoprics, and all other things appertaining to the Crown. That some well-learned Irishmen, educated at Oxford and Cambridge, not infected with the poison of the Bishop of Rome, and approved by his Majesty, may be sent to preach the Word of God in Ireland. That he may have a grant of a house near Dublin, for his folk and horses, if he shall be commanded to resort to Parliament.”

In short, King O'Brien, liable to be deposed when he grew superannuated, was very anxious to become my Lord of Thomond, with assurance that the most substantial part of the new creation, the lordship of the land, should descend to his son. To this arrangement there existed an impediment, which was justly recognised by the Crown, viz.—the claim of his nephew and tanist, Donogh, who pleaded that any grant of the entire lordship to his chieftain would be to his “sore detriment,” since old custom entitled him, as tanist, to the succession. The difficulty was then compromised by creating one an earl, the other a baron; but the new dignity of the former was merely conferred for life, without inheritance to his son, like his old Irish dignity, with, however, the title of Baron of Inchiquin in tail male; and his nephew secured a patent of succession to the earldom, also for life, with, superadded to this limited title, the barony of Ibrickan in tail male. The object of the Crown evidently was to destroy the formid-

able clan power of the territory, by giving ownership of the land to two families, whose heads, holding in fee, would become loyal.

The acceptance of peerages by the two ruling chiefs of this warlike tribe was productive of tranquillity for some years; and it was not until the death of the uncle that the actual effects of the important change from the native law of succession were felt, and then instantly divided the clan into factions, one of which was actuated by the new and strong passion of resisting English innovation. The death of the last King and first Earl of Thomond, in 1551, was the signal to his tanistic successor to obtain a grant of the earldom to himself and his heirs male, thus defeating any claims of his brothers and cousins to succeed to the royalty according to native custom; but the patent had hardly passed the great seal, when the new earl, the subverter of the ancient constitution of clan polity, and the usurper of the land, or country, the common property of the clan, was attacked by his infuriate brothers at night, and expired after a few days, leaving a son as rightful earl, whose parchment title was soon set aside by the powerful faction supporting the old law of succession. Henceforth the clan was divided into country and court party, the former upholding the patriarchal or local governing cause, the latter favouring loyalty to the Dublin Government. It would seem that there was also religious division between such as adhered to the Romish faith and such as had adopted Protestant tenets; but however this may have been, the power at the disposal of Queen Mary's government not being available to put the ousted claimant, the third earl, Conor, in possession, his uncle, Sir Donogh, enjoyed sovereignty according to the old form for some years. The immediate result was to turn the clan from loyalists into rebels; and, though the second peer had "condescended" to cut a road through his woods between Athlone and the metropolis, so as to render this portion of his country less advantageous to men who lived by lifting the cattle of English colonists, the policy and tactics of his successor took the contrary turn.

Hence, in 1558, when Mary's Irish

Crown was menaced by French and Scottish invasion, it being justly conceived that the young earl would prove more faithful than his knightly and royal uncle, measures were set on foot for reinstating him, and for vigilantly guarding the seacoast of his territory,—the Viceroy writing to all the lords and "captains of nations" in the south and west to aid him with their forces in executing her Majesty's arrangement "between her subject, the Earl of Thomond, and her rebel, Sir Donogh," who is described as "the only stay of all the rebels in those quarters." Sufficient troops being assembled, His Excellency, the celebrated Lord Sussex, entered the disputed region at the head of an irresistible force, and took the principal fortresses, which he gave to Earl Conor, whom he established in the earldom of Thomond. The usurper being proclaimed a traitor, was obliged to fly with his son Teige, nicknamed of the long, uncombed locks; and before the close of the year, instances of the loyal comportment of new peers were frequently reported; that "Lord Clanricarde has met with 1,100 Scots, good and bad, whereof he has slain 700;" and "the Earl of Thomond resteth in quiet, and is much commended for the good execution of justice."

The expulsion of Sir Donogh, who was deemed the rightful "O'Brien" by all his brother anti-English chieftains, and the setting up the authority of the parchment and wax earl, were the first practical proofs to all the Irish nation of the revolution then proceeding as to possession of power and property. The military occupation of the territory of what had hitherto been the most independent of clans, and the price set on the head of their exiled ruler, opened the eyes, not alone of the O'Briens, but of all the Gaelic race throughout Ireland, who, as we learn from a remarkable and nervous passage in the "Annals of the Four Masters," "were seized with horror, dread, fear, and alarm," at this innovatory and startling precedent for change in the succession and title to lands. The tanistic party carried on the war against the patent one for many years, headed, after the death of "Teige of the uncombed locks," by a namesake, who is described in the Calendar of State Papers, to be "as

evil a man as any in Ireland, his one brother excepted;" and in several despatches from the Lord Lieutenant to the Queen's Council, "the disposition of the whole country to keep up an O'Neill and set up a new O'Brien" is referred to as the principal cause of its disturbed state. Indeed, during the entire century, the malcontent and defeated swordsmen among the tribe were deemed more dangerous, in their quality of "proclaimed traitors," than that singular horde of robbers who, notorious as "The Evil Children of the Wood," contemporarily haunted the neighbouring thickets and plundered the merchants of Athlone and Limerick. On one occasion, in 1565, having slain forty of Lord Clanricarde's men, and carried off 800 of his kine, his lordship writes to the Queen to be allowed to take redress from the robber breed of Brien of the Cow Tribute after their own fashion; and at a later date, when tall Spanish ships, the precursors of the Armada, were reported off the coast, "the determi-

nation to erect a Great O'Brien of Sir Donnell O'Brien" was the means by which the southern natives intended to raise up an insurrectionary leader.*

Having dwelt perhaps overlong on the legal revolution which at last converted the O'Briens into good subjects, we will do no more than refer the reader to this memoir for an interesting account of Murrough, Earl of Inchiquin, whose bold and loyal conduct during the great civil war elevated him into an historic hero; and we may fitly close our comments on that change in the principles which ruled the clan, by observing, that the completely different constitutions of Gaelic and English society are formularized, one in the old, the other in the new motto of this family, which, when independent, used the war-shout of *Lauve Laidhir Abo!* but, when transformed into a feudal house, adopted an humble call—*Vigueur de dessus*—implying their dependence both on their earthly and heavenly lords.

THE FUTURE OF SICILY.

SICILY, the island gem of the Mediterranean, and one of the finest countries in the world for its extent, teeming with historical and poetical associations, has ever been a subject of deep interest, and is now, and likely to continue for some time, a leading topic of speculative conversation. The enterprising courage of Garibaldi, seizing the auspicious moment, has achieved what we always thought not only possible but easy, and has, at length, emancipated the fair land from the long night of her thralldom, the most intolerable tyranny under which she ever groaned, not forgetting even the iron sway of the Dionysii, or the griping imposts of Carthage. The birthplace of Gelon and Hiero, of Dion and Theocritus, of Archimedes and Diodorus, whose hardy sons broke the power of Athens at its meridian, and held in check the might of Republican Rome in the fulness of its strength, is once more free to select her own destiny. Many thoughts arise as we consider what she has been, now is, and may become. That she is, however, rescued permanently from

the shackles of King Bomba the Less, must be looked upon as an accomplished fact, as surely as that Savoy and Nice are annexed to the French Empire. The Neapolitan Government may probably contest Messina for a time, as a nominal *point d'appui*; but the retainment of the post—its entire value being freely admitted—will never open to that effete despotism the re-conquest of the island. Naples itself is more likely to be expunged from the map of regenerated Italy. Messina is not Sicily, though Palermo, in some measure, is. The possession of the capital and seat of government carries with it a commanding prestige. The adhesion and organization of the greater part of the open country is of more consequence than the immediate fall of an insulated stronghold, which must surrender with the course of events. But whatever may be the ultimate plans of Garibaldi, if his eyes are turned towards Naples, as they most probably are, we hold him to be too good and too experienced a general to dream of operations in Calabria until he has

* "Calendar of State Papers, Ireland." London, 1860.

secured Messina, which presents itself as his natural base.

In the narrowest part, between the points of Faro and Pezzo, the width of the Straits of Messina is less than two miles; at Reggio, immediately opposite, five or six.

The Calabrese have thoroughly renounced their old attachment to their Bourbon rulers; they hate the incumbent dynasty as intensely as the Sicilians do, and will assuredly rise *en masse* when they see the flag of the liberator displayed upon their hills. The peasants are nearly all professional bandits; but they are brave withal, and capable of military organization, if led by officers they can trust. The writer has served with them, and speaks from personal knowledge. In 1799, under that most anomalous Cardinal, and active guerilla, Ruffo, they did good service in driving the French out of Naples; and the Calabrian Legion or Free Corps, incorporated with our Mediterranean army from 1806 to 1815, fought well on all occasions, excepting only when most unreasonably called upon to storm intrenchments or face stone walls armed with heavy guns, which they frankly acknowledged, as did the gallant Albanians, was not within the line of business for which they were engaged. In such cases they fairly ran away or laid down, and left the work to the red coats.

If the troops of King Ferdinand are resolute to defend Messina, and do their duty to their master loyally, Garibaldi will find the enterprise a more difficult task than the reduction of Palermo. There the fortifications, such as they are, were of little avail. Castellamare, called the citadel, could only overawe or bombard a small portion of the town, and was powerless to prevent the entrance of an attacking force. Garibaldi has done wisely in razing that useless defence—a mere prison rather than a fortress. The citadel of Messina is a regular pentagon, with cavaliers, demi-lunes, wet ditches of great depth, and glacis; one of the most finished constructions of the Spaniards, under Charles the Fifth, always kept in excellent repair; and greatly improved by the English engineers, during our occupation in the last war. This noble work of solid masonry, with Fort Salvador on the point of the isthmus, entirely com-

mands the harbour, and sweeps the long line of the Marina or Pallazata, extending the whole length of the town. The forts on the hills, Gouzago and Castellaccio, overlook the upper portion, and must be taken before the city could be held. It lies before them, and within close range of their guns. They are massively built, with deeply excavated ditches; and so well placed, that if garrisoned by English soldiers, they would defy assault. They could only be starved out by want of provisions and water; and this would, perhaps, be the best mode of dealing with them, by an assailant not pressed for time. When these forts are taken, the citadel may be shelled from thence and the surrounding heights; but there are casements for a large force, and to attack in form would require a heavy battering train of many guns. Breaching batteries could only be erected within the walls of the city, on the side of the esplanade called the Terra Nova. The ground is on the same level, and the first approaches would have to be made, within a few hundred yards, under a closely concentrated fire. If Garibaldi could obtain even a temporary command of the sea, it would materially aid his attack on Messina, and proportionably discourage the garrison. But we shall soon see how he proceeds.

His march from Palermo will carry him along a tolerable coast road, quite passable for heavy artillery and the material of war, though necessarily moving at a slow rate, by Termini and Cefula to Milazzo, a distance of 140 miles. He will scarcely think of pausing before Milazzo, the only fortress on his way, the castle of which, in a commanding position, would require a regular investment, and might detain him for more time than it is worth. He will, perhaps, mask it with a sufficient corps, and pass on with his main body. This castle has an isthmus behind capable of feeding cattle and of supplying provisions for quite as large a garrison as it requires. The town lies completely under its fire, and is also fortified with regular bastions, and ditches towards the land side. There is excellent anchorage and safe riding for large ships in the bay. It was here that the English expedition of 15,000 men, under Sir John Stuart, rendezvoused before proceeding to the capture of Ischia

and Procida, in the Bay of Naples, in the summer of 1809, a feeble and futile display, one of the little enterprises so emphatically denounced by the Duke of Wellington as derogatory to the energies and pretensions of a great nation—a fitting prelude to the more ruinous mistake of Walcheren. It has been recently stated in the papers that the Neapolitans had destroyed the citadel of Milazzo, an operation nearly as difficult as taking it would prove, and an almost incredible act of folly, equal to their habitual tyranny. It is only by the bull-dog tenacity of holding on to this and three or four more similar fortresses that they could hope to retain their grip of a land in which the little children have long been taught to lisp their detestations as soon as they acquire the faculty of articulating words.

From Milazzo to Messina, by the mountains, the distance is twenty-eight miles along the military road, over the heights of Currenacci, constructed by the English engineers to connect the two posts. This road, in all probability, has been kept in repair. The writer knows the distance accurately, having, once in his early youth traversed it in a single day in heavy marching order, for a bet; and on another similar occasion, when running a successful race against a fine Egyptian *somaro* (jack-ass) ridden by his master, a long-legged officer of artillery. Siege guns, we apprehend, will have to be carried round by the Faro point. Arrived before Messina, the inhabitants, no doubt, will be with Garibaldi to a man. He will find them burning to emulate their brethren of Palermo; but their city is so completely at the mercy of the citadel, that they cannot act with the same power. In 1848, when they struck for independence, they were bombarded from that fortress with fatal effect and relentless barbarity. Their defence was equally heroic and fruitless. At the end of two days the city was in flames, and opposition ceased; yet, for *eight hours after*, while the Sicilian batteries fired not a shot in return, the storm continued pouring on the devoted place "with a ferocity," as Admiral Parker observed in his despatch, "to which no parallel can be found in the records of civilized warfare." When

the Neapolitan troops were subsequently let loose, the cruelties they committed are too horrible for recital, and were stopped at length by the imperative interference of the French and English admirals.

But the future of Sicily?—that is the question. Is she fitted for self-government? Will she be suffered to choose her own ruler? Or, will foreign interference perpetuate her chains, *mutato nomine* only, under a substituted taskmaster? These are absorbing considerations which time only can determine. When Garibaldi landed, he brought liberation in the name of the King of Sardinia, acting of course upon his own authority alone. The name was the popular war-cry, the tocsin responded to by all Italians. He has now become sparing of speech and promises, as befits a great and successful leader, whose work is still in progress. We can perfectly understand that his views are to the unity of the Italian Peninsula, a great and glorious aspiration, which seems to approach its fulfilment, unless checked by the interposing influence of France. Napoleon on this subject is as mysterious as a Cufic inscription. He cannot afford, neither is he inclined to quarrel openly with the Pope, who has declared him his eldest son, while threatening excommunication at the same time. Garibaldi has no such scruples or fetters, and will deal with Rome as with Naples if events continue to favour him.

During the great struggle with France, under the First Napoleon, England occupied Sicily, for her own advantage, in fact to retain her superiority in the Mediterranean, when Italy was overrun to the Straits of Messina, but ostensibly, to secure an asylum for the Bourbon of Naples, who received from our government a pension of four hundred thousand pounds per annum for giving us permission to save half his kingdom for him. But this allowance not being considered enough, was speedily increased to half a million. Poor old Ferdinand the Fourth, or *Nasone*, as his own subjects called him, had been a mighty Nimrod all his days, and cared little at that time for any thing but tunny fishing and shooting wild boars; for which latter, as he grew old and infirm, tame pigs were

substituted. But his loving spouse, Caroline of Hapsburg, sister of Marie Antoinette was an *intrigante* of universal experience, still in the vigour of her unbridled passions. In politics a female Macchiavel, in morals a Messalina, capable of competing with Catherine of Russia, she hated the English with a personal spite against Lord William Bentinck, whom she called "a Dutch corporal;" admired, or affected to admire Napoleon, and devoted what time she could spare from her licentious amours, to carrying on a secret correspondence with Murat, in direct opposition to her British allies. She gave the enemy information of all our plans of defence, employed the notorious Princess Leonforte to seduce the English Admiral, who had the weakness without the ability of Nelson, cajoled or insulted the resident ambassadors, and planned a second Sicilian Vespers, by which all the English officers were to be murdered one fine night in their beds, and the soldiers rendered helpless. But the "Dutch corporal" proved more than a match for her Majesty.

Lord William Bentinck combined in his own person the offices of Resident Minister and Commander of the Troops, a wise amalgamation, too little practised by England, but which, as with the Roman pro-consuls of old, gave the power of rapid action, while it simplified diplomatic intricacies. With admirable foresight, he countermined these amiable plans, had partizans even amongst the conspirators, and landed his own agents in the guise of French emissaries to confer with them in their secret conclaves. By these measures he deceived the deceivers, and on the very eve of explosion, when all was ripe, and he had the fullest proofs in his hands, seized the ringleaders in the night at their several houses, hung the Lord Mayor of Messina (*Capitano di Giustizia*), by a sort of drum-head court-martial, on the esplanade before the citadel, packed the Queen off, *via Trieste*, to her loving relatives at Vienna (who, by the way, ordered her not to approach the capital), sent the King to slaughter his pigs at Calatanissetta, in the interior of the island, and enthroned his eldest son, Don Francisco, grandfather of the present sovereign of Naples, with the title of

Vicario Generale. The English general then gave the Sicilians a new constitution, modelled on our own, which they neither understood nor were fitted for, but admired exceedingly and had long coveted. This took place in 1812. The ceremony of inauguration was an imposing spectacle, well got up; but there was a general impression, particularly amongst the English party, that it would prove fleeting as a dramatic show. All then went smoothly enough to the end of the war, until, in 1815, Ferdinand, now calling himself the First, of the Two Sicilies, emerged once more into public life, and resumed possession of Naples. It is quite certain, however, that, at one time, England and Austria, with consent of the Congress, had determined to recognise Murat, in consideration of the service he had rendered in 1814, by deserting the cause of Napoleon, and joining his forces to ours for the expulsion of the Viceroy, Eugène Beauharnois, from Italy. King Joachim lost his crown and life by trimming his boat with all the duplicity but without the adroitness of Talleyrand.

The Sicilians expected to remain under English protection, in a kind of semi-independence, something like the Ionian Islands. They firmly persuaded themselves that such a promise had been made to them, and openly expressed their disgust and disappointment when consigned back again, without a voice, to Neapolitan misrule. The short interval of amended legislation made an impression on them they have never forgotten. Our diplomacy at the general Congress, after all our sacrifices and gigantic efforts to sustain the freedom of the world, was a tissue of inconceivable mistakes, but the abandonment of Sicily was the crowning blunder of the whole.

In 1815, England might have obtained Cuba by fair treaty, in payment of a long standing and enormous debt due by Spain, which was wiped out for nothing. The Spanish government offered Florida for choice, but with all our lack of negotiating wisdom, we were not quite such fools as to take what would inevitably have been a bone of contention with Brother Jonathan, and have ripped open the sore so recently and thinly cica-

trised. As regarded Cuba, there was then no power ready to gainsay or oppose the transfer. The American vision of annexing Canada had not quite evaporated: their eyes were more powerfully fascinated towards the north; but we suffered the opportunity to slip away, most probably for ever. By a strange exercise of underprized magnanimity, our sapient legislators then gave away every thing, when they might have kept at their own selection, and asked for nothing, not even a single commercial treaty in exchange. The other nations who reaped the advantage of what we had paid for, in blood and treasure, nearly to exhaustion, laughed in their sleeves and fattened on the spoil; but we were so intoxicated with glory, success, and empty adulation, that we went on our way rejoicing blindly and heeding them not. For years, when island after island, and colony after colony fell before our arms, and people asked, "What are they all good for?" the answer, drawn from experience, was, "Oh, they will do to give up at a peace!" And so, in due time, they were all given up. Martinique and Guadaloupe, and Bourbon, and Java, and Curacao, and Pondicherry, &c. (our diplomatists were very much inclined to throw in the Cape and Malta), whilst unprofitable and expensive rocks were retained.

What an island would Sicily have been by this time under British rule! The Sicilians, as we ever believed they would, have proved when the time and opportunity came that they can and will fight. Their attachment to the English has never varied. In 1810, when the French landed a battalion or two to the south of Messina, as a diversion to the grand attack which never came off, and the detached force was taken by the 21st Fusiliers under Colonel Adam, the peasantry came down from their mountain villages in swarms, to our assistance. They were armed with rude guns, pitchforks, bill-hooks, scythe-blades fastened on poles, and every description of weapon they could muster. It was with difficulty they could be prevented from breaking in on the line of prisoners as they marched along under British escort. They insulted them by asking what they did there, and assurances, not conveyed in a complimentary strain, that

they were not wanted. The name of their own sovereign was never uttered; the cry was, "*Viva Re Georges e nostri bravi Inglesi!*" (Long live King George and our gallant English friends.)

The Neapolitans deserted even the gallant Murat at the first volley, when he led them against the Austrians at Tolentino, and they shouted victory or death, till they heard the whistling of the balls. They can do nothing but run away, murder from behind a hedge, and burn or plunder towns they are unable to hold. And yet, to look on in the ranks, they are amongst the finest, the best dressed, and most accurately drilled troops in the world. General Church, an English officer, who obtained credit by raising and equipping for our service two battalions of Albanians, something on the old Greek model of costume, and who after Ferdinand the Fourth's return to Naples, became his adjutant-general, urged him perpetually to come and look at his guards, newly disciplined and bedizened with lace and frippery, as if they had been carefully unpacked from bandboxes. The king at length complied, muttering that it was an ineffable *seccatura*, fell asleep in his carriage while they were marching past, and being jogged up at the close, complimented his indefatigable lieutenant (who had ridden up to him for the purpose), saying, "General Church, I am infinitely obliged to you: you have done wonders. They look and move like demigods; but you'll never make them fight. Good morning!" The old gentleman knew his men of old, and was too experienced a sportsman to be taken in by appearances.

If Sicily, of her own free notion, or acting under the advice and influence of her heroic emancipator, inclines to become an integral portion of the Sardinian monarchy, and the grace of Napoleon the Third permits the annexation, her fortunes at the present and prospects for the future, will undoubtedly be improved. But why should she be again reduced to an appanage? Why not an independent state, guaranteed, like Greece, by the Great Powers? She is Italian, it is true, but not dependent on Italy. She can impart strength to the peninsula but derives none from it. She has existing pretensions be-

yond those of many principalities in the Germanic league. Sardinia is nearly equal in geographical surface, neither is Corsica a contemptible rival; but both together cannot show a tithe of the undeveloped internal resources of Sicily, which are not easily calculated.

The question has been often debated whether civilization in general, and what is called the balance of European power, are promoted or weakened by the establishment and multiplication of second and third rate independencies, or by the aggrandizement of great empires. Like most other questions there are strong arguments on both sides, between which decisive opinion vibrates like the pendulum of a clock. Napoleon the First thought it good policy to surround himself with small allies, under the name of Confederation of the Rhine; but when fortune turned on him, they turned too, and joined the strongest side.

The present population of Sicily scarcely reaches two millions. This number might be rapidly increased, under good government, to five times the amount; and the land would sustain even more. No one can doubt this who remembers that, according to the most authentic chroniclers, Syracuse alone contained 1,800,000 inhabitants when besieged by the Romans under Marcellus, B.C. 215. The siege lasted three years, being protracted to that unusual length principally through the mechanical contrivances of Archimedes. At that time, the circumference of the city exceeded twenty-two English miles; but it is now confined to the small island of Ortygia, while the inhabitants have dwindled down to eighteen thousand within the walls. Agrigentum, also, at the period of its greatest prosperity, numbered eight hundred thousand souls. Its descendant, the modern Girgenti, can with difficulty enumerate seventeen thousand. In ancient days, Cicero and other writers called Sicily the granary of Rome; and so she proved herself in more than one season of dearth. Corn is not now the staple commodity of the island, but it might be cultivated to any extent with little labour and less outlay. Notwithstanding the ravages of Etna, it cannot be doubted that to this same volcano, and to the mineral and sulphureous waters exist-

ing in many localities, much of the natural fertility of the land is to be attributed. Since the days of Diodorus, the facility with which the corn grows, in the absence of almost any sort of culture, has ever been proverbial.

The honey of Hybla still retains its classic reputation; and the fruit is so abundant that, during the time of the British occupation, the officers were allowed to pluck oranges, lemons, and grapes in the fields and orchards near their quarters, without charge. The cattle, horses, and sheep are numerous; wine and oil incalculable in quantity; and the sulphur, the demand for which is ever on the increase, supplies a source of exhaustless wealth, exceeding that derived from all the rest of Europe put together. The oak forests, especially in the woody regions of Mount Etna, abound in magnificent timber, available for ship-building. The celebrated chestnut tree called the *Castagna de cento Cavalli*, because, it is said, a hundred horsemen can stand under its shade, has often been commemorated by tourists, and still flourishes in all its luxuriance. There are, in fact, several trees so closely entwined together that the separate stems can only with difficulty be identified. There is scarcely any thing worthy the name of a river, but there are two or three lakes; and in winter, after heavy rain, the mountain streams, or *finmaras*, swell, for a few hours, into foaming torrents. At the fountain of Cyane, of classic fame, in the vicinity of Syracuse, the *Papyrus* plant, applied by the ancients to so many useful purposes, is to be found, in great beauty and abundance. The inhabitants now use it only to bind their sheaves of corn during harvest-time. The marshes produced by the annual overflowing of the banks of the Nile is the only other locality in the world where this plant grows spontaneously.

But the great and exclusive advantage possessed by Sicily, in a political or commercial sense, lies in the noble harbours of Syracuse, Messina, and Agosta. They are perfectly land-locked and secure, let the wind blow from what quarter it will; the two former capable of containing large fleets of men-of-war, and with depths of water, in a tideless sea, for the most gigantic modern three-decker. There are none

superior in the Mediterranean, not even Mahon or Valetta, while Continental Italy is almost harbourless. Trace the entire seaboard from Villa Franca, now given up to the French, round Cape Spartivento to Venice, inclusive, and the whole extent of fifteen hundred miles and upwards presents not a single haven, properly so called; the best are open roadsteads or exposed bays. Within the artificial moles of Genoa, Leghorn, Naples, and Ancona, comparatively small vessels only can enter. Venice is choked up, having been entirely neglected by the policy or jealousy of Austria, which preferred Trieste, on the opposite side of the gulf, as her naval emporium. Napoleon, on the contrary, endeavoured to maintain, or restore, the supremacy of Venice. He built a splendid line-of-battle ship there, called the Rivoli, and sent her to sea, to try the fortune of her name. The matter was soon brought to issue. On the second day her career was cut short by the Victorious, of equal force, to whom she surrendered after a resolute fight.

The islands on the Italian coast are better supplied with harbours than the peninsula itself. In addition to those named in Sicily, Minorca, and Malta, there are the Magdalens, in the Straits of Bonifacio, where Lord Nelson frequently ran in for water and provisions when blockading Toulon; St. George's, in Lissa, the headquarters of our Adriatic Squadron from 1809 to 1815, opposite to which Sir William Hoste fought his gallant action; and Porto Ferrajo, and Longone, in Elba.

The climate of Sicily, too, being tempered on all sides by the sea breezes, is most salubrious, although hot even to broiling in summer. Pulmonic complaints and epidemic fevers are unknown. The English officers, in spite of reiterated cautions, *would* go and shoot in the marshes of Lentini during the malaria season. But they were resolute to make vacancies, and died as surely as they went. The sirocco, or south wind, is a fearful visitation, sweeping across the deserts of Africa, with a hot, suffocating blast, very unlike the gentle "Auster" eulogised by some poets; but its visits are "few and far between," and seldom exceed two or three days in duration. During that time, wise people

apply wet blankets to their windows, and resign themselves to indoor darkness. The natives are wont to say, that none but dogs and Englishmen are mad enough to appear in the streets.

There is a military position nearly in the centre of the island, combining advantages not to be met with elsewhere, and so peculiar as to deserve a minute description. The world does not produce another to compete with it. We allude to Castro Giovanni, the ancient *Enna*, celebrated for one of the most memorable abductions recorded in mythological fable, and eulogised by Milton in his great epic, as

"That fair field
Of *Enna*, where *Proserpine*, gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy *Dis*
Was gather'd, which cost *Ceres* all that pain,
To seek her through the world."

Diodorus, Livy, and Cicero, have left ample descriptions of the city of Enna. Livy mentions that it was erected upon the summit of a very high mountain, quite insulated, and on all sides extremely steep. He says, emphatically: "In excelso loco et prærupto undique sita inexpugnabilis est." The elevation is upwards of 4,000 feet above the level of the sea, a height exceeding that of Snowdon by nearly one quarter; and the approaches on all sides are as difficult as when the Roman historian penned the above sentence. The table-land at the top is perfectly even, and about five miles in circumference, abundantly supplied with springs of pure water, and what is still more extraordinary, a beautiful lake stands close to the town. This lake must not be confounded with the reputed scene of the Plutonic rape, the *Lagodi Proserpina*, which is situated in the valley several miles off, the aromatic and sylvan luxuriance of whose banks has lost nothing with the lapse of ages, but still vindicates the glowing commendations of Cicero and Ovid.

The modern Castro Giovanni is one of the most miserable and least inviting towns in Sicily. All vestiges of antiquity have nearly disappeared. Of the far-famed temple of Ceres, a single and apocryphal stone remains. The castle built by the Romans is fast crumbling to its base, but still strong enough for its ordinary appliance, a state prison. The view from the

mouldering battlements is not to be described. It must be seen to appreciate its beauties.

When it was known that Garibaldi had resolved on a descent on Sicily, many old military men, acquainted with the country, imagined that he would land on the smooth beach, between Catania and the little river Giarretta, move across the extensive plains in that neighbourhood, seize on Castro Giovanni, which was undefended, and from that central point unfurl his flag of independence, and issue his proclamations. Against a foe more formidable than the Neapolitans and their imbecile leaders, this would have been the more prudent and safer course; but he boldly took the bull by the horns, undoubtedly trusting much to the favourable disposition of the inhabitants of Palermo, landed as nearly as he could to the capital, and marched on it direct, with how glorious a result is before the world, as it will form a bright chapter in future history.

But what of education, the great sinew of power? In Sicily, even amongst the better classes, it is almost entirely neglected, or pauses on the threshold of the rudiments. Exceptions there are, of course, both amongst the clergy and laity; but an enlightened priest or a well-read, travelled nobleman, are *rare aves*. It is not uncommon to find young ladies of condition who can neither read nor write; their correspondence with their lovers is carried on through the medium of a notary or professional scribe, who sits at some public place at the receipt of custom, and indites letters and answers at the rate of a *mezzo carlino*, two pence English each time. Matters in this respect may have advanced since 1814, but at that time we were personally acquainted with a duke who instead of signing his name had "a mark to himself," as Jack Cade says, "like an honest, plain-dealing man." The fishermen are a remarkably fine, muscular race; the peasantry in general, robust and abstemious, extremely superstitious in all points of religious faith, and profoundly uninformed. We once, in a mountain ramble, stumbled upon a village, of which not one of the inhabitants knew the name. They called it in their patois *duogo* (for *luogo*, the place), and referred us to the priest for

further information. To the worthy padre we accordingly repaired, and found that the locality was designated as *San Giovanni* in the book of assessment or parish registry; but that his flock only recognised it as they had informed us. On another occasion we were asked, in a large company, by a cabinet minister who proposed, visiting England, if there was a carriage-road from Portsmouth to London. A respectable citizen of Palermo, also, nearly sixty years of age, observed, when questioned, that he had heard of Monreale, a town celebrated for its Norman cathedral, three miles from the capital, and that he had actually once been as far as Mezzo-Monreale, a village situated half way. His peregrinations were as extensive as those of the first Newberry, of the corner of St. Paul's, of whom it was said that he had never seen any trees except the thirteen at the back of the churchyard in that rural vicinity. The number of the nobility is excessive; you scarcely meet a man without a title. Dukes, princes, and barons are as common as the counts in Milan. Some of the elder representatives are rich and have good revenues; but the condition of the cadets, as "a sick and indigent" younger brother informed us, is miserable in the extreme. They have no patrimony beyond a garret in the family mansion, from which they cannot be excluded, and there they vegetate as hereditary and starving incumbents, furniture and food not being included in the bond. They are not allowed to marry, and too haughty to follow a trade.

A singular illustration of Sicilian pride and poverty, with its incidental and inseparable meanness, once occurred to the writer of this article. He was walking with a brother officer on the Marina, at Palermo, during the high tide of the fashionable promenade in the cool of the evening. A nobleman of high rank drove down in a very ancient and cumbrous vehicle, drawn by two patriarchal horses, with a coachman and three lacqueys of similar date. The whole turn-out had a most antediluvian aspect: their chronology baffled calculation. The duke stepped out, came up to us, took off his hat, and literally begged for a *dollar*. As soon as we had recovered from our surprise, and clearly understood what he meant, and that he was

applying on his own account, not as the agent of a charity, the general pretence when English milordis are addressed, we entered into conversation. The "illustrious prince" then became quite confidential, informing us frankly that he had a palace and establishment in addition to the equipage we saw, but no ways and means, not even ready cash enough to supply macaroni and water melons. He gave us so many "Eccellenzas," and so many compliments to England in general, and King George in particular, that we in return bestowed on him a dollar each, our companion declaring that he did it for the fun of the thing; whereupon the noble mendicant skipped into his carriage, and vanished with the alacrity of the ghost of disconsolate Miss Bailey in the song, when gratified with the unexpected one pound note. We saw him again soon after in the Mall, exchanging bland salutes on all sides with hundreds of his order, many of whom had similar equipages and revenues, perhaps, in the same flourishing condition.

In morals, we grieve to say, the Sicilians are sadly latitudinarian, though still above the average of their continental neighbours, who have more opportunities of knowing better; while their religion is not so openly a pretence and mockery. They are imaginative and quick in perception, but somewhat given to be offended at trifles; ready on slight provocations to fight duels with the small sword, but generally abhorrent of the pistol, with an idea that all Englishmen are unerring shots. Their regard for British customs and institutions is unaffectedly genuine, and they firmly believe we are entitled to take the lead we so ambitiously assume, always reserving, with a sigh of regret, that although this world is ours, we have but a poor chance in the next, from our stubborn heresy. They are also terribly given to litigation, and will enter a suit for the recovery of a pin's head. A recent traveller tells us there are, in the single city of Palermo, 4,000 gentlemen of the long robe, all of whom contrive to make out a living—advocates and attorneys being included in the same category. If the disciples of Galen and Hippocrates are in the same proportion,

the bills of mortality must be something awful to think of.

In no country in the world does the Cenobitic life flourish so luxuriantly. The monasteries have never been suppressed, neither have the Capuchin Friars, as in Northern Italy in 1796 and 1797, been converted into stalwart dragoons. It has been computed that there are 80,000 monks and secular clergy on the island, a fearful disproportion to the aggregate number of souls; in fact, an incubus on society, and a formidable barricade against improvement. But they too, with some few eminent exceptions, share in the general ignorance, more particularly in the rural districts, and are apathetic rather than subtle, or zealous to slaying in the article of conversion. One reason for this may be, and far from a bad one, that there is no one to convert, no Mortara to abduct, or lapsed infidel to terrify—neither Jew nor Protestant. The whole population are unmitigated Romanists, after the old fashion, without leaven of sect or synod. The prevailing style of worship is what we understand by the term *Mariolatry*, or substitution of the Madonna for the Saviour. "If we enter the churches," says the author of *Pictures from Sicily*, "the choicest shrines are occupied by statues of the Virgin, crowned and sceptred as the Queen of Heaven; if we perambulate the streets, every corner exhibits the same tutelary image; while on the walls of cemeteries are representations of souls in purgatory looking up imploringly to her to save them by her all-powerful intercession. Jesus, in short, seems dethroned from His peculiar office as mediator between God and man, and Mary everywhere substituted in His room. To her the devout Catholics confide their wants and prefer their petitions, as relying more on her sympathy with their distresses, and, peradventure, also, indulgence for their frailties."

The Sicilians, also, are prodigiously given to believe in miracles. Prince Hohenlohe would have been canonized amongst them while yet alive. In 1811, there were several smart shocks of earthquake at Messina, in rapid succession. Consternation prevailed; many elders remembered the

terrible catastrophe of 1783, which laid the city in ruins, and expected a repetition. The inhabitants, generally, brought their mattresses into the streets and squares, and slept for nights in the open air. A general report arose that a statue of the Virgin Mary in one of the churches was weeping bitterly in anticipation of some terrible calamity. Such crowds thronged to the sacred building, that they were in danger of suffocation in pressing in and out. The excitement called for the interference of the authorities, who requested the bishop to decide the question. The prelate went in state. Being a very old man, a commodious staircase was erected by which he ascended to the elevation of the statue. There a white cambric handkerchief was handed to him, with which he delicately wiped the eyes and face of the figure. He then turned solemnly round, and declared, "My children, we are deceived: there is no miracle." Great was the disappointment, and loud the murmurs of complaint, but there was no appeal from such an orthodox decision. When the British forces occupied the island, our surgeons were in great request. The natives always endeavoured to obtain their aid in all difficult cases. If the patient recovered, a painting (generally a most frightful daub) was made to commemorate "the miracle." In this the sufferer was depicted in bed, with the weeping family on one side, and on the other a spruce-looking gentleman, in red uniform, feeling the pulse of the sick maiden or youth, as the case might be. Above, hovered in clouds and glory, the patron saint or saintess of the family. This painting was placed on one of the altars of their church, a traditional reminiscence or revival of the old pagan custom of affixing a votive offering in

the temple of Neptune after escape from shipwreck.

This extremely low scale of popular education, this Cimmerian ignorance and utter blindness are, perhaps, more promising foundations for the introduction of light than the bewildering half instruction, the mere glimmering of letters which flounders in a mass of crotchets and theories, and so confounds truth and falsehood that they can with difficulty be separated or distinguished. Let us remember, also, how long and helplessly the energies of Sicily have been kept down and trampled upon by the most bigoted and iniquitous of the old rotten despotisms of the Continent. They have shaken it off with the energy of the roused lion, and every change must improve their condition. A great opportunity, an advancing destiny seems opening to them at last. Most sincerely do we hope that they will neither throw it away themselves, nor suffer it to be wrested from them through meddling interference or hollow concessions dictated by fear. When nations liberate themselves by the sword, they have passed beyond the necessity of temporizing expedients. Sicily is entitled to the respect and sympathy of the civilized world, from her classical associations, her long suffering, her struggles for emancipation; and of England, above all other states, from our close intimacy during many years of the late war, the promises we held out to them, and the friendship and affection which the inhabitants evinced towards us, though so thoroughly opposed in habits, manners, morals, and religion. Darker countries have won their way into sunlight, and no one can calculate the progress of the stone now rolling onward with such an elastic bound.

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WANDERINGS IN IRELAND.

NORTH-WEST.

We are going to write something about Kilcar and Glencolumbkille, two wild parishes in the mountainous barony of Bannagh, in the county of Donegal; and in treating of any district so little known, we have need to borrow the pen of a Murray or a Fraser, and assume for the nonce something of the guide-book style of narrative, in order to enable our reader to gain the spot; assuring him at the same time that any trouble he may be put to, or any length of way he may have to endure, will be amply repaid him by the enjoyment of the rare and romantic scenery which will meet him everywhere in these remote regions.

And surely we shall not be accused of any thing of a Hibernicus Furor if we express astonishment, mingled with indignation, that of the many who run through Ireland, and then "make a book," all seem to tread the same *via trita*, and tramway of unalterable dull travel, to which they cleave as closely as an excursion train to the rail; and thus we have "Tours in Connemara," and "Trips to the Giant's Causeway," and "Wanderings through Wicklow" perpetrated in fact, and then paraded from the Press; while few are to be found who, turning aside from the beaten path, deviate into the more distant Irish scenery we would now describe—that such is the fact, we have the evi-

dence of those who reside on the spot, amidst those lovely but unnoticed wilds. And we feel a painful certainty, that amidst the great amount of the travelling and touring population of these kingdoms, not ten in a hundred have ever heard of the sublime and tinted sea-walls of Slieve League, or the solitary and green valley of Malin Glen, whose wilds once gave refuge to "Prince Charlie," according to the tradition of the peasantry, and whose silent hills are rife with the grey ruins of remote antiquity, and full of ecclesiastical and historical interest.

Glencolumbkille, and its next-door neighbour, Kilcar, are accessible to travellers, either by reaching Enniskillen per train, from whence the journey can be effected, *via* Ballyshannon and Donegal, by cheap and comfortable vans: or else by holding on to the rail till you arrive at Strabane, from which the traveller may descend on Donegal through the Gap of Barnesmore, and by the mountain Lough of Mourne—a wild and solitary drive.

Donegal, then, is the starting point or frontier town of this district: it is a wonderfully small metropolis, or rather micropolis, yet it has its notabilities and points of renown. It can boast natural beauties in the river Esk, which runs between its high, green banks, into Donegal Bay, a most noble and majestic sheet of water, across

whose broad bosom Bundoran bathers and Killybegs cockle-gatherers might seek to gaze at each other, and probably succeed in so doing, if the air were but clear, and the telescope *de la première force*.

In respect of antiquities, Donegal can show a mouldering monastery of Franciscan friars in ruins, and a fine old castle, well preserved by Lord Arran, which the O'Donels built, and held as their summer-residence, until their conquest and attainment, when it passed into the hands of Sir Basil Brooke, armiger, who held it for Queen Elizabeth; the knight's Cheshire scutcheon and ugly crest, viz., a badger passant proper, being carved on the chimney-piece, and plainly discernible.

And in regard of things useful, this small town can exhibit a spa, which every one talks of, and nobody drinks; a branch office of the Ulster Banking Company; a neat little church; and a somewhat dilapidated gentlemanly old hotel, from whose door the Killybegs van starts in good time to break the neck of the journey, before the summer sun kisses the western wave.

For seventeen winding miles the road follows, for the most part, the sinuosities of the sea-board; the van, on the occasion of our travel, was uncrowded and commodious; the driver obliging and communicative; the weather delicious; and the views on all sides charming and diversified. Presently we came to a schoolhouse built upon a round, green hill, in the neatest and very best taste, resembling more such a "cottage ornée" as you would meet in an English nobleman's pleasure-grounds, than a literary forge to hammer dull head-bolts into educational shape. This edifice, the driver told me, was on the estate of Mr. Murray Stewart, a Scotch gentleman, who qualifies, or rather ignores, the charge of absenteeism, which might be preferred against him, by having as his substitute a resident agent of extraordinary excellence, activity, and intelligence. This gentleman, Mr. George Venables Wilson, resides in a beautiful villa on the sea at Killybegs. All around his house betrays the hand of taste, and betokens the care of a provident manager over a large estate and needy tenantry. Here are attached to the offices a first-rate forge, and a complete carpenter's shop, where

gates, ploughs, carts, and farming implements of every kind are made for the tenants; and better than all, here is a really magnificent schoolhouse, just completed in all its parts, and built at Mr. Murray Stewart's expense. In this building every thing is constructed to meet the good and the comfort of scholar as well as teacher. The same liberal hand is visible everywhere. Indeed one may reasonably guess that a large proportion of the rental received is thrown back again on the estate in the shape of improvements, for much of the country about Killybegs and Kilcar is dotted with comfortable slated houses; gates are put up, pathways opened, the mud hovels are disappearing, and the genius of comfort and of neatness exhibits his presence, and asserts his sway.

Against these beneficent innovations are opposed the Irish inertness, and the hereditary and vicious conservatism, which make our countrymen cling, like limpets on a rock, to old habits and ancestral usages, and resist the introduction of what they regard as novelties; but when the landlord is manifestly so generous, and the agent seconds him so determinately and intelligently, one must hope that ignorance and sloth will give way eventually, and that the people will see their own advantage in adopting the system of improvement which their landlord so kindly offers them.

In our route from Donegal to Killybegs we passed through many a league of dreary mountain moorland, diversified with bright and piquant scenery; now we had a view of the sea on the left, and St. John's Point far running out among its green waves; now, on the right, a blue mountain would upheave into sight, or a hill-side torrent come raving and tumbling down its gully, making music midst the solitude of the scene.

We strained up the hill at Mount Charles, passed the church and bridge of Inver, leaving that water-logged locality on the left—a place which always looks as if it was just recovering from being drowned; and as we mounted a fine breezy hill a little further on, a noble range of purple mountains rose before us on the south and east. There were Blue Stack and his neighbour Belshade, at whose base

the bright lake sleeps; there were Silverhill, which frowns over Lough Anarget; and Binbane; and Croaghna-geer far to the right; and wild Liegnafania, towards Lough Derg; and northward, great Glendowan, with all their swelling and connecting uplands and hollows, where the shadows lie dark and tender. Now the road becomes wilder, and presently we reach Dunkaneely, standing high, and graced with a neat church and parsonage; and we had a view of M'Swine's Bay, and the distant Island of Lunisduff, and an old ruin on the shores of the bay called M'Swine's Castle.

These M'Swines were secondary chiefs of Donegal under the O'Donels for many a rude year, till the cold-hearted Saxon came with a sword by his side and money in his pocket, to destroy Romance and Feudalism, and introduce security and Civilization. This family is, I believe, now almost extinct, or at least existing in poverty and decadency of condition. It is related of them, that in disloyal times they preserved their loyalty; and this idea is confirmed by a reference to "Pynnar's Survey of the Ulster Settlement in 1610," where we find that Walter M'Loughlin M'Swine was the "original patentee" under the Crown of near 1,000 acres in Ragh and Bellicanny, county of Donegal, of which his family were in possession in 1619; and "that the said Walter had built a good strong house of lime and stone, and was a justice of the peace in the county, and was conformable to His Majesty's laws, and a true subject," &c., &c.

The descendants of this man complain heavily of some unfair usage; and they still preserve their ancient papers in the vain hope of one day regaining their right. One of them was a fine and noble-looking old man, who, about thirty years ago, used to make the circuit of the gentry's houses as "The M'Swine," and was always hospitably entertained, and had "the glass of claret" which he demanded as befitting his chieftain's rank. His sons were mere peasants, and resided in an island in the lovely Lake of Glenveagh, where they lived as they best could by cheating the excise and eluding the gauger. Yet,

doubtless, they once had high place and power, for both sea and land bore their name, and the old maps still exhibit "M'Swine's Country" and "M'Swine's Gun," &c.

We had always conjectured the name to have been originally Scandinavian, from "Swino"—the English nomenclature is Sweeny; but Edmund Spenser, in his "State of Ireland," asserts that the name was originally De Vere, and the family Norman, and that they were descended from Robert De Vere, Earl of Oxford, the favourite of Richard II., who was banished to Ireland by the jealousy of the peers, and through hatred to the English cast off his name, and assumed the less mellifluous cognomen of M'Swine. This story, Spenser says, he had "*by the report of the Irish themselves.*" With De Vere, he affirms on the same authority, came his kinsman Fitz Ursula, or Fitz Urse, who changed his name to MacMahon, both words signifying the "son of a bear;" so that Marshal MacMahon, the victor at Magenta, must, on this showing, be a descendant of Reginald Fitz Urse, one of the four noblemen who slew St. Thomas A'Becket at the altar of Canterbury!

This pedigree of the MacMahons is denied and disputed by some, but Spenser had it, three hundred years ago, "*from the Irish themselves,*" and it is asserted, also, by Edmund Campion, the Jesuit, whose "Historie of Ireland" was written A.D. 1571,* some years before Spenser's work on Ireland appeared.

As we approached Killybegs, the road like a gray spectre seeming to run over the hills before us, we rounded Brockless Bay, and crossed the Corker river, and soon after stopped at Rogers' hotel, which stands facing the lovely bay which bases the little old town of Killybegs. Here the great Atlantic waves which come rolling in from the west are cooped up among serrated rocks and green undulating hills of the greatest beauty, and lie in calm repose like the waters of a large inland lake. Killybegs can boast of some historical interest. It belonged to the O'Donels, and has a few royalties attached to it. The town is

* "Campion's Historie," chap. 2.

improving: it has the greatest capabilities for being made a most picturesque place, the harbour is so very beautiful, the clear green water washing the grassy hills which sink and swell, and undulate and stretch down to the water's edge, giving the whole bay the appearance of a mirror of steel set in a shagreen frame. The rectorial mansion lies among these soft hills: it is a specimen of perfect taste: and its comfort and picturesque neatness is well relieved and enhanced by the "reverent gloom" of a ruined church and old kirk-yard which lie between it and the sea. The inn here, though very humble, is thoroughly comfortable, the fare unexceptionable, the charges reasonable, and the beds rivalling the snow, and equalling the lily in the whiteness and sweetness of their furniture and linen.

That this whole place will improve no one can doubt, from its happy capabilities, as well from the circumstance of its having Mr. Wilson residing in it; and some of the people of the town to whom we spoke seem thoroughly sensible of his great value.

If we look on the map of Ireland, we shall see that Killybegs is situated at the base or beginning of a large offjut or wart which Donegal throws out towards the Atlantic, and which comprehends the wild district we are about to enter on. This, one would say, is almost the end of the world—the termination of terrestrial travel: even Fishbourne is now at fault, and car-borne Bianconi can proceed no more; "the force of nature can no further go," and locomotion dies out of itself. We left the rail at Strabane—the van disappears at Killybegs—and all posting is extinguished at the next stage, which is very appropriately termed Kilcar. We are sure that we shall have the sympathy of a pitying public when we tell them that subsequently we performed the distance from Glen to Kilcar, at the risk of actual disintegration, seated à la Turque in a blue cart, springless and merciless, the pony, or "wee horse," which drew the conveyance, trotting ruthlessly through rut and over shingle, in such a brutal and bumpiferous fashion as to make us recollect our journey with anguish all the evening afterwards.

We had a wild car and a civilized driver from Rogers' hotel at Killy-

begs; and as we climbed the hill behind the sea-washed demesne of Fintragh, we were overtaken by a tall, trotting, long-legged redshank of a "boy," who, with bag on shoulder and staff in hand, kept up, *pâri passû*, with the progress of our car: he and the driver having held colloquy, the latter approached and asked me "had I any objection to permit Her Majesty's royal mail to sit up on the car." I was, of course, too loyal to refuse, and up jumped the letter-bearing Mercury, who proved a quick and intelligent companion, walking fourteen miles a day, "barring," as he said, "my present luck," with but sorry pay for this amount of pedestrianism from the post-office authorities.

We had the discomfort of one of those thick, wetting showers on our way, but the gullies all along the road were resonant with watery life, raving amidst the hollows, and rushing and leaping round their rocks to meet the sea, which lay calm and smiling to receive them in her broad lap, like a mother welcoming a wayward and boisterous child, and hushing his turbulence to rest on her bosom.

Here we had before us the green elevation of the back of Slieve League or Slieve-Liagh cliffs, rising from the valley to the height of nearly 2,000 feet. On the left, this mountain trends and tapers downwards to the verdant hills which form the westward shore of Teelin harbour. We came to a halt at Roxborough, the pleasant and picturesque abode of the kind rector of Kilcar, a house well known and far famed for its ready, but, we fear, often over-taxed hospitality. In fact, till very lately, the clergymen of these lone regions were the only entertainers, and their houses the only hospices where tourists could find shelter; and, by a happy Providence, it occurred that two more kind-hearted or hospitable men could not be found than the rectors of Kilcar and of Glencolumbkille.

At present, Mr. Conolly, the county member, has built a small but bright inn at the little hamlet of Carrick, near Kilcar; here are good and very clean beds, and a most courteous innkeeper, Mr. Blain. Mr. Conolly has likewise engineered a bold path, which commences near his inn, and climbs the back of Slieve League to

the cliff top, from which the seaward down-gaze is appalling and magnificent; while looking southward, the eye ranges over a wide extent of territory, as far as Lough Derg, and the mountains of Leitrim and Sligo.

The traveller, wishing to see the great "Slieve Liagh," may amuse himself from the Carrick hotel by first-rate fishing in the Glen river, opposite the village, where he will find salmon, salmon trout, and black or mountain trout in abundance.

Our aim was, as soon as possible, to visit these cliffs, of whose height and magnificence, and strange colouring, we had heard so much; but there are peculiar difficulties proper to these latitudes which beset the path of sight-seers, and from which we were not to be exempt: these are long walks, through soft bog and wet weather, or on shingle-heaped paths, the scaling of summits, the scarcity of vehicles, and above all other disagreeabilities, the frequency of the Donegal SMIR—we know not if we spell it aright—which is a small, thick, wetting rain—assailing you on every side,—and against which your umbrella is futile—coming from all points of the compass, it soaks into your chest at the very time it is running spout-wise down your back, and impartially drenching you on your right side and on your left. Shut up by a misty gaoler of this kind, we were two days confined to the house, till getting desperate, on the second evening we sallied out, and reaching the Water-guard Station at Teelin, embarked in a small boat, and had a rough sail on the waters of that beautiful little bay. Down came the rain, in poured the waves—we had fresh and salt water baths—the wind was adverse, and our boat missed stays in going about, and drifted on the rocks. The command was given, "out oars and pull;" but one oar was doing duty in the sail as a sprait, and we should have foundered had not three or four wild figures rushed up to their hips into the sea, and succeeded in shoving the boat off the rocks, and succouring the rector in his strait. The matter involved more fun than fear, as there was no danger beyond a wet jacket and a sound ducking.

The landscape all around recalls Horn Head scenery: green hills fan-

tastically shaped—rotund, conical, globular, abrupt, or sinking in slopes to the sea, or terminating in bluffs. "Our hearts were with our eyes," and they were continually turned to Slieve League, up whose huge dark sides two paths appeared to run—one, that constructed from Carrick inn, and which goes to the summit; the second, less ambitious, winds up through a mountain gorge over Teelin bay, and finally lands the tourist on a shoulder of the mountain—a broad platform of grass and heather, from which the whole grand outline and face of these cliffs is discernible for five miles, and the vexed Atlantic foaming and ceaselessly raving against their cave-pierced and buttressed bases.

This latter path we essayed next day, crossing over Teelin bay. It is a lovely walk, twining up amidst crags and heather, and green hillocks, and dry water-courses, evidently formed through some natural fissure in the mountain. Here are wild cabins amid the rocks, tenanted by a wild population, speaking Irish. After an ascent of a mile and a half, we reached a small lake: the mountain backs it, and intermingled with the brown bog, which forms the soil around, are masses of white quartz, patching the dark ground like drifts of frozen snow. One short ascent more and we had attained to the sea "banks." This is the name the aborigines affix to the back of the cliffs. Here the path was smoother, and would admit a pony: running between overhanging rocks on either side, "*rupes dumosæ*," and taking long bends around the head of some sea ravine, at whose bottom the waves were running and roaring: or curving to avoid the deep green clefts in the coast, along whose opes a few wild black-faced sheep were feeding.

Presently we saw the sides and back of Corrigan Head, a cliff that rises 700 feet from the sea, and is the gigantic sentry that forms the angle of entrance round which we turn into the long oblong bay, which is based for five miles by the cliffs of Slieve League, or the Mountain of the Grey slates. Our path now terminated in the soft mountain hill heather, and in a few yards more we arrived at the Awark More, or Grand Sight.

The whole stretch of Slieve League, from wave-washed base to dizzy summit—from south to north, lay before us.

We saw it well and clearly: no mist rose from the wave below—no cloud overwreathed the rocks above, whose outlines were cut sharply against the dome of blue sky, and the broad face of the cliff itself was steeped and glistening in sunshine, and all bathed and suffused with one wide and vast glory of light. We had expected much, but nothing like what we saw; we were prepared for the height: we knew that we were to look upon cliffs twice as lofty as Horn Head, and three times higher than its grand brother of Fair Head. We had even heard it asserted by a trustworthy authority, that Slieve League was the loftiest and grandest cliff in Europe, except one in Norway, whose name we did not hear; but any anticipation we had formed came far short of the sublime reality which now lay in strong, and stony, and magnificent expanse before us.

It was not even the altitude of these great cliffs—and the eye did traverse them from their black bases up to the terrible height where their edged tops stood out against the sky—it was not this feature, striking as it was, but it was their extraordinary colouring. They are most gorgeous. We do, indeed, assert that nothing can surpass their tints and hues. The whole face of the cliff is coloured like an opal gem, with every variation of dye. Now we see the ancient grey of the rock, weather-stained and worn: now it is inky black, where the shadows lie in the clefts and recesses: now a bold Vandyke brown mounting to a tawny red: now the cliff brightens with lines of pink, and spots of delicate pea-green, as pale as the painting on a Sévre China vase: now there are large patches of sulphur, very vivid, traversings of amber, and gold colour deepening down to coarser hues of ochre and gamboge, the rusted iron hue prevailing at the bases, while mingled with it were spots of flecked green, like Galway marble: pillared rocks stand out from the cliffs like grey altars, their tops covered with light green. Beneath, and far down, the profound indigo of the sea, commingling with its own snowy foam, weltered and creamed

around the huge black bases, or broke in hollow thunder among the thousand caves and buttresses which prop these vast sea palaces, the old ocean temples of great Nature.

It was a magnificent spectacle; and I could only regard it in silence, while my spirit knelt and worshipped the God of Creation, at the bidding of whose power these giant cliffs arose, and these great waters flowed.

And who was to behold this wondrous sight? Myself and one solitary and sympathizing companion—none else. Perhaps the large brown white-headed sea-eagle, from his dizzy eyrie on the cliff face, by some strange instinct, might have rejoiced in the savage sublimity where he held his dominion; or the lean and silly sheep might feel happy in his desolate security; or the gull, which skimmed the waves, and looked to us from our high stage, like a butterfly winging it over a lake; or the frightened rabbit rushing to its sandy hole: these, with ourselves, were all the living occupants of the spot, where solitary Nature sits alone and supreme amid storm, and calm, and cloud, and sunshine, and crag and cliff, and light and gloom, and unseen glory, and slighted sublimity.

But, oh, ye Irish Rhine resorters—ye Baden bath-hunters—ye Tyrol travellers—ye Rome admirers—ye Pyrenean pedestrians—ye Danube devotees—ye Nile navigators—ye Chamounix climbers—ye Alpine aspirants—why do ye leave your own country, with all its bright and beautiful scenery—with all its wild, strange, original, and untrodden landscape—where there is every thing that is fresh, and lovely, and striking, and piquant—where it is all your own dear country? Why do ye leave it, year after year, to hustle and herd with a cigar-perfumed crowd on board a river steamer, drinking vinous vinegar and devouring sweet omelettes, and *doing* the Rhine; or donkeying up a narrow, break-neck-path, and *doing* the Righi; or enduring the dirt and pedicularia of Rome, and *doing* the Eternal City; and all at vast outlay of purse, and patience, and physical labour, and waste of time and travel: when here is your own Innisfail—your Green Erin—ma colleen dhas macree—the fair young girl of our heart—smiling ever though forsaken; lovely but lone

in her beauty and her unutterable gracefulness ; deserted 'midst all her native and wild attractions for the clumsy and used-up *fadéurs* of foreign lands ; and sitting on her heathery mountain, with the cataract flashing adown its rocks beside her ; and her oakwood glen, and all its music, behind her ; and her glorious cliffs before her, beaten by the westerly winds, and lashed by ten thousand sweeping billows ; and all her grand and giant mountains around her, with their solemn peaks, their shadows, and their straths, and their still lakes which glitter in the sun like diamonds ? Yes, here she is, like Lear, forsaken by her own children, with so many of her glens unexplored, and her mountains unscaled ; those very cliffs which now fill our mind with their beauty, unheard of by nine-tenths of her travelling population, or her reading literati : when, all the time, there is scarce one scene on the Continent of more peculiar and original sublimity ; nor is there one painting in Barberini Palace or Farnese—nor arch nor ancient capitol in forum or coliseum—which can surpass in true grandeur, or chaste effect, or just proportion, or tint, or vivid dye, or lovely and lasting colouring, these grand old cliffs.

Slowly and thoughtfully we descended the mountain pass, the waters of Teelin harbour flashing blue on us between the opening crags, like the blade of a scimitar—as we turned away and said farewell to the Awark More and its precipices: taking their impress on our brain and “their beauty in our heart,” as a thought which should last for life.

But we had not as yet seen the wondrous caves, which, only approachable by a boat, lie at the very base of the Slieve League precipices ; so next morning we rose with the lark, proposing to go down towards Teelin Point, and, securing a good boat, pull out to sea, and make a descent on these watery caverns. We started at four o'clock. Teelin, “the little fertile place,” as its name denotes in Irish, looked lovely in its morning dress—its waters so blue, its swelling hills so green, its rocks so grey and golden in the light, and its peaks so clear and cold. The pink blush was scarcely off the heavens ; the dew lay thick on the grass ; a few amber clouds floated in the sky ; the lark

was singing up to heaven's gate ; the air was most cheerful and invigorating ; the landscape pure but solitary. Our kind and active host was not among the sleepers, for we found him walking before the door of his rectory, enjoying the breezy call of incense-breathing morn, anxious to give us directions, and as solicitous to “speed the parting” as he ever is to “welcome the coming guest.” We had a good boat—swift and safe ; four stalwart oarsmen sat upon her benches, and a steady and intelligent helmsman grasped the tiller. We passed some small craft moored in the bay—the rector's boat, and a handsome galley, the property of the Earl of Enniskillen—his lordship loving to “trawl the finny deep” when he is down in this country. We pulled past Tawney Rock, which sentinel the harbour on the left. The sea was smooth all around, yet the waves were climbing and reaching up the sides of this rock like white wolves, when our bow-oar man remarked that “surely there would be a ground-swell under Slieve League, in which case the boat could not approach the caves.” We passed headland, and cliff, and arch, and tiny bay, and grotesque insular rock, and mural precipice, with grassy ledges, the resort of the gull and auk ; and low-mouthed cave, with the sea all in bubbles and froth about it ; and sunken rock, where the wave eddies and breaks ; till at last Corriggan Head, with its watch-tower, heaved in sight. A fine, bold bluff it is, lifting its forehead of stone to the keen air and the wild west tides, and standing 745 feet above the sea. All about its base was one grand rush, and tumble, and angry foaming out of old ocean, beating itself against the cold, hard, proud, black-hearted rocks, with all its thunders of cry and complaint, and all the vexed agony and madness of its raging, baffled, weltering, weeping waves. We paused under this great cliff to watch the mighty tumult, and lay on our oars ; and here we witnessed a curious phenomenon. Up the sides and rifts of the rock flew what appeared to us an incessant flock of pigeons, streaming up and darting from ledge to ledge—scaling every projection and coign, and rounding every corner—and finally sailing away rapidly over the top of the cliff on the wings of the wind. These, however,

were not birds, but globules of sea-foam blown by the eddies of the wind off the waves, which are kept in a state of perpetual churning and boiling at this part of the coast, where the sea rushes round the base of Corrigau, through arch and over sunken ledge, to mingle with the heaving tides which sweep the iron pediments of Slieve League.

Just as we rounded Corrigan Head we came in full view of the Slieve League precipices, stretching away to the north, and looking, if possible, more grand and thrice nobler from ocean than from land. The swell was heavy here, accompanied by a short and broken sea, and the waves were driving shoreward, and bursting and breaking up the face of the cliffs. We pulled hard, and on getting in close to the rocks we heard the sea raging in the line of caves which we had come to see, and hoped to explore. We had been told how curious they were in construction and how vivid in colouring. We were yet at some distance from the "Great Cave;" but the sea was so violent, and the groundswell so heavy, that our experienced helmsman gave us little hope that we should witness its wonder.

These precipices appear more lofty from a boat than when viewed from the Awarck More, though the colouring was duller, for the morning was waxing grey. We pulled underneath where, at the highest point, the cliffs narrow to an edge. Here we were pointed out "The One Man's Path," to cross which you must sit astride as on a saddle, and work your body over with hands and knees. If your head should fall you, and you fall westward, you are precipitated down the wall of Slieve League, 1,964 feet. If, on the contrary, your loss of balance inclines you towards the east, you have a downward flight of 1,200 feet to perform, and the cold and mountain waters of the wild and heart-shaped Lough Agh will receive and entomb you. After some rough rowing we reached the mouth of the "Great Cave." The hues and tints on its sides are more brilliant and gorgeous than on any part of the cliffs; the prevailing colour is a soft paly gold. Here grow millions of sea-pinks and anemones. The water within is lucid and clear as crystal. We rowed close to its black mouth, and backed the

boat till she was nearly sucked into it; yet the men were unwilling to venture farther. We lay rocking outside for some time, none of us speaking. For a minute or two our watery road of access to the cavern would appear favourable, the next moment some vast wave would break up into its very mouth, covering all around us with froth and yeast, and we heard its thundering death-song, as it swept along and burst at the head of the cave. We could see about twenty yards up the cavern. The sides appeared mottled like the slates we find in copper-mine districts. Doubtless iron is in this country. The formation of the cliff is mica slate interspersed with quartz.

We had a delightful row home, and were glad to glide once more along the placid waters of Teelin bay, and see the bright and well-ordered Water-guard Station lying amidst the green hills, and looking so white and tent-like in the morning light. Not a wreath of smoke was yet visible from the building; we had taken the day by the forelock, and enjoyed the morning in its youngest hour.

We parted from our crew with much thankfulness for their exertions on our behalf. They had been most agreeable and courteous. Our skipper was one who was well-acquainted with the cliff-scenery of Ireland; and his opinion was, that Slieve More, in the Island of Achill, was a few feet higher than Slieve League, but nothing so imposing or precipitate. We were glad to find the springy grass-sod under our feet once more, and welcomed the substantial blessing of terra firma after a ten-miles pull on the vexed Atlantic; and, after a pleasant walk of a mile, we found our kind host and his gentle lady just down stairs, and ready to welcome us to an early breakfast.

Beyond Slieve League, on the coast, is the stupendous cliff of Malin Beg, which rises to a height of above 1,400 feet, from whose summit the traveller may look upon the Island of Rathlin O'Birne, which lies out in the deep, and gems the western wave. Higher up, and near Malin More, is a beautiful white strand, from which the backward view of the Slieve League cliffs is striking. Further northward are Rossin Point, Glen Head, and the noble but distorted cliff of Sturral,

whose name in Irish signifies "the rugged height." All this scenery, lying in the parish of Glen Columbkille, we determined to go over and see. I should not say "go over," but use the wonted phraseology of the country, and say, "go down into Glen," the people always speaking of this locality as if it were a cavern, or a mine, from the fact of its being situated in the deep stone cup of a valley, and girt in by abrupt and circling mountains; and during our stay in the country we twice visited this wild spot, taking up our residence at the rectory, whose master, the Rev. Valentine Pole Griffith, is an intense enthusiast and lover of the grand and singular landscape where his lines have been cast.

There are two roads from Kilcar Rectory to Glen Parsonage. One is but seven miles, by Carrick and Lough Oonagh, where the descent into Glen is sudden and precipitous: the other road lies under the back of Slieve League, and is a singularly wild and solitary causeway, running through green hills which coop in the long and lone valley of Glen Malin. Here, to the left, and high in air, appears "The One Man's Path," marked by three knobs or knolls; and just under it, on the landward side, is a gorge filled with inky shadow, where, shaped like a man's heart, and deep as Erebus, all coiled up among the hills, like a black snake, is Lough Agh, which implies "the lake of conflict," the tradition recording a fight having taken place there in old times.

To the lover of secluded nature, the archæologist, or the antiquarian, Glen Malin is full of the most thrilling interest. Here, at intervals, lying in the grass on the hill-side, are to be seen many cromlechs, standing stones, and sun altars, mingled with numerous stations for pilgrims, stone crosses, and the ruins of some large building, so very old as to outstretch the most distant tradition, or the most fabulous imagination of a peasantry, who have a name and a story almost for every thing.

We passed the village of Malin More, where there are a small inn, and some substantial farm-houses. Here it was that Prince Charles sojourned when waiting for the vessel to convey him to France. His reasons for selecting this place are well given in

Mr. Griffith's paper, which is appended to this article; and certainly the very spirit of solitude seems to brood over the place, yet not in a savage form, but pleasingly—the word Malin denoting "a pleasant country." You enter Glen by the sea road, the rocks are beneath you, and the strand, with its fishing boats and racing waves. The whole Glen is sown with rocks and stones of all sizes and shapes, so that we found it difficult at first to separate, in our eye, the house and church from the surrounding groups of rude and natural stone. Stone crosses and stations abound in every quarter. This is alluded to in the very striking account of the place by Mr. Griffith, and a reason assigned for the frequency of these symbols, which must be interesting to the antiquarian and scholar. Opposite the rectory, and beyond where the waves come in on the strand, is the Hill of Ballard, replete with legends and remains of St. Columbkille. Mr. Griffith would derive this name from Bally Ard, that is, High Town; but we would push the name further back to Phœnician times, and explain it as Baal, or Beal Ard, a high God. No doubt altars or standing stones were here to Baal. This hill is very steep—in parts precipitous—it is nearly 1,000 feet high, and has running down its side a seam or gash which has the grisly appellation of "Scadaman of the Scrag." Scadaman signifies a throat, *i.e.*, the hollowed contracted part of the gorge on Ballard. It is the only way to gain the high and heathery platform, whence Glen Head, a noble cliff, and the giant rock of Sturrall, are visible.

We had scarcely disembarked at the parsonage door from our car, when our friend, the rector of Glen, hurried us up the altitudes of Ballard. Our back aches at the very remembrance of the furious scramblings we perpetrated on that occasion, midst rock, and steep, and shingle; now stumbling and shambling along through the boulders of some dry water-course; now ankle-deep in treacherous bog, or wet heather; now topping some rude wall of rubble, with an avalanche of loose stones accompanying our descent at the further side: visions of lameness for life loom on our mind; rheumatic seizures dim on the horizon; and cogitations as to

whether Columbkille ever had lumbago, for Ballard is his special mountain, where he walked, and no doubt clambered. Meanwhile our reverend friend, like Roderick Dhu, "strode on before;" or like the Telamonian Ajax, "*μεγα βιβας*," a matchless pedestrian, and as agile as a chamois, while we followed after, admiringly, but certainly "*haud passibus æquis*," our conscience continually reminding us how inferior, when compared to our friend's, our peripatetic performances must have appeared. Topping the wall, and treading the springy heather, rejoicing in his cliffs, and in his mountain views, and his mind at present "*totus in illis*," he led us to many a spot on the hill-side, consecrated by legend and peasant lore to the memory of Columbkille. Here is his bed of stone, so short and so small, that it would not suffice for the length of Sir Geoffrey Hudson, or little King Pepin, yet the Saint had "a stately presence." Higher up the mountain is his well, around which are heaped thousands of votive stones; in fact, a wall of considerable height has been built up by mistaken piety and superstitious energy of no small measure, as some of the stones are of great size and weight, and were brought by pilgrims from Fermanagh and Leitrim. The well did not invite "the weary traveller to drink and pray," like that of Alice Gray, for I believe its waters are reputed as medicinal, and the country folk use it as a bath to dip and wash in.

St. Columbkille was born at Gartan or Churchhill, six miles from Letterkenny in Donegal, on the green banks of Lower Lough Veagh, a beautiful sheet of water begirt with smiling banks, and backed at the north by the great mountain of Dooish. He was of the royal houses of O'Nial and O'Donel. He was a man eminently holy and energetic, and a great church or cell builder, hence his name Columba-na-kille, that is, the Dove of the Churches. He flourished in the sixth century. His principles appeared to have been highly scriptural, as most of the good men of the Church in those days were diligent students of the Word of God. He was, as an ecclesiastic, independent in his mode of acting. Bede tells us of him, when speaking of his settling at Iona, in Scotland, that "*Venit de*

Hibernia Presbyter et Abbas—Columbanus, predicaturus verbum Dei Provinciis Septentrionalium Pictorum."—*Eccles. Hist. lib. iii. 4*. There is nothing satisfactory, even in the loose traditions which connect him with Glen Columbkille, though certainly this old wild place is redolent of him, and things pertaining to him. We had a fine wholesome walk over the heather after our scramble up the face of Ballard. An old man, named Peter Macneelis, accompanied us, and entertained us with some prodigious stories about the eagles in these fastnesses, and with what sumptuous food they regaled their young. The old man had a fertile fancy, and if his narrations were not absolute myths, they were good Munchausens:—"se non e vero e bene trovato." The Atlantic, broad and bright, lay shining like a field of steel to our left; Glen in the deep hollow behind us; the purple heather at our feet, and the cliffs before us; now we passed the natural harbour of Skelpoonagh, where Peter told us the Danes, or some other old heathens, drowned all the maids and matrons in Glen; but one of the ladies, called Oonagh, swam twice across the harbour, till the Danes beat her into the water with their staves, "and destroyed her." Peter pointed out the very rock from which they ejected her from terra firma, and, "therefore," he added, "it must be true!"

We never saw a wilder little bay than Skelpoonagh, nor wilder or more angry water breaking against its sharp rocks. Skelp in Irish is a fissure. Oona is a woman's name—Una. Perhaps Spenser got the name in Ireland of his Fairy Queen heroine—it is the same as Winifred. Presently we had a glorious view. Standing between Glen Head on the south—a noble straight sheer precipice of 700 feet from the sea; and its more northerly neighbour the savage Sturral, which seems as if it had been shattered and thunder split-ten by a lightning bolt: round the basement of these sublime precipices the deep old sea perpetually moans and welters even in its calmest moods; but when the winter tempests blow their war blasts, the long westerly billows, crested with foam and fire, come sweeping in with terrible fury against this iron coast, and beat around these headlands day and night. From

another cliff, a little beyond Sturral, we now looked northward along the coast in the direction of Pol-an-uisgé, the place where Prince Charlie embarked for France. The thick mist was around us, but through its rents we could discover the great Tormore—a huge conical rock, like a pinnacle, standing out in the sea, covering four acres with its base, and towering 400 feet above the wave, looking like some grey and giant wizard; while beyond are Glenlough 1,500 feet high, and the wild Rosses, and very far northward the region of Gweedore, and the great Argle—the arrow of North Donegal.

As we said farewell to all the wild and misty magnificence of this scene, much wishing we had more time to go on and explore the wonders we now saw at a distance, and as we turned our face Glenward, we caught a very clear view of Glenhead from brow to base, with the evening sun striking on its green rifts, and its grey and stony ribs so gaunt and bare. Adown its face Peter had often swung, girded by a rope round—not his neck, as the reader probably anticipates, but his waist—for the purpose of gathering samphire for pickling: thus unconsciously illustrating Shakespeare's fine picture in *King Lear*—

“Half-way down

Hangs one who gathers samphire—dreadful trade!”

Nay, Peter assured us that he had walked down part of the cliff a hundred times, to cut the grass on the ledges with a reaping hook; and my friend the rector assured me he was speaking truth, and that from long habit these peasant cragsmen acquire a marvellous steadiness of hand, and foot, and eye, and above all—of head—amidst these dizzy heights. The peculiar place where Peter descended is called *krios*, which word is pronounced *kriish*, and means “difficulty.” Our descent from these heathery heights was much more agreeable than the up-scramble; yet part of the mountain is so precipitous that a guide must point the way. We came to a singular spot of ground just at the base of Ballard; here beneath the surface are a series of stone chambers, very ancient and untraceable as to origin or use. A similar subterranean apartment was discovered under the porch of the church. It contained an old book: this volume, which might

have explained much, was sent up by a former incumbent of the parish; and Mr. Griffith, the present rector, could tell us nothing of it. This wild glen must have been lively and populous in days of old: it positively teems with remains of hoar antiquity. Such an aggregate of odd, queer, and unaccountable things I never witnessed, or so many grey monuments, not sparsely scattered, but standing close and together. One of these is a massive and high cross of stone, exhibiting on one of its arms a large round hole drilled through and through; and this our friend, Peter, explained with his usual felicity of logic, as being a special provision for St. Columbkille, “he having been blind of an eye!” This, then, was a peep-hole; but why the good monocular could not as well have looked over, under, or at either side of the cross did not enter into Peter's dialectics. It reminded us of the well-known story of Sir Isaac Newton's study door through which he had two holes cut out, one for his cat and the other for her kitten.

We had a pleasant evening after our mountaineering at Glen Rectory—unostentatious piety, gentle vivacity, and sweet song all combined to make the hours pass smoothly; and the civilization of refined life were not absent from the secluded parsonage which lies in a region of rock, cliff, fastness, and mountain, a *Hibernia Petrea*, a country of stone, most difficult of access, all but impervious; and existing, to use a classical hyperbole “*extra menia flammantia mundi*.”

Late in the evening we returned to Roxborough, our kind and pleasant friend the rector of Kilcar driving us in his car. Our road lay through the mountain and the moor; the night was calm and still, a few stars shining brightly out amidst scattered clouds. As we strained up the long hill which ascends at a sharp angle of elevation, we saw the lights in the valley far down twinkling from the cottage doors and windows; and in the deep stillness of the night we thought we could almost recognise the sea breaking on Glen strand, and amidst the rocks of Ballard. On our left lay a deep mountain ravine, with a whole weight of darkness filling its hollow. Presently in the silence we heard a rushing noise; it was a torrent tearing down the mountain on

our right. We crossed its stream by a strong bridge, and paused to peer into the deep gloom on our left where we heard its waters splashing, and leaping, and thundering from ledge to ledge in their downward descent, the sound of their fall dying on our ears as we slowly drove up the steep ascent. How subdued and calm does the mind become in these long night drives: they have ever given us the most gentle pleasure, perhaps from our spirits "being attentive," the like result which follows the "hearing of sweet music." Gradually our converse died away, and we both yielded to the influence of the hour, and the place, so still and so noiseless, save from the measured beat of our horse's hoofs and the soft grating of the wheels against the sandy road. Now and then, at long intervals, we heard the rumbling of a cart, and met people driving home from a market at Carrick, and exchanged a "good night" as they passed us. How powerfully the fancy works amidst hills, and night, and solitude, when the shadows lie so black, and the light is all but gone, and the eye, stronger and more active than in the blinking glare of day, peers amidst the darkness, and realizes for itself shapes and sights which have no existence beyond the circle of a creative imagination. This is the reason, perhaps, that there is so much superstition to be found in all mountainous countries; and the peasantry here have invested every lake and bay, and cross and cairn, with a legend or a tale.

"But what is that bright surface in the hollow on the left, on which the few stars are shining?"

"That," said my friend, "is Lough Oonagh, a place of dread to every peasant in this neighbourhood; for after nightfall it is credibly believed that a large spectre, shaped like a horse-fish, rises from the centre of the lake, splashing the water all around him into flakes of light, and lashing the lake into foam with the writhings of his body. Let us stop and see if the spectre will show."

We pulled up right opposite the part of the lake where the apparition was wont to rise. A more lonely spot or scene could not be imagined; the night was soft and breathless; the clouds had parted from the heavens, and were massed thickly on the hori-

zon; the stars twinkled lazily, and shone dimly. On the right, Slieve League stood up in its blackness against the sky; the mountains around seemed couched in sleep; the moors and fields all steeped in darkness; the hollows in the hills unseen, or filled with mist. One might have heard the beat of one's own heart: it was midnight solitude—utter and profound, and we felt its power, as we held our breath, and looked and listened! And then, as the organ of hearing became more intense, we distinctly heard the lapping and plashing of water from the lake; and pressing forward, and straining our eye-balls, we half expected to be gratified with a vision of the water-wraith! Whereupon our friend who, "*olli subridens*," sat on the other side of the car, and in no ways participated in our expectations, but contrariwise, regarded it all as a matter of amusement, told us that this sound of water proceeded from two streams that ran into the lake: in summer, rivulets; in winter, noisy torrents; and that this fact, combined with the disturbance produced by their inflow, and the arising of fantastic mists from the lake had given birth to the superstition.

The people of this remote Barony of Bannagh, separated as they are from the rest of the world by the alienating causes of distance, want of commerce, fewness of roads, and mountain barriers, are strongly conservative of old things and customs. Tradition is the history of the peasant class, and legend their literature; they are, therefore, an imaginative and superstitious race, living amidst their old monuments of pagan or saintly times; their cromlechs and their crosses, with a memory or a tale attached to each as grey and as worn as the stone itself. Yet I saw in the handsome little church at Kilear, a most well-dressed, orderly, and crowded congregation; the worship cordially joined in by the hearers; the singing sweet and effective, the rector himself guiding the psalmody with his fine and highly educated voice; and the sermon listened to with intelligence and sympathy. It was nearly our last day at pleasant Roxborough, and we were grieved that we had seen so little, yet glad that we had seen so much. And so we were happy to learn that the church service was to

sionally discerned, while the attendant arranged his master's inner clothing, that it was of a very fine description, which circumstance contributed much to convince these simple folk that at all events he was a person of rank and consequence.

Lanty Abercromby (of Fermanagh extraction) lived in the same village with the M'Ilwaines, but in a part of it more removed from the usual thoroughfare. His garden was thus particularly secluded. One sunny morning, Abercromby's daughter Margaret (who died only in 1824, aged ninety-eight years and three-quarters), being then about twenty-two years of age, in going to gather greens for dinner, playfully jumped across the low wall in the garden. She was much alarmed on finding she had leaped over the stern stranger while he lay secreted close to the wall. Her embarrassment at once betrayed her fears; but he promptly and politely assured her, and in the most soothing manner, that she need not be alarmed, for that he would do her no harm. He immediately rose up, and both on the instant left the garden.*

During the sojourn at Malinmore, it happened that a new boat was launched. On such occasions it is necessary to have the assistance of many men; and, as a matter of course, whisky was distributed among those assembled. The stranger and his attendant were present; the latter having partaken of the spirits, showed a tendency to be talkative, which being observed by the other, he went over to him, addressed him in a language unintelligible to those standing by, and slapped him on the face. The punishment had its effect, and the man remained perfectly silent afterwards. The construction put on this incident by those who witnessed it was, that the chief had become apprehensive that his servant, by becoming chatty and familiar, might

possibly betray his position, and so compromise his safety.

Andrew M'Ilwaine, to whom the house belonged in which the stranger lodged, had a sister called Madge.† She had had a bad scrofulous sore on her shoulder for seven years. One morning, while it was being dressed, the stranger chanced to pass through the kitchen. He paused, stood by the sufferer for a moment, and in the kindest manner remarked that he "once knew a person who could cure it." He was observed to stroke the shoulder compassionately, and then he immediately walked out. It afterwards struck the family that he happened to attend the dressing of the sore on two mornings more consecutively, repeating on those occasions the same sympathizing stroke on the shoulder.‡ It was observed, and indeed asserted, that never did a bad sore dry up and heal so rapidly and thoroughly as did Madge M'Ilwaine's from that very time.

Long after the wanderer had disappeared from Malinmore—for he went as he came, without any sort of previous notice—"papers" came into the glen, describing most accurately (as is now done in the *Hue-and-Cry*) the personal appearance of an individual whom the Government were anxious to secure. Then there was neither doubt nor difficulty in recognising the identity of the great unknown (for such they always felt he was) with the proscribed refugee. Then, too, they remembered, and, as they thought, accounted for the thrice-repeated touch on Madge's shoulder: and thus may it now be confidently asserted that no person on earth could have persuaded the M'Ilwaine family of that day (or its descendants at the present time) that the mysterious stranger guest was any other than Prince Charles Edward, the Pretender.

Of the perfect truth of the foregoing particulars the writer has not the

* The actual spot where M'Ilwaine's cottage stood can be shown, but another cabin now occupies its site. The garden is a garden still; and a portion of the original enclosure wall is pointed out, being supposed to remain to the present day just as it then was.

† A niece of Madge's is still living, and Andrew M'Ilwaine was her father. She well remembers hearing her husband's mother (Margaret Abercromby, who leaped into the garden) mention the circumstance stated above.

‡ Another account of this incident states, that as he rubbed the sore, he added, "Patience is like faith, and removes mountains."

smallest doubt, having cautiously collected them himself from the immediate descendants of the parties mentioned; and indeed it is not easy to comprehend how they could all be able so accurately and feelingly to describe the personal appearance of Charles Edward; his height, his comeliness, and noble bearing, agreeing exactly with history—if the Prince himself had not stamped the original impression.

In still speaking of him,—which they do with the utmost ardour and admiration,—the constant exclamations to be heard are, "He was the tallest and portliest gentleman;" and (as if kindling at the recollection of animated descriptions by those who had seen him), "Och, but he was the handsome gentleman."

So thoroughly are they imbued with the conviction of Andrew M'Ilwaine's guest having been the Pretender, that on one of the interviews the writer had with them, when it was attempted—with a motive—to throw discredit on the whole story: the solemn and deliberate declaration was called forth and asseverated in such a manner as to put the supposition that they had any doubt of "Prince Charlie" having been in Glencolumbkille out of the question.

Additional particulars, derived from other sources, will now be given. The channel through which the following statements have been handed down has been carefully sifted. Some of the documents have been written out by a person whose ancestors were well informed and well educated; others have been communicated personally to the writer by an old woman, shrewd and sensible, who at the time was in perfect possession of her faculties, though between ninety and a hundred years of age. She had imbibed distinctly the conviction that Prince Charles was in the neighbourhood; and she told the writer that she remembered hearing her father and mother speaking, before she was ten years

old, of his embarking from Glenlough (again to be alluded to); and to adopt her own earnest, but simple expressions: "Indeed she heard them say a hundred times, how nice and how big he was."

Surely the hardest propagandist would scarcely venture to circulate such a remarkable story only twenty-four years after the event, when the facts, if unfounded, could at once have been refuted by the oldest inhabitant.

In proceeding, it shall only be further premised, that the numerous and varied legends* with which this district teems, bear out each other, and form a mass of concurrent testimony which places beyond doubt the fact that Prince Charles Edward wandered through the whole length of Donegal, and into these glens, immediately before his final departure from the British Isles.

When the Prince went through Scotland, and observed that people suspected who he was, he became greatly alarmed, and sought for the sea-shore, whence he embarked for Ireland, and arrived in Lough Foyle. His first movement on landing was to retire into the wilds of Innishowen, county Donegal, accompanied only by M'Comb, his attendant. He walked on as far as Slieve Snaght, or the "Snowy Mountain," and stopped there.† He was expected at every place in that country to which he came; and was sought for by Gerald O'Doherty, one of Caithin Ruadh's race, who found him on Slieve Snaght. The only provision the Prince and M'Comb had at this juncture was about a pint of barley meal, which, when mixed with water, they eat raw. M'Comb being exhausted and asleep, the Prince divided the lump of dough he had himself made, and formed it into two cakes. One of the "baicirina" being larger than the other, the Prince offered it to M'Comb on awaking; M'Comb observing the disparity between the cakes, and that the Prince handed him the larger, said, "My

* "When we compare the different narratives together we find them so varying as to repel all suspicion of confederacy, so agreeing under this variety as to show that the accounts had one real transaction for their common foundation."—*Paley's Evidences*.

† The writer recently ascertained that the people living in the neighbourhood of Slieve Snaght declare, at the present time, that Prince Charles was there. Slieve Snaght is upwards of sixty miles from Glencolumbkille.

be performed on the Sabbath evening, at the Water-Guard Station, amidst the fresh and verdant banks of Teelin.

The day had been wonderfully fine, and the evening fell soft and balmy, as we all descended from the upland on which Mr. Labatt's rectory stands, to the road which skirts the sea, whose bright waters were running up with a flow-tide between their land-locked shores. A grey cloud helmeted the head of Slieve League, and lay along its ridge; while its sides, purple, and grey, and dark, descended to the water; across the bay the snowy waves were curling and creaming around the black flat rocks which lie on the western side of the harbour. Outside lay the great unfathomable ocean: the couch to which the bright sun was hastening to repose; and, all glittering in his descending beams, the pathway to the Western World, where so many most dear to us have gone to live and die. Calm as glass it lay, yet gently heaving, as with the emotion of its own irrepressible power and life. The whole scene formed a fresh and charming evening landscape; and we stood to watch it, the light glinting on the dancing wavelets of the harbour, till the sound of oars moving in their rullocks fell on our ear, and presently the Water-Guard's pin-nace rounded a grassy and projecting knoll, pulled by its tight, handsome, and cleanly crew. Then we had to embark to reach the station, where we found the boat-house rigged up for the occasion as a church; and there amidst bright pipe-clayed buildings, and trim boats drawn up under cover or afloat at the rough black quay, and lofty flagstuffs perched on green knolls, from which the gay ensign streamed to the air; and oars,

and boathooks, and marlin spikes laid longitudinally on their rest by the wall; and boat-sheds and fish-nets; and perfect order, and neatness, and cleanliness pervading all—"a place for every thing, and every thing in its place;" and the Water-Guard all dressed so brightly, and looking so intelligent; and a number of people who had come from Kilcar for the service; and the family and guests of the kind rector;—amidst all this, a temporary desk had been erected, and seats procured; and there, as the open front of the long boat-house let in a glorious view of hill, and rock, and wave, and cliff, and strand, and sky, we knelt to worship Him who made all these lovely wonders, or stood to pour forth our vesper psalms and hymns in praise of the God of Wisdom, Love, and Power.

We left Kilcar a few days after this, and directed our steps to the county of Fermanagh, among whose glens, and lawns, and lakes we hope again to meet our readers.

During our séjour at Glencolumbkille rectory, Mr. Griffith intrusted to us the most interesting manuscript which follows this article. It has been carefully drawn up by him, from sources to which he had constant and ready access. Many of the spots he mentions were shown to us during our stay at Glen, and some of the families pointed out; but even if a certificate were needed to the reality of the communications set forth by Mr. Griffith in his narrative, all that we or any man could say or testify would sway but as a feather in the scales, when compared with the well-known truth, purity, and honesty which adorn the character of the excellent writer.

THE GLENCOLUMBKILLE TRADITION CONCERNING PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD.

[Communicated by the Rev. VALENTINE POLE GRIFFITH, A.B., Rector of Glencolumbkille, county of Donegal.]

ABOUT eight years ago, the writer of the following pages had his attention incidentally directed to the subject upon which they treat. He was attracted to further investigation; and on mentioning it among the surrounding peasantry, he was not a little startled to find himself at once supplied copiously with what seemed to him the most probable, as well as the most circumstantial traditions.

Having at first communicated the particulars he had acquired to friends and tourists in a merely oral way, he was much urged by some of them to collect such floating facts as might at least be so far worthy of notice as to invite inquiry into the matter. This he has done; and he now puts forward (with one reservation) every thing he has heard materially important on the subject, giving the details

as nearly as possible in the very words in which they were originally narrated to him. He attempts not to account for, or accommodate to received opinions, any of the statements. Placing the fullest confidence in their simple truth, he leaves them to work their own way, whether they be received or rejected.

One evening, in summer time, towards the middle of the last century, a stranger, of a remarkably fine person and very handsome face, sought a lodging in the cottage of Andrew M'Ilwaine. The house was in the village of Malinmore, and close to the sea at the western extremity of the parish of Glencolumbkille, county of Donegal. This parish stands far and prominently out to sea. The promontory is surrounded by cliff scenery of matchless magnificence. The place derives much interest from being associated with St. Columbkille, and may have originally been selected courageously for an early Christian settlement on account of the abounding influence of heathenism, many traces of which remain—cromlechs, standing stones, &c.; and possibly it was with a view of diverting attention from these, that the ancient stones and stations (which lamentably are still in too general estimation) were erected in this glen as Christian substitutes for heathen altars.

The stranger we have introduced, was accompanied by one attendant. His dress was the Highland costume, including the kilt; and the people, to use their own homely remark, "thought it odd to see his knees bare." The accommodation sought was readily granted, and mountain fare as cheerfully afforded. It never transpired where the stranger came from, how long he designed to remain, or whither he was proceeding. His reserve was excessive, but was not intruded upon; and he was left to the full and undisturbed gratification of the extraordinary seclusion and privacy that it seemed to be his only aim and anxiety to preserve. His habits were necessarily simple and uniform. He rose at four or five o'clock in the morning, and retired early to rest. "The room" was given up by the family for his exclusive use; in it, alone, he partook of his meals. It was particularly noticed

that he always had loaded pistols within his reach, and at night they were placed on the table at his bedside.

To the north of M'Ilwaine's cottage, the land gradually rises by a gentle acclivity towards the sea for about half-a-mile, when it abruptly terminates in stupendous cliffs. The Atlantic here receiving its first check, beats against their base with fearful force; and so profound is the depth of the waves upon those cliffs, that they present an aspect of unvarying blackness. Yet even this circumstance helps to enhance, by contrast, the effect of the wonderful columns of foam that occasionally glide up their sides to an incredible height. To the north-west of these headlands, there is a long grassy promontory extending far out into the sea. It became the stranger's habit, "from the fright he was in," to repair to this most solitary point when he arose in the morning; and when the air was cold, he used to wrap a great plaid about him which reached down to the ground. Here he lingered till about eight o'clock, when his attendant first returned to the house to ascertain that breakfast was ready and the coast clear, and then he himself would walk in. But it did not appear that it was the noble scenery which attracted him to this spot; rather would it seem that the vast view of sea and shore which it commanded was the inducement which led him to frequent it, his concern being to watch more than to admire, and to keep himself out of the way.

The enormous bay, extending from "The Stags of Broadhaven" to Arranmore island northward, is here under view, and no vessel could pass within the bounds of the wide horizon unperceived. This headland is, besides, so decidedly the last land from which "sea-going ships depart." Its admirable position as a look-out station is proved by a watch-tower having been erected by Government on the very spot, at the commencement of the present century, when a French invasion was apprehended.

His companion always closely attended him when dressing and undressing; no one else presumed to enter his apartment; yet the family contrived so far to get a glance at what was going on as to have occa-

liege, why are they not equal?" The Prince replied, "You were sleeping!" He then went northwards, and proceeding along the shores of Lough Swilly came to Letterkenny: there he stayed also a couple of days with Robert Fletcher.* Next, he passed through the Laggan, a district situated north of Strabane. Here he encountered, as he sauntered along, a convivial assembly, and went in among the company. At this gathering the Prince met and danced with "bonnie Mary C——," daughter of Mr. John C——. When the party broke up, he, by invitation, accompanied the family home, and a considerable period elapsed before he took his departure. Ultimately, his progress lay along the sea-shore, as far as Glenlough, in the parish of Glencolumbkille, and there he remained three or four nights with Patrick Byrne, the glen herd. Thus advancing into Glencolumbkille, he stayed a week in the house of Oliver Sweeny, of Fearnkillbride.† He then journeyed on to Andrew M'Ilwaine's, of Malinmore, so terminating his long wanderings through Donegal, and resting there for one month.

Poll-an-Uisgé, a little port at Glenlough (already mentioned) is the place assigned by tradition as that from which Prince Charles stepped on board the boat which conveyed him to the French ship in the offing, and so he was enabled to effect his escape from Ireland. Poll-an-Uisgé was judiciously selected for the purpose, if any choice remained to those concerned in the adventure. Ports on these shores are indeed few and far between; but Poll-an-Uisgé possessed the paramount advantage of being discernible at sea by a most conspicuous landmark (Tormore Rock), which would indicate its vicinity from a great distance; while the actual entrance into the little harbour might be recognised, even at night, by a token in the shape of a huge white stone standing out in the sea, at its very mouth.

Immediately to the westward of the rivulet that discharges itself into

the ocean from its precipitous and shattered bed at Poll-an-Uisgé, there is a most superb scene, and those visiting it will rejoice that any inducement should have led them there, not to speak of the association of the scene with the embarkation of Prince Charles. The position for beholding this matchless prospect is the little ravine called "Foxhar Shelagh." From that hollow are to be seen, all grouped together, six enormous detached conical rocks; the magnificent Tormore, their chief (about 400 feet high, on a base of four and a-half acres), towering to a perfect pinnacle above them all. The intermediate range of headlands, so exquisitely tinted, are of vast height. Along their base is a great sweeping strand; here are numberless large white stones, the effect of which is to enliven and relieve the sombre grandeur of the astonishing scene.

Further on from Poll-an-Uisgé to the eastward by the Glenlough Mountain, which is 1,513 feet high, a grand and expansive prospect opens, extending over all Boylagh, and the Rosses, with their bays and promontories to the mountains beyond the river Gweebarra, in the neighbourhood of the beautiful Glen Veagh.

An incident mixed up with the foregoing sketch of Prince Charles' wanderings through Donegal, might be developed by details of a curious nature, supported by circumstantial and tangible evidence. As such particulars, however, would lead down to our own times and acquaintances, they must be withheld. Names should be given, which would induce personality, and thus perhaps render the subject offensive.

Glencolumbkille, from its remarkable and suitable position, was likely to be the object and limit of the Prince's flight. To him it secured a refuge and an exit; and it may not be an extraordinary surmise, from the place being so associated with St. Columbkille, that its existence was even a matter of notoriety among the inhabitants of the western islands,

* "Fletcher" is still not an uncommon name in the neighbourhood.

† Byrne was Oliver Sweeny's herd in Glenlough, and he naturally conducted the Prince to the cabin of the latter (his master), in Glencolumbkille, where the remains of the house can be traced.

where Prince Charles had been. More especially might it have been familiar to one well acquainted, as he no doubt was, with the history of Iona, a sister settlement of Columbkille's.

When all possible contingencies and plans must have been canvassed, and brought to bear on arrangements for the Prince's escape towards France, Glencolumbkille might thus have attracted its due share of consideration. Let it be also borne in mind, that the French navy had proved itself particularly conversant in later times with this portion of the coast of Ireland. Killala is within the great bay described; and the battle fought by Sir John Warren with the French fleet took place in sight of Glencolumbkille; previously to which a descent had been made on the coast of Donegal by a French brig—so that this seeming hankering after these north-western shores may have been matured and established by former experience of their fitness for furtive enterprize, of which the rescue and abduction of Prince Charles from Donegal might have been reckoned a dashing and romantic illustration.

Tradition asserts that the Prince embarked for Ireland, far north,* from the Highlands. The Island of Rathlin, off the Antrim Coast, is about twenty miles from Islay, and fifteen from Argyleshire. This favoured and charming island was renowned in Scottish history, centuries before, as the asylum of King Robert Bruce: he and his brother Edward having spent the winter of 1306 there. The remains of "Bruce's Castle" still stand on their sea-girt rock, in sight of his beloved Scotland. A natural and chivalrous curiosity (independent of a probable necessity) might have tempted the Prince to land on "Rathrin," to glance on scenes rendered so interesting by undoubted facts.

A legend exists, that many of Prince Charles' adherents fled to Rathlin after their defeat in 1745; and if so, had it been desirable for him to put in there, he might have been sure of meeting steadfast friends who would

proudly harbour and serve him at the risk of their lives. From family circumstances connected with the events of 1688-89, the Prince must have acquired some knowledge of Derry, and its localities; and it can scarcely be doubted that he had many hereditary and devoted partisans among the Irish in Donegal. These conjectures may be further defended by suggesting that it would have been essentially important to mislead as to the Prince's movements and haunts, subsequently to the battle of Culloden, when concealment was a matter of vital necessity, his party did not scruple to circulate, very ingeniously, some false reports.

Sir Walter Scott records that another project was, to cause Government to receive information which, though false in the main, was still coloured with so much truth as to make it seem plausible, and which came through a channel which they did not mistrust. From the specimen of "authentic information" thus alluded to, it is quite fair to conclude that deception was the order of the day, and the essence of a system unavoidably but perpetually in operation.

One other quotation shall be introduced for the purpose of showing that reasonable room for doubt exists as to the actual refuge which the Prince availed himself of in his extremity. A suspicion of the kind is sufficiently justified by reflecting on an admission made by Boswell, while discussing the subject in 1773: that period was only twenty-seven years after the events recorded, and being so close to the time of their transaction, enabled him to procure the most original and genuine details, without the intervention of tradition; while at the same time the length of the interval is important in another point of view, as favouring the notion that, up to that day and during that term of years, it never had transpired what became of Prince Charles after escaping from the place in Skye, named by Boswell. And in estimating the force of

* The last trace of him ascertained by Boswell (in the tour to the Hebrides) was his leaving the Island of Skye for the mainland; and there our tradition seems to take him up. That the course of his flight was shaped towards Innishowen would be rendered still more likely, if it be true (as is supposed), that an ancient intercourse subsisted between Donegal and the Hebrides.

his testimony it should be taken into account that when it was given, he was in the heart of the scenes of the Prince's wanderings, with first-rate advantages for acquiring intelligence. He had even an interview with Flora Macdonald, who, actually in his presence recited "the particulars she herself knew" of his escape; and notwithstanding all this, and "what he was told before by others personally concerned, he still says—

"These are the particulars which I have collected concerning the extraordinary concealment and escapes of Prince Charles in the Hebrides. He was often in imminent danger. The troops traced him from the long island across Skye and Portree, but there lost him. *Here I stop, having received no further authentic intelligence or information of his fatigues and perils before he escaped to France.*

The writer, in concluding, desires to offer a word in justification not only of what he has written, but for having written it at all. He conceives that the details of an unknown yet highly interesting historical incident, which he cannot disbelieve, have fallen in his way. The residue of the persons who can recount these details

will soon be in their graves; no one else that he is aware of had ever engaged in the subject, or seemed likely to do so, while the chances of getting at the truth were daily on the wane. Influenced by these reasons, he considered it a duty to rescue, and, perhaps, preserve these stories of the Glen, while memory could reach and authenticate them; and as he clings to the only conclusion which, to his mind, the legends can admit of, he perseveres in the supposition that the popular version of Prince Charles Edward's wanderings and ultimate escape may not be undoubtedly correct: aiding his reasoning by the adoption of a passage which, at all events, leaves the question in a fair and appropriate point of view; it is taken from Archbishop Whately's "Historic Doubts:"

"Let it be observed that I am not now impugning any one particular point; but merely showing, generally, that what is unquestioned is not necessarily unquestionable; since men will often, at the very moment when they are accurately sifting the evidence of some disputed point, admit hastily, and on the most insufficient grounds, what they have been accustomed to see taken for granted."

*Glen Columbkille Rectory, Diocese of Raphoe,
September, 1860.*

SIR CHARLES AND LADY MORGAN.

MR. FITZPATRICK has compiled and written an amusing and interesting memoir of Lady Morgan, and has defended her with such spirit against her contemporary critics as almost to warn off any revival of some of the objections against her writings. This, however, will not do. Her name was the stalking-horse from behind which her husband attacked principles that are the foundation of the British Constitution, and we do not see why a woman who was the nominal author of those assaults, and who entered the political arena as she did, should not be as fairly subject to criticism as one who treads the stage.

Our view is not acknowledged by

her biographer, who heralds his title-page with this somewhat inappropriate motto:—"What calls for vengeance but a woman's cause?" And it was insufficiently partaken by her worse half, or rather, her better moiety, for, of this connubial couple, *la jument de bataille* was not the grey mare of the coaching proverb. Sir Charles Morgan did the heavy work, having relinquished medical practice at an early period of life, and devoted himself to literary and political pursuits. The enlightening clue to his frame of mind is this remark of his wife's biographer—"his only fault consisted in a tendency to materialism"—to our mind a very grave one, and disquali-

Lady Morgan, her Career, Literary and Personal, with a Glimpse of her Friends, and a Word to her Calumniators. By W. J. Fitzpatrick, J.P. London. 1860.

fyng a previous assertion that his judgment was sound. He was undoubtedly a clever and philosophical man, and "well calculated," as is observed, "to correct a woman's rapid inferences, and keep down the tone of a novelist's high-colouring fancy." In fact, the match between Sydney Owenson and Sir C. Morgan was an active literary speculation—no sleeping partnership, but a brisk business, in which the medical man concocted doses of democratic doctrines, and made up bitter pills for royalists; while his helpmate wrote pretty labels for the one, and silvered the other.

Of their joint-stock productions, "Lady Morgan's France," in 1816, and her ditto, in 1829–30, are likely to live, since the condition of that country, at each of those epochs, evokes more than the ordinary interest its normal state as an experimenter in home politics inspires. Since the principles on which the British Constitution is founded constantly receive support from the evil results of departure from them by the French people, the best practical reply to *frondeurs*, such as the Frenchified writers under review, is the history of that nation from the first Revolution to the present hour. If Surgeon Morgan had lived to see the futility of his prophecy, that the doctrines he advocated were working a gradual cure in the domestic polity of the French, he would doubtless have adhered to them less pedantically; unless, like Molière's physician, he thought it better to die according to his rules, than to recover contrary to them. At the same time, apart from much unsoundness in his notions of social economy, his views of the character of that nation, and of their religious and political phases, are so well worth attention, we quote some passages from his chapters in his wife's work:—

"National idiosyncrasy must always receive its first colouring from the influence of soil and of climate; and the moral characteristics of every people be resolvable into the peculiarities of their physical structure. Religion and government indeed give a powerful direction to the principles and modes of civilized society, and debase or elevate its inherent qualities by the excellence or defect of their own institutes. But the complexional features of the race remain fixed and unchanged, the original im-

pression of nature is never effaced. The portrait drawn of the ancient Gauls by Cæsar preserved its resemblance to the French of the present day, notwithstanding the various grafts that have been inserted into the national stock. And Agathias and Machiavel have nearly given the same sketch of the same originals, at periods of very remote distance, and with views of very different tendency. Susceptible and ardent, impetuous and fierce, the most civilized of all the barbarians whom Rome subjected to her yoke, are still the most polished people of Europe; and the French, through all the vicissitudes of their political fortunes, through all the horrors of the most sanguinary epoch of their Revolution, have exhibited their inherent tendency to social attachments, that capability of generous devotion, and that fund of bonhomie (to use a word of their own creation for a feeling peculiar to themselves), which evince that the worst form of religion and government could not destroy the happy elements of character out of which such kindly dispositions arose."

It would be neither an easy nor a congenial task to inquire how far the general character of this gay and ingenious people has changed for the worse, as we believe it has, under the operation of events and circumstances affecting it during the last seventy years. A crowd of contemporary witnesses could be cited to show how public spirit sank under the democratic régime, and dare not rise under despotism; how liberty, the first thought of a few pure Republican leaders, is excluded, to the destruction of some of the most important civil rights, freedom of the press, of parliamentary elections, and of testamentary disposition of property: how, in the latter instance, this inroad on liberty was made in the name of *égalité*, a term which, at the outset of the Revolution, meant the just claim of equality before the law, or no more than civil enfranchisement, but was subsequently employed to please the populace and establish the Bonaparte dynasty, in order to produce a level social condition; and further, how, regarding the peasantry only, they have lost much of their ancient gaiety and *allégresse de cœur*, and exchanged their old *franche loyauté* for a *mesquin*, barren independence.

Lady Morgan's mission, in 1816, was to praise the condition of the peasants, as arising out of the Revolution,

and to asperse the Royalists by various *dénigremens* (blackenings)—the word she would have used had she confessed her purpose. Her ruling ideas were to paint the *petit propriétaire*, as if he and his surroundings were to be shown on one side of a Dublin theatre, as a contrast to an Irish cabin on the other, and then to point a moral against landlordism.

For ourselves, taking an essentially Anglo-Irish view of most sublunary affairs, let us see all we can learn from France, first of positive good, then of evil to be avoided, and never be blind to the crying ills her state presented before the Revolution, since delay to remedy those grievances entailed calamities on her from which our country is happily free. But we can hardly concur in Sir Charles Morgan's conclusion, that "in the single act of gavelling France" (parcelling out the land in tiny properties) "the whole practical benefit of the Revolution centres, and is the chief guarantee for the future development of a constitutional government." At least this prognosticated reign is tardy in developing itself.

Were we to accept Lady Morgan's stage-effect representations of the state of the peasantry in question before and after that epoch, twenty-seven years had done marvels, transforming "well-built houses," she quotes Arthur Young as having then seen "without glass windows," into elegant cottages replete with comfort, and whose in and out sides would do for scenes in a pastoral vaudeville. In truth, no extreme transition was general, and, in fact, abolition of the detestable state of the laws, described by this impartial traveller, through the entire kingdom, could not effect it, as travellers at this day see. His account, dated 1789, includes statements as to the prevalence of feudal services and customary laws, which show that the peasants of France were then not much more advanced in liberty than were the *betaghs*, or slaves, of Gaelic chieftains in Ireland at the close of the sixteenth century. They were in a middle state of transition, between the churls of England, transformed into farmers in the fifteenth century, and the serfs of Russia at the present time. Probably the superior fecundity of the soil of England favoured the advances of her rural population

towards liberty, just as her happy commercial position had previously given freedom to her seaport townsmen; while inferiority in these respects retarded progress in the other countries.

Before proceeding to some other interesting generalities which may be evoked by resuming "France" viewed by the Morgans, we ought to review the pair themselves through the biographic stereoscope in our hands, which, however, rivets our eyes on the lady, from her birth almost to the time when her unquestionable talents, literary eminence, and lively spirits rendered her society that of a witty, satirical, not over conceited, agreeable and amusing *dame du monde*, until her decline into an amiable octogenarian.

By-the-by, gallantly as her biographer has defended her from what he calls "critic cut-throats," it is to be feared he has offended her ghost by revealing the long-treasured secret of her age. The veil is removed; 1775 stands confessed as the date she concealed so jealously that the question, whether she was ten or twenty years older than she acknowledged, opened an irresistibly droll controversy among her critics; Croker, her arch reviewer, carrying the jest so far as to institute a formal commission of inquiry to discover the hidden date, but all to no effect.

Her father's real name was M'Owen, being of an old Celtic family, of Bally M'Owen, in the county of Sligo. He was a convert from Roman Catholicism; yet was unpractical enough to abandon his calling as a land steward for the fascinations of Thespis. Those who remember the admirable acting of Power in "King O'Neill," and other charming Milesian characters, will better realize the notion given of "Owenson's" dramatic abilities by Cumberland, who, having seen him in his own *Major O'Flaherty*, said, he, beyond any other person, realized his idea of a fine Irish gentleman. Certainly if he equalled the delightful histrión to whom we compare him, all our countrymen partaking of our warm appreciation of the noble, generous, and gay traits of the Irish Gael, are prepossessed favourably for the predecessor of poor Power, and will be pleased with the following anecdote:—One fine morning, when the

representer of "Tim Moore" and, better still, of some types of high-spirited, gallant Irish officers of the old school, was at the zenith of his fame, a fellow-countryman, in humble business in London, expressed to us his sense of the truly patriotic service rendered to our nation by such attractive representations of its good and brilliant qualities, by exclaiming—"Sir, he has *à la* the character of Irishmen in this city!"

The twenty-fourth year of Miss Sydney Owenson's life was passed in the racy province of Connaught, her father being manager of a theatre in Sligo; and there are octogenarian ladies who remember her as a "gay, vivacious, smart young woman," while her memory of that lively time used to be but as of "her days of childhood!" Other memories are cited by her biographer, showing that she appeared, with her father, on several stages in the province. A notable event broke up her merrymaking, the landing of 1,200 French soldiers in Killala Bay, commanded by General Humbert.

The times in which she wrote "The Wild Irish Girl" were so perilous, it was difficult to find a publisher for a tale attacking the English interest in Ireland. No less, however, than three hundred guineas are said to have been paid for the copyright, and its value to the Whig party was acknowledged by the patronage bestowed on the authoress by the Duke of Bedford when Lord Lieutenant. Politics constantly occupied the pen of this light guerilla lady: her biographer states that "she repeatedly and forcibly denounced the Legislative Union."

How is it, let us ask, in the name of the goddess Discordia, that no Welsh woman ever wrote romances to bring about separation of the Principality from England, and that Miss Porter did not agitate for the repeal of the Scottish Union? The Welsh *Até*, in the form of "Rebecca," avenging turnpike wrongs, was a poor-spirited creature; and as for Scotchmen, they have the character of being less ready to do battle with the Saxon than to get what they peaceably can out of him. Yet, perhaps, these two subjugated nationalities are waiting until each shall have been united to the English as long as the Irish have been, as the fit time for taking ven-

geance! During Miss Owenson's attempt to obtain a divorce for Erin, she entered into a union which, matrimonially viewed, may be compared to the federal one she was eager to dissolve, for she obtained a protector and an attached corrector of her vagaries.

T. C. Morgan, son of a London gentleman, was a surgeon and medical practitioner in an English provincial town; and having rendered professional service to the Marquis of Abercorn, was invited to his lordship's seat in the county Tyrone, where he met Miss Owenson, and their congeniality of taste soon lit up the flame of sympathy. She fled to town, but—

"Surgeon Morgan, with a smitten heart, followed Miss Sydney Owenson to Dublin, and persecuted her with declarations of the love which filled him to distraction. The popular Duke of Richmond invited the authoress and Mr. Morgan to one of the private balls at the Viceregal Court. His Excellency, in the course of a lounging conversation with Miss Owenson, playfully alluded to the matrimonial report which had begun to be bruited about, and expressed a hope to have the pleasure, at no distant day, of congratulating her on her marriage. 'The rumour respecting Mr. Morgan's *dévouement*,' she replied, 'may or may not be true; but this I can, at least, with all candour and sincerity, assure your Grace, that I shall remain to the last day of my life in single blessedness, unless some more tempting inducement than the mere change from Miss Owenson to *Mistress* Morgan be offered me.' The hint was taken, and Charles, Duke of Richmond, in virtue of the powers of his office, knighted Surgeon Morgan upon the spot."

This was stretching the Viceregal prerogative: the new knight had done nothing of note, was but twenty-nine years of age, was apparently without means to sustain the dignity, and had only had his medical diploma three years. In 1822, the law officers of the Crown gave their opinion that, since the Union, the Lord Lieutenant had no right to confer the honour of knighthood, "with the object," says the biographer of Lady Morgan, of stripping this peccant writer of her taking title as a ladyship.

It seems, by learned calculations, she had reached the mature age of seven and thirty in the year of her marriage, and that her husband was

eight years her junior; he, however, had previous matrimonial experience, and was a well-educated man, having distinguished himself in Greek and metaphysics at Cambridge.

"Lady Morgan," says her biographer, "would probably never have reached that great literary pre-eminence and celebrity, in the midst of which her days closed, were it not for her alliance with Sir Charles Morgan. She has repeatedly confessed the advantages which her mind and writings derived from his literary counsel and co-operation; and so lately as in Mr. Bryce's railway edition of her '*Wild Irish Girl*,' the veteran authoress earnestly alludes to the 'long and ennobling companionship with the great and cultivated intellect of one who taught and prized truth above all human good, and proclaimed it at the expense of all worldly interests.' Such were the advantages of a more mature life—such were the bright sources which threw in 'new lights through chinks which time had made.'"

The honeymoon was hardly over when her young ladyship was deep in the composition of an Irish historical romance, no easy undertaking during the then dearth of archæologic information; and accordingly we find her recounting her obstacles to a metropolitan *savan*, saying, "I find many difficulties as to the domestic régime of the Irish *noblesse*, whether they burnt lamps or *flambeaux*, whether they had any liquors besides Spanish wines, or whether they had glass in their castle windows; these are the kinds of trifles that puzzle and retard me." She had taken the close of the sixteenth century as the time of her novel, and a chieftain, hight Bal Deargh O'Donnell, as her hero; and, as she hints, she "should like very much an Irish motto in Irish character for the title-page;" also, that should her correspondent "meet with any thing appropriate to heroism and love of country," he was to consign it to her, along with details as to those foreign lamps, wines, and windows. Some further researches convinced her that the characters and times she had selected to portray were not what could be described without giving great offence. She had, as she expressed it, "fallen upon evil men and evil days;" so, unpossessed of talents like his who wrote "*The Fair Maid of Perth*," capable of brightening all that was heroic, admirable, and pic-

turesque in Gaelic life, and of heightening the effects produced by skillful treatment of dark and coarse passages, she abandoned the rude chief of the days of old for his polished descendant in a more refined age.

Shortly after the peace of 1814, the Morgans, full of a grand literary scheme, proceeded to France, and took advantage of every available opportunity for composing the work already noticed, but which, according to the contemporary epigrammatic criticism of a Paris journal, was "dictated by her washerwoman and written by her footman;" and which, though deemed by her biographer her *chef d'œuvre*, we think inferior to "*France in 1829-30*," a work valuable for its chapters by her husband on Philosophy, the Public Journals, Primogeniture, and Public Opinion. The same learned pen also contributed, as an appendix to the work of 1816, four clever articles on the State of Law, Finance, Medicine, and Political Opinion in France.

The excitement attending the defence of her "*France*" from enraged critics being over, Lady Morgan began a new "national tale," with historical features, under the title of "*Florence M'Carthy*;" and to perfectionate "this erudite novel," says her biographer, "she saturated her memory with a large amount of reading which bore upon the subject of it, including many apocryphal native annals, discerning, however, and exposing the dreamy influence and misdirected pride they tend to nourish." During the composition of her tale, she drew again on the archæologic knowledge of her former correspondent, by notes with requests like the following, which reveal not only the craft and mystery of romance-writing, but also that the fair writer knew even less of Gaelic than of French:—

"Would you get some of your Irish scholars to translate the following elegant phrases into Irish, written in Roman characters, as I don't read Ogham with facility—

"'The Devil go with him.' 'My blessing on him—or on you.'

"'I don't speak English.' 'Is that you?' 'Where are you come from?' 'Where have you been?'

"What is the meaning of '*musha*?' a word in frequent use; and '*agus*?'"

She was presently invoked to read

Roman or Italian characters in their own country by the offer from a London publisher of £2,000 for a work on Italy, a task readily undertaken by this pair of literary *commis voyageurs*. On the road, and during a short stay in London, her ladyship made the acquaintance of Lady Caroline Lamb, and of the eccentric Dowager Countess of Cork, of whom some funny anecdotes are told, from which we cull the following:—Having written an order to a tradesman for some valuable article in his warehouse, and signed herself as usual “M. Cork and Orrery,” she received for reply—“Messrs. D. and B., not having any dealings with M. Cork and Orrery, beg to have a more explicit order, finding that the house is not known in the trade.” This story may be capped by one of the late Duke of Hamilton, Brandon, and Chatelherault, said to have been the proudest man in the three kingdoms, and who having subscribed all his titles to an order to a Birmingham manufacturer for some iron gates, intended for one of his residences, received in reply a notification that a traveller in the trade would accompany the gates, and bring other sorts of goods which might suit “Messrs. Hamilton and Company’s line of business.”

Lady Morgan improved the occasion of a short sojourn in Paris by gathering various stories, one of which is thus cited by her biographer:—

“La Fayette was very communicative, and told miladi many curious anecdotes; for instance, how he once went to a *bal masqué* at the opera, with Marie Antoinette upon his arm, the king knowing nothing of it, with other *morceaux illustratifs* of the *esprit d’aventure* in vogue in those days at the court of Versailles, and in the head of the haughty daughter of Austria.”

The gallant Republican was probably as much duped as Cardinal de Rohan, when, in the notorious affair of the diamond necklace, a young woman, who resembled Marie Antoinette marvellously, personated her in an interview. In this case, one of theft, the real culprit, Madame de la Motte, was marked V, for *voleur*, on the back with a hot iron; and even when effecting her escape from confinement, the nun who aided her, aware of her incorrigibility, said, on parting, “Adieu, madame; soyez pru-

dente. Prenez garde de vous faire *remarquer*.” In default of any law for punishing those who defame the dead, miladi Morgan, publisher of scandal against the hapless Queen of France, was liable only to the animadversions of what are termed “cut-throat critics” by her biographer.

Her equality-loving “ladyship” could not resist a story against an “aristocrat,” and seems to have held to the American definition of this term, viz., that it applies to any one who has more than yourself. We, ourselves, have no admiration for any of the genus who is not genuine, since the quality is essentially one of mind; rank being but “the guinea stamp,” and sometimes found on base metal. Of this inferior ore was Mathieu de Montmorenci, that miserable duke who, on the memorable “Day of Sacrifices,” proposed the abolition of all seignorial rights throughout France, except his own!

That notable Day, or rather “Night of Sacrifices,” the 4th August, 1789, began by abolishing the quality of serf in France, showing that, although the condition of serfage was undoubtedly less slavish than it now is in Servia, the very cradle of the Slave-race, slavery existed under certain forms, affecting the personal and possessional claims of a large proportion of the rural population, particularly in *Franche Comté*, i.e. the free county, where the Franks may have exercised special power over the Gaulic natives, and of which the conventual clergy held a considerable portion in mortmain.

The nobility and the people of France, or rather, the feudal Frank lords and the Gaulic peasantry were, in truth, two nations, from the age when one were conquerors, the other serfs, down to the Revolution. In every crisis of their political history, the French noblesse were opposed, as a body, to the people, who failed to find, as in England, leaders and champions among the territorial aristocracy. This division was manifested during the Plantagenet wars, when French knights and nobles fought almost distinct from the native host, while their English equals took the field as captains of the gallant yeomen who bore the brunt of battle and gained the victory; and it was again and again manifested during the terrible *Jacqueries*,

at the Revolution, in the almost universal emigration of the nobility, and their alliance with foreigners against the children of the soil; events proving that the feudal families were rather encamped on the land than rooted in it by alliance in blood and affection with the mass of the town and country people. On this point, Sir C. Morgan's chapter "Public Opinion in 1829," demonstrating the ancient antipathy between the rising middle class and the exclusive caste of insolent noblesse, has some incontrovertible remarks, still replete with interest, since they expose a principal cause of the present difficulties attending reasonable re-establishment of an aristocratic element in the government of France, and consequently, the prime difficulty in constructing a good representative system. For example, there is much truth in this paragraph:—

"On the breaking out of the Revolution, dislike to aristocracy became the ruling principle of Frenchmen, and has predominated through all the subsequent changes of government. A love of equality is, as it were, burnt into the national character; and all the efforts of Napoleon to revive a taste for personal distinctions could not reconcile the people to a privileged nobility."

A word as to one of the privileges of that noblesse. Most human grievances rise from the depths, or rather from the shallows of pockets; and one of the most grievous prerogatives of that order at the epoch of the Revolution was its exemption from *impôt*, or taxation, which obtained thus:—in warlike ages, when feudal lords held their fiefs by services in the field, and at the council board, these were the taxes rendered by their property; and in France, as in England, non-feudal property, as in boroughs and common lands, was taxed separately, by, in the latter country, a vote of the House of Commons, which, by the way, now arrogates an exclusive right to tax all property. Thence, in the former country, began the continual quarrel between the nobles and the bourgeois, so soon as changes produced by civilization demanded that the estates of the nobility should no longer be exempt on the plea of military service. We have not seen

any notice of this notable point by historians, and, merely observing that the said noblesse were very blamable for their selfishness in repelling a just share of the public burdens, quote from Condorcet a *petit chanson* at the beginning of the Revolution, remarkable as prophetic:—

Un grand voulut prouver que
La France est dans Versailles;
Qu'il faut faire la banque—
Route, et que le tiers* n'est que
Canaïlle, canaïlle, canaïlle.

Monsieur rit et répliqua
Si ce tiers est canaïlle,
Par fierté nous n'avons qu'à
Payer tout pour lui jusqu'à
La taille, la taille, la taille.

"Oui, ménageons ce tiers-là
Ajoute un des notables, (peers.)
Sinon, chez nous il viendra,
Se chauffer et diner à
Nos tables, nos tables, nos tables."

Lady Morgan's second offence, of writing on France in a democratic tone, reviling royalists, even to picking up and retailing odious and dubious stories, or rather publishing them wholesale, was such dire *lèse-majesté*, appearing, as it did, at the very time when the Bourbons were banished, as to draw down sharp rebukes from the press; and as her husband, the masculine and more responsible participator in these repeated literary crimes, was visibly seen behind the gown his wife wrote in, this screen became the target at which darts of censure intended to wound him were flung. Probably, the best criticism on the bulk of her writings was that so long bestowed by the *Edinburgh Review*, the great Whig organ, viz.:—contemptuous silence. In point of fact, her husband was most to blame; for, as is confessed in the book before us, "his views on religion were unfortunately not as orthodox as might be desired;—his sentiments had a decided tendency to materialism, and some of his metaphysical interpolations in the writings of his wife drew her into not a few difficulties." Hence, probably, the popularity of the pair in certain circles in Paris; and hence his "Philosophy of Morals" and "Philosophy of Life" found translators and sale

* The tiers-état, or bourgeois and common people.

in France and Italy. In tributes to his philanthropy, devotion to the cause of civil and religious liberty, kindness of heart, and other good qualities, they are not wanting. His house, 35, Kildare-street, in, as his wife delighted to call it, "dear, dirty, Dublin," was, during the agitation for Roman Catholic Emancipation, the scene of some imitation of Paris *réceptions de salon* of constitutional times, when freedom of the press existed, and the pens and tongues of men and women were not restricted as now, under the democratic despotism of the Empire. At that warm period, when representative reform was the Whig battle-shout, and when Repeal of a Union which all the British Celtic races, save those of this country, are glad of, was the Irish cry, the domestic state of our metropolis was depicted in this verse of a parody on "The Groves of Blarney":—

"Och, Dublin city, there is no doubtin',
Bates every city upon the say;
'Tis there you'd hear O'Connell spoutin',
An' Lady Morgan makin' tay.
For 'tis the capital o' the finest nation,
Wid charmin' pisantry upon a fruitful sod,
Fighting like devils for conciliation,
An' hating each other for the love of God."

The receptions in Lady Morgan's drawing-room, in the "tay-drinking-est of towna," were the pleasantest possible; her liberality in politics extended to society, and all who enjoyed that style of *côterie*, with its "literary lady, and tea is ready," must have found in her salon in Kildare-street a little of the *melée* portrayed in her writings, a sort of lively tea-party in themselves, the beverage variable, according to its components, usually emerald green, with some black infusion, now and then a dash of gunpowder, and not too much milk and sugar; for its accomplished maker had learned the use of "French cream," or to speak plainly, interlarded her books and speech with foreign verbiage and strong ideas. Her compositions of the romantic class have, to our taste, the defect of wishy-washiness, as well as being occasionally tinctured with sour and hot ingredients, perhaps infused in imitation of the custom of Parisian ladies of putting lemon juice in their tea, and qualifying its weakness with rum and cognac.

If we must select some critical terms from those quoted in the work

before us as applied to her productions, would choose the following:—"poor in matter and affected in style;" often "blundering," occasionally "bombastic," sometimes "irreligious," now and then "indecent;" and usually wanting in pith and terseness, unless, indeed, her husband had either held or mended her pen. Sir Walter Scott certainly expressed a favourable opinion of one or two of her novelist performances: yet he is well known to have been lavish of over-indulgent criticism, a weakness in the eyes of all who concur in the following dictum of Sydney Smith:

"Among the smaller duties of life I hardly know any more important than that of not praising where praise is not due. Reputation is one of the prizes for which men contend: it is, as Mr. Burke calls it, 'the cheap defence and ornament of nations, and the nurse of manly exertions:' it produces more labour and more talent than twice the wealth of a country could ever rear up. It is the coin of genius, and it is the imperious duty of every man to bestow it with the most scrupulous justice and the wisest economy."

Early in 1829, the disturbed state of France, then on the eve of another change of dynasty, led Sir Charles Morgan and his wife thither again; and their consequent book is dedicated to Lafayette, the chief actor in the subsequent revolutionary events. In most respects, this work of more matured experiences is superior to the hasty sketch of 1816; yet is similarly injured by an unsound dislike to the aristocratic element in government, though not to so foolish an extent as in the opinions formerly expressed. Sooth to say, the French noblesse of that day were not a party to be admitted to much power without fears for the liberties and prosperity of their country. Increase of the franchise was the principal battleground, as it also was at the same period in England; and every one recognises the valuable change produced in the aristocracy of the latter country by the measure of representative reform which arose out of the similar struggle across the channel. According to Sir C. Morgan, the number of electors in France, where the qualification was payment of £12 a year of direct taxes, did not much exceed 80,000; and, as he observes, "this restricted number, in a country

where land and houses are heavily taxed, indicates that France is not what it ought to be; and where the middle classes are insufficiently at their ease, the condition of the labourers dependent on them cannot be perfectly satisfactory." In fact, Sir C. Morgan's pet mode of producing a happy social state, viz., abolition of freedom as to disposal of property, had depressed some millions of men into an unprosperous condition of petty proprietorship, and had inevitably injured the state of other millions dependent on daily labour. Yet he ran into the error of ascribing the following action to the English custom of primogeniture succession, saying:—"the obvious consequence is, that every one is either above the necessity, or below the possibility, of accumulating capital." But in no country has money accumulated so largely as in the land where this custom prevails: while the law of gavel precludes the transmission of capital in individual hands. In this question, whatever his surgical skill, he certainly was not safe in advising application of the dissecting process to property; at any rate, it has proved no cure for the French body politic; and he was so little of a statesman as to have penned this paragraph:—"It is now a matter of experimental knowledge, that an aristocracy, in constitutional governments, must either possess itself of the whole power of the state, or be content to follow in the train of the people. Under a mere despotism, the nobility are but the first slaves of the monarch, and the instruments for spreading the influence of his tyranny."

History would have informed our political doctor that the English nobility acted, for ages, as powerful resisters of absolute monarchy; and every century has seen a strong party in this aristocracy leading the people in every moderate reformatory movement. It would, indeed, be well if our *système de bascule*, a system which balances between the Crown and the People, and the leaders of which are mostly the aristocracy of our two great parties, were now maintaining a domestic equilibrium in France.

Some one said well of the *ancien régime*, that it was an absolute monarchy tempered by songs; some one

else has said of the existing régime, that it is *despotism illustrated by pamphlets*; and it is equally true that the last Bourbon dynasty and the Orleans were overthrown by freedom of the press. Sir Charles thus describes the political prescription by which the weak constitutions of these Kings was undermined:—

"As coercion declined, as opinion rose from a chaos of conflicting principles, and moulded itself into definite forms, new modes were created by new institutions; the leaven of an active, if not a FREE PRESS, the first gift of a REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT, worked in the mass of heterogeneous interests, and a silent revolution in the mind and imaginations of France was gradually carried into effect. Thirty years of the practical pursuits of free institutions were at length apparently leading to the attainment of the object sought for; systems were yielding to experiment; the flimsy literature of the Augustan age, which with all its beauties, had never served a single purpose of political science, or of social amelioration, was no longer wanted, and it therefore ceased to be relished. The times called for other nutriment. The old trees of knowledge had ceased to bear, and a newer and more vigorous vegetation was springing up, whose shoots, like those of the natural plant, were all turning towards the light. The public mind was devoted to public events, and the dawn of a new era of literature came forth in colours suited to the epoch of its appearance. Under the old despotism of the Bourbons, public displeasure had found vent in a vaudeville, or exploded in an epigram. Such poetical insurrections—such pointed resistance to power upon paper—were the safety-valves of the Richelieus and the Mazarins. Under the Bourbons of regenerated France, public opinion sought utterance in the natural language of prose, the true and genuine expositor of mind; flowing naturally, like the thought it embodies, and pausing not in its strong and rapid current to eddy round a rhyme, or to seek its outlets through the cramped and sinuous channels of an ungrateful metre. No one now consulted Boileau or studied Racine to find a rule for the manner of expression—the matter was all. Resistance to tyranny, and the exposure and defeat of an attempted revival of the old abuses of the old system, did not admit of the time necessary to point an epigram or to polish an alembicated tirade. The new press of France sent forth, in its volcanic explosions, a torrent of opinion, in the form of pamph-

lets, which, in spite of the clouds of dense vapour of a first eruption, diffused the bright sparks and pure flame of incorruptible patriotism."

Unfortunately, the end of all that Parisian pantomime, brilliantly as the scene was illuminated by tricoloured lights, has been, that the bad fairy of politics has triumphed over the good; clowns and pantaloons frightened the coy columbine, Liberty, away, and the harlequin of the day wields a wand in the shape of a sabre.

In miladi Morgan's "France" of 1830, we miss the capital satirical songs and characteristic scraps of popular verse she served up in 1816, when she made some clever comments on the love of the French for a *petit chanson*, such as ever played a lively political rôle among them, justifying the remark of one of their writers, that a collection of *vaudevilles*, as they used to be called, is necessary to the historian who would write candidly. By the way, she did not notice the curious *réfrain* of a still common *chanson des femmes buveurs* in the north-east, viz.: *Lire boulire! lire boula!*—evidently the same as that of the famous song which rhymed James the Second out of the three kingdoms. Nor did her husband, acute as he was to discern relations between a country's soil and climate, and its people's religious and political idiosyncrasy, take the ensuing broad view of *La Carte de l'Europe*, which we humbly propound to political doctors, premising that the idea is taken from a remark in a recent publication on the provincial songs of France, to the effect, that "the abundance and heat of the wine drunk in the vine regions of the Continent, produce spirits more rebellious to established laws, civil and religious, than are found in cold lands; in this the Breton peasant being antithetical to the Burgundian and Franche Comtéman." May then the map of Europe be marked out in conterminous tracts of vineyards and revolutionists, orchards and conservative cider-drinkers, bibbers of beer and steady-going self-governors? Of a fact, the taste of the Teutonic race is almost special for hops and Protestantism; while the Gael, whether in our island, or among the Welsh and Scotch hills, or on the plains of Gaul, revels in the livelier drinks of the juice of the grape and

of usquebaugh, i.e., *eau de vie*. This must be looked to in time, ere revolutionary principles enter English brains from hogsheds of claret. Let, we say, British brewers look to it, and by lower prices, effect a counter-revolution in Paris!

Miladi's favourite hero in 1830 was Lafayette, the inoculator of his country with Republican doctrines imported from America, and a prominent actor in the various revolutions of which he had sowed the seeds. His filibustering expedition in aid of the revolt of our American colonies unfortunately led the Court of the Tuileries into the same path, and he was the author of the French "Declaration of Rights." Extreme as his political conduct was, all lovers of constitutional liberty will acquiesce in Lady Morgan's encomium on his long labour in the cause of self-government, by a real and effectual representation of the people. But we cannot further criticise between her ladyship's correctnesses or incorrectnesses as to Parisian gentlemen and ladies, more than in observing that "the young and unfortunate Madame Labedoyère," represented as "dying of a broken heart for him whom her tears and supplications could not save," is in enjoyment of excellent health, and of the respect and affection of a large circle of relatives and friends.

No one was more capable than the late J. W. Croker of exposing miladi's mistakes in and about the French, whether on points of history, of grammar, or of orthography, in all which *elle manquait beaucoup*.

On the accession of the Whig party to power in 1830, a pension of £300 a year was conferred on her, professedly "in acknowledgment of the services rendered by her to the world of letters," but "in reality," says her biographer, "as a just compensation for the sacrifices she had made to liberal principles, as well as for the uninterrupted stream of slander which Croker and his colleagues had long brought to play upon her reputation." Why the public purse should pay because her ladyship was libelled is not very clear: but the world of letters has to thank Mr. Fitzpatrick for a new simile; probably he took his idea from the use Louis Philippe once made of fire engines against a mob: and truly the allegory of conservative colleagues

trying to quench, by throwing the coldest critical water,—the burnt sacrifices Lady Morgan continually and liberally made on the altar of principle—offerings consisting, no doubt, of her works, copyrights and all—is highly entertaining. Her husband had, also, his share of the loaves and fishes, being appointed one of the Commissioners of Irish Fisheries. In her biographer's remark, that "the reports on the subject of those fisheries, of which several appeared from Sir Charles' pen, are remarkable for their perspicuity and cleverness," we thoroughly concur.

How long the Commissioner governed piscatory business in this island does not appear, but in 1839 he felt a desire to quit the country "to which he had," says his wife, "for more than a quarter of a century devoted his time, his fortune, his talents, and his prime of life," in order to return to "his own great and happy country," and, with wife-like obedience, she consented to become an absentee; nay more, allowed her husband to help her in writing "Woman and her Master," a voluminous disquisition, illuminated by much of his metaphysical and philosophical lore, and pronounced a very clever and amusing work by the *Quarterly*. Her biographer believes this favourable criticism was due to the fact that "the editorial control of this review was then in the hands of Mr. Lockhart, and not Mr. Croker," as otherwise, she would have been subjected to "another savage onslaught;" but it is well known that this latter gentleman never was editor of the *Review*, and that he wrote for it during Lockhart's life, so Mr. Fitzpatrick has made what she would have truly styled a *bévue*. When Miss Owenson, she began her paper war with the author of "Familiar Epistles on the Irish Stage," by an assault, the sharpness of which showed her quite as able to defend herself as to offend others; and since she was so cunning at fence neither a literary duellist like her, nor her seconders, should call "cut throat," and other Billingsgate names, when she is touched.

The following sketch was addressed

to her biographer by the late D. Owen Maddyn, a few days previous to his lamented death:—

"For private reasons I avoided knowing Lady Morgan; but critically I am acquainted with all her points. She had an immense amount of brass and brilliancy, and was a very striking person in her way; but I always recoiled from her as a sort of female Voltaire, reared in a province, and fed on potato diet. She did not appreciate the hereditary Puritanism of the Irish Protestants, among whom she was born and bred, and she had no sympathy with the far descended traditional religion of the Catholics of Ireland. She scoffed and scorned; and ransacked the French *salons* in a wearisome way; but she had spirit, play of fancy, and as a novelist she pointed the way to Lever, whose precursor she was. The rattling vivacity of the Irish character; its ebullient spirit, and its wrathful eloquence of sentiment and language, she well portrayed; one can smell the potheen and turf smoke even in her pictures of a boudoir. Her attack on Croker was very clever, and had much effect in its day. It is written on the model of the Irish school of invective furnished by Flood and Grattan."

Far from endorsing this character, Mr. Fitzpatrick quotes it as an example of the virulent prejudice still felt against its subject; and we need now, having no notion of attempting to decide between Lady Morgan and the critical tribunals before which her literary labours were condemned, do no more than mention our belief that public opinion on such a matter, so far as it receives expression through critics, is not to be controlled by rude comments upon them, any more than in these times will it be dictated to in politics by either democrats or romance-writers. Excepting for one or two very objectionable passages of this sort—which are merely the exaggeration of warm-hearted feelings such as Lady Morgan possessed, and her accomplished biographer evidently partakes of—we deem his work better for its partiality of temper; and assuredly it is an interesting memorial of one of Ireland's gifted daughters, and creditable to her memory as well as to its author's talents.

THE ITALIAN REGENERATION.

THE rise of Italian Nationality is now an accomplished fact, which the coldest reasoner on things as they are must take account of. A twelvemonth of independence has convinced even the sceptical that Italy ought to be free; for the inexorable logic of facts is now as clearly on the side of Italian independence as it was formerly against it. It required some enthusiasm to believe two years ago that Italy would so soon be free; and it required even more courage to avow that belief. We look back with some satisfaction to the stand taken by us in favour of Italian unity and independence, when most of our contemporaries only anticipated for her an exchange of masters.

From Austrian to French supremacy, Italy, it was said, would pass, *per servir sempre o vincitrice o vinta*.

Certain English statesmen, of a narrow pragmatic school, had settled it to their own satisfaction that Italy never could be independent, and therefore to invite the French in to expel the Austrians was to cure one disease by inoculating her with another; as the Chinese quack who drew blood from Mr. Hug's nose to cure an ear-ache, or bruised his ribs to cure lumbago.

Facts have falsified all these anticipations. The incubus of Austria has been taken off without that of France being laid on instead. Italy, long the patient Issachar of Europe, has shaken off her burdens, and, exulting in her liberty, will bow her shoulder to the yoke no more. Facts like these call for something more than a passing comment. They awake reflections which tend to disprove one of the commonest generalizations of history. It has been said we cannot say how often that nations have their rise, decline, and fall—like men they live their appointed time, their threescore years and ten: allowing units for tens, and tens for centuries, the duration of a man and a state may be compared together, and then death, inexorable death, knocks at the city gate as at the private dwelling, and the commonwealth pays the same debt of Nature at the end of many generations that

each citizen in his day and generation must pay for himself. Every thing that lives will also die; states and empires live, therefore states and empires die: this is the syllogism that history forces on us; the law of death is written—it is thought everywhere.

Omnia mors poscit, lex est non pena perire.

So reason the historians, and there is no denying that the reasoning is more than plausible, it is borne out by facts. "Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, where are they?"

In contenting themselves with the reflection that Italy is a land of the past, poets and philosophers have played into the hands of politicians, who wished it were so; and Italy has been forced to assist at its own obsequies, as Charles V. used to do in the Monastery of Yuste. Giusti's witty poem in reply to Lamartine's sentiment about *la terre des morts* aptly expresses the just indignation of Italians at this entombing together of the living and the dead. Poor Partridge, the almanac maker, whom Swift killed by a bellman's prophecy, was not more infamously huddled out of existence before his time than the Italy of our day by the Metterniches, Malmesburys, and Lamartines of Europe. Partridge redivivus was not believed in by his own wife: an apparition he might be, an impostor he probably was; but the true and original Partridge had been buried months ago, and the undertaker's certificate was there to vouch for the fact. So it was with poor Italy. She had lived her day. She had a long life and a merry one. Queen of the Earth for nigh twelve centuries, and a Dowager Queen for five or six centuries more. But she took to her bed about the time of the discovery of America; printing and the Reformation gave her nervous system a shake, and soon after she quietly went to sleep, and is now a thing of the past. With these sagacious commonplaces, the eighteenth century gave no more thought to Italy than to Palmyra. One of the axioms of history was that all things moved in a circle, life and death, rise and decline, barbarism

and civilization, according as Vishnu the Preserver, or Shiva the Destroyer, was in the ascendant.

How much this mistaken metaphor, from the life of a man to that of a community, has affected our views of current events, it is impossible to decide with accuracy. It is the foundation of Macaulay's well-known sketch of the New Zealander—the same metaphor which dazzled his fancy and misled his judgment so early as 1824. He writes in a review of "Mitford's History of Greece:"—"When the sceptre shall have passed away from England—when, perhaps, travellers from distant regions shall in vain labour to decipher on some mouldering pedestal the name of our proudest chief—shall hear savage hymns chanted to some misshapen idol on the ruined dome of our proudest temple—and shall see a single naked fisherman wash his nets in the river of the ten thousand masts."

All this magniloquence of ruin would shrink to its natural dimensions, if writers would take the pains of distinguishing between a nation's supremacy and a nation's existence. For a little time a nation may lead the van of progress, and then fall into the rear, as Spain, Holland, and Sweden—all have within the last three centuries; but it by no means follows that because outstripped in the race for mastery and empire, therefore they should sink back into barbarism. All run, but one receiveth the prize; the last, however, if not a laggard, will come in with credit at the winning-post immeasurably superior to the lazy savage who never stripped at all for the race—the Samoan Islander who sleeps like a great sloth beneath the tree on which he feeds, or the Red Indian who smokes to keep down starvation, and whose thirst for ardent spirits is the only incitement to hunt.

Italy has unquestionably fallen back; her relative position is not what it formerly was. The hegemony of Europe is not hers, as it twice has been, once before and once after the decline of the Roman Empire. But her torpor was only temporary, and is passing away with the causes that produced it; and though we no longer desire or expect to see her again giving laws or religion to Europe—though Rome may not captivate the world with her arms, or Florence with

her arts—there is no reason why she should not take her place as a great nation, the rival, not the mistress, of her neighbours beyond the Alps. In fact, her long oppression by the Gaul and the German is the penalty she has had to pay for her former supremacy. They that lead captive shall go into captivity, is a judgment of whose justice none can complain. Italy, the oppressor, has been oppressed in her turn; but the balance is now righted; action and reaction are always equal; and for the centuries of her supremacy she has paid back Europe with as many centuries of subjection and shame. It is now her turn for compensation; and the proper retribution on the heads of all oppressors is to send them courteously over her frontier. She first destroyed the German and Gallic nationalities, and they, in revenge, denied and withheld hers. Now that old scores have been paid off, let all three keep within their own frontiers, and curses be on the head of him that first renews the strife by removing his neighbour's landmark.

It greatly simplifies our view of the question of Italian Nationality to trace all her misgovernment to a single cause; that cause is summed up in the old Roman boast, "*urbis et orbis*." The alliteration gave Italy a brief triumph of a century or two, and many centuries after of shame and oppression.

Rome must interfere in the affairs of foreigners beyond the Alps, and foreigners have taken her at her word, and have interfered ever since in Italian affairs. This accounts for the anomalous fact that Italy is the only nationality that did not establish itself before the rise of the present European system. Spain, England, France, all about the same time, were consolidated into powerful monarchies, under Ferdinand the Catholic, Henry VII., and Louis XI. Prussia and Austria, Russia and Sweden, arose out of the feudal into the centralized type of government a little later. Poland was never thus consolidated, and therefore, broke to pieces by factions within and intrigues without. The same fate that overtook Poland awaited Italy this century, if France and Austria could only have agreed to a division of plunder, a dismemberment into north and

south, with a reservation of Rome as a kind of religious Cracow, spared, like Ulysses, for the singular favour of being devoured last.

The danger of this complete extinction of Italy, as of Poland, appears to be averted at present. Her nationality, one and entire from the Alps to the sea, is now an article of faith with her inhabitants. "Italy seems not to feel her sufferings!" exclaimed Petrarch in his day, "decrepit, sluggish, and languid, will she sleep for ever? Will there be none to awake her? Oh, that I had my hands twisted in her hair!" All this is a sorrow and shame of the past. Of all her poets, those only are remembered who sang a patriot's strains. In the darkness from Ariosto to Alfieri, the darkness of the *renaissance*, one name only shines out like a star, that of Chiabrera. To him the good people of Savona have inscribed their theatre. His famous sonnet

"Italia! oh, Italia! tu cui feo la sorte,"

is the inspiration they seek there, and not the ditties of Marini—the dramas of Metastasio. The hero's harp, not the lover's lute, is now in favour; you would insult an Italian now-a-days by calling Italy the land of song, the land of operas and oratorios, of conservatories and Sistine chapels; he will bite his lip, and mutter something about Garibaldi's chasseurs, of Balilla of Genoa, or the Legion of Death at the battle of Legnano. The spirit of Italy is aroused, and her sons, like the seven sleepers of Ephesus, shaking off the slumber of centuries, are stepping into the Cabinets of Europe with the sprightly words on their lips, "We are all awake here!" The Italians do not want to be admonished now that those who would be free themselves must strike the blow. So far from calling for intervention, they only pray to be left to themselves to clear off scores with the Bourbons and Lorraines, without fear or favour; and if diplomacy could be charmed to sleep, or cured of its incorrigible trick of playing the busybody in other people's affairs, the Italian Question would settle itself much sooner than certain interested parties, either in Paris, or Vienna desire. The settlement of Italy is as simple as that celebrated aposiopesis of Neptune—

"Quos ego—sed"—

Call off the winds, and the sea will go down of itself: there is but one way to rule the waves, which is to imprison the winds—send France and Austria right wheel and left wheel to the right-about, and the Italian federation will come about as naturally as the Swiss or German. Cavour will not call in France to neutralize Austria, or Naples invoke Austria to neutralize Cavour. The cunning Æolus who sits in Paris will have his breezes sent back to him to bottle up, on pain of the displeasure of Europe, and this Mare Italicum will become a lake.

This is the consummation devoutly to be desired by every British statesman. It is a tedious story to tell why Italy has not righted herself long ago; but, put into the fewest words possible, her distractions have been caused by the contentions of the two pretenders to a triple crown—the Pope and the Emperor. The Guelph and Ghibelline factions have long since passed away, but the spirit that excited that strife exists to this day. When Pope Hormisdas put a circlet of gold round his pontifical mitre, and a Benedict and a Boniface added a second and a third, completing the arrogant claim of the Priest-King of Rome to universal empire, it was met and matched by the assumption of the German Emperor to wear three crowns—the iron crown of Monza, the silver crown of Frankfort, and the golden crown of Rome. Constantine, in quitting old for new Rome, had left behind him the mantle of empire; and an Italian Bishop and a German Graf grappled, and fought, and tore each other for the possession of this holy coat, more precious in their eyes than that seamless one that is still shown to the devout pilgrim to Trèves. The pretensions of Cæsar or Pope were equally groundless; the donation of Constantine to the Pope was a forgery, and as for the emperor Julius Cæsar Scaliger had as much or as little of the blood of *Gens Iuli* in his veins as the Tyrolese count who called himself Kaiser, and gave laws to Italy from Vienna. But the Middle Ages were not critical. The monks who derived Pharamond from Pharaoh, and who supposed the people of Troyes came from Troy, and that the Silesians were descendants of Elisha the Prophet, easily kept up the fiction about the patrimony of Peter, or the descent of Kaisers from

Cæsars. Thus Italian nationality was frittered away, while Italians fought for a shadow—the Guelph for the donation of Constantine, the Ghibelline for the right of the German electors to choose an Italian Cæsar. The spell of the empire was over her still; the shadow of the dead tree withered and blighted the young plant of independence. Imperator and Pontifex Maximus were charmed words, which it was worth a struggle to clutch and retain; and when neither German Graf nor Italian Bishop could succeed in keeping them both to himself, they agreed, like the sons of Constantine, to a division of empire. Both should wear a triple crown, but the priest should be Pontifex Maximus, and the count, Cæsar Imperator.

Like all compromises, this ended with both parties making sacrifices, not so much of their own rights as of those of others. The Italian Bishop bartered away the independence of Italy; the German Graf resigned the Imperial city, and the right to a coronation with a golden crown in the Capitol: but between them they left Italy open to attack, a prey to foreign intervention, which it has remained ever since.

The only road to the independence of Italy must be to abate the pretensions of the two usurpers of the triple crown. So long as Francis Joseph clings to the traditions which cluster round these magic words—Cæsar Imperator, or Pius IX., to those which cluster round Pontifex Maximus, Italy can never be safe from foreign intervention. So long, for instance, as the Bishop of Rome claims to be Bishop *urbis et orbis*, both the urban and oecumenical successor to the Chair of Peter, Spain and France, Portugal and Austria, not to speak of Ireland or Iceland, or other such little corners of Christendom, will claim a share in the Pope. Like the strife between the men of Israel and the men of Judah about bringing back the king, they will claim a right to interpose in the affairs of Italy, and to prop up his rickety throne.

It is a hard case that the Italian liberal has to fight a battle, not with Italian reactionists only, but with the devout over half Europe. Every pious old woman that tells her beads—every maiden that steals into the confessional to unburden her heart to

her director, is of necessity an accomplice in the schemes of the San Fedisli of Rome or Naples. Like one of the old champions of Christendom, Garibaldi has to ride out to encounter enemies ghostly as well as carnal. He has to tread under foot the young lion and the dragon, as well the German and Swiss mercenaries of Naples, as the saintly militia of Rome, who look daggers though they use none.

This is why the Italian question is so complicated; it is Italian only in name. In reality it is Europe in arms. Italy is only the cock-pit where the old battle of the supremacy of Peter is fought out as keenly as in the days of Wallenstein and Gustavus Adolphus. It is said that the age of religious war is past, never to return. Our answer is, look to the composition of Lamoricière's legions. Belgium, France, Ireland, Bavaria, are all represented there. The roll of his recruits reads like the description of Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered." The hosts that the pious Godfrey led from Europe to Asia were not drawn from more distant parts of Europe, nor, if reports speak true, have some of their descendants degenerated from the rag and famish appearance they presented under the walls of Jerusalem. The Irish Brigade were immortalized by Tasso as—

"Questi dall' alte selve hirsuti manda,
La divisa dal mondo ultima Irlanda."

Were they less hirsute—less savage—as they straggled from Tipperary to Trieste, the other day, toasting the Pope, and drinking confusion to Garibaldi, in flasks of unaccustomed Rhinish, or still stranger Orvietto? With all our boasted progress, we have the fanaticism of the Crusaders, without their faith; their riot, without their religion. Time, the avenger, has thrown upon the middle of the nineteenth a specimen of the ways of thinking in the eleventh century, to give us a taste of true Mediævalism.

Of the success of these fanatical attempts at reaction we have not a shadow of fear. But we have seen enough to convince us that the Italian question is not so purely Italian or so purely political as the professional statesman could wish it to be. But the party who will import into it these foreign elements of strife, had better beware. The Italians at present have

no quarrel with the Bishop of Rome; but if the Bishop of Rome will persist in sending Peter the Hermits round Europe, inflaming ignorant peasants in Brittany, Bavaria, or Ireland, on his own head be the consequence. He is playing the desperate game of throwing double or quits, staking his spiritual to win back his temporal authority.

Pius VII. had a cooler head than Pius IX. The soft old man at Fontainebleau was more than a match for the first Napoleon. It was a game of patience against bluster, pertinacity against compulsion—and Pius VII. came off victorious. The soldier was beaten by the priest, and for once in modern times a Roman Pope was adored by his subjects. If old Pius VII. had died on the day after his entry into Rome, in 1815, he would have gone down to the grave with the halo of a martyr round his head—a Judas Maccabæus or a Titus might have envied him his popularity,—priest and king in one; the priest, whose kingship had been unjustly wrested from him, and restored amid the acclamations of his subjects.

But Pius IX. is a very different man from Pius VII., and matched with a very different antagonist. The third Napoleon is far too astute to allow him to aspire to the honours of martyrdom. He will not give him the happy despatch, or deliver him from the shame of political suicide. Pio Nono is doomed to be his own executioner. No friendly violence hurries him out of Rome, locks him up in Fontainebleau, throws the sanctity of stone walls and prison bars around the imbecilities of a Cardinal's conclave. The pertinacity and patience are now all on the side of a Napoleon—the levelling violence on the part of a Pius; and so the Pope and his mistaken advisers are allowed to ruin their own cause, to flounder deeper and deeper into difficulties with their own subjects, to buy brass with gold, and to part with the last remains of the allegiance of their own subjects for the support of the crapulous brigade of St. Patrick, whose whirrabout through the streets of Macerata struck terror, the other day, into the hearts of women and children. “Non tali auxilio” should be the disclaimer of the Pope, if the flattery of interested and crafty Cardinals and Legates from

Westminster and Dublin had not blinded his eyes and taken away the little common sense remaining since his dangerous elevation to the Papedom sixteen years ago.

To advise the Pope is like Parmenio advising Alexander. The Macedonian must go mad, for undivided empire always turns the brain; and a Pope cannot see things as other men, for then he would cease to be Pope. But were we Pius, and Pius a plain magazine writer, we would advise a very different course. We would send those Belgian and Irish Legates back to their bishoprics in *partibus*, and back they should lead with them their raw recruits, the sight of whom has charmed away the last lingering feelings of loyalty in the breast even of the licensed beggars on the church steps in Rome. He should make a virtue of necessity, and accept the terms of the Emperor's pamphlet—*la culte des Ruines* is an humble part to play for a priest who has raised armies, coined money, blessed the people with his two forefingers, and allowed distinguished foreigners to kiss his toe. No one likes descending in the world; and to descend gracefully is one of the greatest trials of dignity. To settle down in York, to hold chapters, and to lord it over factious canons was too much for Wolsey's proud stomach, who fell ill and died on the way of vexation and spleen. Churchmen are but men; but as Pius never made his fortunes, he ought to resign them without a sigh. An Antonelli may call for our pity; like the butcher of Ipswich, the brigand of Sonnino has pushed himself on as a ‘professional churchman; his occupation will be gone when the statesman merges in the antiquary—the Master of the Mint in the collector of old coins; but Pius ought to have no such regrets. Report gives him credit for being a good priest, who believes in God, and has no pleasant vices. What more can he want than a Church, a Gallery, and a Garden, all of which he could enjoy undisturbed in the Trastevere district, even if the awful S, P, Q, R, were revived into a reality, and the bell of the Capitol summoned the Roman citizens to elect a tribune, as in the days of Rienzi.

But it is idle to advise, when Parmenio and Alexander cannot change places. Alexander must take his own

course; and since he will not compromise for half Asia, an early grave in Babylon and a break up of his empire is all that awaits him. The fatuity of the Papal advisers is something wonderful. If the Pope had taken Gavazzi and Dr. Cumming into his counsels, he could not act more becomingly to prosper their cause and to ruin his own. The folly of our James, who threw away three kingdoms for a mass, is not exceeded by the folly of a Pius, who is losing a hundred and thirty million spiritual subjects for a bauble. James threw away temporal power for spiritual ends; Pius is bartering spiritual to save temporal. He is drawing *post obits* on the Popedom, to save the wretched remains of a kingdom, the barren Campagna, and a few decayed villages in the Apennines. The Romagna and the rich plain of Bologna are gone for ever—he is only encamped at Ancona and Perugia, and holds them on the same tenure that the King of Naples holds Messina. The whole plain up to the gates of Rome is as rife of mutiny to the Pope, as it is of malaria to the traveller in the dog-days.

What is he then contending for, and calling down curses on the hero of Italy, Victor Emmanuel? Oh! Pius the Ninth, you have not half the discernment of the Seventh Pius, your predecessor. You have studied the history of the Papacy to very little purpose, if you do not know when to advance and when to retreat—when to insist on your rights, and when to resign them gracefully. You blunder so between the *fortiter* and the *suaviter*, that you have lost more by resisting than ever did Pius VII. by yielding.

Such a conjunction as the present has never happened before in modern Italian history. Never had she so favourable an opportunity for asserting her independence. The incubus of Austria has been suddenly taken off, and lightened of this load, she has easily dismounted the petty *roitelets* of Tuscany, Modena, and Parma, that were strapped on their thrones by Austrian supports, as children are strapped back to back on a pillion saddle. But the other incubus was the Papacy. To depose the Pope was sacrilege, to secularize his states was as idolatry and witchcraft, to call for reforms was to deny the immortality

of the soul. This was the real difficulty of Italy. Happily the Pope himself has stepped forward, as *Deus ex machina*, to loosen the knot. This friendly obstinacy has helped Italy out of the mess which all the statesmanship of Cavour or the stratagems of Louis Napoleon never could have extricated her from. The *non possumus* of the Holy Father has worked wonders for the independence of Italy. Like the *nolo episcopari*, which is understood by the rule of contraries, the Pope's inaction has been action, his inability has been ability; by folding his hands he has abetted the Revolution; by meaning to curse, he has blessed it altogether. If Victor Emmanuel had ever exclaimed, like our Henry II., "who will rid me of this troublesome priest," he never could have anticipated the good-fortune that awaited him. The modern A'Becket has taken himself off, like the husband in the French novel, who commits suicide that his wife may be at once happy and innocent.

Province after province is dropping from the Pope—loosely, like an easy glove, they fall off; and who is to blame the fortunate finder that picks them up?

Non rapuit sed recepit is the new Sardinian policy. Things have only to continue their present course, and *Lackland* will become the only designation of the successor of Peter. Men accustom themselves to losses as to gains; and by the time one wound is healed, another province is ripe for excision. No friend of Italy can wish to precipitate matters there. Breathing time is what is wanted between the acts of annexation. Before one province is consolidated another is ready to drop in. In fact, the dissolution of old Italy may go on too fast. Young Italy may not be able to absorb in itself so much at once. If Venice, Rome, and Naples, are reprieved for a little, it will be all the better. It will disarm the jealousy of France, and keep Italy more united than ever. Were the heptarchy which prevailed in Italy down to the middle of last year absorbed at once into a united and powerful monarchy, the intervention of Europe would then follow, as a matter of course. As it now is, the absolute Powers cannot find an excuse for intervention. They mutter their displeasure. Russia

hints from time to time that things are going on too fast in Turin. Spain sulks and Austria raves at the clerical confiscations. France has her own reasons for trimming judiciously between the Pope and the Revolution, and cannot suffer Victor Emmanuel to go too far or too fast on the road of reform.

On all accounts, therefore, the *festina lente* policy is the surest for Italy. If Naples is condemned to groan under a Bourbon a little longer, and Venice to sigh for the freedom of Lombardy, it will be all for the best in the end. When the day of entire independence comes, it will be all the sweeter because a little deferred. Besides, the Italians are unlearning under these delays many things which have made a constitution impossible hitherto. They are unlearning Mazzinism. The Timoleon and Brutus school—

"When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
The conqueror's sword, in bearing fame
away!"—

has been hissed off the stage. It has descended from statesmen to patriots in red shirts, from red-shirted patriots to schoolboys, and from schoolboys to Walter Savage Landor. The Italians are also in course of being cured of another folly—the dream of their former supremacy. Venice, Queen of the Sea; Florence, Mistress of the Fine Arts; Rome, Mother of Churches and Centre of Unity. Dearly has she paid for these traditions of the Middle Ages. That one boast of the supremacy of Rome has brought more slavery on Italy than any other. No sentiment is more poetically just, but more politically false, than that of Byron—

"Parent of our religion, whom the wide
Nations have knelt to for the keys of heaven,
Europe, repentant of her parricide,
Shall yet redeem thee, and all backward
driven,
Roll the barbarian tide, and sue to be for-
given."

The reverse is the truth. The spiritual enslavement of Europe to Rome has caused the political enslavement of Rome to Europe. Never was there a more hollow excuse than this for maintaining the Pope as a temporal prince, that he may the more freely exercise his spiritual functions. Why, it is by these miserable temporalities that he is bound as to spiritual things. He is the nominee of the Austrian,

or the French, or the Spanish faction, in the College of Cardinals; and from the day of his election oscillates between the three, never daring to be independent of one, till he has beforehand secured the support of the other. Cardinal Wiseman's "Recollections of the Last Four Popes" is evidence in proof. Amid that monotonous panegyric of Rome and its Ruler, this is the bitter that rises from the bottom of the fountain—the thorn that stings in the garland of flowers. In a late election of a Pope, the right man for the Papacy was set aside by the single veto of Spain. Spain had a grudge against the legate who recognised the independence of the Spanish republics in America, and so his chance of promotion was stopped for ever. To call this independence is to juggle with words. It is not pretended humility of the Pope to entitle himself *servus servorum*; he is, in sober truth, the slave of his slaves. Europe bows down to the Papacy, and the Papacy in turn crouches to Europe. Thinking Italians are beginning to discern this; and it is only a very shallow declaimer on her national glories that will put out the boast any longer—that Rome, though occupied by foreign armies, still puts her foot on the necks of kings, and that her supremacy over their consciences is a proud memento that she was once the mistress of the world.

Cured, then, at last of these two delusions, Mazzinism and Sentimentalism, the way of regeneration lies open to Italy as it never lay before. By a happy conjunction of circumstances, she is left to right herself as she never before has been. That which Macchiavelli plotted for, and sought by crooked turns of policy, Victor Emmanuel has been enabled to do without soiling his conscience with one false oath, or his hand with one foul deed. If the end could justify the means, then the Florentine Secretary was justified in his sycophancy to the Medici, in the hope that one tyrant would destroy many, and so the union of Italy be brought about by fair means or foul. Now, the Italian statesman may be pure as well as patriotic. All that the noblest minds of Italy have sighed for so long, is coming about by that strange quieting down of difficulties, and that subsiding of things into their places, which mark the course of Providence

and pour contempt on the stratagems of statesmen.

The world is governed, indeed, with very little wisdom here below; but the Swedish Chancellor only thus caught at half the truth. The upper or divine side of the drama of history is that Providence governs by turning men's wisdom into folly, and by using their folly to display His wisdom. Who could have anticipated the turn that events would take eighteen months ago, or even anticipating that turn in the affairs of men, would have declared that the Italians would have taken it in the flood to lead to fortune. All this has been brought about by small conjunctures too minute for us to notice, and that chapter of accidents which has been very improperly called the fool's Bible—it might more truly be called the wise man's calendar of prophecy fulfilling itself. It is only those who know nothing of the workings of the Italian mind, the untravelled, unread man of the middle classes, whom this start for Independence in Italy has taken by surprise. A schoolgirl's acquaintance with the contemporary literature of Italy—one of Giusti's poems, one of Balbo's dissertations, would have opened the eyes of any intelligent person to the preparations going forward during the last half century for this great national awakening. It has come at last, and we are only half aware of it.

To do our Ministers justice, they have risen to the greatness of the occasion. Lord John Russell is not a pedant of the Castlereagh school, to whom the settlement of Europe, in 1815, is finality, and who believes that none but a true-born Briton is fit to enjoy a constitution. The conduct of our Foreign Office has been generous and statesmanlike; and for once in his political career, Lord John Russell has shown as much discretion as valour. He has avoided the only danger on which the partizans of a dynastic foreign policy hoped to retrieve their lost reputation and to ruin his.

So far so well. The heart of the nation is, moreover, sound on the Italian question, and Garibaldi is as much the hero of the hour in London or Glasgow, as in Turin or Genoa. But it cannot be expected that the mass of our countrymen can yet see whither

events in Italy are tending. They have a vague feeling that the Italian people are doing for themselves what we did in 1688. And notwithstanding Mr. Disraeli's sneers, this settling accounts with the Stuarts is not so unpopular yet in England that it is safe to taunt the Italians for their modern Whiggery. The consequence of this Orange or Whig movement in Italy (let the name be which you please), can only be dimly foreseen at present. But we see enough to augur the happiest results, if only it be continued in the same spirit in which it has begun. If England, delivered at once from the double curse of superstition and the Stuarts, sprang up to her legitimate place in the councils of Europe, we may expect at least the same result in Italy. Equality, not mastery, is all she asks now; to call into existence a sixth great power would be a policy worthy of a great English statesman. To foster the growth of little Britains on the Continent should be the sole ambition of our Foreign Office.

We are awake to the dangers of Imperialism. It can but be met by the watchful policy of the only king who was his own foreign minister. In his hands the doctrine of the balance of power was a reality, for when one power, as that of France, became preponderant, he called another into existence to outweigh it. Thus, to curb France on the Rhine, we should unite Germany; to curb her on the Alps, we should unite Italy. This justified the annexation of Genoa to Piedmont, at the Treaty of Vienna; thus, to bank out the inundations of French aggression, were the dikes thrown up of strong monarchies on her frontiers. Under the third Napoleon the sea of Imperialism is swelling to a dangerous height again, and the dike is not compact enough on the side of the Alps; throw in Tuscany and the rest of Italy as a rampart to back Piedmont, and then we may hear no more of Gallic hosts, in the words of the poet, descending to drink of the waters of the Po. To paraphrase Canning's celebrated figure of rhetoric, let us, to redress the inequalities of Imperialism, call Italy into existence.

PARIS LOCALITIES.

THE capital of France, the metropolis of revolution, the *arbiter elegantiarum* of European changes in ladies' attire, and would-be dictatress in domestic polity and foreign politics, has herself undergone transformations much resembling those in dress:—for only by employing this simile can we briefly allude to her metamorphoses. Before throwing off, in the seventeenth century, the armour of feudal ages in the Gothic forms of crenellated gates and châtelets, her Italian taste was exhibited under Henri Quatre in fine specimens such as the Hôtels du Sully and de Carnavalet; but she again became French under *le grand monarque*, when she built as ornately as his courtiers dressed, until the Revolution, which gave a temporary check to extravagance in building, and when her inhabitants, affecting the simplicity of ancient manners, adopted long, unkempt locks, in place of powdered wigs and pig-tails, and many men went *sans culotte*, while ladies walked on the Boulevards in short waists and tight drapery fashioned on the models of Lais and Aspasia—architecture suiting itself all the while to the wants and tastes of the town, demolishing churches and constructing huge barracks, opening the Rue de Rivoli, the longest street in Europe, erecting brazen columns in the Place du Châtelet, on the site of the Bastille, and in the Place Vendôme, commencing the Arc de l'Etoile, the grandest triumphal arch in the world, in honour of the star of the Legion of Honour, and finally transporting an obelisk from Egypt to the *Place Louis Quinze*, otherwise *la Place de la Revolution*, now *la Place de la Concorde*. All these alterations are trifles to the demolitions of old streets and buildings, and their replacement by new, effected up to the time when the last king surrounded the great and growing metropolis with the fortification which is now the town wall, pierced by a

hundred gates; and they are nothing to the transmutations effected since the imperial will of Napoleon III. has changed most of the decayed parts of the city into streets of unrivalled splendour. If we may again employ our simile, the modern metropolis flaunts in new charms and enlarged dimensions—her robe expanded to a vast circle by that stone crinoline, and her smartest streets decorated with a million *volants* in the shape of tiers above tiers of lace-like balconies. Surely she is the Empress of Beauty among all the cities of the earth, and well may *les Enfants de Paris*, susceptible as they are of her delights and enjoyments, partake the warm pride she inspired three centuries ago in Montaigne, the philosophic writer on the humanities, who thus apostrophizes the capital of his native country:—

“Paris a mon cœur dez mon enfance et m'en est advenu comme des choses excellentes. Plus j'ay vue depuis d'autres villes belles, plus la beauté de celle-cy gaigne sur mon affection. Je l'ayme tendrement jusques à ses ver-rues et à ses taches. Je ne suis François que par cette grande cité, grande en peuples, grande en félicité de son assiette, mais surtout grande et incomparable en variété et diversité de commodités; la gloire de la France et l'un des plus nobles ornemens du monde. Dieu en chasse loing nos divisions!”

His short prayer was evoked by experience of the horrible persecution of the Huguenots, decimated as they were in the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, when the river Seine was choked with corpses, and the gutters of many a street ran with human gore.

But we must turn to our object, that of noting some less known as well as well known memorabilia anent Paris; yet not without repeating Montaigne's simple prayer for peace among our Allies, and adding to it for continuance of peace with them, a sentiment

our readers will cordially concur in. Now to our theme:—Some of our readers may partake of our distaste for guide-books, those tantalizing sources of information, whetting, like *hors d'œuvres* before dinner, the appetite, but not satisfying it.

With profound respect for "Galignani's New Paris Guide for 1860, verified by personal inspection," we consider it deals too exclusively with public buildings and places, which require no finding out, and not enough with what chiefly interests us—relics of ancient ages and of illustrious persons; and we think it ought to point out more where those stood and these lived. It is true that the latter class of knowledge is difficult to arrive at, especially as regards a city where every year of the last decade has obliterated a score of notable vestiges, and where, in consequence of the general fashion of living in lodgings, there are scarcely any houses possessing the charm of having been the separate and peculiar dwelling-places of those whose qualities, or labours, or talents, or actions have immortalized them. In our view it detracts from the interest we feel in visiting the house where Molière wrote his imperishable plays, to be told he merely lodged on one of its floors. So far, however, as research can go, it has gone in exploring the chief city of the nation which is richest in memoirs. Two works of M. Lavallée, the one above cited, and his "Paris Démoli," are written in vivid and agreeable style, but supply much more than mere strangers would care to know. M. Fournier's recent replies to certain *énigmes* his native town presents to his inquiring, archæologic disposition, are little else than what we profess, though in more general and humbler manner, to gather, namely, *chiffons*, or scraps of quaint and curious information about the streets. Works illustrative of this ancient and most notable capital abound; although not one seems to us so pleasing as either Jesse's "London," or Cunningham's fascinating book on the same metropolis; and no question but there is room for a handbook that would guide to those spots in Paris which are historically attractive to British visitors; and there still are many archæologic objects highly qualified to attract their curiosity.

Not only are there the sites of great historic events, such as the spot where Louis XVI. was beheaded, where Henri Quatre was assassinated, where Marshal Ney was shot, and a hundred other remarkable places and objects, but sometimes the mere names of streets evoke curious inquiries. Why, for example, the "Rue Marie Stuart?" Did the hapless Queen of Scots ever live there? All the hieroglyphics of Paris are not on the Luxor obelisk. The entire town is full of enigmas. Each corner of every street, many an inscription, and many a symbol put questions; and the misfortune is, no guide-book or dictionary of streets can answer them. It is true, that most of the replies would only be interesting to one who should be a native of France, an habitué of her metropolis, versed in her history and in the class of writings in which she abounds, namely, memoirs. Yet many Englishmen, even if they do not partake of Horace Walpole's delight in researches of the sort, could not but read with avidity, particularly when staying in this capital, a manual that would lead their steps to localities illustrated by the names of Abélard and Eloise, Joan of Arc, Henry V. of England, and James II., *La Belle Gabrielle*, Seigné, Corneille, Lafayette, Boileau, Voltaire, Wellington, Napoleon, Talleyrand, or Mirabeau.

To take an occurrence of early date, fraught with important consequences:—at the corner of the Rue des Francs-Bourgeois is one of those characteristic turrets now rarely to be found even in the most ancient parts of the city:—near it, the murder of the Duke of Orleans, only brother of Charles VI. was perpetrated, in 1407, by order of the Duke of Burgundy, in revenge, because the royal prince had placed the duchess of Burgundy's picture among those of his mistresses. The son of the murdered man afterwards assassinated the Burgundian duke; and these events gave rise to the bloody feud so disastrous to France, and which led to her occupation by the English. It must be recollected that her extent as a kingdom was virtually much narrower than now, owing to the independence of the Dukes of Brittany and Burgundy, and of other great lords, and to the rights of the Crown of England in Normandy, Gascony, and other provinces. Like the capital,

her power had gradually radiated from the Isle of France, and did not reach to Calais until our Queen Mary lost this town. The famous battles of Crécy and Poitiers were in vindication of those rights, which were further enforced by

"The very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt."

Some little still remains to be seen in Paris that is associated with warriors whose "names are familiar in our mouths as household words,"—

"Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester."

In 1418, although the English force had almost reached the gates, the town was desolated by intestine factions, and then occurred one of those savage attempts to destroy the nobility, the slaughter of the Armagnacs, which recoiled on the country, as subsequently did the massacre on St. Bartholomew's Day and the terrible scenes of the Revolution. The capital, torn and famished, was entered 18th November, 1420, by Henry V.; the Hotel des Tournelles, where the Place Royale now stands, became the dwelling of the Duke of Bedford, and the gates of the Bastille and the Louvre were guarded by archers in Lincoln green. No resistance was made by the citizens, whose popular orators had persuaded them trade would gain if France became an English province; and this sordid idea made them see in Joan of Arc, one inspired by a patriotism wanting in noblemen and merchants. When she endeavoured to wrest the city from its foreign conquerors, those miserable citizens defended it against her! Pitching her camp where the church of St. Roch now stands, she decided to attack the Porte St. Honoré, near where the streets St. Nicaise and the Rampart meet; she crossed the first fosse, and seeing that the second, which lay under the wall, was full of water, sounded its depth with her lance, and calling for fascines to fill it, stood braving the English arblasts; a bolt pierced her thigh, yet, despite the pain, the heroine stood, encouraging the French troops to fill the moat and make the assault, and did not retire until compelled by loss of blood; and then, under shelter of the first fosse, she remained long beyond nightfall,

until the soldiers, effectually repulsed, bore her away.

Paris of 1629 went no further on the west side than the ditches which bequeathed their name to the Rue des Fossés-Montmartre, when this street was built on the line of entrenchment which was thrown up in 1383, by Charles VI. The *Rue du Rempart*, recently demolished, also marked where that fortification turned down towards the river at the "Tower of Wood" and *les grands guichets*, or great wicket-gates, the once well-known western outlet from the town. Any one who has remarked that the street at the back of the Palais Royal garden, and the entry to the Rue Croix-des-Petits-Champs, is much higher than the level of the garden, recognises that part as the summit of the ancient rampart; and every Briton, mounting these several stone stairs there, may fancy he follows the victorious footsteps of Henry of Monmouth, and of the brave Welshman, Fluellen, and no less brave Anglo-Irishman, Macmorris, not to speak of Nym, Bardolph, and Pistol. So late as the seventeenth century, windmills courted the breeze on the top of this rampart, and at the present day its artificial caves are excellent wine-cellars. The adjacent street, Coquillière, was, we fancy, so called from being the depository of oyster-shells; the Rue du *Petit Reposoir*, from being the recipient of various deposits, and the name *Rue Vide Gousset*, "Empty your fob," warned passengers to take care of their pockets. One night in the year 1720, the poet Vergier was killed in this wild place by the lieutenant of the band of robbers headed by the infamous Cartouche. The significant name of this street gave occasion to a sort of pasquinade in 1770. The actions of a certain Abbé Terray being a general grievance, some one erased the name *Gousset*, and substituted Terray. Near this short, narrow, and formerly perilous passage, is the Rue du *Mall*, so called because it occupies the site of what anciently was commonly called "the mall," or public promenade outside the town walls, but which was, in yet elder ages, the place where young burgesses and apprentices played at mall, or pell-mall, a lively, active game, much like hockey or hurley, its name derived from two Latin words—*pellere malleo*, to drive

with a mallet or club, and bequeathed to proud Pall-Mall, to "the mall" in St. James's Park, and to similar ancient alleys in a thousand cities in western Europe.

If we may digress for the sake of a single comment on this point, let us remark how, in process of time, not merely "the public," but the *élite* of the public, gradually usurped these old established places of recreation, to the extent of banishing the boys and men of all ranks, who were accustomed to enjoy and invigorate themselves by playing hand-ball against the town wall, and pell-mall along it, even to transforming the merry scene into prim alleys of trees for the afternoon delectation of fine ladies, and the matutinal airing of nurses and children. Assuredly, the loss of the ancient use of these malls was a grievance to the poor; and our retrospective, antiquarian vision of lusty and joyous games, with stout archers shooting at butts, and our present sense of the need for athletic exercises and rifle practice, induce us to insist that the claim of every large town to a sufficient place for public recreation is much enhanced by the usurpation now explained to our readers.

"Hand-ball," the primitive manner of playing tennis, which, though now played with a racket, the French still call *le jeu de paume*, from the palm of the hand, naturally led to the construction of courts for enjoying this noble game, the sites of which are usually on the outsides of old town walls. The court in which the *sérement du jeu de paume*, or decisive political oath taken by the National Assembly, on the 20th June, 1789, was, as is well known, that of Versailles. There used to be several courts appropriate to this exercise; but now there is only one, that near the Rue Basse du Rempart, in the *passage* "*Sandrier*," says Galignani's Guide, but rather *cendriers*, because leading to a deposit of cinders outside the rampart. The frequency of allusions to tennis in old French writers, attests the prevalence of this lordly game; and our own Shakspeare drew from history when he represented the Dauphin as sending Prince Hal the sarcastic gift of tennis-balls, when the insolent mockery was answered thus—

"When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,

We will, in France, by God's grace, play a
^{set,}
Shall strike his father's crown into the
hazard."

The crown of France was, in fact, won like a chase at tennis, when the ball is struck into the "hazard," or square opening at the lower end of the court. Yet whatever manly and merry sports were held outside the walls at that period during halcyon days of peace, the town itself was no Elysium, being no other than a large fortress, of which the gates were regularly closed at curfew; the streets, narrow, crooked, and foul to the last degree, were frequently barred with chains, to control the inhabitants; whilst poverty and ferocity ranged about after nightfall to use the darkness for theft and robbery. The mere names of some localities in the old city show a moral state as baleful as the physical. A *Rue Malvoisin* leading to *Rue Coupe-Gorge*, a *Rue des Mauvais Garçons*, and the *Val de Misère*, running parallel to the *Rue Vide Gousset*, indicate the insecurity and sufferings of an ungoverned populace. "It is a strange thing to say," exclaims the annalist of Henri Quatre, "that in a town such as Paris, acts of villany and *brigandage* are committed with impunity as if in an open forest." Matters in this respect marched slowly to improvement with the course of the times, but awaited that increase of wealth, which, by supplying the means of widening thoroughfares and providing them with police and lights, is the only effectual check. Even during the *beau siècle* of Louis le Grand, the meeting of two carriages in a narrow street sometimes cost the lives of the parties who came in collision; as, in January, 1654, the coaches of the Duc d'Épernon and of the Sieur de Tilladet having struck together, the pages and lacqueys of the duke descended and advanced to kill the coachman of the sieur, who, in endeavouring to save the life of his servant, was slain by the duke's lacqueys. In some of these lanes an old form of pavement is retained, with gutters on either side of a round, raised causeway, recalling to mind the quarrels in Edinburgh between earls and chieftains, when, backed by their armed retinue or their clansmen, they disputed "the crown of the causeway," as the only clean passage.

During the reign of the Grand Monarque, Louis the Fourteenth, the characteristic capital of *La Belle France* presented a very picturesque aspect:—Monuments of the Middle Ages stood side by side with modern edifices, Italian palaces reared their columns near the belfries and gorgeous windows of Gothic churches, and feudal towers frowned down on the public buildings of a new and learned era. The towers of Notre Dame gave the same dignity as now to the skyline, which was pierced by many a steeple and turret that have since disappeared, as of the abbays of St. Germain and St. Martin, the gloomy Bastille, the pointed towers of the grand Châtelet, the tall Tour de Nesle, the ancient donjon of this distinguished family, and the belfries of St. Honoré, St. Pierre, and other churches.

The people huddled together, almost out of sight, inhabited the back parts of the old town, such as the *Faubourg St. Antoine, les quartiers St. Denis and St. Martin*, and the famous *quartier Latin*, the ancient abode of the residue of the Roman colonists, and the then comparatively modern one of scholars; while a smaller but dense group were clustered in the oldest part of all, the very cradle, centre, and heart of the great town, the *Cité or Isle des Francs*. These elder places were the seats of the courts of justice, of the colleges, and of commerce and industry; while the new quarters of the *Faubourg St. Honoré*, and other surrounding parts, were the large streets, and contained the newly-built hotels of some of the noblesse, and especially of the *nouveaux riches*. The façade of the sumptuous royal palace, the Tuileries, was precisely what we see now; and its garden not very different, as is shown by contemporary engravings, such as two now before us, which we will endeavour to describe.

The first is a *Veüe et perspective des Thuilleries, et du Jardin*, from the front gate, which the king is represented as entering in a coach drawn by eight horses, followed by his guards; on either side are the walled terraces, exactly as at present, with the same circular basin of water, and the pretty fountain throwing up to this day its jet of spray in the sunshine and forming a rainbow in the air under the tall trees. In the en-

graving, however, these lofty elms and chesnuts are mere young plantations, no great grove of wood intercepting the view, as now, from the palace windows over the Champs Elysées; and a rich and beautiful prospect it must have been, depicted as it is in a subsequent print called *Veüe du Jardin des Thuilleries comme il est à présent*, that is about the year 1700. This view was taken from an upper window in the centre pavilion of the palace, and looks down immediately on the terrace beneath, thence over the broad flower-plots, which were laid out with taste not inferior to that which has recently so greatly added to the brilliancy of the now imperial garden, and far beyond, down the bend of the river under Passy, and to the high land in front, then a waste "*montagne*," divided by the avenue and straight road, which is now the Avenue des Champs Elysées, both sides of which were rough with bushes and brushwood, being the barren hills now covered with splendid mansions and sumptuous streets.

Luxury during the *beau siècle* was confined to a few, and much was wanting that all classes now enjoy as part of the results of increased national wealth. The precincts of the palace were, indeed, patrolled at night by the *Chevalier du Guet*, or chief of the watch, and his men; but police, in the present sense of the term, were neither more general nor vigilant than in preceding reigns, being, in fact, unknown until established by the living Emperor. No lamps, not even the oil lanterns, swung from those gallows-shaped posts, which, during the Reign of Terror, were sometimes used by the mob as gallows; even the principal thoroughfares had no pavements for foot-passengers, and the gutters were thick with mud and offal. "Happily," as Molière's *Précieuses Ridicules* observed, "one has a chair, that wonderful fortification against bad weather and the insults of the mud." This admirable peripatetic contrivance, invented in the good French town of Sedan, was on two wheels, and drawn by a man between its shafts, like a wheelbarrow, if its fair occupant could not afford two bearers to carry her along in the ordinary superior manner. There were but few promenades, and the best were reserved for the court and the

grande monde, just as Hyde Park is still shut to all but private equipages. The *Jardin du Palais Cardinal* (Richelieu, now the Palais Royal), the gardens of the Temple and the Tuileries, and the *Cours-la-Reine*, leading from the latter, were shut to the bourgeoisie and the canaille; and the only public walk, until the Boulevards were formed, was the Pont Neuf, which was always encumbered with people selling every variety of things, such as men touting for tobacconists, by offering pinches of snuff to passers-by; not to enumerate charlatans, such as still assemble crowds by promises of drawing teeth without pain; ballad-singers, and, above all, pickpockets and cut-purses.

Let us, however, cry back, having stepped beyond the boundary to which we proposed to confine ourselves for the present, namely, the *rive droite*, or right bank of the Seine, reserving the interesting islands in this river, one of which, the *Ile de la Cité*, is the cradle of Paris, and the *rive gauche*, or west bank, for some other opportunity; and, merely desiring to draw attention to a few places of superior importance, mention some of the interesting particulars of their chequered history.

No locality in Paris is more notable in the peculiar history of this ancient and turbulent capital than the *Place de Grève*, now called the *Place de l'Hotel de Ville*. Originally it was nothing more than what its name indicates, *une grève*, a strand covered by the river during floods. In the fourteenth century, a house on this beach, called the *Aux Piliers*, being built on piles (belonging to the lord of Dauphiny, who bequeathed his title to the eldest sons of the kings of France), was converted to the use of the *Parloir-aux-Bourgeois*, or parliament house of the burghesses; and then began the celebrity of the open space around this *grève*, which was more specially The Strand than was the long road of the same name between London and Westminster; for here was held the earliest, probably, of the town markets, and hither thronged, out of *la Vallée de Misère*, the primary abode of Parisian poverty, men out of work, seeking employment, or trying, by a combination, or strike, still styled a *grève*, to frighten their masters and the municipal authorities. The term

also turned to similar significations, *grever* being to aggrieve, or to oppress, as *grève d'impôts*, i.e. heavily taxed, and *grève*, a gallows, because here stood the public gallows of those authorities; and as this strand was the usual resort of workmen, principally in the building trade, out of employment, the expression *faire grève* still signifies voluntary *chomages*, or respites from work.

The old house on piles served for centuries as the *Hôtel-de-Ville*, or house of meeting and pleading for merchants, whose money and counsel often helped their sovereign in his urgent need; but falling into ruin, was replaced by a town-house, worthier of a wealthy age. The present magnificent prefecture is, like the prosperity of the metropolis it governs, the work of three centuries. In 1549, an Italian architect, presenting a design to Henri II., the building was proceeded with. The key-stone of a vault in the left portico of the central court bears an inscription stating that the continuation of the building was undertaken in 1606, and finished in 1628. Another inscription over the inside of the central gate shows that the central pavilion and belfry were completed in 1608. After the Revolution it was made the seat of the prefecture of the Seine, and, in 1837, it received immense additions, so as to render it nearly four times larger; and it is now the finest municipal building in the world.

The too famous Faubourg St. Antoine, that cradle of French revolutions, appears to owe its quality as the principal abode of the workpeople of Paris to having contained a sanctuary, in ages when rural serfs fled from their lords to privileged places in the vicinity of towns, or into certain towns, residence in which for a year or so made them freemen. Such was the ancient "Liberty" of our own capital, a sort of Alsatia for runaway servants and criminals, apt predecessors of Irish "Liberty boys." It seems that the "close" of the abbey of St. Antoine-in-the-Fields served as a refuge for *gens de métier*, i.e. tradespeople who owned no master; as under original laws in this regard, the masterless among the working class could not exercise their crafts except in certain privileged places; and even under the existing law, the same class

are under peculiar restrictions, such as being obliged to carry *livrets*, or character books, and being interdicted from strikes and *chomages*. As the borough grew, so also grew the faubourg, even to at length mastering the metropolis. When the Revolution of 1789 broke out, this huge nest of old, crowded habitations became the headquarters of the insurrectionary advanced guard, or army, which destroyed the Bastille, sent its detachment of famished women to howl under the windows of Versailles, took the Tuileries, and overawed the capital during the sitting of the Convention, when the cry, *le faubourg descend!* sufficed to carry a popular measure. It was then given the title of *le faubourg de gloire*. Its power fell with Robespierre. Invested by a superior force, and compelled to surrender arms, its mob tyrant abdicated for a time: 1830, however, saw it again help to upset the throne, by taking prominent part in the three days of July; and it overturned a third throne in 1848, when, after a winter of suffering, its hungry thousands thought to find in Republicanism a remedy for their material wants. Notably enough, General Bonaparte, as head of the army, and using a power the weak Louis Seize dared not employ, becoming the suppressor of insurrection, rose, as such, to more than kingly station, founding an Imperial dynasty, which his nephew succeeded to on the suppression, by the army, of the last insurrectionary attempt to form a Republic.

Turn we now to a seldom-visited place, though singularly characteristic of high life in Paris of the seventeenth century, the Place Royale, a fine square, with grass plots and formal alleys of low trees, surrounded on each side by a range of houses, which once held the gayest visitors in seasons when this place was the Grosvenor or Merrion square of the French capital. Its date, however, is more ancient than theirs, as we shall see. It occupies part of the site of the great Palais des Tournelles, so called from its numerous turrets, and celebrated as the abode, in 1422, of the regent Duke of Bedford, who enlarged it. Louis Onze made it his ordinary metropolitan abode, and under Francis I. it became an immense and costly palace. In its court the tournament was held

in which Henri II., tilting with the Comte de Montgomeri, received a wound in the eye, of which he died. In consequence of this calamitous accident, Catherine de Medicis caused, in 1565, the palace to be demolished. Its site and garden remained unoccupied until 1604, when Henri Quatre ordered some buildings to be constructed in order to found a manufactory of silks there; but afterwards, changing his mind, commenced the noble quadrangle, he himself building the pavilion and the sides parallel to the Rue St. Antoine, and giving up the three other sides to private persons, on condition of their raising uniform buildings. These structures are of brick, and supported by a succession of arcades, forming a continual gallery; the middle of the square is occupied by a large garden shut in by iron railings. In 1620, the square was finished, and it became, during more than a century, the quarter of rank and fashion. What crowds of charming women, gallant nobles, and *beaux esprits* have passed under these now solitary arcades! What fêtes and duels in this now peaceful promenade! The 6th March, 1612, Marie de Medicis gave here a magnificent carousal to celebrate her alliance with Spain. In 1627, Montmorency-Bouteville fought here the famous duel which sent him to the scaffold. How changed from those days to its present deserted look, and how different its inhabitants!

The Hotel St. Paul, on the water's edge between the street of the same name, the fosse of the Bastille, and the Rue St. Antoine, was a vast regal residence, composed of several private hotels, which Charles V. purchased and united by galleries, courts, and gardens. Its ball-room was the scene (and not, as erroneously stated in the "Guide," that of the Hotel des Tournelles) of the masquerade described by Froissart as nearly fatal to Charles VI., when he, with five masquers, dressed as savage men, and covered with pitch and flax to imitate hair, being accidentally set on fire, was nearly burnt to death. Besides the several hotels, there were the porter's lodge, linen stores, a fur store, stores for bottles, fruit stores, the falconry, an enclosure for wild animals, forges for the artillery, stables, provision houses, pigeon houses, and timber

yards. It was not a palace, says M. Lavallée, but a mansion-house, like those used by the kings of the Franks, a sort of large Roman farm, as the names of the streets opening upon its site bear witness (*la Cerisaie, le Beautreillis, les Lions*), and as also is proved by the lattice work covering the windows "to prevent the pigeons from entering and dirtying the rooms." Our author, however, fails to recognise this last fact as indicative of the absence of glass windows. This hotel was inhabited by Charles V. and his successors as far as Louis XII. It was destroyed and sold under Francis I., and an entire quarter built upon its site. Part of one of its component parts still stands, the gateway of the Hotel de Sens, so called from having been the palace of the Archbishops of Sens, and one of the most remarkable remains of the Middle Ages extant in France. It was built about the year 1365 for those prelates, to whom the Bishops of Paris were subordinate. On its gateway one reads those words, *Roulage Générale*, designating the ancient archiepiscopal palace as having been put to the degrading use of an office for the waggon department of the imperial army. High up to the left, the visiter will see another sign of recent times, an eight-pound cannon-ball lodged in the old grey wall, with this inscription, "28 Juillet, 1830." This gateway is one of the finest mediæval relics in Paris: it is flanked with two high-peaked turrets, such as one sees at the corners of Norman châteaux and Scottish castles; the inner ceiling is handsomely groined, and altogether it is a most characteristic and interesting monument.

The Rue Culture St. Catherine was the scene, in 1393, of the assassination of the Connétable de Clisson, a tragedy highly illustrative of the times; and No. 23, the Hotel de Carnavalet, is not only a specimen of the Italian taste in architecture which prevailed under Henri Quatre, but was once distinguished as the residence of Madame de Sévigné and her daughter, when it was the favourite resort of wit, learning, and refinement. The cabinet in which her immortal letters were composed is still shown. The two fine statues, Strength and Vigilance, are by the chisel of Jean Goujon.

Among the few houses interesting

to foreigners as having been the dwellings of illustrious men, is the Hotel Sully, in the Rue St. Antoine, remarkable as a fine specimen of the architecture of its age, and more so as having been the residence of the wise minister whose name it bears. No. 212, in the same street, is also another good instance of the age of Henri Quatre.

St. Gervais' Church is the oldest on the north or right side of the town. In the sixth century, this basilica, of Roman origin, and built on the site of a spot of Druidic sanctity, rose on an eminence washed by the inundations of the river; near it was a Roman cemetery; it was subsequently protected from Norman incursions by an entrenchment; around it was a village of fishers and watermen, the first habitants of *Paris hors de l'Île*, and before its portal stood its famous elm tree, one of a Druidic grove, and said to have existed down to so lately as the year 1800. In primitive times, under the shade of this tree, judges rendered justice, vassals paid rent, citizens assembled after mass to speak on business, and lovers gave tryst,—some, indeed, faithlessly, giving rise to the proverb, *attendez moi sous l'orme*, "wait for me under the elm," as much as to say, one has no faith in the promised rendezvous.

The Palais Royal occupies the site of a Roman villa, the baths of which were exhumed in the last century. Here Cardinal Richelieu constructed an irregular edifice, in which he died, bequeathing it to Louis Treize, whose widow, Anne of Austria, resided in it, with her sons, and hence it came to be denominated a royal palace. The well-known portrait of this queen, with her two sons, Louis Quatorze and Philippe of Orleans, preserved in the small drawing-room of the Tuileries next the throne-room, represents her clothed in black, the mourning mother of two branches of the Bourbons, both banished from the throne of France. Another royal widow, Henrietta-Maria, daughter of the great Henri Quatre, and relict of our Charles I., lived for some time in the Palais Royal; and, after the marriage of her daughter with the Duc d'Orleans, the princely pair received it as a dwelling, and, in 1692, it was permanently bestowed on the duke. The legend on a contemporary engraving

ing, in our collection, states, "nostre grand monarque, Louis XIV., en ayant changé le titre pendant le séjour qu'il y a fait, en a mis en possession Monsieur, son frère unique." This print depicts the garden as little, if any, larger than the present, for it looks as if the score or so of private hotels on each side were subsequently joined by the existing façades, when the present façade, at the end, was built. Before that time, the backs of those detached houses overlooked the garden, and the occupiers enjoyed the privilege of entering it. In 1701, Philippe, the Regent Orleans, effected some exterior alterations, erecting the famous gallery still known by his name, and decorating gorgeously the interior of the palace, which became the scene of his notorious suppers and orgies. "The regent's suppers," says the Duc de St. Simon, "were always shared with very strange companions, such as his mistresses, sometimes girls from the neighbouring opera house, sometimes ladies of medium virtue, and a few men of no family, but brilliant for their wit and debauchery. The cheer at these nocturnal feasts was exquisite, and every thing ran the gauntlet of conversation, old and new gallantries, and all modern disputes, without sparing of personages. Much of the best wine was drank; the company grew warm; foul and impious stories were told, and after much noise and every one was quite intoxicated, they went to bed." After the destruction of the opera house by fire, in 1763, the fourth Duke of Orleans erected the left wing and still standing façade of the palace, here received the visits of Franklin and Voltaire, and, in 1780, gave the entire property to his son, Philippe, Duc de Chartres, and better, or rather worse, known as *Egalité*. Becoming embarrassed, this revolutionary and republican prince, determining to pay his debts by an unusual speculation, turned his palace and its appendages to public uses. The great, long garden, planted by Richelieu and the Regent, having been open as a promenade to the *élite* of the neighbourhood, by private rights of entry, as to the London squares, was already the rendezvous of a select society of pretty married ladies, young lords, men of letters, and idlers of all sorts, who walked to-and-fro

along the mid alley, under the shade of mulberry trees planted by the Cardinal. "There," says an observer, "people look at each other with a boldness unusual anywhere except there. They talk loud, elbow each other, and call to one another; as ladies pass, their names are mentioned, and those of their husbands and lovers; they laugh almost in people's faces; and do all this without offending and without wishing to humiliate anybody." The charming old garden in which that gay and saucy yet good-tempered society enjoyed a physical and moral state of existence peculiar to the French climate, this exclusive resort, dear to the privileged, was destroyed by the duke, despite law proceedings on their part, and the sarcasms of the king's courtiers. In its place he opened three streets, and sold sites for building houses, and built around the centre of the *grande plaisance*, which is still the Jardin du Palais Royal, the three side buildings, which, with the palace and the well-known *Galerie d'Orleans*, enclose the oblong square.

As visitors know, these buildings are pierced with arcades, and their ground floors are, and were, shops, forming the finest bazaar in Europe. The speculative duke derived an immense revenue from his property thus improved, and also such an amount of influence over the bourgeoisie of the metropolis as much increased the jealousy felt against him at court. The building, which appears to us to be little else than three new fronts, uniting the old detached houses, with its arcades, was begun in 1781, and finished in 1786. During the beginning of the Revolution, the garden, which had been replanted, yet still contains one of the Cardinal's mulberry trees, became the hot-bed of violent politicians; it was here that the tri-coloured cockade was assumed, and that many of the boldest measures of the rebels were decided upon.

The Rue du Mail, already mentioned, lies behind the garden to the right. Bonaparte resided at different epochs in two houses in this street: in the Hotel de Metz from May to September, 1792, when, a captain of artillery, he was ordered up from Valence to render an account of some strong political opinions he had expressed; and in the Hotel des Droits

de l'Homme, in October, 1794, when he was a general of artillery, his brothers Louis and Junot attending him as aides-de-camp; they lodged together on the fourth floor, at a rent of twenty-seven livres (francs) in specie per month. His friendship for Talma, which continued unabated till his death, commenced in this house, to which the great actor resorted to give lessons in declamation to "la citoyenne Petite," afterwards Madame Talma; and from him Bonaparte hired the house he took on his marriage.*

In a conversation transcribed in "Mémoires de St. Hélène," he thus spoke of what he was eyewitness of on the 10th August, 1792, when the Tuileries was taken by the mob, the King deposed, and a National Convention convoked:—

"I happened to be," he relates, "at this horrible epoch, lodged at Paris, in the Rue du Mail. At the sound of the alarm, and at the news that the Tuileries was being assaulted, I ran to the Carrousel. . . . I risked penetrating into the garden. Never, since then, has any of my battle-fields impressed me with the idea of such a mass of corpses as the Swiss Guard presented. I looked in at all the cafés in the neighbourhood of the Assembly: everywhere the irritation of the people was extreme, rage was in all hearts; it showed itself on every face, though the men were not at all from the dregs of the people."

"Bonaparte," writes M. Lavallée, commenting on this paragraph, "never liked Paris: he saw with disgust the insurrection of the 10th August; he repressed without pity the insur-

rection of 13 Vendémiaire; and he had formed, in those two days, a bad opinion of this heart of France, of which he ill understood the movements, of this bourgeoisie turn by turn so apathetic, so turbulent, so easy to heaten, so quick to become cool." At one time, in 1804, annoyed by the ill-will and opposition of the Parisians, he appears to have contemplated removing his capital elsewhere; and in a letter which appeared in the *Gazette de France* (see Hall's "Napoleon in Council"), set forth the reasons why three Emperors of Rome removed thence, and why the proud city was finally degraded from her high rank. Yet he affected love for the people of Paris, and said in his will:—

"Je désire que mes cendres reposent sur les bords de la Seine, au milieu de ce peuple Français que j'ai tant aimé."

The *Tour du Louvre*, a royal castle from the time of Philip-Augustus to the day when our Harry of England threatened to make "the Paris Louvre shake," is now suitably represented by the magnificent palatial quadrangle of the same name, the etymology of which seems to us to be either *Louvért*, i.e., the open country outside the walls, or from the novelty of its windows, which, default of glass, may have been closed with *louvre* shutters. However this was, we rejoice that M. Fournier has proved the fallacy of the scandalous idea, that the initials so prevalent on the present building are those of Henri II. and Diane de Poitiers, by showing these letters as, in

* In the year 1795, General Bonaparte, being unemployed and poor, occupied a small lodging in the upper story of No. 19 Rue de la Michodière. The following curious autograph letter, recently published, from a collection formed in Corsica, of Bonaparte's relics, was written by General Bonaparte to Talma, at a time when the former was vegetating in poverty, probably in his garret here. It runs thus:—

"I have fought like a lion for the Republic, my good friend, Talma, and as a reward, she lets me starve. That wretch, Aubry, leaves me on the pavement when he might make something of me. I feel myself more than a match for such generals as Santerre and Rossignoli, and they won't find a corner in Vendée, or elsewhere, to employ me. You, indeed, are fortunate. Two hours on the boards put you face to face with the public that dispenses fame. We soldiers must purchase glory to ascend. Do not, then, regret your position; remain on your stage. Who knows whether I shall ever appear on mine again? I saw Monvel (another actor) yesterday. He is a true friend. Barras makes large promises. Will he keep them? That I much doubt. I am reduced to my last farthing. Have you a few francs ('quelques ecus') at my service? I won't refuse them, and promise repayment out of the first kingdom I may conquer. My friend, how happy were the heroes of Ariosto. They did not depend on a Minister of War. Adieu.

"Yours, BONAPARTE."

fact, H. and C., the latter for his wife, Catherine de Medicis. The shocking anecdote as to her son, Charles IX., firing from a window of this palace upon his own subjects during the terrible morning of St. Bartholomew's Day, is told on the authority of Brantôme. The window overlooks the *Jardin de l'Infante*; the offensive inscription, put up after the Revolution—"C'est de cette fenêtre que l'infâme Charles IX. tirait sur le peuple," was effaced by Bonaparte, when, as First Consul, he was preparing the public mind for his reception as monarch.

Every one will have remarked the sunny garden in the angle of the Louvre formed by the Salle d'Apollon, a choice spot for warmth and quiet, and where one sees old men enjoying these qualities, groups of little children playing in its sheltered walks, and their *bonnes* seated on benches under the palace wall, gossiping in their inimitable manner. The name of this pleasure within the royal precinct is the appropriate one of *Le Jardin de l'Infante*, so styled from a Spanish Infanta, who, when a mere child, being affianced to the young Louis Quinze, made her solemn entry into the French capital in 1722, and, being installed in the Louvre, was used, until, not pleasing her *fiancé*, she was returned to her parents, to promenade, carrying a doll, in this then private pleasure.

The Rue du Dauphin, leading from the Rue de Rivoli to the church of St. Roch, was known by a different name until one day in November, 1774, when the people, observing that the Dauphin was accustomed to pass through it to hear Mass in this church, took the occasion when the prince was at prayers to show their loyalty by altering its name to his, in honour of his piety. The Hotel Mirabeau in this street afforded lodging, in 1795, to General Bonaparte, at the time he was in disgrace, and was occupying himself in visiting members of the National Convention, to obtain employment. The street figures in the plan of defence he improvised to save the Convention, and he slept in this hotel on the eve of the 13th Vendémiaire (3rd October, 1795), that memorable day, on which, having, through the favour of Barras, obtained the command of the troops, he defeated "the sections."

That night he installed himself in the Hotel de la Colonnade, Rue Neuve des Capucines, and remained here not only during the disarmament of "the sections," but until his marriage, in this hotel, on the 9th March, 1796, with Barras' mistress. The sacrament of benediction was not performed at these nuptials, and the subsequent declaration of the clergy to this effect, and a certificate of the French Ambassador, that, when they were celebrated, the principle of the civil conjugal law was that any marriage might be dissolved whenever it was the wish of the parties to separate, satisfied the Emperor of Austria as to the validity of the divorce which enabled him to give his daughter in marriage to Napoleon. General Bonaparte's experience of street-fighting led him to take the precaution of isolating the Tuileries; for which purpose he opened the Rue de Rivoli, named after one of his earliest victories, and calculated to enable cannon and cavalry to sweep the approach to the palace. The resistance he had met at the church of St. Roch also made him always refuse to open a street from its façade down to the Tuileries, lest it might be used on an *émeute*. The hotel at the corner of the Rue des Capucines, taken by him, was then the Foreign Office, and its gate, round which he posted his soldiers, stood where now is the shop front of Giront's premises. Whilst resident here, he found among the office papers, the plan for occupying Egypt he subsequently attempted to carry out. This corner is also remarkable as the spot where, on the night of the 23rd February, 1848, the first eventful shot of this last overthrow of the French monarchy was fired.

We now enter on the *Boulevards*, i.e., bulwarks, occupying the site, as in other cities, of the second wall and fosse which once defended the town, and which, having been levelled, the line of ancient fortification now forms the beautiful circling girdle of the elder portion of the city. It was in the reign of Louis XV. that this rampart was formed into a *promenade champêtre*, in four alleys between trees bordered by numerous gardens, which, one by one, were transformed into those pleasurable resorts, so frequented by the French, *guinguettes*, or public wine-gardens; and here rose little

theatres, and booths of every variety were planted, including Punchinellos, and stages on which Gaulic gilles, whom Voltaire compares to Shakspeare's clowns, made the crowd laugh at their *gillemafré* of jests and *vaudeville* ballads. Thither, on Sundays, during the eighteenth century, the bourgeois and workpeople of the city walked in their best attire, to breathe the air and amuse themselves, as they now throng, by rail, to far remoter environs; and thither it became, about the year 1754, the custom of the beau monde to drive up and down, especially on Thursdays (still the holiday of collegians), to see the toilettes and equipages of others, and to show their own; and also to go and walk there on fine summer evenings, after early supper. It was not until about the time of the Revolution that substantial houses crept out so far, establishing themselves on the old unfilled-up fosse, such as *la rue basse du rempart*, part of which still stands below the level of the boulevard of the Capuchines.

The *Chaussée*, that is, paved road, *d'Antin*, was formed by the duke of this name, after he had built a mansion which afterwards belonged to Maréchal de Richelieu, who, in 1757, erected the only relic now remaining, the Pavillon de Hanovre, situated opposite the opening of the *chaussée* on the boulevards. This singular gay-looking edifice, a metropolitan type of the pavilions, or garden-houses, so frequent on the Continent, was evidently built to overlook the then newly-formed promenade and the *chaussée* to the Hotel d'Antin. The duke also threw the *Pont d'Antin* over the *Aigou de Gaillon*, or rivulet, then running overground through the marsh and *pré*, or field, *des porcherons*.

This field was, in the time of the regency, what the *Pré aux clercs* had been, and what the Wood of Boulogne subsequently became, a choice place for duels. Before the duke paved what is now the *Chaussée par excellence*, and one of the best and most crowded of thoroughfares, it was a mere lane, full of mud and quagmires; but its material changes are not so many as those of its nomenclature. At first it was the *Chemin de l'aigou de Gaillon*, or *des Porcherons*; then *d'Hôpital Dieu*, because it led to a farm belonging to this hospital; next

it bore its present name; but in 1791 was ordained to be styled the *Rue de Mirabeau*, in honour of this orator, recently deceased at No. 42; and a slab of black marble was affixed over the door of his house, bearing this distich—

"L'âme de Mirabeau s'exhale dans ces lieux !
Hommes libres, pleurez ! Tyrans, baissez
les yeux !"

Two years subsequently this inscription was removed, and the street given the name of *Rue du Mont Blanc*, in commemoration of the annexation of Savoy, recently debased into a French province, with the exalted title of the Department of Mont Blanc; but after the allied armies had restored this acquisition to its ancient possessor, the sponge was passed over a revolutionary inscription which had decreed the new nomenclature, this public way recovered the name people's mouths were and are used to, and will probably retain it, though there has been talk of re-naming the street after the Swiss mountain, to honour the re-annexation of Savoy. The oldest-looking domicile in this street is at the corner of the Rue de Provence, a low building of two stories, with an inscription stating that it was founded in 1796, which, however, may only apply to it as a wine-shop. At No. 7 lived the financier, Necker, and it afterwards was the abode of Madame Recamier. No. 9, a magnificent mansion, containing a theatre large enough to hold 500 spectators, was built by the Prince de Soubise for a charming danseuse. No. 62 was built in 1826 on the site of a small hotel inhabited by Josephine, Madame Beauharnais, before her second marriage, and it would seem that this soft and seductive Creole resided here while under the protection of Barras. Born in 1763, she was thirty-three years old when in March, 1796, Napoleon Bonaparte, then aged twenty-seven, married her. Her family, French colonists in Martinica, were, no doubt, respectable, for it was during the Marquis de Beauharnais' government of the French West India islands that he betrothed her to one of his sons. Her surname was Tacher de la Pagerie. A lady of this name is now *chamberlaine* to the Empress Eugénie. Of her three children, Eugène was viceroy of Italy to his puissant step-father. Hortense became Queen of Holland, and Sté-

phanic was married to the Grand Duke of Baden. The amiable Josephine's first husband suffered on the Revolutionary scaffold, and she herself was condemned to death; but his loss had reduced her to such a condition, she could not be taken to execution, and was spared so long that to this circumstance she owed her deliverance. She was indebted to Barras for restoration of a part of her late husband's property; and it was at the Director's house, after the 13th Vendémiaire, that young Bonaparte was introduced to her.

In this lane stood, until last year, the Hotel Bonaparte, occupied by Napoleon and Josephine. It was constructed in 1787 for a beautiful danseuse de l'opéra, passed from her to Talma, the actor, and seems to have been taken by "Citoyen et Citoyenne Bonaparte" on their marriage. As is well known, Josephine's protector, Barras, then chief of the Directory, rewarded the young general for marrying her by appointing him to command "the Army of Italy." The nuptials took place 9th March, 1796, and the bridegroom took his departure from this hotel on the 21st, to assume his new command; and returned to it 5th December, 1797, his arrival being preceded by 170 standards, 550 pieces of cannon, and sixty millions of francs, taken at Lodi and Rivoli; in honour of which the street was named *Rue des Victoires*.

Probably in this hotel Barras and Bonaparte decided on the step of feeding and paying the forces by leading them into the rich plains of Italy. On taking the command, their general found them in a deplorable state, "reduced," says Thiers, "to the last misery," without coats, without shoes, without pay, and sometimes without food, except what they obtained by marauding expeditions across the Alps. It was then Bonaparte struck that rapid *coup de brigand* which began his marvellous career of victory. The principal part of the enormous plunder replenished the coffers of the bankrupt Directory, and with some of his own share, 180,000 livres, he bought this house, and returned to it after his campaign, to mature his ambitious designs. When it was decided to honour the street in which the young conqueror lived by the title of *Rue des Victoires*,

such was the modesty then affected by him, that he thought it prudent to conceal this act of ovation under Republican phrases, and accordingly the decree ran thus:—"The central administration of the department, considering it a duty to abolish all signs of royalty, and also desiring to consecrate the triumph of French arms by one of those monuments which recall the simplicity of ancient manners, decree that *la Rue Chanteraine* shall bear the name of *Rue de la Victoire*." It was in his little mansion here that all parties came to seek Napoleon, or, agreeably with his expression, rang at his bell: it was here the expedition to Egypt was planned; and it was hence he came, with a splendid staff, to accomplish the work of the 18th Brumaire, that is, 9th November, 1799, when he overturned the Directory, upon which Barras retired from public life.

The amusing anecdote of the clever manner in which he became Only Consul, as related in the "Memoire de St. Hélène," may be repeated, particularly as a large *bureau* which belonged to him, and may be the one which figures in this story, is now advertised for sale. Soon after Sièyes, Duclos and he were named Consuls, he assumed to be first, much to the annoyance of the former, who, one day, when Duclos was absent, pointed to this bureau, observing there was more in it than met the eye, and then showed it contained the sum of 800,000 francs, which he explained was a fund to provide for retirers from the Directory. Napoleon, perceiving that he might by this means disembarass himself of his colleagues, said that, as the money was public it ought to be restored to the treasury, but that he would ignore the matter, if his colleagues pleased to divide it and retire. Duclos was then called in, but on disagreeing with his partner in the spoil, the First Consul quietly remarked that any quarrel would compel him to make the matter public; so his colleagues presently decamped with their booty, leaving him in full power.

For some time this house had the name of "Hotel Bonaparte," but was sold by him, probably after his cruel divorce of Josephine; subsequently it passed to various proprietors, and was included in the bathing establishment, known as the Néothermes. On the

Restoration, the street resumed its original name: but Louis Philippe restored the new one, a minor instance of his impolicy in fostering affection for souvenirs of the Empire.

A curious description of that interesting little house is given in Galignani's "Guide." Adjacent to the drawing-room was Bonaparte's *cabinet de travail*, a mere closet with a single window:—overhead was the garret in which he passed many a night during his occasional visits to the capital; and these always caused derangement of its interior, his stepson, Eugène, the future viceroy of Italy, being fain to sleep in the loft of the coach-house. A small bed-room was shown as that of his step-daughter Hortense, afterwards wife of Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland, mother of the present Emperor, and composer of the would-be national air, *Partant pour la Syrie*. The suite of rooms in this *petit hôtel*, only three in number, and by no means spacious, was the trysting-place of the armed chiefs when they set out to silence the "avocats criards," as the fiery Murat designated the legislators assembled in the orangery of St. Cloud. This most interesting domicile was demolished last year; greatly to the regret of all who admire the genius of Napoleon and would have preferred to see preserved the meanest things, the very household stuff associated with his memory. Many relics of his warrior life are hoarded in the Museum of the Louvre, and certainly it is a pity that the "Hotel Bonaparte," where his young married days were passed, is gone. The house in which he was born, whenever visited by French soldiers, is contemplated by

them with ardent rapture: though in this instance, the sentiment evoked may be exaggerated, quite a *culte Napoléonien*, less valuable than the British *culte Wellington*. The grandeur given to well-merited reputation is the loftiest stimulus to exertions towards acquiring illustrious fame, whether in war, or better, in peace. A verse in a sonnet by Milton shows the feeling this sublime poet connected with literary honour—

"The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and
tower
Went to the ground."

Too little respect for antiquity and for the abodes of genius has, in our ideas, been exhibited by the French. In no other city on earth has the process of material changes, effected by the crowbar and the trowel, been carried on, during the last ten years, so vigorously as in the French capital, where no one knows what a day may destroy, and where whole streets have suddenly become a heap of ruins, and risen again in the phoenix form of a magnificent boulevard. Even the original island Paris is invaded, the thoroughfare yecept Sébastépol cutting a way through that stronghold of ages into the faubourg St. Germain, as mercilessly as did Bonaparte, when he opened the street he named after himself in this stronghold of the Bourbons. While we write, "the work of destruction," for sanitary and strategic purposes, is proceeding:—old chapels, ancient habitations, portions of the town-walls, are as it were exhumed and brought to light, part to perish, part to be repaired. Paris, *qui s'en va*, goes so quickly, what one describes to-day may cease to exist to-morrow.

THE WORK-A-DAY WORLD OF FRANCE.

CHAPTER III.

I AM compelled to step aside, in this, my review of the work-a-day world of France, from descriptions of manufacturing localities, in order to afford the reader a view of the people who are the life and soul of these localities. Not with the bricks and mortar, the be-sooted chimneys, or the furnaces, with their tongues of flame, have I to deal. There are, in France, very close copies of the chimneys and furnaces of Lancashire and Yorkshire. I am interested, rather, in the busy chattering populations that direct the loom and feed the furnace. I want to learn how these complicated interests of labour and capital are managed among our neighbours. I have seen strikes, and inquired into the rules of trade societies in my own country. I know exactly what the Sheffield grinder may expect if he infringe the laws of his society. I have argued with great weaver-leaders, and have been puzzled more than once by the shrewd heads of these. Faults, both on the side of labour and on the side of capital, I have detected. Above all, I have learned to understand the solemnity of the great question that, day by day, is growing in our midst; and that somebody will be compelled to settle ere long. The question of the rights of labour will, if the cultivated classes do not attend to it, and solve it justly, be carried, it may be, against all reason and all economical laws, by the strength of the labourers.

Then, it seems to me, I do no harm—I may, on the contrary, do some good—in pointing out peculiarities of French organizations of labour. From the broad sands of my pages, prospectors may gather, here and there, bits of gold, that shall be of use to them.

I have dealt already with the apprenticeship law of France. Now let us see how it operates; also, how female labour in factories is conducted among our neighbours.

We turn to those manufacturing towns where the progress of machinery has drawn the working population from their huts into great factories. The effect of this has been

to separate the members of families. At daybreak, wife, husband, and children, part to meet again, only after a hard day's work. This separation has had a harmful effect upon the morals of families. Husband and wife, and children, become estranged. Children, earning salaries, assume an independence for which they are not prepared by experience or education: the home, in short, is broken up. We cannot wonder then that, in French villages, men sigh over the new times and the new systems; and recall, with regret, the days when wife, and children, and father spun and wove, in happy independence of factory rules, under their own roof. The silk-weavers, who still work at home, are doomed, with the cotton and linen weavers, to pass into factories. It is the uncontrollable tendency of the commercial genius of our day, to put steel, urged by steam, in the place of human muscle, impelled by the brave will of hard-toiling man. Still the father, and mother, and children must part, at daybreak, on the threshold of their home, to go to their respective masters. Hard-hearted competition piles the coals in the boilers (and he will pile them upon the workmen's heads, if they look not sharply to their own); opens the flood-gates upon the mill-wheel, and rings in the round-about villages to his hundred-windowed workshops. But these regrets for broken home are only with the men and women recently collected into factories. The population of Lille, for instance, has outlived the regret. The Lille artisans of to-day have never known home-work. They are factory children matured into skilful artisans. They have, consequently, the habits and pleasures of old factory hands. Talk to them about work at home, and the blessings of this domestic toil, and they will turn a deaf ear upon you. They even decline to move from Lille to Roubaix (although here wages are higher, and living cheaper than in the former city), because Roubaix boasts not the public balls, the theatres, and

the wine-shops that grace their provincial capital. Obviously, then, the duty of the social reformer is to seek to reconstruct homes for these singing, bibbing artisans, in the shade of their dear factory chimneys. They are turned out of their native villages, and they have had time to forget the thatched roof, and the cabbage garden, and the pig. They are town-birds now. Their place henceforth (that of wife and children also), is about vast machines, spinning, carding, and weaving, triumphantly victorious over the slow spinning and weaving of man's hand, in the days gone by. When one man can superintend the spinning of two thousand threads at the same moment, it is not probable that he will be permitted to return home, there to spin by hand. In the factory, by the help of steam, he can even work two looms. In the factory, then, he is established—he and his wife and children. M. Jules Simon, accepting this condition of the French artisan's life, as inevitable, bids great employers of labour look to the morals of their bees. In regarding the morals of a population, we naturally turn, in the first place, to the mothers, and to those who are to become mothers.

Much, it must be confessed, has been done already in some parts of France, towards the well-being of factory women and factory girls. In the valley about Rouen, finely built and tended factories may be seen—factories that would bear comparison with those of Preston. The rooms are ventilated, drained, and well lit; they are also exquisitely cleaned. Here, the factory girls work under healthy circumstances and earn good salaries. Every girl has her little cupboard (of which she keeps the key), in which she keeps her factory clothes, and in which she deposits her dinner. Water is laid on, that she may refresh herself with it at hand. During the dinner-hour she may walk under shady trees in the court-yard, or sit under a vast shed. Near the overseer's office there is a little chemist's shop—beyond is the school for the factory children. She is in a well-ordered handsome establishment, in short, and has every advantage that a master can give her. But it is not in the factory, healthy or unhealthy, that we must regard the artisan's

wife, if we wish to understand her, and the social condition of the population about her. Because misery is general in the manufacturing districts of France, we must not run away with the idea, that the manufacturing power of the country is on the decline. That the demand for French manufactures has not declined, is proved by the fact, that salaries in all the great industries have constantly advanced—and still there is misery among the artisans!

Father, mother, and children work, and earn fair wages, and still they are in foul lodgings, and in unseemly clothes! At St. Quentin there are weavers who earn between five and six shillings *per diem*. M. Simon computes the average wages of spinners and weavers in the great industrial centres of France at three shillings and two pence *per diem*. Then there are the wages of women, which vary from two shillings and ten pence to one shilling, according to the worker's skill. Amiens, where manufactures are carried on upon a small scale, and where the wages are always low, pays a female cotton-spinner only ten pence a day. Still, keeping the cost of French living in view, it will be seen that the misery which exists among the artisans of France is not due to unfortunate want. The manufacturers assert that, on the contrary, this misery, the result of dissipation, increases with the rise of wages, wherever home-life has been broken up. Honourable exceptions to this assertion, as the artisans of Sedan, Mulhouse, and Wesserling, in no way affect the general question. The absence of a seemly home produces drunkenness. The artisan walks direct from the pay-room of the mill to the wine-shop, where he often passes Saturday night, Sunday, and Monday, over wine, cards, and skittles, and gross songs. If he belongs to Lille, he sings; if to Rouen, he sops till he is stupified, and his wife can drag him home. M. Simon has an affecting picture of the crowds of weeping wives who surround the crowded wine-shops of manufacturing towns, on the evenings of pay-days. At St. Quentin, these unfortunate women have provoked the pity of the shop-keepers. To see them shivering and weeping in the cold and rain, while their brutal husbands were getting

drunk, was intolerable. The shopkeepers, therefore, had sheds constructed opposite the cabarets, where the women might wait and weep for the drunkards. At Rouen, the artisans call the coarse brandy, the dearth of wine and cider has forced them to consume—THE CRUEL! Cruel, indeed, with those miserable women weeping opposite the brandy-shop, for their children's supper! The apprentices, at the early age of twelve, may be seen patronizing the Cruel, and smoking short pipes. At Lille, the Mayor has forbidden wine-shop keepers to serve alcohol to children; and at Douai, the police prevent juvenile smoking. Ay, the home is broken up, and children of drunken fathers grow at the cabaret. They die also at a terrible rate. When the mill disgorges its workers, observers are horrified to see the halt and lame children, who hobble thence to their dark neglected homes. Drunkenness is the beginning and the end of life in the great French industrial centres. Against this vice, what can the salaries of women and children do? The women's labours help the drunken husband on his road to ruin. The child is born with disease in his bones, and with evil example before him. Shut up the wine-shops, autocratic mayors of manufacturing towns have cried; but the evil lies deeper than the art of a locksmith can reach. The root of it, not the surface, must be attacked. The root of it lies in the absence of virtuous homes. The girls who work in the factories are the children of a drunken father, and, probably, a mother lost to the sense of shame, which belongs to woman from nature. These girls mix with drunken apprentices—need we add a word to describe the result? All that the young couples want, is a hole to lie and sleep in. Marriage is far from being *de rigueur*. The evil lies so deep, that mothers of illegitimate children are tempted by the Benevolent Society of Amiens with a monthly gift of seven francs to suckle their offspring. This temptation is necessary, to keep the poor babes from nurses, "*au petit pot*," that is, nurses who feed their charges on goat's milk or cow's milk. There are manufacturing towns (Lille for instance) where the women have followed the example of the men, and have added drunkenness to their other

vices. It is estimated that at Lille, twenty-five out of every hundred men, and twelve out of every hundred women are confirmed drunkards. Here, there are even women's wine-shops, where the unfortunate frequenters drink coffee and spirits, while their babes lie drugged at home with a "dormant," as the popular infant's narcotic is called.

It is curious to remark, that while the women employed in the factories of Lille and Rouen, add drunkenness to their general depravity, those of St. Quentin, although exceedingly lax in their morals, drink only water. At St. Quentin, therefore, children have better chances of enjoying an infancy at home than they have at Lille. For the sober mothers of St. Quentin carry all their earnings home; whereas the Lille mothers spend much of theirs on brandy and gin. M. Jules Simon does honour to these sober, hard-working mothers, who rise before their husband to prepare his breakfast; who return home after work-hours to cook dinner, put the room in order, and mend a few rags, while the father lies toying at the wine-shop. For the wife there is incessant care. She must put off creditors; she must beg a little grace of the landlord; and for reward, it may be, she receives a thrashing when her sottish husband staggers into her room: her room! Let any reader who may wish to obtain a distinct idea of a French artisan's residence, turn to the pages of M. Blanqui. He will find that the cellars and *courettes* of Lille, the *forts* of Roubaix, and the *convents* of St. Quentin are, one and all, foul, cramped, undrained holes, where men, women, and children live, heaped pell-mell together—apart from the commonest decencies of life. M. Jules Simon describes a house in one of the Roubaix forts where three families occupy a common floor in darkness, dirt, and fever. At St. Quentin there are old traces of Flemish cleanliness among the artisans; but Rheims!—here men and women, in holes where the water drips from the roof, lead miserable and degraded lives. At Tharm, a lodging consisting of two narrow rooms has been remarked, where a father and mother, a daughter and son-in-law, with four children, are packed; and the entrance to which is through a pig-sty, where

their landlord, we are assured, rears some very fine grunTERS.

Rouen appears to enjoy the unenviable reputation of showing more misery in its bosom than any other manufacturing town of France. A day of hard work brings on a night to be passed in a hole unfit for a dog. Yet workmen's lodgings are profitable investments, returning a nett of 10 or 15 per cent. And it is, perhaps, because the letting of rickety pestilent chambers satisfies the landlord's greed, that he leaves the water dropping from the ceiling, and the stagnant gutter at the workman's door-step. He has his money weekly—let a mother of a family fail in her payment, and she must into the streets with rags and children. Her furniture is a stick or two: she has no security to offer. If she possesses a miserable bed, it is no security to the landlord; for the law of France will not permit a landlord to take the bed from under his tenant. Yet avarice has always a device at hand with which to torture the creditor. An anecdote is told of a Lille landlord, who started from his house on his weekly rent-collecting morning, dragging a wheel-barrow with him. When he found a lodger who was not ready with his rent, he removed the door or the window of the unpaid lodging, and left his tenant to be frozen out. The man often collected a goodly load of doors and windows in this way, in the course of his most Christian morning.

The French artisans then, with but rare exceptions, have homes only where the air is putrid, the food unhealthy; where his children are unhealthy, and where his wife (with her thirteen hours and a-half at the factory) is a slave. Throughout the day his children are alone, or with a *gardeuse*, who doses them that they may sleep. Suppose that they are fortunate enough to enjoy the advantages of a *crèche* or public nursery, they are still massed with all the brats of the neighbourhood. There is no loving word for them: a mother's arms are not about them! From the public nursery they will go to the public school; and thence, at the earliest allowed age, to the factory. Almost unknown to their parents; familiar with the *courrettes*, or *forts*, or cellars, into which they crawled on those long days when

they were left to shift for themselves: old witnesses (young as they are) of shameless depravity and brutalizing indecency—they are ripe, almost before they can talk plainly, to enjoy the dangerous society of factory apprentices. Whom shall we blame? The mother? Alas! poor soul, hers is a terrible lot. Hunger stares down upon her sickly brood, and bids her make haste to the factory, if she would hold body and soul of her little ones together. She must leave them from sunrise till sunset, that they may humbly sup on her return. Shall we blame the father, then? It is, indeed, difficult not to fall upon him with our heaviest indignation; as we watch him drinking away the wages that would carry comfort to the little ones who are shivering, in a cellar, about a dying fire. But let us be just even to the sot! He was brought up as he is bringing, or rather dragging his family up, in their turn. He can remember his father staggering home at nights: his mother hanging about the wine-shop door, begging the father of her children to spare something from his cups for the starvelings, shivering in a hole! He has no knowledge, no experience of a higher social life than that he is leading. It is as natural in him to go to his *estaminet*, as it is in a priest to go to church. He is to blame, because he has not self-sacrifice enough to take from his cup that which his starving children beg with the eloquent eyes of Hunger. But the system is vicious. The destruction of home is the destruction of society.

The home robbed of wife and mother ceases to be a home. It becomes a mere sleeping chamber, in which no affections are centred, in which there is neither order nor harmony. The mother's love—that sacred flame that is the natural and beautiful light of home—flickers, fades, and is extinguished. The mother reaches that depth of degradation at which, unabashed and unmoved, she can learn that her child is dishonoured. M. Jules Simon, looking fixedly at all these social ulcers of his country, declares that they are the outward expressions of a corrupt social constitution. The factory system, that has robbed children of their mothers, and husbands of the wifely graces that dignify home, is to

blame. But how is the factory system to be altered? By what cunning arrangement can the weaver return home to his hand-loom, and his wife to her spinning-wheel? The tens of thousands of artisans now closely massed at the call of steam, how shall they be separated again into families living apart, and still thrive? If M. Jules Simon can answer this question, he will solve a vital problem.

But there is good work to be done amid the drunken artisans of Lille, and Rouen, and St. Quentin. The hours of female labour may be shortened; the *courettes* and *forts* may be drained and sweetened; the French Legislative Corps may pass a Common Lodging House Act, copying that now in force in England; administering drugs to infants without medical sanction may be made an offence against the law; and above all, tem-

perance may be preached in every manufacturing centre. The French, who are fond of outward tokens of respect, who love crosses, and medals, and ribbons, might appeal to the artisans through their vanity. Rewards might be given to total abstainers, additions might be made to the savings of the highest depositors in the savings' banks; building societies might be established. If M. Jules Simon will be at the pains to examine the manufacturing districts of England at the present time, he will be able to appreciate justly the value of this advice we venture to offer him, viz., that above and before all, he should preach temperance to the tipplers of Rouen and Lille; and tempt them by every art from the bottle. Happy homes and wise children will follow the temperance flag.

VONVED THE DANE—COUNT OF ELSINORE.

CHAPTER XX.

THE COMMANDANT VISITS LARS VONVED.

THE forenoon of Thursday—that is to say, less than twenty-four hours prior to the time fixed for his appearance on the terrible platform in Kongens Nytorv—Lars Vonved was calmly reclined on the broad oaken bench, his back resting against the wall, and his head supported by his right hand, the elbow being raised by the hard leathern pillow. This position was obviously the most easy he could assume, as it enabled him to dispose of the ponderous fetters which clasped his limbs in a way that rendered him as little inconvenience by their weight and pressure as possible. The flesh wounds he had received on the fatal night of his capture were already quite healed, thanks to his good constitution and the purity of his blood. Several times had he received wounds which would have proved dangerous to many men, but they invariably healed kindly, for his temperate manner of living and ceaseless activity kept his iron frame in perfect health.

To look at the countenance of this impenetrable man none would have imagined him to be conscious that he

was doomed to shortly suffer a horrible and ignominious death in atonement to the outraged laws of his country. There he was, enclosed by the pitiless walls of a dungeon whence escape was literally impossible, and yet he reclined his fettered limbs on the cold bench as calmly, and to all appearance as carelessly, as though it were a soft couch in the cabin of his own skonnert. His fair and gentle features were placid as ever: not a line in them betokened anguish, nor even anxiety; nor could they be said to express any distinct emotion or feeling whatever, unless a furtive smile playing around the lips, and the occasional gleam of his keen blue eyes as they gazed towards the iron-studded door, indicated curiosity and expectation of some sort. The heavy steps of the sentinels pacing the pavement of the corridor were only very faintly heard by him, even when they approached close to the massive door. When, however, he could hear them, or the clang of their arms, with unusual distinctness, he gazed so earnestly as to prove that

he expected a visiter. And who could that visiter be? Not his devoted wife—the only friend permitted to visit him, and probably the only one who would have dared to do so even if permission could have been obtained—for when she bade him adieu on the previous night, it was with the understanding that she would come again for the last time towards midnight on Thursday. It was not Amalia, therefore, whose presence he awaited, nor was it a friend, nor a person whom he had ever before seen. Who could it be?

THE HEADSMAN OF COPENHAGEN!

Early that morning Vonved had requested to see General Poulsen, the Commandant of Citadellet Frederikshavn, and when that high functionary promptly visited him, he said he had a particular favour to ask. The General, with unusual good-humour, replied that he would willingly grant it, provided it was within the sphere of his duties. Vonved then demanded that his intended executioner, the Headsman of Copenhagen, should be permitted to visit him in his cell, as he wished, he said, to have a private interview with that personage.

"Ah," said the General, in an accent of mingled surprise and pity; "believe me, prisoner, you will see the Headsman quite soon enough without a private interview!"

But Vonved still urged his desire, and after a brief deliberation, the General consented. Having obtained thus much, Vonved ventured a further request, which was so extraordinary that it startled the Commandant, and made him shudder, for the condemned actually required that the Headsman should bring with him the hideous instruments of his fearful office, and exhibit them.

The Commandant shook his head, and looked penetratively at Vonved. The latter instinctively guessed the General's secret thoughts, and said with a smile—

"Tis only a fancy of mine, General Poulsen, and the last I wish to gratify. You will not refuse?"

"A fancy," murmured the General, nervously twitching at his sword hilt, and staring fixedly at his inexplicable prisoner; "ay, and a somewhat peculiar one, eh?"

"That is according to the view

people may take of it, General," blandly responded Vonved.

"If," continued the General, in a musing, retrospective tone, "if such a request, albeit very unusual, had been made by an ordinary prisoner, why, I might have taken it into consideration, but"—

"You think I am an extraordinary one, eh, General?" and Vonved softly laughed.

Even the grim Commandant smiled at this, and drawing forth his silver snuff-box, he thrice tapped the lid, and as he took a pinch, nodded an eloquent affirmative.

"Well," resumed Vonved, "I'm sure you do me the eminent honour to treat me as such," glancing significantly at his fetters; "but why refuse my *last* friend to visit me?"

"I remember," replied the Commandant, speaking slowly and emphatically, "that when, three years ago, you were awaiting your doom in Kronborg at Elsinore, you induced Baron Leutenberg to permit a priest to visit you, and the result was"—

"That the priest and I exchanged conditions!" interrupted Lars Vonved, with a slight chuckle and an arch look, as though the reminiscence afforded him particular gratification.

"Precisely so; and very droll, I dare say. Hah! by the Hammer of Thor! but you have not a simple Baron Leutenberg to deal with now!" grimly rejoined the General.

"Alas! no;" demurely cried Vonved, shaking his head with an air of sad acquiescence. Then he briskly added—"Ah, that poor priest was innocent as a babe, I give you my word, General. Self-preservation is the first law of nature, and I was reluctantly compelled to deceive him and my very shrewd and watchful guards. I acted by instinct—that was all!"

"Instinct! ay, at the expense of poor Baron Leutenberg, who lost his command of Kronborg, and was disgraced in consequence!" dryly remarked the General. "Well! trust me, my friend, I shall not run any similar risk after such a lesson as that. By-the-by," continued he, curiously, "did your escape really happen as related in the ballad they sing about you?"

"It did, General. But surely you

cannot imagine that I am such an idiot as to hope to escape from *your* charge by repeating the scheme with the Headsman instead of a priest for a scape-goat?"

"Tordner og lyner!" ejaculated the General, twirling his huge gray moustaches with an uneasy air; "who can tell what you hope, or what you expect, or what you can or cannot do? I don't relish the responsibility of your safe-keeping, I can tell you, and I shall not feel comfortable until—— I don't wish to hurt your feelings, Captain Vonved—but really, until you—— Ah! you comprehend me, I am sure?"

"Until I am led forth for execution, you would say?" composedly answered Vonved, not a muscle of his features twitching, as he thus spake of his fearful impending doom.

The Commandant gravely and silently bowed.

"Well, General, you will not have to wait long, and, therefore, I once more beg you will humour my little fancy."

"You are a fearful and a fearless man; ay, and a most desperate and reckless man, Captain Vonved," thoughtfully replied the Commandant; "and how can I conjecture what mad scheme you have projected?"

"None whatever. You surely do not imagine I would bribe the Headsman?"

"You cannot, if you would. He is impotent to aid you in any way. He is as much a prisoner as yourself, and as closely watched."

"So much the better; the less objection to my privately seeing him."

"I have already said I am willing for you to see him, and to converse with him as much as you desire, but why wish to see his—his?"

"A particular fancy—an impulse—nothing more. Come, General Poulsen, let us speak frankly and sincerely!" exclaimed Vonved, suddenly changing his nonchalant bantering tone; and drawing himself up to his full height, despite his chains, he spake with plaintive energy: "I perfectly understand your doubts and not unnatural suspicions, but I give you my word of honour—— ah! do not smile, ironically, General, for outlaw as I am, and doomed to an ignominious death, I yet defy any living being to prove that I ever brake my pledge

of good faith! I solemnly promise you that I contemplate nothing of the kind you apprehend, for I am not a madman. I do not even wish to touch the instruments—I merely desire to see them. And you can give any private orders to the Headsman you think proper."

"True, I can;" mused the Commandant. "Well, well, Captain Vonved, it is, as you say, one of your last requests, and I seek not to fathom your motive—and motive of some sort you doubtless have—for such a very extraordinary fancy. It shall be gratified, however. I will send the Headsman to you punctually at noon, and"—he paused, and nodded his head emphatically—"if his presence, and what he will show and tell you, does not unman you, nothing will?"

"Thank you, heartily, General Poulsen. I shall never forget your kindness."

"Hammer of Thor! your memory will not long be burthened with that or any other recollection!" hastily replied the General; and ungracious as was this speech, and bitter as was its terrible allusion, the stern, yet not unfeeling old Commandant uttered it involuntarily, and grew quite confused and vexed at himself the next instant, when he suddenly reflected that it might imply a cruel taunt. So he hastily nodded, and quitted the cell, muttering—"What a man! Himmel! what a man!"

When the ponderous door had again clanged back, and Lars Vonved was once more in solitude, a singular smile stole very gradually over his features, and he stood for a minute or two immovable, his head bowed, and his eyes fixed on the huge flagstone at his feet.

What were his thoughts? What feeling could it be which suggested that smile of secret self-gratulation? He had gained his point with the Commandant—his request was granted—but what was the *motive* of that request?

The smile faded away, and he raised his head and glanced quickly around. Twice or thrice his lips unclosed, as though an ejaculation was on the point of utterance, and his keen eyes flashed with an inexplicable expression. It did not distinctly betoken

gladness, nor triumph, nor pride, nor scorn, nor disgust, nor contempt, nor irony, but a strange admixture, as it were, of all, with a dash of roguish amusement.

Then he glanced at his manacles, and a short, bitter, irrepressible laugh burst from his lips.

"Ha! ha! my good friend, the Commandant," soliloquized he, speaking to himself in a low, yet clear whisper, "is a wise man—in his generation. He swears by the Hammer of Thor that I cannot deceive him as I ere-while deceived his poor simple friend Baron Leutenberg. Lars Vonved must not dream of escape now he is in charge of the astute General Poulsen! For has not the General immured him in the innermost dungeon of Citadellet Frederikshavn? And are not watchful, incorruptible sentinels posted at every outlet? And is not the doomed man fettered in every limb? Is he not caged like a wild beast, and regarded as such?"

Vonved clanged his manacles together with a fierce, contemptuous ejaculation as he uttered the last sentence; but the next moment he gently resumed:

"The old General only does his duty, and I honour him for it, and bear him no ill-will. I think he pities me, too. Ay, he is not a cruel man; he is only stern, and stolid, and—stupid! Ah, well, I have done with him now—he has served my turn!" And here Vonved commenced swiftly moving to and fro as well as his fetters would permit, and heavy as they were, he seemed almost unconscious of their existence so far as their mere weight was concerned; but he uttered a terrible cry of rage when he happened to take a step too far, and was checked by the chain riveted to the hoop around his body; for it was too short to permit him to walk beyond the middle of the dungeon. He seemed, however, half ashamed to have been betrayed, even in solitude, to an expression of anger so futile and impotent, for his delicate features flushed, and he uttered a low and scornful ejaculation expressive of self-reproof.

"Ja! ja!" muttered he, "they can dungeon my body, and fetter my

limbs, and stint me of air, and exult in my pangs, and doom me to suffer an infamous death, but my soul is beyond their power! They cannot for one moment bind my free spirit!"

His eyes flashed as he uttered these passionate sentences, and in an ironical, mocking tone, he then recited a spirited verse from a Danish sea-song, beginning with the lines:—

"Derfer rædt embert!
See Fregatten, hvor hun flammer!
Seer I iffe hvor
Sefla med af Leengæsel damper?"

"Ha! ha!" chuckled he, in a low, guarded tone, "Op med Seil og Damp! Op med Røer og op med Master!* Here am I, Lars Vonved, whom men call the Baltic Rover, fettered, and dungeoned, and doomed; closely watched by day, and trebly guarded by night, lest I may haply once more bask their vengeance—or justice, as they call it. Fools! ye reckon to consummate my doom on the morrow, but—Op med Seil og Damp!"

He soliloquized no further. Abruptly checking himself, he glanced from wall to wall, from flooring to ceiling, and then threw his frame down full length on the bench, so recklessly, that every link of his fetters crashed and rattled. And thus it was that he reposed in expectation of his dread visitor.

Precisely at noon the sentinel stationed outside the dungeon door loudly challenged some approaching party, received the countersign, and the next minute the thick iron bars which stretched athwart the door at top and bottom, were unshipped from their sockets, and a huge key grated in the monstrous lock. With a harsh rasping, and a hoarse, dull jar, the ponderous bolts slowly shot back, and the loosened door was cautiously thrust inward just sufficiently to admit the head and shoulders of the chief gaoler, who gazed anxiously and nervously into the dungeon with much the same doubtful air as though he were surveying the den of a captive tiger, to observe the mood of the animal ere venturing within his reach. Perceiving that Lars Vonved reclined in the position described, and gazed steadily and very calmly at himself, the

* "Up with sail and steam! Up with yards and up with masts!"

gaoler took courage and advanced a step.

"Well?" said Vonved, in a quiet tone, yet expressive of undisguised contempt.

"By order of the Commandant, Herr Vonved, the Captain of the Guard and"—

But here he was thrust aside by the officer whom he had just named, who stalked in, with his left hand clutching the hilt of his longsword, the scabbard of which clanged sharply against the pavement. He advanced to the middle of the dungeon, and there paused in some embarrassment, for Vonved made no movement, nor uttered a syllable, but gazed at him with an air of consummate ease and non-chalance.

"Prisoner," said the officer, hesitatingly, "by order of General Poulsen, I have brought the Headsman to your dungeon."

"Very good, Captain of the Guard," replied Vonved in a tone of cool superiority; "you may introduce him."

The officer stared at the terrible and inscrutable prisoner, and at the gaoler,

alternately, but Vonved was in no mood to waste time with him.

"Captain of the Guard!" exclaimed he, in a sharp, stern tone, "you have your orders from General Poulsen; obey them!"

The officer started, and gazed in bewildered astonishment at the doomed captive who thus addressed him.

"You were ordered to introduce to me the Headsman of Copenhagen for a private interview. Do so, and retire!"

The captain flushed, partly with anger, and partly with undefinable awe and an instinctive feeling of personal inferiority to the manacled prisoner, and muttering, "I wish you joy of your private interview!" he beckoned to the gaoler, and they quitted the dungeon together, giving place to an ominous figure, who stalked slowly and noiselessly forward, until he stood in the centre of the floor. The door sullenly clanged, and its outer bars and bolts grated in their sockets, and then Lars Vonved had his strange wish realized, for he was in his dungeon, alone with the Headsman.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE HEADSMAN OF COPENHAGEN.

THE personal history of the Headsman was extraordinary. He was by birth a gipsy—the only son, it was said, of the "king" of the vagrant tribes who roam through the immense wilds, and moors, and heaths of Jutland, the northern peninsula of Denmark Proper. When quite a youth he committed some serious crime for which he was sentenced to a lengthened imprisonment in the Tugthuus (House of Correction), at Aalborg. He speedily escaped thence, and resumed his vagrant, semi-savage life, but being in danger of re-apprehension he roamed southward into Slesvig, and shortly afterwards became a soldier. His regiment was sent to the Danish West India Islands, where he served a few years with any thing but a good character, until, for repeated breaches of military discipline, he and other kindred spirits were drafted to a sort of "condemned regiment" stationed at one of the Danish "factories," or settlements, on the coast of Africa. From this place he managed to

desert, and forthwith found congenial employment aboard a Spanish slaver.

He spent several years in "black-bird-catching," and it was currently reported he even engaged in a darker and yet more iniquitous calling at sea as one of the crew of the *Morning Star*, a pirate brig of terrible notoriety. However this might be, certain it is that he returned to Denmark after an absence of ten years in all, considerably enriched with booty; which, however, he was not destined to enjoy long, for he was recognised and seized as a deserter, and condemned as a "slave" (or convict) for a term of years. His former good-fortune did not desert him. He once more escaped—by bribing his guards it was supposed—and thenceforth led a desperate life as the chief of a gang of miscreants who generally infested the wild districts of Jutland, but who occasionally sojourned in Slesvig and Holstein, and in the adjacent Danish isles. Many robberies and even murders were committed by the gang, until the government being

thoroughly aroused, a vigorous crusade was set on foot against them, and they were dispersed, pursued in every direction, and dragged by twos and threes from their dens and lurking places. The very last man captured was the redoubtable captain of the band, Ole Hustru. This accomplished gentleman, gipsy by birth, and pirate and bandit by profession, proved himself to be a superb villain now that he and his followers were firmly gripped by the iron hand of justice. He offered not only to give such evidence as would effectually convict every one of his captive associates, but also to render valuable information concerning the organization and rendezvous of certain other predatory bands. Moreover, he pledged himself to discover secret stores where the bulk of property plundered by his own banditti was hidden, so that it might be restored to its rightful owners. In return for these services Herr Ole Hustru meekly stipulated that he himself should receive a free pardon. Now, so far, there was nothing very extraordinary in the affair, for, time out of mind, the greatest villain of a gang of marauders has invariably been the first to betray his companions that he may save his neck at their expense; but in the present instance the antecedents of Herr Hustru were of such a nature that the authorities naturally hesitated to accept his scoundrelly offer, for they could not but feel conscious that if the arch-villain himself was thus permitted to escape the punishment he so richly merited, at the expense of those who had been mere subordinates and tools in his hand, the public would inevitably indulge in reflections any thing but complimentary to the assumed impartiality of Madam Justice.

The result of investigations and deliberations, however, so clearly evidenced the value of Ole Hustru's offer, that, on the score of expediency, it was reluctantly accepted. One trifling condition was nevertheless peremptorily insisted upon. "We know what your past career has been, and we can predicate what your future career would be were we to set you once more at liberty," said the authorities, "and, consequently, we are unwilling that such a sublime evil-doer as yourself should be permitted to walk abroad unfettered or unguarded. Ful-

fil your promises, and we will grant you the boon of life, but more than that we will not yield." He cheerfully assented to the hard condition. By his unscrupulous evidence every one of his band was convicted, some being sentenced to death, and the others to slavery.

It happened that the Headsman of Copenhagen—to which city the robbers had been conveyed for trial—was then a man in years, and required the aid of an assistant to perform the dread duties of his office. Herr Ole heard of this, and immediately proffered himself as a candidate. He was permitted to "try his hand," and he actually officiated at the execution of seven wretched men who had recently been members of his gang, and who were brought to the scaffold chiefly by his own traitorous evidence! This was a promising beginning, and well did the incomparable villain subsequently realize the augury. During five years he performed the duties of assistant Headsman, or executioner (continuing all the while a prisoner himself); and then, the old Headsman dying, he was appointed to the vacant office, and was permitted to receive the fixed salary, and all the perquisites thereunto appertaining; and he could expend these earnings in any manner he pleased, although he was personally confined within the grim walls of Citadellet Frederikshavn. He was never permitted to pass beyond the outer gates of this fortress except under close escort, when his services as Headsman were required. No sooner had he performed his terrible duty than he was conducted back to the citadel, there to remain a "prisoner at large." When Ole Hustru volunteered to become assistant to his predecessor, he was thirty-five years of age; he served five years as a subordinate; and he had now been fifteen years Headsman of Copenhagen. Thus his present age was fifty-five.

The aspect of this illustrious miscreant accorded well with the nature of his hideous office. He was a very tall muscular man, and, strange to say, his carriage still evidenced that he had been a soldier, for he bore himself gracefully erect, and all his motions were mechanically prompt and precise, the result of martial

training and discipline. Although two score and fifteen, his joints were as supple as those of a young man, and he had a peculiar lithe, springing gait. Nothing betokened his idiosyncrasy—nothing in his personal aspect revealed his character nor indicated the monstrous career he had run except his head. Ah, what a head, and what a countenance! The intelligent observer first gazed at it with startled surprise; then with excited curiosity; next with shuddering fascination; and finally with horror, fear, abhorrence. His gipsy origin was strikingly evidenced by the general contour of his features; by his long coal-black hair, wiry and coarse as a horse's mane; and by his peculiar complexion, which was a deep rich olive, dusky around the eyes, and verging to a dark purplish hue on the neck and throat. His jaw was remarkably massive and angular, a shape indicative alike of stubborn resolution and remorseless cruelty; his chin was long, narrow, and peaked; his lips broad, and exceedingly thin and wrinkled; his nose large, hooked, sharply ridged, and the nostrils closely compressed. His countenance was furrowed and indescribably repulsive, for every tortuous line seemed a physical record of some past evil deed, and the whole countenance was expressive of wildest cunning, vile passions, animal courage and ferocity, criminal daring, and consummate audacity and villany.

Such was the Headsman of Copenhagen—the being who now stood in the dungeon of the doomed Rover.

As the dungeon door closed heavily behind him, the Headsman advanced to the wooden block fixed in the centre of the floor, and upon its top deposited a long black leathern bag. He then doffed his great uncouth wolf-skin cap, and raised his right hand to his brow in military salute.

"I am here, at your service, Captain Vonved!" exclaimed he, in a deliberate, yet hoarse and hollow voice.

Lars Vonved made no immediate reply, nor did he stir from his reclining posture on the stone bench, but glanced keenly at the ominous visitor.

The Headsman wore his official dress: trowsers and a tunic, both of blood-red cloth, with broad black stripes down the seams of the former,

and three black horizontal bars encircling the tunic, which fell down to the calf of the leg. When he officiated in public he also wore a mask of black velvet.

For a full minute the Rover and the Headsman gazed searchingly at each other, like two gladiators who meet for the first time, each anxious to estimate the powers of his antagonist.

A quiet smile played around the lips of Lars Vonved, as he broke the silence by saying in a soft low voice, frank and even cordial in its tone—

"I am glad to see you, Headsman! I welcome you to my dungeon!"

"You are the first who ever said as much to me, under similar circumstances!" replied the Headsman, with a furtive glance of mingled incredulity, suspicion, sarcasm, and extorted respect and admiration.

"Yet I say it sincerely."

"I do not doubt your word, Captain Vonved, for I well know you are no common man."

"Ah, you have heard of me? You know what my character is, and what my career has been?" said Vonved, briskly; and he turned over on his side, and supported his head on the palm of his left hand.

"Yes, Captain Vonved, I know—what all Denmark knows of you!"

"What may that be?"

"That you are a man of a million—a Rover to whom fear is unknown."

"And Denmark believes this?"

"Yes, Captain Vonved."

"And you believe it?"

"I have surely present reasons so to do."

"Then," said Vonved, with calm emphasis, "I must assure you that you give me credit for a faculty which I do not possess. I may be comparatively a fearless man, but whoever imagines that fear is unknown to me is deceived. I have oft felt afraid, and sometimes I have been almost paralyzed with fear. I should be more than a mortal were it otherwise. He who boasts that he never felt fear, and never was afraid, is either an insensate idiot or consummate liar. But I did not request General Poulsen to send you here to tell you this. Your name is Ole Hustru?"

"It is."

"You are by birth a Jutlander—one of a tribe of gipsies?"

"Ay, Captain Vonved, and one of the royal blood!" chuckled the Headsman, displaying a row of exquisitely even and dazzling white teeth. "My father was king of the tribes who roam through Jutland from Lemvig, Viborg, and Randers, northward to the Skaw, and I was his only son."

"That is true," remarked Vonved, very quietly, "for one of your tribe has long been of my crew, and he once told me much of your own early history."

The Headsman started, and uttered an involuntary ejaculation of surprise.

"Who is he, Captain Vonved?"

"A brave and faithful follower of mine, and his name is Lods Stav."

"Lods Stav!" muttered the Headsman, nervously clutching his wolf-skin cap between his huge bony paws, and glaring in an angry startled manner at the imperturbable Rover.

"Ay, perhaps you recollect him?"

"There are several of that name," evasively replied the Headsman.

"Possibly: but this man knew you intimately, and related to me an interesting little anecdote about his sister Johanne Stav, who was your first sweetheart; and whom you, in a fit of jealousy—doubtless very pardonable—stabbed to the heart, and —"

"Hold, Captain Vonved! you have said enough, and more than enough. I did not expect this!"

The Headsman quailed and trembled, and big drops of perspiration suddenly steamed from his villainous sloping forehead.

"Pugh," laughed Lars Vonved, carelessly dangling his fettered limbs over the oak bench, and staring with merciless composure at the writhing, conscience-stricken wretch, "you are too sensitive! You ought not to be troubled by such a trifling reminiscence! It happened long ago—thirty-seven years since, if Lods Stav reckons truly."

"And he yet lives?"

"Ay."

"I hoped he was dead."

"Doubtless: but he lives—he is one of my crew—and he lives to avenge his sister, to wipe away her dishonour, and to repay her death by

sheathing his two-edged blade in the heart of her murderer."

"The curse of Odin rest upon him day and night! Yet I fear him not. I am beyond his reach!" hoarsely growled the Headsman. "He can never approach me, except as a fettered captive!"

"Who can tell? He is a gipsy, like yourself, and you well know that one of your race never forgives an injury, and values not his own life, so that he may be avenged on his enemy."

The Headsman brushed his clammy brow with the sleeve of his tunic, and was silent for a space. Then he swore a terrible oath, and through his clenched teeth, he marmured—

"Did you send for me to tell me this?"

"Oh no, my good friend," replied Vonved, with an imperceptible sneer, "far otherwise. I have merely alluded to the fact to inform you that I happen to know more of the peculiarly entertaining adventures of your early life than the world in general. What interest can I have in your youthful peccadilloes? What care I for the death-feud betwixt you and Lods Stav?"

"Ay, what indeed! For this hour to-morrow you will be under my hands—in Kongens Nytorv!" brutally exclaimed the Headsman, with a hideous laugh.

"Just so: there—or elsewhere!"

"Elsewhere!" echoed the Headsman, with a cunning leer. "These walls are very thick, Captain Vonved, and your fetters are of the toughest wrought iron, from the mines of Dan-nemora, and your guards will not sleep at their posts, and I do not think that General Poulsen will permit a priest to visit you to-night, for he remembers how deftly you availed yourself of such a privilege when in charge of Baron Leutenberg, at Kronborg?"

"And so you believe that ere this time to-morrow I shall be on the scaffold in Kongens Nytorv?"

"Where else should you be?"

"Where, indeed! And now let us talk of that scaffold, and your own duties and experiences, for one in my situation naturally takes an interest in such things."

"At your service, Captain Vonved," promptly responded the Headsman,

who had already resumed his usual callous air.

"You have been a long while an inmate of this citadel?"

"Twenty years. Five as assistant, and fifteen as headsman."

"And will they not some day set you free in reward for your long and faithful services?"

"I do not expect it, and I do not desire it. I have long outlived all relish for liberty."

"What! do you not wish you could once more resume your old profession?"

"No: I prefer ease and safety within these walls."

"Then you are happy here?"

"I have plenty to eat, plenty to drink, and nine days out of ten nothing to do but amuse myself. I drink brændeviin, I smoke, I dice with the warders and soldiers, I tell them stories of my adventures, I laugh, I joke, I snap my fingers at care and at time, and I sleep like a dormouse. Thus I live like a prince."

"Of gipsies—yes! Ah, my friend, you are better than a prince—you are a profound philosopher. And so you sleep like a dormouse? Do you ever dream?"

"Not I!"

"See, now," exclaimed Vonved, "what a blessed thing it is to possess a peaceful spirit, an innocent mind, and a conscience void of offence! It enables a man to enjoy dreamless sleep. How I envy you, Ole Hustru!"

The Headsman did not much relish this irony, and he doggedly retorted—

"You will very soon sleep more soundly than ever I have done, Captain Vonved!"

"You think death is a perpetual sleep?"

"Ay."

"And dreamless?"

"Ay."

"'Tis the Atheist's miserable creed: and now I know why you can sleep so soundly in this life, and why visions of the past never haunt your midnight pillow, I cease to envy you."

"I care not. All's one to me."

Lars Vonved's eyes flashed.

"What have you there?"

"The tools I use."

"So: a good workman is known by the condition in which he keeps his tools. Are yours in order for service?"

"You shall see."

The Headsman untied the leathern thongs which secured the mouth of the bag, and first drew forth an immense broadsword in a wooden scabbard, painted red. This he unsheathed, and displayed a blade fully five feet in length, dazzlingly bright, and its single edge sharp as a razor. It was fitted to a steel hilt, having a cross-guard of twisted wrought iron, and the round handhold, covered with brass wire, was nearly a foot long, so that ample space was afforded to grasp it with both hands. Near the hilt the blade was little more than two inches broad, but it gradually widened to the extremity, where its breadth was six inches. The back was an inch thick, and in it a large quantity of quicksilver was impermeably enclosed in a groove, so that when the sword descended the heavy subtle fluid coursed swiftly downward, and materially increased the momentum of the stroke. Along the middle of the blade was inscribed in Gothic characters, "*Vim vi repellere licet.*"

This ponderous and frightful instrument the Headsman whirled around his head, its polished blade flashing like a broad gleam of silvery moonshine in the sombre dungeon.

"Ha! ha!" grinned he, what think you of this charming tool, Captain Vonved?"

"A sword," replied the Rover, with curling lip and an irrepressible glance of proud disdain, "is the only tool fit for the hand of a gentleman; but *that!*"

"Ay, what of this?"

"'Tis not a sword—'tis a butcher's cleaver."

"Nay, Captain Vonved, 'tis a sword—the goodly Sword of Justice."

"Then all I have to say, Ole Hustru, is, that such a Sword of Justice is only fit to be wielded by—yourself!"

"And no man can wield it better!" cried the Headsman, fiercely, as he dexterously swung it around and plunged it to-and-fro with as much ease as though it were a light rapier. "Think what you please, Captain Vonved, but with this same good blade I have eternally divorced trunk and head, body and soul, of many a brave and stalwart fellow, and never did one complain that I did my duty in an unworkmanlike fashion!"

"Does one stroke suffice?"

"With me it does—a bungler might have to strike thrice. Only once in my life have I failed to decapitate with a single blow."

"The solitary failure evinces your skill, even as an exception proves a rule. Still it would be annoying. To what did you attribute it?"

"The fellow was properly bound down, but he drew back his stupid head at the very instant my sword descended, so that it struck the back of his skull instead of the neck."

"Probably the poor man was slightly nervous?"

"Nervous! ay, he was a wretched creature. He murdered his wife's grandmother; and, idiot-like, he voluntarily gave himself up and confessed the deed!" contemptuously exclaimed the Headsman.

"It must require strength, skill, and practice to wield that weapon," remarked the Rover.

"That it does, Captain Vonved. See."

As he uttered the last word the Headsman firmly grasped the hilt of the sword with both hands, rapidly whirled the blade in a perfect circle thrice round his head from left to right, and then caused it to descend like a flash of light sheer down on the oaken block, in which it buried itself to the very back, and when he released his hold the projecting portion of the blade quivered tremulously.

The Headsman turned and looked at Lars Vonved, as if to bespeak his admiration.

The latter fully appreciated the singular example of skill and strength he had witnessed, and nodded complacently and approvingly.

"Who taught you that stroke?"

"Ha! is it not fine? is it not beautiful?" enthusiastically responded the Headsman. "Who taught it me? Why, my old predecessor gave me some hints, and I improved on them myself; but I don't mind confessing to you, Captain Vonved, that I chiefly learnt it from a John Chinaman."

"A Chinaman? That was droll, i' faith."

"Yes. You doubtless have heard that I, when a young fellow, was sent as a soldier to the West Indies, and for some insignificant acts of insubordination, and a few venial errors not worth mentioning, they thence drafted

me to the condemned regiment on the African coast. There was a Chinaman at the settlement who, in his own country, had been a headsman, and he had enjoyed more practice in seven days than I ever have had in as many years. He taught me the secret trick of the craft, though little did I then imagine I should ever have occasion to exercise it. But this does not immediately concern you, Captain Vonved, for you are not adjudged to the sword like an ordinary manslayer, but honoured with condemnation to the wheel."

Vonved did not reply to this dubious compliment, and the Headsman, by a powerful effort, extricated his deadly sword from the block. He critically ran his eye along the keen edge, and smiled with satisfaction when he noted that it was perfectly uninjured by the severe trial which it had undergone.

"After all, that is nothing astonishing," remarked Lars Vonved, "for the block is only oak. I have a straight two-edged Spanish blade, with which I have divided a piece of *lignum vitæ*, six inches square, at a single blow; and I have an Affghan yataghan which will sever a small bar of wrought iron without having its edge turned or injured."

"Kling-klang! this is only a simple Danish blade, but I would wager it against your Spanish cut-and-thrust and your Affghan yataghan. *Lignum vitæ* and wrought iron! Shoo-hoo!" growled Ole Hustru, shaking his head and leering incredulously, whilst he carefully resheathed his "Sword of Justice," and replaced it in the bag.

He next drew forth and displayed to Vonved a variety of the terrible mechanical appliances of his ghastly office. There were flat ropes composed of cords platted together, and used to bind the limbs of criminals on the scaffold; curiously shaped iron manacles for similar purposes; a sharp-pointed knife with a curved blade, used to rip out the heart of any hapless creature condemned to undergo the extreme and barbarous punishment for high treason; and various other instruments, each of which, owing to the special use to which it was dedicated, would have excited a visible shudder of horror in any man less stolid than Lars Vonved. He, however, regarded these successive ob-

jects with intelligent curiosity, but without the slightest manifestation of disgust or dread, and he calmly listened to the professional elucidations of the Headsman without betraying a shadow of dismay or apprehension at their obvious personal application.

At last Ole Hustru, with a diabolical grin, drew forth a round bar of polished wrought iron, about three feet in length, and fully two inches in diameter. A piece of leather was tightly stitched around eight inches of one extremity to serve as a hand-hold. A person unsuspecting of the use of this bar might very naturally have imagined it to be a lever detached from some piece of machinery, but the Rover recognised it at once as the abhorrent medium of that fiend-like punishment called "breaking alive upon the wheel"—the doom which he himself was condemned so shortly to undergo. To assert that he gazed at it with unshrinking eyes, an unmoved countenance, and with unquailing spirit is the truth, and yet he was secretly conscious that only by the sternest exertion of his proud, defiant *will* was he enabled to repress the instinctive feeling of nameless horror and hate which crept round the fibres of his heart, and tingled at its very core. But he succeeded in maintaining his usual outward impassibility, and neither by look, nor word, nor gesture did he betray to the observant Headsman the hidden feeling.

"What do you call that, Herr Headsman?"

"Jernkys!"

"Iron-kiss! Iron-devil, you mean?"

"As you please, Captain Vonved, but every thing has a name—and a use."

Ole Hustru nodded significantly as he uttered this, and gently rubbed the jernkys on the sleeve of his tunic.

"When did you use it last?" abruptly asked Vonved.

"Three years ago come Juul-tide" (Christmas).

"Upon whom?"

"One Jobel, a peasant."

"What had he done?"

"Waylaid Baron Rensvold of Kioge, and murdered him within sight of his own castle. A peasant who kills his lord is invariably honoured with the wheel."

"Did revenge prompt him to commit the deed?"

"Why, yes, Captain Vonved, there was little doubt of that. The Baron had wronged him in a manner you can easily imagine."

"And that jernkys—is it the one always used?"

"It is. My predecessor, like myself, never used any other."

"Tell me, now, Ole Hustru," said Vonved, with a slightly perceptible degree of huskiness in his tone, and with a peculiar utterance, like one who forces himself to seek information on a topic at once personally painful and fascinating, "how many times have you stood by the wheel with that jernkys in your hand?"

"I hardly remember, but from first to last, I have used it a score of times at least. They don't often send a man to the wheel now-a-days: it is reserved for first-rate outlaws who have distinguished themselves from the common herd, and to them it is assigned as a peculiar honour and privilege!"

"How many blows do you give?"

"Eight."

"In what manner?"

"The condemned is bound on the wheel with this rope, which is passed through eye-bolts in the planks, so that his limbs are kept apart and immovably secured. The wheel is mounted so as to revolve some feet clear of the platform of the scaffold. I take my position thus"—(the Headsman drew himself up, with his right foot a little in advance, and the jernkys grasped by both hands and uplifted straight above his head)—"and when a signal is given, my assistant at the other edge of the wheel causes it to slowly turn round, and I successively break the legs, the thighs, and the arms—the latter in two places. The affair, you see, is very simple, and my duty is performed in three minutes."

"Have you never to strike twice on the same part?"

"Never: one blow always suffices."

"And nothing more is done?"

"No: after that he remains on the wheel until he dies."

"Does not loss of blood speedily end his sufferings?"

"There is rarely any blood shed—sometimes not a drop."

"The torture undergone must be fearful?"

"Some men suffer much more than

others. I have known several who never uttered cry nor groan after the first few strokes: others shriek until their tongues stiffen in death."

"How long does a man usually linger?"

"Some men die in a single hour, others linger from twenty to thirty hours. There is no certainty. All depends on their strength and on the weather."

"The weather! What can the weather matter?"

"Very much. All men on the wheel scream for water to assuage their burning thirst, but the law forbids a single drop to be given them. Doctors say that if they were allowed to drink a copious draught of water they would forthwith die. In very cold or very hot weather the strongest man soon expires, but in mild, rainy weather he survives many hours. No one in my experience lived so long on the wheel as Andreas Wigdahl, the parricide. I heard him moan forty-four hours after he had been broken."

"Is man justified in condemning even the vilest monster to a death like this?" murmured Lars Vonved, rather speaking to himself than addressing the Headsman. "Life for life may be right and justifiable, but to kill by forty-four hours of slow torture is inhuman."

"Courage, Captain Vonved! All Copenhagen will await you in Kongens Nytorv to-morrow, and you will die like a hero!"

"There is no heroism in the act of dying," coldly responded the Rover; "'tis the life a man lives that renders him a hero, and not the death he dies."

"Well, some people call you a hero—that's all I know."

"I am not a hero, Ole Hustru, but a very miserable man, for I shall never more enjoy a dreamless sleep—like you."

"Kling-klang! you will yet sleep as sound as a rock."

"In this life?"

"Ay, to-night, I'll warrant you. All men sleep soundly the night before their execution."

"Is that true, Ole Hustru?"

"So true that I never knew more than a single exception to the rule."

"'Tis marvellous. What is the reason?"

"Shoo-hoo! I never gave a thought about it, but I know 'tis so."

"And at what hour to-morrow will they lead me forth?"

"At the usual hour, I suppose."

"When is that?"

"Nine o'clock, or ten, at latest."

Vonved mused awhile, and then resumed his queries.

"You say you give eight blows with the jernkys; but is not a ninth sometimes ordered?"

"It is."

"By way of a death-blow?"

"Yes. We call it the 'mercy stroke.'"

"How is it given?"

"Across the breast, directly over the heart. It kills instantly."

"Who gives you the order?"

"The Captain of the Guard round the scaffold; but he dare not give it on his own authority. Sometimes, and especially of late years, it has been ordered to follow immediately after the eighth blow, so in that case all is quickly over."

"Do you think the 'mercy stroke' will be accorded me?"

"I have heard that it will not. They say the King will not grant an atom of mercy to you."

Vonved's hands clenched and his eyes flashed at this cruel announcement, and the Headsman silently chuckled, anticipating an outburst of passion on the part of the condemned; but Vonved simply said—

"May King Frederick meet with more mercy in his hour of need than he wills to grant unto me in mine!"

A long silence ensued. Vonved appeared to grow abstracted and oblivious of the presence of the Headsman, for he fixed his gaze steadily on the dungeon floor, and stirred neither hand nor foot.

Ole Hustru carefully replaced every article in the leathern bag, and secured its mouth. Then he folded his arms, and looked curiously at the inert figure of the Rover. The Headsman was puzzled. He was perfectly aware that Lars Vonved had some secret motive in obtaining the interview, and that all their previous conversation was, so to speak, mere skilful skirmishing preliminary to the real assault of arms. "What does he want? What subtle scheme is he brooding over? Does he imagine he can dupe or foil me?" thought the Headsman.

Still Vonved remained motionless.

"Captain Vonved," remarked the

Headsmen, at length, "if it pleases you, I will now retire."

Vonved slowly raised his head, and without noticing the question, said—

"Herr Headsmen, what salary do they pay you?"

"Twenty-five specie-dalers (£5 12s. 6d.) the year."

"That is very little for services such as yours."

"Truly it is, Captain Vonved; but I also receive the same daily rations as a private soldier, and then I have my perquisites and fees."

"Ah, I forgot them. What do they allow you for an execution?"

"Five specie-dalers per man."

"So, so," muttered Vonved, and again he lowered his eyes.

"He is coming to the point," thought the Headsmen, now all keen attention, and vigilantly observant.

Suddenly Vonved looked up, and in a low, significant tone remarked—

"I warrant you find no difficulty in spending your salary and your fees within these walls?"

The Headsmen shrugged his shoulders, and grinned a decided negative.

"How does the money chiefly go, eh?"

"Thor's Hammer! you need not ask that, Captain Vonved. The dice-box and the brandy flask, and a few little luxuries besides, swallow up all I can get before it burns a hole in my pouch."

"Then you could pleasantly spend more if you had it?"

"Tordner! yes, a hundred times more. When business is slack, and no fees nor perquisites drop in, I often have not a mark in my pouch for weeks at a spell; and as the canteen won't fill my flask, on credit, and nobody will throw dice with me for love, I e'en am compelled to growl over my dry rations, and coil myself up to sleep away the time."

"That is excessively trying to your temper. Even a headsmen's life has its drawbacks, I perceive. Come now, Ole Hustru," added Vonved, in a frank confidential way, "suppose I could show you a way how to replenish your pouch with money enough to enable you to jovially rattle the dice, and drain the flask for a twelvemonth to come—what would you say?"

The Headsmen's eyes flashed and

glittered, and he drew a deep inspiration.

"I'll do any thing for gold—any thing I can do safely."

"Just so: I see we shall soon understand one another."

"I said safely, Captain Vonved," reiterated the Headsmen, with emphasis, "whatever you require must be within my power to perform safely and—honourably."

"My excellent friend," blandly replied Vonved, with a courteous smile, "how can you for a moment imagine I would desire you to do aught for me which could possibly endanger your safety, disturb your peace of mind, burthen your tender conscience with remorse, or be derogatory to your stainless honour?"

"By Odin and Wodin! speak your mind, Captain Vonved, for we may be interrupted ere long. What am I to do?"

"A simple and easily performed service, for which you shall receive this as earnest-money," and Vonved drew forth a purse from his bosom, and clinked its captive coins. His wife had amply supplied him with gold.

The Headsmen listened with a gloating visage to the metallic sounds, and involuntarily, as it were, he cried, "Hvormgeet?"

"Ten. Frederik d'ors fresh from the royal mint. See!" and he rolled them out in the palm of his hand and made them ring on the bench. Their soft, yet clear auriferous tinkle discoursed delicious music to the greedy ears of the Headsmen.

"You say that will be earnest-money only?"

Vonved nodded, and carefully replaced the glittering gold coins in the purse.

"And how much after the service is rendered?"

"Thrice this sum."

"Will that be after your death?"

"Ay."

"I suspected as much," cried the Headsmen, with a disappointed air. "In that case, who is to pay me?"

"It would not be prudent to name the party."

"Then what security have I for the payment?"

"My word of honour."

Ole Hustru shook his head, and gravely intimated that in his private

opinion words of honour were mere breath.

"What!" laughed Vonved, "is not the honour of a Rover as good as that of a headsman? By paying you earnest-money I trust to your honour, and it is only reasonable you should trust to mine in return. The security is all on your side."

"What am I to do?" reiterated the Headsman.

"Give me the mercy stroke to-morrow," answered Vonved, speaking slowly and emphatically.

"Impossible, Captain Vonved."

"Why so? Where there's a will there's a way."

"I dare not do it without a special order."

"But cannot you do it—by accident?"

"Such an accident never happens."

"Bah! there must be a precedent. Thus it will come to pass: your assistant turns the wheel too rapidly, and causes you to miscalculate your stroke, so that the very first blow of the jernkys falls across my heart, and I am thus spared all the torture of being broken alive. You comprehend, my friend?"

The Headsman mused ere he replied—

"It could only be done by the connivance of my assistant."

"Well?"

"He must be bribed."

"Just so. Every man has his price, it is said. What would buy him, do you think?"

"He would require the half of what that purse contains, and he would then have me in his power, and might betray me."

"Not so, Ole Hustru, your fears are chimerical. The gentleman in question dare not betray you for his own sake, besides which, he is doubtless a man of honour—like his master."

The Headsman indulged in a harsh grating laugh, and rubbed his hands across his breast. Their palms were visibly itching to clutch the gold.

Vonved produced a small rouleau, which he unwrapped, and displayed five more Frederik d'ors, which he had kept in reserve.

"Here," said he, "is the *douceur* for your assistant. See! I add it to your ten pieces in the purse. And now, do you agree to my proposal?"

"Do you pledge your honour, Cap-

tain Vonved, that I shall be paid the other thirty Frederik's promised?"

"I do; provided it comes to pass that the *first* time your jernkys descends it gives the mercy stroke effectually. In that case a sure hand will convey to you the thirty Frederik's within twenty-four hours from this time."

"Then I swear to do it, Captain Vonved!"

The Rover at once tossed the purse to the outstretched hand of the Headsman, who greedily clutched it, and then balanced it a moment in his palm, as though the weight of so small a bulk gave him peculiar satisfaction, ere he carefully deposited it in a leathern pouch within the bosom of his tunic.

"Remember, Ole Hustru, five of those pieces are the retaining fee of your worthy assistant."

"Trust me, Captain Vonved, he shall have his *drikke-penge*" (drink-money).

"And one word more. Beware," cried Vonved, menacingly, "that you do not deceive me, nor betray my confidence, for if you do, I have friends who will take your life as surely as you stand there."

The Headsman's lurid eyes glared savagely at this threat, but it obviously startled him.

"What would you have?" sullenly retorted he. "I have sworn to faithfully earn your red gold, and the treble curse of Odin rest upon my head if I break my oath to you."

"So be it, Ole Hustru. And now you can go."

Without another word the Headsman seized his bag, lifted his hand to his forehead in military salute, and strode to the dungeon door, at which he hammered with his fist. The bolts were promptly withdrawn, the grim Headsman passed into the vaulted corridor, the ponderous door was reclosed and secured, and Lars Vonved was once more alone.

On to his feet sprang the fettered captive, and his countenance underwent an instantaneous change.

"Pah," ejaculated he, "I now can breathe freely. The revolting presence of that arch miscreant polluted even the air of this dungeon. I've played my cards and he has played his, and I am the winner. I could read every thought of that

monstrous wretch in the changes and flashes of his serpent's eyes and ape's features. Ah, Ole Hustru, thou art intensely cunning, but wisdom was denied thee from thy birth. Thou art now gone in hot haste to General Poulsen, to whom thou wilt reveal all that has passed within these four walls during our interview. Be it so. I care not. My end is served."

It was even so. Lars Vonved's sole object throughout the mysterious interview was to bribe the Headsman, and to affect to believe that the wily villain would really earn his reward, present and prospective, in the manner stipulated. But Vonved knew well that the Headsman would not run the risk of severe punishment by giving the mercy stroke unauthorized, and he also knew that when Ole Hustru appeared to believe that he would receive thirty pieces of gold after the service undertaken, that the cunning hypocrite secretly thought otherwise. In brief, the

Headsman had no faith in Vonved's promise of a further reward after the service required was performed, and he moreover never intended to redeem his own pledge. Still the Headsman firmly believed that Vonved trusted him and relied on his pledge. This was precisely the impression that Vonved desired to convey—his end therein was gained. That end was simply to impress the Commandant of the citadel, and the authorities generally, with a profound conviction, that he, Lars Vonved, finally hopeless of escape, was naturally desirous to avoid a lingering death of horrible torture on the wheel, by bribing the Headsman to give him the coup-de-grace, or mercy stroke, by the first blow of the jern-kys.

At ten o'clock that night Amalia Vonved was admitted to visit her husband for the last time, and precisely at midnight she bade him farewell.

RAIN IN SEPTEMBER.

O SWEET September rain!
 I hear it fall upon the garden-beds,
 Freshening the blossoms which begin to wane;
 Or 'tis a spirit who treads
 The humid alleys through—
 Whose light wings rustle in the avenue—
 Whose breath is like the rose,
 When to the dawn its petals first uncloze.
 Swift, swift, the dancing lines
 Flash on the water, brim the dusky pool,
 Brim the white cups of bindweed, where it twines
 Amid the hedgerows cool.
 Eastward cloud-shadows drift
 Where the wet Autumn breeze is flying swift—
 Bending the poplar tree—
 Chasing white sails along the misty sea.
 Drenching the dry brown turf,
 Softening the naked cornland for the plough,
 Fretting with bells of foam the eddying surf,
 Loading the heavy bough
 With moisture, whose relief
 Slakes the hot thirst of every porous leaf—
 O sweet September rain!
 We welcome thee across the Western main.
 This earth is very fair,
 Whereon with careless thankful hearts we stand:
 A sphere of marvels is this coiling air,
 Girdling the fertile land;
 There the cloud-islands lie—
 There the great tempests do arise and die—
 The rain is cradled there,
 Falls on the round world, makes it green and fair.

Unfelt, unseen, unheard,
 The rain comes sudden from the concave sky :
 Even so the human spirit oft is stirred
 Most imperceptibly :
 Rustle as if of rain
 Heard in the chambers of our heart's lone fane—
 Breath as of freshened flowers
 Whose odour perished in the sultry hours.

A mystery lurks within
 Our hearts ; we live a false factitious life.
 Earth trembles with inexpiable sin :
 Wherefore its outer life
 Falls gross upon our ears,
 Deadening the delicate music of the spheres—
 Seems unto us the best,
 So that we know not love, we know not rest.

Only sometimes we lie
 Where Autumn sunshine streams like purple wine
 Through dusky branches, gazing on the sky,
 And shadowy dreams divine,
 Our troubled hearts invest
 With the faint fantasy of utter rest—
 And for one moment we
 Hear the long wave-roll of the Infinite Sea.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

POLITICAL CHRONICLE.

If faith may be reposed in the programme sketched in the memorable letter addressed, *Mon cher Persigny*, chroniclers of future political events will have an easy time. They may cease from racking their wits to discover the probable intentions of the imperial janitor of the Temple of Janus, and please themselves in tracing his progress in those interior ameliorations, moral developments, and augmentations of the resources of France, which form, he observes, a field vast enough for his ambition and sufficient to satisfy it. Entertaining a sincere admiration for his Imperial Majesty, our interest and sentiments also regard his immediate posterity, since we should rejoice to see him take steps calculated to make the throne of France constitutional and hereditary, and therefore secure ; and this interest extends not only to his son and, may we say, heir, but to the avuncular ancestor from whom he may almost be said to have inherited his sceptre. Taking up lately the "Memorial de St. Hélène," its leaves opened, as if we were trying *sortes Virgilianæ*, at the anecdote of the exiled Emperor, one day, during a ride, on seeing a plough at work, dismounting, and taking the stils, try-

ing his hand at making a furrow. Had he evinced an agricultural taste on the large field *La belle France* offered him, he might have never left her for that rugged rock.

Considering how strong is the influence of the personal character of a king upon politics, especially where the monarch is despotic, some brief remarks on the qualities of the present Emperor of the French are not out of place when discussing his political programme.

The character of Napoleon the Third seems to partake of the peculiarities of his quiet father as well as of his restless uncle : the former, not abiding the turmoil his crown caused him, quitted Holland and royalty for Gratz and private life, was notable for studious habits, his mind, insensible to the love of power, being open to the vanity of authorship, and he was esteemed for acts of charity and kindness. When Napoleon the First became a father, friends of peace fondly hoped he would avoid exposing his son's inheritance to new hazards, and would apply himself to domestic policy ; but this expectation proved vain, for conquerors are not cast in the mould of common men. Had Alexander been Ephestion, he

would not have done like Alexander. The difficulties encountered by Bonaparte before he converted his elective station, as First Consul, into an hereditary claim on the throne, are of such a nature and extent in the public mind of France at this day, as to embarrass the present Emperor; for a large portion of the nation entertains ideas of the advantages of a Republican form of government. In his recent epistle, he declares :—"I have great conquests to make, but only in France." Assuredly the best conquest he could make would be to wean Frenchmen in favour of Republicanism, and attach them to a safer system of government, by giving proof of its value. Ready ranged on his side are the prudent and largest party who, remembering the fate of Poland, and fearing in prospect the internal storms inseparable from elective monarchy of an ancient nation, divided into factions, ask how is it possible to calculate upon free and conscientious votes in a country devoted to luxury, and where all are scrambling for places and promotion; and they dread lest surrounding foreign Powers should profit by dissensions among parties who have given up none of their hopes, and whose animosities would be kept alive by election. To all lovers of security, as guaranteed by the hereditary principle, the sight of *Le Prince Imperial* is a happiness; he is to them "the hope of France," and they are eager to obtain an idea of his future character.

The subordinate question as to the establishment of what is almost indispensable to an hereditary throne, an hereditary senate, whose support shall be that of a wealthy, well educated, intelligent, and independent *corps d'élite*, has been recently revived, and its discussion must be deemed a notable sign of the times, having plainly been promoted by the court, to test the temper of the country. The First Napoleon allowed his pride to forbid concession (at the time he was declared Emperor) to the declared wishes of his senate, that the office of senator should be hereditary, that the senate should have a legislative veto, and should specially guard personal freedom and the liberty of the Press. Subsequently he became wiser, and sought out and conciliated the old nobility. "It is

among these men," said he, "that all the great estates may still be found, and through their wealth they exercise a degree of influence of which the government ought to enjoy some of the benefit." At the sitting of his Council of State, in 1806, he said :—

"The legislative body ought to be composed of members who, after their term of service expires, should be able to maintain themselves on their fortunes, without having places given them. . . . The men I should like to see in the legislature are old landed proprietors, married, as it were, to the State by their family connexions, or by their profession, and thus more or less attached to public life. . . . The charm which belongs to great authority and high consideration in society would counteract the repugnance which, in some countries, men of easy fortunes feel for office, and where, in consequence, the government falls into the hands of blockheads and intriguers."

The British public, who frequently read reproaches against men like the Earl of Derby and the Dukes of Newcastle and Argyle, for their supposed attachment to "quarter day," readily understand that foreign ministers, unborn to long rent-rolls, find that sweet day of office almost indispensable. Our dukes and lords, when ousted from the government, can retire to mansions not yielding in comfort to the palaces of the continent, and are more independent than foreign ministers, who are without large private fortunes, and await the pleasure of their Sovereign as to the amount of their retiring pensions. The First Bonaparte attempted to found a new aristocracy, being well aware that nobility is an essential ingredient in a State, a graceful medium of recompense, and an ornament and upholder of the throne. But it is easier to set up an overturned throne than to construct an aristocracy, and he was possessed with the presentiment that he was unable to found any thing permanent. In full council he exclaimed one day :—

"All this will last as long as I hold out, but when I am gone, my son may call himself a lucky fellow if he has a couple of thousands a year."

Paris was not built in a day. The present Emperor has better prospect of seeing an hereditary aristocracy forming itself round his throne, and several circumstances combine to ren-

der him more likely than his uncle to endeavour to secure the support of as large a portion as possible of both the old and new aristocracies. Meanwhile the order of nobility of France is in a disordered state, and such is the hankering after titles, that men will not be content to remain, as among us, wealthy commoners; and the representative system does not permit them to obtain power through its means. However, years are beginning to tell on Louis Napoleon, who never possessed his uncle's marvellous activity, and is likely to become inclined to surrender, by degrees, somewhat of his despotic authority to a Parliament, provided it were more reasonably constituted than the present Senate and Legislative body. The First Napoleon enjoyed a physical and mental constitution qualified to support the fatigues he heaped on it; the sittings of the Council never seemed too long for him. What a member of the British Parliament he would have made! He could have out-talked ten town members, and laid a score of county ones waste. In the laborious years of his Council during the Consulate, he never appeared fatigued. Then were framed the laws, the codes, the decrees, the regulations, the wonder-working centralized administration, which still govern France. He often presided over various committees from ten in the evening till five in the morning, and, having taken a bath, declared it worth four hours' sleep, and was ready to recommence work! An autocrat, or an Emperor, governing without a political constitution, requires a strong physical one. The late Czar of Russia did not want this latter qualification. Bonaparte surrendered power to no man, and would hardly have consented to give it up to a parliament. On his return from Elba, adversity having taught him a lesson, and after a cool examination of his position and interest, he was, at one time, willing to listen to advisers who preached the propriety of adopting liberal principles, such as permitting freedom of election and public discussions, making his ministers responsible to the law and legislature, and above all, liberty of the Press, which, he became convinced, it was absurd to stifle:—

"The nation must support me," he

declared, adding, "if it requires public liberty as a recompense, it shall have it. My situation is new. I demand nothing better than to be enlightened. I am awakened; one is not at forty-five years of age what one was at thirty. *The repose of a constitutional king may suit me. It will more assuredly suit my son.*"

This promising temper of mind did not last, if true it be, as is still reported, that when asked if he would consent to govern merely as a constitutional sovereign, his proud and active spirit rebelled:—"Non!" declared he, "*jamais je ne serais un cochon engraisé!*"

His nephew, now some ten years older than the uncle who thought repose might be convenient, is growing stout, and, in walking, supports himself with a stick. Meanwhile his child is but a mere infant, whose hands, even twenty years hence, would not hold the sceptre of France firmly, unless he were supported by such a system of government as would enable the throne of England to be occupied by an infant. A representative Lower House and an Upper one, modelled somewhat on ours, would be the best guarantees for domestic and foreign peace, and all its attendant liberties.

Liberty of the Press and the Emperor Napoleon are terms which, it was well observed, always growled at one another, whenever they came together. Despotism and freedom of the Press are incompatible; and the authority in question, no bad judge of the character of the French nation, declared it was such as to require that this liberty should be restricted. No master of hounds was more ready to lead his pack to the field, and none more determined to silence fighting and insubordination in the kennel; or at least, he took good care that no such master as the Press should be placed over him. He chafed and stormed at the insults cast on him by English newspapers, and had he been caught so napping in France as to have suffered a free Press, he could be compared to nothing but Gulliver in Lilliput, bound down by a multitude of petty cords, and shot at by a multitude of petty men, whenever he stirred hand or foot. According to the definition of one of the existing rights in this important matter, as given on the 13th June

last, by the President of the Senate, French "*citoyens*" enjoy the right to publish their opinions and grievances by way of the non-periodical Press, that is to say, in books and pamphlets. The cases, however, of M.M. de Montalembert, d'Haussonville, Vacherot, and Paradol, and other instances of prosecutions and seizures of books and pamphlets prove how ready their government is to dispute the legality of the views set forth in such publications. During the late attempt in the Corps Legislatif to introduce liberty of debate, some of the Paris newspapers espoused its cause as warmly as they could venture to do in a country where the following doctrine has been laid down by the Minister of the Interior :—

"An opposition journal, patronized by men of note and consideration, who combine, without distinction of party, talents recognised and sanctioned by public favour, would by these very circumstances produce a disquieting influence. The more a newspaper so conducted were Constitutional, the more care it took not to infringe the law; in a word, the more moderate it was, the greater the *inconvenience*."

Unfortunately the said minister has the power to enforce this doctrine, even to the extent, as he had just done, of forbidding the establishment of a journal whose constitutional views, to be set forth by writers in respectful and moderate tones, he deemed "disquieting." In reality then, this Minister of the Interior is the great Mogul of France, whose law-officer's duty is to crush any malapert fly of a newspaper that dares to disturb the ministerial repose! When will the administrators of a despotic government be ready to recognise that public opposition is requisite to keep them up to their work, and with pure and clean hands? If the ghost of Junius heard M. Billaud's doctrine, surely it would burst in anger (if sprites burst), in impotent and justly indignant rage, because it cannot write letters in *La Patrie*, denouncing, in elegant and nervous French, this unparalleled tyranny. The principal Paris reviews followed, last month, the lead of the daily journals, in discussing the extent to which speech in the legislative body and the printing press are free in France; the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the most

independent of those periodicals, giving an able and searching article by M. Saint Marc Girardin, entitled "L'Opinion Publique sous la Constitution de 1852," quoting, commenting on, and advancing four of the most remarkable works recently published on the serious subjects of the liberties and government of the French nation. According to the view taken by this distinguished writer, it is not the Emperor but his ministers who wish to extinguish freedom of discussion; and it is quite in the nature of men, in their respective positions, that this should be so. Some of the cases cited, in which newspapers have been "warned," prove how ridiculously and tyrannically this ministerial power has been exercised. One prefect actually threatened to suppress a country newspaper because it criticised the merits of a particular artificial manure. In point of fact the Cabinet ministers are, unlike ours, insufficiently responsible to the representative assembly, to courts of law, and to public opinion through the Press; the Senate is irresponsible to judgment through the latter medium, being mere nominees; and the legislative body being almost entirely made up of government candidates, forced on constituents, is not sufficiently responsible to the electors. No one, from the highest functionary, the Emperor, to his ministers, his senate, his legislators, and his satraps, is adequately responsible to the country.

This extreme defect in the governing constitution was strongly apparent when, upon war with Austria being initiated by the Emperor, visible uneasiness was manifested, particularly by the trading classes, who found themselves engaged in an aggressive war during a dream of peace. Yet what happened? Or rather, what did not occur? No petitions for the maintenance of peace were addressed to the Senate, because the country knows this body as the mere dependent tool of a despot. So no man said, what does the Senate think; what does the Senate wish? But simply, what does the Emperor intend? Those classic initials, S. P. Q. R., stamped on the standards bearing the Roman eagles, to show the authority on which the legions of the Roman Senate and people marched, have no equivalent under the eagles

of the Bonaparte empire. The *conscripti* of France are not *patres* seated in independent governing council, but conscript men trained to fight. The French, or to style them more correctly, the Modern Gauls, a great people, have surrendered their liberties to an elected ruler, who, instead of repaying the confidence by confining his care to the preservation of domestic tranquillity during a time when the national councils would be engaged in the work of placing these liberties on a solid and satisfactory basis, conceives it his interest to prevent free discussion and deliberation, and has of late years, in order to do so, kept continually on the move, thereby diverting the mind of the country from its real interests, and, indeed, from consideration of measures calculated to establish his dynasty.

Parliamentary government for France is feared by many men because of ill experiences. Yet the forms and ceremonies of a representative government are in use. Are they ever to continue little better than a theatrical representation? It was observed by a traveller in our own country, prior to the Union, that he could not regard the debates in the Dublin Parliament with much respect, being aware any decision arrived at might be nullified by a stroke of the English Attorney-General's pen. But the French are no dependent nation; they have a constitution, universal suffrage, elections, and deliberative bodies, and M. Girardin may justly ask, when will these find life and voice? Another review, the *Contemporaine*, humbly declares that the conduct of certain bold deputies—in having dared to apply a minute severity to the examination of the budget—far from being blamable, cannot be displeasing to the government; and that the attacks on the opposition prove the truth of the old proverb:—"There are always people more royalist than even the king himself."

"It would be giving a strange idea of the Emperor," says the writer, "to suppose that he wishes to see all the propositions of his Government voted without control and without discussion, and thus change, for his benefit, into a puerile game, the practice of the institutions he has given to France."

M. Léonce de Guiraud, in his recently published *Etude on the Corps*

Législatif, has taken the boldest and most obvious course towards extension of public liberties in a country which boasts of universal suffrage, by proclaiming it the duty of electors to look to the national interests. As is notorious, the methods by which the Government controls elections renders representation and responsibility nugatory.

Let us consider the late proof of universal irresponsibility among our allies, the recent letter to dear Persigny. What an undignified proceeding on the part of the ruler of France! It is to be feared he inherits a little of the wildness of the "Jupiter Scapin," his uncle, whose course was sometimes stranger than that of any of the wandering heavenly bodies, in throwing off forms and ceremonies in such solemn transactions as diplomacy, war, and marriage. Thus, his nephew indulges in personal interviews with crowned heads, and in public, familiar epistles to his ambassadors; and was lately so unkingly as to put himself, Bonaparte fashion, at the head of his invincible battalions; and, for aught we know to the contrary, might have despatched, like his uncle, a secret envoy to Austria, charged, without knowing it, to demand the hand of a princess of the House of Hapsburg in marriage. His free-spoken letter has naturally produced jealousy and anger in the subordinate "high quarters" in France, especially exciting the former passion in the Minister of Foreign Affairs, who could not like to see, himself previously unconsulted, his master laying bare to so large an extent the imperial wishes and intentions on important matters of foreign policy. Nor are Members of the Senate and Corps Legislatif flattered by seeing a foreign nation treated with more frankness than they themselves are accustomed to as bodies politic; while the army are displeased at allusion to defects in their body military. All the flattery of the letter is addressed to the English public, who are admitted into the confidence of the arbiter of the destinies of Europe upon his policy towards England, Italy, Turkey, and France, a confidence he does not extend to the great majority of inhabitants of the latter country. In fact, Louis Napoleon, intimately acquainted as he is with the character of Englishmen,

and, according to our belief, inclined to be their firm and friendly ally so long as he can possibly continue to be so, deals with them more like men than he does with his own subjects. This point brings us to some striking considerations regarding the Treaty of Commerce.

Plainly enough, the terms of this Treaty would have been so little popular among the French, that the Emperor would not divulge them until it was ratified; not scrupling, in this reticence, and act of monarchy, to try to force on France what she was not prepared to accept. Sudden changes were to be effected, of which the consequences were to be great, or the measure would be worthless; changes likely to endanger large branches of native industry for the benefit of others, and, therefore, menacing several important interests. Certainly, the alterations the Treaty rendered inevitable in private establishments and in the levying of the public revenue are not so revolutionary as those it necessitated in England, yet assuredly are of a nature to require the free and full consent of the national councils. However, a despotic government may, perhaps, force the competition of foreign producers upon its subjects without danger to its irresponsibility. The medicine may be good for the child, who must take it, whether he like the pill or no. But what is to be said of a responsible Ministry like the British, that kept a change so extreme wrapped up in the diplomatic pill-box until the time came for administering it, gilt and adorned by Gladstone with the glittering dazzle of his rhetoric? And the quackery having been swallowed, our political doctors pretended that Parliament could not freely discuss whether the physic is bad, because it has been prescribed by the Treaty, which interdicts any other remedy, at least as far as France is concerned. Allowing that the respective crowns of the two countries can do no wrong, the doctrine that our Ministers have done none in this instance, and this construction of the Treaty, cannot be maintained for a moment; but the mere fact that the latter argument has been advanced, shows how far freedom in dealing with British interests has been surrendered or shackled. Yet this is comparatively a trifle to the apparent design of

the chief concoctors of this commercial fetterlock, Messrs. Cobden, Bright, Gibson, and Gladstone, who seem to have deliberately determined to treat the nation like a child that is not to be trusted with money, lest it should become a spendthrift. In order to prevent war, these peacemongers have sought to render it impracticable by increasing the income-tax, and almost abolishing customs' duties, thereby perpetuating, with the design of hindering war, an impost hitherto considered as only leviable in time of war. Recognising, as we do, the necessity of a moderate tax on income, we, at the same time, strongly remonstrate against any attempt to increase this burden unduly. In our humble view, just taxation is by no means hateful, conceiving our "duty" should be rendered to Cæsar cheerfully: and to those who consider it, as our allies would say, a *triste nécessité*, it varies in forms and degrees of hatefulness. Thus, "protection" sweetens the payment of custom-house duties to the toiling masses, who are unable to trace out the fact that they are the chief sufferers by prices artificially raised. Public necessities require a revenue to meet them, and whether the yoke of the public burden is equitably adjusted on the necks of the propertied and unpropertied classes is a question we cannot attempt to decide. Manufacturers hail the rise of the income-tax, whether at home or in India, because its application, in diminishing custom duties, relieves their trade, and promises, by lightening the cost of articles used by the working classes, to allow wages to be lowered. In short, the dispute lies between money-makers and persons of fixed property as to who the tax-gatherer is to call most upon. No one defended customs' duties, save as a means of obtaining revenue preferable either to augmentation of the income-tax, or to increase of taxation on luxuries of ordinary consumption; but this large source of revenue has been sacrificed to the "ultra-commercial and peace-any-how party." The recent admission of Lord John Russell as to the adverse feeling of France to the Treaty shows how jealously she has guarded her interests, and how largely our Government has sacrificed the interests of their own countrymen.

Our part, as chroniclers, would be ill fulfilled if we failed to notice some democratic misconduct during the late debates on the paper-duty. "If the House of Commons lacks energy," wrote Mr. Cobden, envoy-extraordinary at Paris, "it is for the people to decide the part to take!" "It is necessary," cried an orator at a meeting in Westminster, "that 150,000 citizens of London assemble! It will be good that Whitechapel shall look Belgravia face to face, and St. Giles's come in contact with St. James's!" Surely Mr. Cobden is going beyond his mission in transforming himself into a tribune of the people. He has also perhaps exceeded it in his public speeches in Paris. However, the ideas he has doubtless gained by sojourn in that capital will assuredly increase his natural disposition towards peace; and we conceive he would be one of the last men to "invoke," in French revolutionary phrase, "a descent of the faubourgs," by way of intimidating the legislature of which he is a member. Peace at any price is the doctrine of his party—a party whose power the Emperor reckons when counting up the several sources of weakness in England. This clique, animated by an exaggerated commercial spirit, now ascribes the postponement of domestic legislative questions of reform to undue apprehensions with regard to foreign politics. Few members of this small minority have, however, exhibited such profound wisdom as to entitle their opinion to be preferred to that of the great majority, who have recently declared in favour of calming the public mind by indispensable steps, prior to leading it to the consideration of measures that certainly bear postponement. The day when disarmament of Great Britain isolates her from taking righteous part in foreign politics, and from all except fear of invasion, the cause of reform would be temporarily lost. This view is incontestable. Why, then, does that blind "peace party" object to sufficient defences, since these form the material guarantee of peace and progress? They trust in the words of the Emperor of the French; we think they will do well to believe and act on these reported words of his:—"Why does not the Government of England put their

country into such a state of defence as to render the idea of invasion ridiculous?"

Time alone can show whether the foreign and domestic policy of the Emperor of France will be conducted so as to fill up the peaceable and noble outline his masterly hand has sketched. Meanwhile, fair words, though good in themselves, have only the metaphorical quality, not the material, of butter; and the best guarantee for the performance of their promises would be reduction in the *matériel* of the imperial writer's navy and army. So long as these armaments are maintained at their present height, the duty is imposed on Great Britain of keeping up an amicable correspondence and a corresponding force. The imperial resolve to maintain a huge force is evidenced by his budget for 1861, asking for a vote of 445 millions of francs from his legislative body, a few independent members of which declared the required vote to be deceptive, in fact for 1,341 millions. Besides this provision for keeping up an enormous military establishment, the Emperor can always borrow billions of francs at will for war purposes. What is the purport of this monstrous, normal display of force? "Either," as the Marquis de Pierre observed, "France is afraid of Europe, or Europe of France."

"Europe," said he, "is very much afraid of France, whose army of 600,000 men is causing great disquietude; Chateaubriand had said, 'France is a soldier;' but even if France is the best soldier, would not the title of the 'best cultivator,' the 'best manufacturer,' be better worth having?"

Until the Ethiopian changes his skin, and the Zouave his bellicose nature, we must have a fleet, forces, and fortifications enough to cope with our warlike neighbour. The large majority by which, on the division in the House of Commons, the principle of protecting our dock-yards by land-works was affirmed, is the proof of the growing, general sense of the need of complete national defences. The day will also assuredly come, when some sufficient stronghold will be constructed in our own country, which has so frequently been selected by hostile nations as a point of attack. Up to the present time, some central

post, surrounded by fortified lines, or at least, breastworks, is wanting. All the best soldiers the world ever saw have economized life by the use of such fortifications as it was in their power to make. If we cast our eyes over the face of this island, we see everywhere the ancient entrenchments called raths, the work of the once terrible Daues; and we may still see trenches formed by the first Norman invaders, as those thrown up by Fitz-Stephen at Baganbun, "where Ireland was lost and won," and by the same prudent general at Ferry-Carrig, in imitation of Roman camps, which are so numerous in the sister country. The very word "fort" signifies strong. Our native Gael even excelled their invaders in providing rude fortresses, having been used to convert a whole forest into a fastness, by cutting down trees on either side the road through it, and plashing or interlacing the boughs and branches, so as to form breastworks. Again, the name of the English "Pale," so famous in ages when, protected by a few castles, small knots of colonists kept hold of the fertile plains round Dublin in the teeth of hordes of fierce wood and mountain clansmen, was derived from the practice of fortifying towns, such as Naas and Kildare, with palings or palisades. If we shall not be deemed too inquisitive, we would ask where would the reserve of the forces be posted in case of an invasion: for unless the spot is previously decided on, as say the Curragh, and fortified, the army would have no more defences than what it could hastily construct; while no one need be reminded that the great art in war is to choose a good position for making a stand. The Duke of Wellington examined and fortified the lines of Torres Vedras a year before he had occasion to make use of them, and long before the battle of Waterloo was fought, had marked out this field as the probable scene of a future exploit.

According to military organs, the number of new regiments of the line to be added to the army, in consequence of the extinction of the local European force in India, will be nine altogether, of which three will be cavalry and six infantry. This addition to the forces gives, it appears, an opportunity for introducing, in its

special case, a system of promotion which is preferable for, at the least, a portion of the army. In these regiments promotion will not be regulated by the purchase system: but will be more on the old Indian system of pure regimental seniority, tempered, however, by selection, especially in the higher grades. It is believed that it is not at present contemplated to interfere with the organization of the Bombay and Madras cavalry:—on this latter point we can offer no opinion, but are convinced that improved organization of the British imperial army is an affair hardly yielding in importance to any government question of the day. The Emperor of the French has recently observed that foreigners saw only the bright side of his army during the Italian campaign, but that he perceived its defects, and is endeavouring to remedy them. On the other hand, the defects of the Indian army showed themselves palpably to the whole world, and measures calculated to incorporate the forces employed in Hindostan with the regular army, and to improve their allegiance and general utility, are worthy of frequent consideration. With regard to the French army, that *élan* or dash which the Emperor deprecated in any extravagant form, by warnings he proclaimed before marching against the enemy, is understood to have proceeded to lengths that brought down strong animadversions from superior officers upon the culpable men and officers, and has caused much apprehension for the future. It seems that so irrepressible is the *furor Francese* in battle, and so eager are young officers and men to distinguish themselves, they frequently break the ranks and rush forward, leaving their commanding officers behind, and doing mischief, by doing what they were not ordered to do, to the extent of throwing whole regiments into confusion. This extreme result of conferring decorations and promotion for prominent services has not, we believe, evinced itself to any thing approaching the same evil degree in the British army, because honours and rewards are more sparingly held out to our men. In comments on the former organization of our Indian army, French writers objected that the natives were not sufficiently admitted to rise to the

higher grades, numerous cases occurring in which young Englishmen, with blonde moustaches, came to command subalterns of Indian birth and veteran services. The hot blood of Bengalee Brahmins could not brook the indignity, and hence the revolt. Approaching the question of continuing to employ native garrisons in Hindostan with much diffidence, we will, however, venture an opinion, that it is highly desirable to exhibit confidence in whatever native officers it may be deemed expedient to employ, and to show it to the extent of admitting them freely to the superior ranks of the service.

Turning from Hindostan home, thoughts for the security of that great Empire immediately contemplate the probability of the French making Syria a basis of operations against our Indian possessions. There undoubtedly is sufficient reason for armed interference either to enforce or to deal out chastisement to the guilty in the late horrible massacre of Christians. Yet the religious question must not be suffered to complicate the political one dangerously. This age is too intelligent, and understands the spiritual nature of true religion sufficiently not to admit of a "Crusade" with objects such as, in the twelfth century, sent the kings of France and England, at the head of an enthusiastic but short-sighted army of warriors, to wrest the Holy Sepulchre from the Paynim, to seize places which the sterility of the soil forbade them to hold. Nothing was gained by that uncalculating expedition, save glory to France, from the fact that one of her paladins was crowned king of Jerusalem, and some valuable tempering of the rigour of feudal tenure in England. Within our own day, France, ever mindful of the military exploits of her sons, has revived and perpetuated the memory of the exploits of the noble bands led to Palestine by Philip Augustus and Godfrey of Bouillon. The verse of Ariosto and chronicles of Joinville are illustrated by splendid paintings in the palace of Versailles, depicting *Jerusalem Liberata* in the richest colours of the limner's art. From them the visiter passes on to pictures of French triumphs in Egypt, whence General Bonaparte hoped to spring, like the lion of the

desert, upon India; and the next scene is Algeria, where Abd-el-Kadir and his tributary hordes yield to Gallic Zouaves and Chasseurs d'Afrique. Syria is the key to Egypt, and the road to Hindostan is through Egypt, so that any extension of French interference in Syria, such as would cause an over-prolonged occupation of this tempting country, might lead to war between the maritime powers. Such occupation is not requisite for coercing the Sublime Porte to maintain better government there; but unquestionably, until certain reforms are enforced upon Turkey, her condition may at any time again involve Europe in war. Hitherto, a great conflict of religious and governmental principles has been kept at a distance by palliatives; but we are rapidly being brought in presence of that tremendous war, which has so long been impending. At least, this is the view taken by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, long our ambassador in Constantinople, whose experience entitles his opinion to be heard with the utmost respect, and whose services in checking the ambition of Russia deserve his country's gratitude. Should this power ever combine with France to dismember the Ottoman empire, England must either look on, or prepare for an unwanted struggle. Whatever may be the attitude of the present Czar, his vast empire, it must be borne in mind, wants a convenient metropolis, a capital more suitably situated than Petersburg, which is frozen up half the year, and, by its remote position, is too distant as a seat of government, and virtually isolates its court from taking the warm part it would wish whenever European politics become heated. For the present, the Czar is occupied with excellent interior reforms, and "the interest of France is that Turkey should live as long as possible," writes Napoleon, with commendable frankness. Nothing has been plainer in the past policy of the Emperor of the French than that, allying himself with constitutional states, he has weakened the military power of his brother emperors. From this fact we incline to conceive him favourable to enlargement of the constitutional system in his own country, provided he could believe his subjects are fit for it; and we venture to say

that so far as British diplomacy may respectfully interpose an opinion in this most important foreign question, its best tact and exertions should be employed in the direction of fostering the yearning of our allies for gradual approximation to self-government. Look at the contrast now afforded between despotic and self-governing states. Compare society in Petersburg, where the Press, periodic or otherwise, is prohibited from free discussion of politics, and in Paris, where the same prohibition is maintained in a minor degree, to the social state of the centre of English politics, where men's minds are not suppressed and emasculated, where conversation is not almost inevitably frivolous or debasing, and where the most popular literature is that which aims at conveying religious, political, and moral improvement. What extreme difference between the scenes presented last month in the capitals of the Belgian and Neapolitan kingdoms! Brussels in a transport of loyalty on the occasion of her king entering the thirtieth year of his happy and painstaking reign. Naples at the mercy of a mob that hardly disguised their joy at their approaching deliverance from a dynasty supported by sabres, police, and torture. The address of the Belgian legislative body unmistakably alluded to the ambition of France, which is as apparent to them as if they heard the rifled cannons' opening roar on the old field of Waterloo. Universal suffrage has no charm for the subjects of King Leopold; and though French on some points, they perceive the vast distinction between a free legislature and press, and the shadows which bear these names in Paris. Compare Prussia, Sweden, and Portugal with their opposites, Austria, Russia, Naples, and Spain. The latter country, slowly recovering from her long debasement, and pretending to assimilate her government to the mild and civilized form, now asks to be admitted, as a great power, to the grand council of the world. Surely she should first follow the example of the nations she desires to be classed among, by renouncing ocean trade in slaves. The United States of America, specially dependent, as some of

them are, on slave labour, abandoned the hideous traffic long since; and, if the condition of their country more approached the status of the nations of Europe, their claim to be admitted to a voice in European politics would soon be heard. For the present, it may be fairly said, that the weak character of their government, the thinly-inhabited condition of their vast, half-cleared country, their use of universal suffrage, and, owing to their isolation, the smallness of their military power, preclude them from a share in the political balance of the Old World. At the same time the hand of hearty good feeling and blood relationship will ever be extended to our American brethren. Of the three specimens of letter-writing in high quarters, recently published, those interchanging, cordial, amicable sentiments between our Queen and the President of the United States are even more gratifying than the Emperor Napoleon's expression of goodwill towards England; and the visit of the Prince of Wales to that country will doubtless, while giving proof of the affectionate interest with which "the old country" regards the magnificent progress of the new, be an occasion for demonstrating how open an attachment to and respect for England, her sovereign, and time-honoured institutions, exist in the heart and conscience of America. For ourselves, though we do not, like some politicians, consider the institutions of the New World suited to the circumstances of the Old, yet, believing them well adapted to the growing condition and wants of the transatlantic republic, look to their developing a firm system of government, which, though not a model for Europe, will be sufficient for its requirements, and form one of the best triumphs of the Teutonic race. To quote the words of Sydney Smith:—"The United States are now working out the greatest of all political problems, and, therefore, the eyes of thinking men are intensely fixed on that confederacy, to see how far the mass of mankind can be trusted with the management of their own affairs and the establishment of their own happiness."

A STORY OF THE POSTE RESTANTE.

*From Sir Gaspar Monckton to William
Lawrence, Esq.*

Rome.

MY DEAR LAWRENCE,

I wrote to you last week from Rome.

You have not been spared my impressions of St. Peter's. I was not ashamed to tell you of my admiration of this noble structure, which it is the fashion to say is a mistake. I grew classical at the capitol and the Appian way, and expansive on the vast plains of the Campagna; but it is none of these things I have now to tell you. Lawrence, I must leave Rome. The one thing has happened that would drive me forth even from Paradise. The one being is here that I would go to Siberia to avoid! You guess whom I mean; her name—even to you—never passes my lips; and it was a torture to me to inquire even what were her movements, except so far as to avoid her.

This I thought I had securely done by coming to Rome—a place which, I scarcely know why, was never the least associated with her in my mind. And now that I know, or think, she is here, the question is ever before me with a strange pertinacity: does she know I am here? Does she avoid all chance of meeting me as sedulously as I do her?

Our encounter happened thus: I went to inquire about seeing the statues of the Vatican by torch-light, and was told, at Piale's library, that I might join a party that evening.

It was a rainy, moonless evening, when the ominous number of thirteen visitors landed from their respective carriages at the side entrance; up the wide slopes and steps we went, the rain dripping on us as we passed the open courts, and the long, unlighted vistas, peopled with statues, looked "sad and strange," I thought, as we passed on.

Most of the people knew one another, and there was enough talk going on to allow some strangers like myself, who had been admitted to make up the number, to pass unnoticed in the dim light of occasional lamps, like shadows of the rest.

We went on to their doors, where there was a stand, and we were counted through like sheep, thirteen neither more nor less; only Mr. Milton Smith, a sculptor of fame and fashion, attended as cicerone to the party, and to direct the torch-bearers in the proper artistical way, to throw the light.

There may be presentiments; but I believe in them no longer. Surely in this case there should have been some consciousness of the vicinity of two persons like us: the "us" never to be pronounced again.

I was soon in the wondrous world of art; forgetting the tattle about me, to listen only to the long silence of ages between me and the mysterious forms of beauty around.

I must tell you, that seeing the statues by torch-light is not a lighting up of the vast halls of the Vatican, but a covered light at the end of a pole, directed on each particular statue selected, so as to throw out its forms in strong relief of light and shade. The gigantic lanthorn seems more like a sheaf of wax candles, all lighted together; and it has to be several times renewed.

We had passed on thus to the Demosthenes—that noblest expression of the mastery of soul over body, of mind over mere form—with its clasped hands. Of course they were originally firmly clasped, and not, as it is restored, holding the scroll (what an appealing and commanding look!). Then to the lovely Venus Anadyomene, graceful and full of human coquettishness, a lovely and perfect Eve; but not a goddess like the Medicean Venus. Then came the Minerva Medica, passionless, calm, thoughtful, and "strong-minded." The Cupid genius of the Vatican, which arrested me, often as I had seen it before, even after the torch bearers had marched off. What artist ever, before or since, conveyed to a face so childish such intensity of feeling, such divine compassion and love! I thought involuntarily of some of Fra Angelico's infant Christs, and then of Mrs. Browning's "Isobel's Child." But I will not fill my letter with art discussions. We passed on. Mr. Milton

Smith was eloquent about restorations, and the young ladies fluttered about the torch like moths, asking small questions, and being told what to admire. In reality he was more eloquent than they deserved, and spoke like a true artist. We passed on to the Nile, fantastic as an old fairy tale, yet with the stern grandeur of the primeval time of art.

After this I saw no more. Listen, Lawrence! I had kept aloof from the group with more than my usual dread of acquaintance-making, looking past them, straight on to the lighted statues. But I was at last aware of a figure in the dusk, behind the torch-bearers, a lady, who seemed also detached from the rest, and to hang behind the party. I did not hear her speak to any one. She wore a dark, full cloak, which concealed her figure, and a large hat, with a deep, veil-like lace round the edge, just thrown up in front so as not to impede her sight.

I should not have noticed her more than the others, but that just here, at the statue of the Nile, I observed she was writing, or drawing, in a small book she held close to her eyes, and in which she was so much absorbed, that the party moved on, and left her alone, almost in the dark. I then first observed, or fancied, she would not pass me, but lingered purposely out of the light of the torches. I walked slowly, and she more slowly still, and turned her head away when I looked back. At length, not to be left entirely, she moved more quickly on, and passed me, with her head averted.

As she passed, something rang on the pavement, and rebounded to my feet. I picked it up, and felt, more than saw, it was a gold bracelet belonging to —. What can one believe of presentiments and spiritual perceptions if, up to that moment, the idea had never occurred to me that the unknown lady was my wife!

For the last three years the sum which had been placed at my banker's for her use had been untouched, and I had lost this clue to her movements, about which, indeed, I had never inquired but as a reason for avoidance. The trinket I held in my hand identified her. It was of peculiar form. I had given it to her in the early days of our marriage, and she wore it always; all other costlier jewels she had

proudly returned. There she stood, within arm's length of me, the woman who had wrecked my peace, destroyed my faith in all goodness: the woman whom I had once so idolized, that to lose her had

"Worked like madness in my brain."

With the bracelet in my hand I stood as if pierced by the serpents of Laocoon, equally forbidden by rigid convention to give any outward sign of pain.

I walked on, following the rest step by step, mechanically, as in a dream.

In the hall of the Apollo, fully lighted by the torch, the party remained together, and I could not resist one searching look at the laced hat. How could I have been so blind as not to recognise Queenie? The veiled hat was bent down and the face averted. The sloping shoulders had grown a little fuller, the figure more stately; but the peculiar grace of the small head and neck remained unaltered. As I looked, I felt I must rush to the end of the earth to avoid her, or clasp her to my heart.

The first shock of surprise over, I became anxious to restore the bracelet without having come forward myself, so I gave it to the guide, pointing out the person who had dropped it. Perhaps, after all, she had not recognised me; and as I saw her receive it without looking round, I was almost annoyed that I had not given it myself, just to see how she would have looked.

Still lingering behind, I had watched the party till we came again to the gates, and so down the broad, sloping steps, where the torches were extinguished.

The carriages were in waiting; but in the sudden darkness I had lost sight of the veiled hat.

I stood there in the rain looking forlornly after the dispersing carriages; about six or seven fiacres drove up at once, and violent altercations arose as to which should take my excellency home.

You ask me to give you my impressions of Rome, and to remember that you have never been in Italy; but I cannot remain in Rome now. I shall try to make some inquiries without being known myself.

Unluckily, Harry Anstruther is here, and has constituted himself my sha-

dow. You know what an exceedingly "inquiring mind" he has about other people's concerns. He is much in society, and such a gossip that I would not have him in my confidence for all the treasures of the Vatican.

I will write again, when I have any more information; in the meantime, address to me at the Poste Restante, Naples.

Yours faithfully,
GASPAR MONCKTON.

MY DEAREST MARY,

You are quite mistaken in supposing that I have "plenty of adventures" to tell you in my lonely and independent life; I have literally none. I think adventures are like bee-swarms, and require to be attracted by clappers, and bells, and noises, before they will settle; and there are so many oddities among the single women abroad, that one may do what one likes, and wear what one likes, without any other comment than that one is "forestiere;" and we certainly make full use of the privilege.

Oh, if time could go back; if all this lovely Italy, that I have dreamed of in my girlhood, could have come before me when I could have enjoyed it! Now it is but a cruel mockery.

It is now three years since I resolved to make myself independent of one, obligation to whom is a galling weight. To pursue art with real purpose I have come to Italy, and I am beginning only now to arrive at the flowery pastures of success after long and somewhat cheerless labour.

When I remember who it was that first taught me to think of art at all; whose refined taste and noble enthusiasm awakened all which is now turning to development in my mind; who made Italy a land of promise; and that now I should be here amid the glories of old Rome, and *alone*. Sometimes, dear Mary, I quite lose heart and hope, especially when I think that the very object to an artist, the most desirable—fame—I can only obtain through a pseudonyme. To be famous would be exceedingly inconvenient to me.

I had no idea, till lately, such a trial was in store for me; but since you insisted on my sending over my statue of Hermione for exhibition,

which I consented to do under the modest name of Mrs. Stone, I have obtained more commissions from England than I can execute.

Living so utterly secluded as I do, I hardly knew the coil and care I should get into by an *alias*; but various little troubles occur, and one of the most serious is that of meeting former acquaintances. When the flights of English begin to gather on the Pincio, you cannot think with what horror I shrink from every round hat and blue veil; but I am, I believe, still comfortably unknown to fame and to studio-hunters.

These last are a genus as peculiar to Rome as the models sitting on the steps of the Piazza di Spagna, and as teasing as the mosquitoes in lighted rooms, with open windows, at night.

Sometimes they come in swarms, sometimes alone; sometimes to kill their own time, and always to devour that of the artist. They generally take the last hours of daylight, when you have a passing idea to fix on your clay or canvass, that makes you long for Joshua's power to keep the sun a little longer in the heavens.

The fatal ring comes at your studio door. If you are poor, you have to put down your palette, or your tools, and open it yourself with a sweet smile. If you have a servant, they sweep in, unannounced, brushing by your half-dry pictures with their flounces, chattering silly criticisms, or asking silly questions.

Those more especially who have learned the jargon of art (and who at Rome has not?) are still worse; they give advice as well as compliments and criticisms, and generally end by wishing they could afford the price you ought to have for such a work.

Thanks to my kind friend and master, Gisborne, I am delivered from these plagues of Egypt. He knows partly my circumstances; at least, he knows that I am separated from my husband, and determined to be independent of his charity. I cannot quite reconcile him to my strict incognito, "if," as he says, "I have nothing to be ashamed of." But how can I answer, and say, that I have nothing?

It is not Gaspar, my husband once, but now my bitter enemy—if such a feeling can live in his noble heart as enmity—from whom I am seeking

concealment. He, alas! would go far away rather than encounter me. It is the man to whom I owe all the misery of my life, Charles Townshend.

To write his very name makes me turn round shuddering, lest I should see his face.

I have reason to believe that he is here in Rome, and that he chooses to remain unknown. If I had been a painter, instead of choosing sculpture, I should have struck my tent at once, but that I cannot do without great difficulty.

I go nowhere but to Gisborne's studio, early, when he is alone. Gisborne is a man so imbued with the genius of the old Greeks, that he ought to have been born amongst them. An original thinker, and an artist of first-rate genius, his quiet manner subdues all enthusiasm.

The beauty and grandeur of his works excite the highest admiration; but he has a kind of stern simplicity that makes one ashamed of expressing it. His kindness to me has been unvarying, and not the least part of it is, that he asks no questions.

I will write to you, dear Mary, as soon as I decide on any move, for I cannot bear to be anywhere that you may not know where to write to me.

Your most affectionate,

QUEENIE.

Rome, April 25th.

MY DEAR MARY,

I fear that I shall have to leave Rome, at least for a time. I am as if pursued by a phantom.

Let me tell you what passed at Mr. Gisborne's to-day. He is now engaged on a lovely group of a Nymph and Cupid. I admired the child, who is quite an infantine love. "Yes," said he, "the women all say it's my best work, because of that stupid baby—they understand the baby. By-the-by, I hope I have sold a work of yours for you this morning. Yes; I always said it does you great credit. Yes; the Child and Greyhound—that's a baby again! But it was not a woman who fell in love with the cast, and wants to have it in marble." "Who, then?" said I, a nameless terror creeping over me. "Oh, a foolish Englishman; he did not give his name, but he talked better than most foolish Englishmen. He asked your address." "You did

not give it him! Oh, dear Mr. Gisborne, you don't know the harm you may do me." I was in real distress.

The calm stern artist looked at me a moment in mere surprise; then his eye softened, but he turned his head aside, and went on shaping a fold of his nymph's drapery.

"I don't know what is the mystery about you," he said, "and I don't want to know it!—I'd rather not. I hate romantic stories. But you may be very sure, whenever you think I can do you any good—mind you, the least possible good or service—you shall tell it me. Yes; but mind, I shall not encourage you to refuse a commission like this, without very good reason. I *did* give the address of your studio—why not? I think the foolish Englishman is to call to-morrow, at twelve o'clock; you can see him or not as you choose."

I immediately chose not to see him, though I said nothing. I do not know why the idea had taken hold of me so firmly that this was Townshend.

"But, Mr. Gisborne," said I, "what was he like, this foolish Englishman of yours?"

"Oh, that's only my way, you know; yes. He was not foolish at all; yes; on the contrary; and as to his looks, he had a very good head, and I should like to have made a bust of him—yes—an uncommonly fine head."

"Ah, yes," thought I, "people considered Townshend handsome;" and I was trying to elicit a more minute description, when a fashionable bonnet nodded from behind the half-opened door, and then the small studio was pervaded with voluminous flounces, the owner of the bonnet being a tall bony woman, with inquisitive sharp grey eyes and a hard metallic voice.

"It's only me, dear Mr. Gisborne," said she; "I am not going to interrupt you, or take up your precious time; you know I'm not. I only wanted to remind you of your kind promise to come in to tea this evening. I have asked your favourite —, and the lovely Australian, and the American poet, who will be so delighted to see you, and that German, and a few more, and Lady and the Miss Partridges; but don't be alarmed, it is *no* party, only quite artistic, you know. I know what you

are going to say—you dine with the prince to-day, but that is nothing; you can come in as late as you like, and it will be so very interesting your telling us exactly what the prince said, and who was there, and whether he is allowed to drink as much wine as he likes, and if he is shy, and if he shakes hands with people." She did not pause for a reply till she had talked herself out of breath.

This was an inveterate studio-hunter, and I could have been amused at the quiet impossibility of the artist, evidently accustomed to these invasions, had not the voluble lady turned full upon me: "Surely I ought to know this lady. We have met somewhere. Mr. Gisborne, will you not charitably make the introduction, and perhaps this evening I may have the pleasure of seeing your charming friend."

"I am afraid it will be impossible; I do not go out," said I, resolutely; "I am an artist, and I have no time for society."

"An artist, and I have not the pleasure of knowing you! Do, pray, allow me to visit your studio. Perhaps you are going home now! Could I not accompany you? These studios are so difficult to find."

Here Gisborne gallantly came to the rescue; and in his dry way, half-jest and half-earnest, said, "No, I will not introduce you. I never introduce two ladies to each other. A gentleman to a lady, if you like, and let them take the consequences; but not two charming women; for the more charming they are the more spiteful, and I could not be answerable."

During this speech I made my escape and came straight home to write to you. Yes, Mary, I must leave Rome, at least for a time; for this state of disquietude and fear is intolerable. It takes my thoughts too forcibly back to a miserable and a happy past, which I was beginning to forget. I was so quiet and peaceful in my studio, and I *will* be again; these are but phantoms. No one has the right to invade my solitude; let them leave me at least that.

I am going this evening to join a party to see the Vatican statues by torchlight. There must be a certain number, the ominous one of thirteen, to get the permission. I am ashamed of the unreasonable fear I have everywhere now, of encountering Towns-

hend. It is not very likely he would be of this party. I wish it were Carnival time, to wear a mask, but I shall make a veil do duty, and only hope the sharp grey eyes of this morning may not be there; but I cannot resist the lighting of the statues.

Farewell dear friend. Direct to me, as usual, Poste Restante, as I always fetch my letters myself; and they will be safer left there in case of any sudden flitting.

Your ever affectionate,

QUEENIE.

From Sir Gaspar Monckton, to William Lawrence, Esq.

Rome, May 15th.

DEAR LAWRENCE,

I write to you again from Rome. You may remember we were together when I was so struck with the statue of Hermione, last year. The sculptress, a Mrs. Stone (American, I think), I have found out here; and besides a repetition of the Hermione, I have also secured a charming group of a Child and Greyhound by the same hand.

I saw it at Gisborne's (whose pupil she is), and have been to her studio. I did not see her, however, and I hear she lives a recluse life. Had my mind been less full of these lately awakened painful memories, I should have interested myself in this artist.

Her studio is in an old palazzo. It is near St. John's Lateran, a queer desolate place, as if the doors would make the walls crumble into dust, as they move on the rusty hinges. You go into a court, overgrown with tufts of acanthus and long grass, with here and there large aloe plants with dwindling leaves, in broken stone vases, which leave the roots to dry up in the sun.

At one end of the court is a ruinous stone doorway leading to a long passage between two high walls, over which comes the scent of orange blossoms, and where you startle the green lizards as you pass. From this you enter the studio with its lofty, but time-discoloured ceiling, and high windows open only to the sky.

It was like most other studios for the models, sketches, casts, lay figures, and tools; but at one corner of the spacious room there was a glass door leading into the old melancholy garden, and near this there was a table, with a

vase of flowers, writing materials, some books, and an air of habitation that made me wish to see the owner. I had appointed to come; still I lingered in the place, and felt a calm relief in its extreme quiet; hearing only a dripping fountain in the garden, the chime of some church bells, and the whisper of the wind in the orange trees.

After all, who knows but these artist-women are the happiest? Choosing the ideal, rising even if it be only with butterfly wings, above the actual, instead of being broken and crushed against it.

I remember, long ago, dreaming of such a woman; an enlightened companion, an equal—a sympathy. I fancied this and chose, in an evil hour, a mere doll, with a classical face and a graceful turn of the head, who has had the power, nevertheless, to trample on my life, and tread out the light of it for ever.

I had the curiosity to look at a book on the table, with a fresh flower in it to keep the place, as if it had been just laid down: it was "Aurora Leigh." "What!" I thought, "this poem, the most perfect of modern books, here too?" Then I fell into a sad retrospect over poor Queenie.

Poor, weak, erring child! Who knows, if, instead of the frivolous life I made for her, I had been less afraid of scaring her child-like nature, and had nourished her with such intellectual food as that; if she had read such a book, I think she could not have been so lost. Well, God knows! It touched me wonderfully to see this favourite book of mine in this woman's hands. I lingered and did not like to go. I asked the Italian *donna* at what time the lady would be at home? She did not know; she knew nothing—"Chi lo sa?" The lady never saw any one when she was at work, and she did not live at the studio. "Where did she live?" This she pretended not to understand, and I left the studio without any farther information.

I have left the commission with Gisborne, if the eccentric artist will condescend to execute it. He seemed delighted at my praise of his pupil, but was as impenetrable as one of his own statues as to her history. I had not left my name at the studio of Mrs. Stone, but I left a note for her

with Gisborne requesting the two statues, and enclosing a cheque on Jorlonia for £200 for whichever she should choose to commence first. I was anxious also to have an original idea of her's, and wished I could have seen her to give the commission—something out of the eternal bounds of the antique—Aurora Leigh (not the goddess Aurora), twining the ivy wreath in her hair, for instance. Nothing can be finer than her conception of Hermione. The calm, proud grief of misjudged innocence—the divine patience. It reminds one of Shelly's lines:—

"Oh, sister, Desolation is a delicate thing.
She looks as if waiting for that repose
Safe from unkindness more.
Meanwhile she sits a queen, whom
No one dare approach with consolation."

Just imagine my vexation and surprise, when a note came from Gisborne enclosing my cheque, and telling me that Mrs. Stone had no time at her disposal at present; that she was leaving Rome, and declined the commission.

Since I last wrote, I have had no tidings, no trace of the veiled hat. I should think that apparition a phantom of the brain were it not for the bracelet. Yet even that might be a delusion. There might be other gold and turquoise bracelets besides the one I seemed to recognise.

I leave Rome to-morrow for Naples.

Yours faithfully,
GASPAR MONCKTON.

Ischia, May 20th.

DEAREST MARY,

I seem to have had no time to breathe, much less to write, till I arrived here.

Safe at least from pursuit or avoidance for a time. Safe from interference. Safe to think and to despair.

Mary, who do you think was the generous patron that visited my studio? who had admired my works unknown? It was Gaspar—my husband, my beloved husband! He was there; he stood by the table and took up the book I was reading. Had it not been for my own absurd fear and avoidance of another person I should have been there. Yet, what would that have availed?—more pain and embarrassment to him and to me. I think I should have fallen to the earth with the anguish and the joy.

For it *would* have been a joy, though a fearful one, to see him again. Yes, a joy any way; but especially if unseen myself, and so I might have been spared his look of scorn—dislike. Oh! that I could not bear. If I had only guessed it was he, I might have seen him from some screen or curtain. I should have heard his step, his voice, again.

Now that I can breathe, I am glad and cheered that he has seen my works and likes them so well. I have not toiled all this dreary time in vain. I am glad that he should recognise in me something of the woman he could have loved.

I wonder how I had strength to keep my secret, when dear Mr. Gisborne gave me the note he had received, containing the commission for me, and a draft for £200 to begin one. The instant I saw the handwriting I guessed all. I suppose I must have looked strangely, for Mr. Gisborne to notice me at all; still more, to offer me a seat. When I gave him back the draft, and entreated him to return it, he was very indignant. "You women folk!" said he; "it's just like your folly. Here you are getting to the top of the tree, and down you come again without touching the cherries."

"Better so, than fall," I said.

"But you will not fall. I say that you'll do; that you'll be great, if you persevere. You have genius, you have poetry, and the spirit of the ancients, and you refuse a commission like this, and from a well-known patron like Sir Gaspar Monckton! Get such crotchets out of your head, Mrs. Stone, or I shall give you up."

Something more in the same tone of friendly reproach he said, but I scarcely heard it, I was so overwhelmed with the discovery of Gaspar being so near. I might meet him at any moment, and see him turn away in scorn—in just contempt! I felt I must fly—I must leave Rome for a time, at least—and I came to Naples—beautiful Naples, sitting like a queen on the blue Mediterranean; but she looks best at a distance, like some other beauties. The glare, the heat, the noise, the crowded population of squalid *lazzaroni* oppressed my spirits; and, on the other hand, there was the gay world, as at Rome, to encounter and avoid.

The sapphire sea enticed me, and I came here. Here, at least, I have found rest and solitude—it is so still, so green, so dreamy! Nothing moves but the lizards by day and the fire-flies by night. There are no carriage roads, no carts or horses, and but very few pairs of shoes, so that literally you do not hear a foot-fall.

On landing at the little port of Ischia you have to go up a mountain road to Casamicciola on donkeys—about an hour's ascent. The hotel, which, as yet, I have all to myself, is one of those extraordinary specimens of domestic architecture peculiarly Italian, and more peculiarly Neapolitan. Large, loose, slovenly houses, that look as if they were built of cards and toppling over. All staircases leading to nothing, and terraces with no way of getting to them; and rooms without windows and windows in walls without rooms; useless posts with nothing to support; and balconies that seem as if nothing supported them; stairs outside and flat roofs to walk on, if you like. This disjointed building seems to be kept together by a garden full of flowers and orange trees on one side, and a wide terrace overlooking the sea on the other.

Spring in Italy, with its thousand scented wild flowers, before the rich foliage is burnt by the heats, is indescribably delightful:—

"The breath of the moist earth is light
Around its unexpanded buds."

Though I have been so long in Italy I never before felt that pleasure in merely breathing which I experience here.

Something like hope, too, is springing up in my heart. I have something to speculate on which is not all vague despair. I will do some work better than any I have done yet, and it shall be expressly for Gaspar. He shall have the others, too;—what is there I could do that he shall not have? Then they shall be sent to him at Hartley Court—his home, and once mine, forfeited for ever! Perhaps he will place Hermione in his library. I know a place in an oriel window where he once said there should be a statue.

How intensely I remember the day he said so! We were walking loiteringly about the rooms together soon

after he first took me there on our marriage. He had his arm in mine—a way he had—as a man rests his arm on that of a boy, seeming to lean, but in reality supporting.

We walked about thus together, through the rooms, stopping before the pictures, and he telling me their histories. I felt then how very ignorant I was; and, instead of listening at his feet like a child, as I longed to do, I disguised my real ignorance by flippant remarks. Even then began the fatal mistake of concealment.

It was the same with his books—rare volumes that he prized so much. Some of them I knew by name; and I had really read more than he, perhaps, thought I had. But the deadly fear lest he should think me ignorant tempted me to be superficial and false.

And he, too, was hard, though just; for, finding false coin among the gold, he threw the whole away as valueless.

But I am writing a volume instead of a letter, dearest Mary; you owe it to my holiday from work in this fairy island. I feel no longer alone. I think of Gaspar now as I have not for years dared to think of him. I feel more worthy of him, though he will never know it. Sometimes—but that is only a fluttering, passing thought—I ask myself why I fled? What would have been the result if, in the artist he so admired, he had met the repudiated wife—despised and hated? No, I could not have borne it.

It was better to leave myself the power still to dream what might have been. Here the whole place is like a dream. You hear no noises but distant village sounds and songs—the pretty Neapolitan songs we sing in drawing-rooms. My room opens to the garden flushed with geraniums, lilies, roses—with myrtle hedges. Another door opens on a wide terrace overlooking the sea, where the

“Blue isles and distant mountains wear
The purple noon’s transparent light.”

A boat is waiting now for the heat of the day to be over, to take me a sail among the other islands. I seem to have the whole place to myself. If I fancy going up the hills, a donkey stands in attendance for my *eccellenza*, and another for my maid, who always accompanies me. I do

not think Gretchen would let me out of her sight amongst these barefooted *Italianische folk*. A cicerone, named Francesco, has constituted himself my particular attendant. By virtue of wearing shoes, he asked me a piastre and a-half a day for his services; I declined paying more than half a piastre, that being too much. He instantly accepted it, saying, that he was a *galantuomo*, and though he might sometimes cheat men, and especially *forestieri*, he always told the truth to a woman. Honest Francesco! here he comes to tell me that the wind is changed, and it might not be so pleasant off Cape Miseno as he thought in the morning. This is because he has an inkling of *forestieri* coming in the afternoon, and would not like to be out of the way.

I hope my quiet will not be invaded here. I meant to wait till the summer heat had driven away the English visitors from Rome, and then return to my dear studio, where I long to begin my new work.

Farewell, my dear Mary.

Your affectionate,

SOPHIA MONCKTON.

Ischia, May 27th.

MY DEAR MARY,

I really think I am in danger of an adventure at last. I have described to you the extreme quiet of this island, in spite of its three hotels and some mineral baths. When I returned from my ramble on the mountain last evening, I found that a set of apartments opening on a little garden terrace, where I had been drawing, seemed to be inhabited. I went to this terrace, where my drawing materials had been left, and stood there watching the effect of the clouds after sunset, and the distant glow of Vesuvius, as it grew darker. I suddenly perceived lights brought into the rooms opening on the terrace, which was an isolated bit of the strange dislocated house.

As I was hastily collecting my colours and pencils, Francesco came out to help me; he had ceased to patronize me since I had discovered that he ought to have four carlini, instead of a piastre and a-half a day. He told me *forestieri* were come, English lords, he believed. That his excellency up there was to give him three piastres a day, and my excellency must excuse

him for declining to do any thing more for me. All this time I was looking for the sketch I had been doing, and it was not to be found.

I asked Francesco if he knew the name of the new arrivals. "Non lo so." Was it a family, ladies, or gentlemen? "Non lo so." Where did they come from? "Non lo so!"

This last *non lo so* was very suspicious, especially with the cunning look that accompanied it.

I found afterwards that he had been inquiring, as if merely for conversation, of Gretchen, where I had come from? how long I had been at Naples? and in return, she remarked, the *geschlif-fener kerkel* would tell her nothing. Here in this fairy island there are no passports to give up, nor visitors' lists to write one's name in.

May 30.—I have kept my letter three days, dear Mary, for the simple reason, that post offices, *restante* or otherwise, are unknown here, and one must send to Naples.

The adventure of the forestieri has died away; whoever they may be, they do not molest me. I have, of course, given up drawing on the terrace, but have never found my sketch. I see lights in the garden rooms, through the trees, and Francesco hovers about, with an air of being very important. I fancy sometimes he is watching me, but it must be an imagination.

Farewell.

Your affectionate,
SOPHIA MONCKTON.

Charles Townshend to Arthur Smedley.

Ischia, May 28th.

DEAR SMEDLEY,

"Albeit unused to the writing mood," I can't help writing what I have to tell you. Eureka! Eureka! old fellow. The desire of my heart, the search of my life is found! You know who I mean; that divine, adorable witch, that arch-fiend and arch-angel—Queenie Leighton.

You don't know her history, and what she has been about all this time—I don't either—quite, for she is as cunning as ten devils and *always was*. She knew what she was at when she threw me over years ago.

I had a notion of her being at Rome, and found it was a true one; but in the name of all Gipsydom and Bohemia, just imagine what my lady has turned her hand to. She is a sculp-

tress, a pupil of the famous Gisborne, and no other than *the* Mrs. Stone who did that Hermione, people were raving about last year.

I was rather at fault what to do, not being so sure how my lady would receive me, considering our *last* merry meeting. As a first step I thought it prudent to efface myself completely, and as Mistress Queenie had taken an *alias*, I would take one too. I did not care much for the society of Rome—dowagers, with diamonds and daughters, who all go in for the classical and the coliseum by moonlight. I had another special reason for not being known, for who should be at Rome but Monckton—Monckton himself. Whether he knows his wife is here, and is come to watch or seek her, it is impossible to guess. She kept herself so closely shut up it was difficult to find out any thing about her. I felt it would be useless to go slap-dash, and call upon her, and at last got tired of living incog. for nothing, so I came to Naples. There I found Leonard with his yacht, and have been about with him to Sicily and the islands—and got him to leave me here for a few days, attracted by its exceedingly beautiful scenery.

Oh, ye gods and little fishes, who would have thought of such luck! A tall cunning looking fellow of a cicerone got me up here on the back of an ass; the hotel seemed deserted, and I could choose my rooms. At one corner of a terrace overlooking the sea stood a table with a sketch-book and colours—a footmark in the desert! I asked who it was—"the Signora Inglese." I looked and saw her name written on a sketch, and could not resist taking possession of it. I instantly installed myself in the terrace room, and my first precaution was to pay the *valet de place* or *cicerone*, as he called himself, not to chatter. I made him understand that he is to answer no questions and find out all he can.

Nothing more to say at present.

Always yours,

CHAR. TOWNSHEND.

Ischia, June 5th.

DEAR SMEDLEY,

If you got a letter from me a week since, I need only tell you that nothing has happened, and I begin to get terribly *ennuyé*.

I have kept like a sentinel to my garden pavilion, which overlooks another terrace belonging to the rooms which she inhabits. I see her queenly figure as she stands looking over the sea in the moonlight. I watch her go out over the mountains with that same little German maid I always hated. I sometimes feel it impossible to withstand the longing to go and speak to her. That we should be in this queer enchanted castle of a place together, isolated from all the world, seems a stroke of destiny not to be thrown away; but I confess the next move makes me nervous. The moment I say "check to the Queen!" the game may be lost.

Mistress Queenie has a long arrear of injury to settle with me. Vengeance is sweet, and such vengeance trebly sweet! Certainly my last attempt to renew acquaintance with her was any thing but felicitous, but she was then on good terms with her husband, and that makes all the difference. After all, she once liked me, and if she jilted me for a better *parti*, that was not my fault. Her marriage ended miserably, and to a certain degree, she is again free. Still I might live here for a month longer, and never see her exquisite profile nearer than I do, as she stands on her terrace little dreaming who is so near her.

I sometimes think of trying a *coup-de-théâtre*, and falling suddenly at her feet, or starting from behind a rock in one of her rides, and seizing the bridle of her palfrey (*i.e.*, donkey); but no, hang it, it wouldn't do. I know well the look of superb disdain she would assume, and I have no disposition for a scene of "unhand me, sir!" After all, Smedley, she *might* think herself aggrieved, and consider me the cause of her separation; and then no wonder she is mad with me. I declare I feel I don't know how, so oddly, when I see her stand there looking so pale, and sad, and altered, so that I should only just like to know the rights of what she does think of me, before I go to India, and, at least, part friends with her, if nothing else. I wish you were here, old fellow, to give me the benefit of your advice. Sometimes I think I am too modest and diffident, and that her sadness can never be for that stiff old husband of hers, but compunction for having deserted me.

A brilliant idea has occurred to me: to fall sick, and appeal to her compassion. A compatriot in distress at a lonely country inn—and there she should suddenly discover an old friend. I think she could not resist being at least civil to me. Per Bacco! I will try it; but it must not be long delayed, as I shall have to go straight from here to Malta, with Leonard, to join my regiment.

Farewell, old fellow.

Yours faithfully,

CHAS. TOWNSHEND.

P.S.—To beguile my ennui I have copied from the "Inn Album" the following lines. They come after various testimonials of satisfaction, such as "Mr. and Mrs. Tomkins have pleasure in declaring they experienced the greatest satisfaction at the hotel of Casamiciola. The cooking was good, and the charges moderate."

"A lovely spot; the attention of the landlord most pleasing, the donkeys excellent, and moderate charges."

"Marianna Smith, Bertha Brown, and Sabina Robinson."

"Poétiques Anglaises, natures délicates,
Si charmées de trouver les charges modérées,
Je vous donne une salade, et la donnant gratis,
Je suis sur d'obtenir vos plus doux souris
Et maintenant cansous et de la tarentelle,
De Casamiciola et de sa sentinelle,
Der Montpomea l'Hotel est excellent,
Sweet girl! Revez à moi dans votre appartement.

COMMIS VOYAGEUR."

You may guess I am hard up for amusement, and I shall certainly not hold out much longer.

In order to explain the foregoing correspondence, we must go back about seven years.

The scene is laid in a gay watering-place, where nothing is talked of but what goes under the name of gaiety: the last ball, the next pic-nic, the newest fashions. It was a place spangled with officers, besprinkled with bouquets, rained on with champagne, warmed with wax-lights, cooled with ice-creams and the gales of sandal-wood fans, fed with pigeon-pies and lobster salads, and whose very air breathed *patchouli*. It was the land of Cocaigne for pretty young girls.

Here dwelt Mrs. Leighton, a still handsome, well-preserved widow, and

her two pretty daughters. Mrs. Leighton's husband had been a younger son of good family, but very small fortune. She had been a watering-place belle, and to this vocation she brought up her daughters.

They fulfilled her utmost expectations, for they were both very pretty, and in different styles, which was a great blessing. Emma, the eldest, was a blonde, and wore her fair abundant hair in ringlets; Sophia, the second, who rejoiced in the pet-name of Queenie, was darker, had a Grecian profile, and wore braids.

By dint of some taste, and great economy and management, Mrs. Leighton and her daughters contrived to be the best dressed women in Larkington. Their house was the prettiest, too, with its balconies lined with flowers, its muslin curtains, and imitation China bowls, imitation leather woodwork, and other ingenious deceptions. Their tea-fights were the most *recherché*, especially among the officers, with whom the widow and her daughters were immensely popular.

She was a charming chaperon, and could afford to be exceedingly good-natured to other people's daughters, having no jealousies for her own. She even introduced her girls' rejected partners to other girls not so fortunate in engagements. She could stand the longest mazurka, and the most interminable cotillion without yawning; she managed a pic-nic to perfection, and had a talent for contriving small parties agreeably, and asking people together who wished to meet each other.

Had she been a little richer, and more able to carry out the creations of her own genius, she would have been stupendous; as it was, she was only popular and *nice*. The Garibaldi of Tea-fights.

She gave nice parties, was nice looking, and nicely dressed; her daughters were nice girls, they had a nice acquaintance, and a nice house, they had nice manners, and nice hair, and they were nicely brought up; and their good-nature to other girls (being so pretty themselves), was very nice. Besides this, they had no nonsense about them, and were good natured to ensigns, and boys at private tutors; and all that was very nice.

With such an education, what

could be expected of Queenie Leighton? She never heard an opinion expressed except of the outward—whether people were nice looking, and how much they had a-year. She saw no difference in Sunday, but that it was the correct thing to go to church, and it gave an opportunity for wearing the best bonnet and the prettiest muslins. So they sat in their pew, stuffed up with crinoline, like three new wax dolls packed up in cotton.

But Queenie could read, and she had a natural taste for drawing, which no poonah painting nor oriental tinting could destroy.

They did not subscribe to a library, for that would have been a useless expense; but Queenie often cleaned her gloves with Indian rubber, and her satin shoes with bread, that she might afford herself a book to read; taking the old because she got the most for her money, and beginning at the wrong end with novels—the dessert before the dinner—because she could get nothing else at the circulating library. But she began to think for herself, and it sent her eyes wandering sometimes far over the sea on the parade, and sometimes deep into the flowers of her bouquet at the ball when she seemed to be listening to very small talk, propounded by most desirable partners in red coats.

"Queenie, dear," said Mrs. Leighton to her second daughter one morning in the school-room. This was a small room still so called; a temple dedicated to the arts and *occult* sciences; here it was that faded artificial flowers were refreshed with irons; here rosemary leaves were infused to give a lustre to the hair; here ribbons were renovated, and muslins re-starched; here the mysteries of *potichomanie* and leather-work were carried on. Here it was, in short, that all unsightly litter was conveyed from the drawing-room; while music-copying, elegant embroidery, unfinished drawings, were left in the said drawing-room, "to look as if one sat in it."

"Queenie, dear," said Mrs. Leighton, looking from making a new bow for a satin shoe; "what do you mean to do with Captain Townshend? I am sure he is going to propose."

"Oh, mamma, I hope not!"

"Now, Queenie, don't say that!"

you put me out of patience ; it is so very missish. Not that I want you to accept him. He has very little money, and is dreadfully extravagant, and a great flirt. Very likely he won't propose after all, so you need not be alarmed."

"I only wish he would propose to me," said Emma ; "I would not say no ; he is such a nice man, so good-looking, and he does dance the *deux temps* so delightfully ! Why, Queenie, didn't you dance with him four times at the Rooms ? and he always engages you beforehand."

"Yes," said Queenie, "he is a very good partner, but—but that does not seem enough ; do you think so, mamma ?"

"Why, as to his being a first-rate *parti*, I don't think he is ; many mothers would not encourage him."

"Oh, I don't mean about his being a good match ; but I never have much to say to him ; and then, don't you think him rather conceited ?"

"No wonder, dear, for he is spoiled by the women, and is considered very handsome. However, say nothing more. I *don't* consider it a good match, though you might do worse ; but he is a sort of man it does not do to have dangle about ; so if you really don't like him, I shall not encourage his coming here so much. If you do, I think you had better bring him to the point at once."

"How, mamma ?" said the girl, naïvely."

"Queenie, what a fool you are ! With all your novel reading, I hope you are not going to turn out romantic."

They were interrupted by a ringing at the door bell, though it was long before visiting hours ; and the small page (in a morning *deshabille*, redolent of lamp-cleaning and table-rubbing, and which called forth an exclamation of dismay from the trio,) announced that Captain Townshend was in the drawing-room.

Emma's hair was imprisoned in certain machines that looked as if leeches were being applied to her forehead. Widow Leighton, who was always under arms, wore an elegant peignoir.

"Come, my Queenie," said she, "this visit is for you, so early too ! Come with me, your hair looks very nice."

Captain Townshend's visit was, ostensibly, to invite the Leightons to a pic-nic. The day he mentioned for it they were engaged, but he was sure he could get it changed ; to have it without them would be impossible ! He apologized for the early visit, in order to find them at home ; he must go and arrange with the other people, and then come and let them know. This was agreed on ; when might he come ? This evening, perhaps, if they were not going out.

"Oh no, and most happy to see you," said the mother.

"You forget we are going to the Borrowdales, mamma !" said Queenie, in a low voice.

"No, I don't, child ; but we need not *all* go, or we need not go at all."

Queenie was silent ; the handsome Captain Townshend looked killingly at her ; she felt the look ; she blushed deeply, painfully, but her heart gave no response.

"She's a deuced handsome girl !" thought Captain Townshend ; "and I believe I must make up my mind to marry her."

In the evening he came. Emma went to the party, chaperoned by a friend, and only Queenie and her mother were at home.

It must be confessed that the conversation languished a little.

Captain Townshend sang Spanish songs ; Mrs. Leighton was lively and good-natured as usual, but Queenie was absent and silent. She was trying her very best to fall in love with Captain Townshend.

She saw that he was good-looking, gentlemanly, and what is called agreeable, but the feeling of having nothing to say to him kept her silent. She could get on better at a party or a ball, with the flutter and excitement, and the hundred nothings of the hour ; but now she was almost alone with him, for Mrs. Leighton had left them on the flowery balcony to a *tête-à-tête*, and was deeply absorbed in her worsted work. Queenie Leighton felt not the timidity of a young girl expecting a declaration, but mere *ennui*. She almost wished he would say his say, that she might refuse him, and have done with it.

As she stood on the balcony, idly picking the leaves from a geranium, he said, in his softest voice,

"What a pretty hand you have !

Is that a lava ring, and may I look at it?"

He took her hand, and after looking very closely at the ring, pressed the hand to his lips.

She flushed all over, and quickly drew her hand away; she stepped in from the balcony, looking red and distressed, and went to arrange some music on the piano.

"What have you said to Queenie?" said Mrs. Leighton, joining him on the balcony.

"Nothing," he replied; "but I should like to say something to *you*. Will you take me for a son-in-law? I have only five hundred a-year now, but expectations, and all that sort of thing, as you may have heard from my uncle. If Queenie would only like me; but I don't know what to make of her; I can't get on with her. Has she any other attachment?"

"Not the shadow of one! She cannot help liking you, dear Captain Townshend!"

"People generally do," he said, modestly, twirling the end of his moustache. "Shall I go away, and will you speak to her?"

"No; let it be now or never. I will stay here; go in, and speak to her yourself."

And so it was, strengthened by the mother's assurance that she had no other attachment and the consciousness of his own attractions, he spoke. He told her that he thought her the very nicest girl he ever knew; that her mother thought so, too:—no, he did not mean that—he meant that her mother thought and he thought they had better marry. He wished to goodness she thought so, too! All his fate, his happiness or misery, depended on her saying "Yes."

She said not a word.

"Would she only speak, and make him the happiest of men?"

Still she said nothing; and Mrs. Leighton thought it advisable to reappear.

"Queenie, my dear child," said she, "what is all this? I know better than you what you feel. Captain Townshend, don't you know that silence gives consent?"

He retained the hand that lay passive in his. He was not *quite* satisfied with the silence.

"Only one word, Queenie," he said; "do you love another?"

"No; oh, no," said she, faintly.

"Then you may possibly love me; at least, care a little for me?"

"Yes, yes; yes, of course!" said Mrs. Leighton. "And now, good-night. I must send you away. You have made the poor child quite nervous."

He took her hand, and kissed it again; it was cold as marble, but was not withdrawn.

The beautiful Queenie Leighton was understood to be engaged to the handsome Captain Townshend.

People, even mothers and chaperons, were no longer afraid to say how beautiful she was, and even to hint they *had* thought she might make a better match. "She had been brought up as a beauty, poor thing, and was nothing else."

Queenie Leighton certainly was a very striking-looking girl; tall and slight, with a gazelle-like grace in the sloping shoulders and long throat; as a child, her large eyes had seemed too large for her small head and delicately-cut features. They were splendid eyes, of the gray which sometimes seems dark and sometimes light, and would be too bright but for the long lashes that shaded them.

Her complexion was of that clear pure brown, with bright colour in the cheeks, seldom seen but in Italians and gipsies.

The whispers behind fans went on. "Thank heaven, their girls were not beauties; but they would make excellent wives: most sensible men were afraid of regular beauties. The Leighton girls were very much gone off. Emma looked well enough by candle-light, but was getting very sallow, and she had nothing but complexion; and even Queenie was looking thin and worn. No wonder: with all their gaiety and dancing, the only wonder was how they could stand it. Of course, Mrs. Leighton was very glad to catch at an offer for one of them, bad as it was, for they had not a penny of their own."

While these comments were rife in Larkington, the two were always invited to parties together. Townshend idled his empty time at Widow Leighton's; but still, instead of affection growing with intimacy, Queenie's distaste for him augmented.

By degrees, the fact of their en-

gagement being established, and the place at her side being always left to Captain Townshend, Queenie could no longer conceal from herself that she grew desperately tired of him, in spite of the conscious pride of being engaged, and to a man who made other girls envy her, for our Queenie was not above such feelings at this period of her life.

This was the state of affairs when the winter balls were dying out; and with the spring, pic-nics began to bloom and flourish at Larkington.

One of these was proposed, arranged, and patronized by the popular Mrs. Leighton, which Emma Leighton declared would be lovely, Queenie thought would be nice, and Captain Townshend pronounced would be rather jolly.

It was to go to a country seat some miles distant, not generally considered a show house, and therefore rather out of the routine of the Larkington pic-nics. The owner of the park not being "down," and one of the officers having obtained permission of the gamekeeper, the party were to dine in a fishing cottage near the river, in the woods.

Mrs. Leighton, in a bonnet of tender gray, stuffed inside with pale pink roses, a black lace shawl, and a sweet muslin, outdid herself in the arrangement of the day. Everybody went with everybody they wished to go with, nobody was left out who ought to have been invited, salt was not forgotten, and pigeon pies did not preponderate; the day was such a day as might have come in a sigh from Italy: it was at the end of May.

The party had passed the culminating point of dinner; champagne had fizzed and flattened, and so had jests. There were complimentary speeches to the fair patroness of the pic-nic, and then toasts were given, and then exploring rambles were made in parties of two or four, a few sketch-books were produced: where was Queenie Leighton?

She had quietly escaped long before the rural repast had concluded, leaving her *fiancé* absorbed in tuning his guitar, which Mrs. Leighton had insisted on bringing.

Poor Queenie had darted away, half in childish impatience of *ennui*, half with still more childish longing to gather the flowers and explore the

wild wood paths unrestrained and alone. She had a sketch-book, too—such a book as young ladies sometimes possess, with leaves of yellow and pink paper, and a very hard pencil; but this was only an excuse; so she walked on and on, getting as far away from the rest, and especially Captain Townshend, as she could.

During her extreme delight in the wild beauty of the scenery, his presence by her side had more than usually jarred upon her sense. "What can it be," thought Queenie, "that makes me feel it is of no use telling him any of my thoughts, and still makes me keep thinking and wondering what I shall say next? He often says things to me that I should have thought too silly and commonplace to utter; but they sound very well. I wonder if I shall never think of any thing to say to him that he will care to hear, and whether I shall learn to care more for what he has to say to me?"

These speculations brought her to an opening in the wood walk where there was a kind of rustic summer-house. It offered a subject for her pencil, as well as an excuse for her solitary walk; so she sat down on a turfy bank to sketch it.

After some little time looking intently at the closed blinds of the garden room, she fancied she heard a rustling movement within, and that the shutter was slightly opened; but looking again, all was so still she thought it must have been fancy, so she went on drawing; but instead of looking full into the window, she changed her position, and began another view. This time it was not fancy. The hinges of the shutters creaked, and she saw, indistinctly, in the shadow of the blind, the head of some one intently observing her. Although there was nothing very extraordinary in the circumstance, she had felt herself so completely alone that she started up suddenly in alarm; and in her haste to run away, caught her foot in the root of a tree, and fell.

Before she could extricate herself, a gentleman was at her side, assisting her to rise.

The stranger was not a very romantic-looking man; at least young ladies of Queenie's age would not be apt to think so, for he was nearly forty, and looked older. He was not

so slim as heroes of romance generally are, nor was he so dark. His eyes were gray, deeply set, and peculiarly grave and thoughtful. There would have been something too austere in the carriage of the head and the tall figure but for the perfect beauty of the mouth and smile.

The words between the two were brief and commonplace, taking away even the romance of the occurrence.

"I came down last night, unexpectedly," said he; "but that need not the least disturb you—your party, I mean. May I ask why you were wandering here, out of bounds?"

"Oh, I hardly know; it was so beautiful that I liked to be alone, and was getting tired at dinner." He took the sketch-book from her hand, glanced over it, and silently returned it. She felt slightly disappointed.

"I see you expected a compliment," said he, with his rare smile; "but, perhaps, you will know me better some time or other; and you will improve, too, upon these beginnings. I think there is talent in them; and then when you show me your book again, I will praise you to your heart's content!"

"Will you, indeed?" said the girl, glancing up to his face. The question and the look were involuntary, but as full of hope and reverence as if she saw an angel.

She was so beautiful at that moment that he looked at her with a certain strange surprise.

"Where do you live?" said he, at length.

"At Larkington."

"So near as ten miles, and I have never known you! never seen you! Strange."

"No," she was beginning, "not at all strange; it is not likely you—how should you?"

He did not seem to hear her, but repeated, "So near as ten miles." Then he laid his hand on hers as she held her book, and said, earnestly, "But *now*, now I may come and see you!"

There was quite a history in the poor girl's eyes as she looked at him—a long, searching, melancholy look; then she dropped her eyes, and said distinctly, "No!"

Sir Gaspar was piqued and interested.

"No," said he; "tell me why not?"

Have I scared you so very much, you cannot forgive me? No!"

"Forgive me," said she, "I hardly know why I was so rude: I did not mean it. Mamma would, of course, be pleased"—

"Pshaw! Manumas are always pleased!" said he, impatiently; "but why—why did you so clearly say 'No!'?"

"Indeed, I did not mean it," said she, cruelly embarrassed; "but it is far, and I never hear of your coming over: not even to the balls."

"Not *even* to the balls," he said; "but that is no reason other inducements should not bring me. I am bent on knowing you better. Are you positively resolved to say 'No' to that?"

At this moment little laughs were heard, and flitting muslins seen advancing among the trees.

"I will not detain you longer from your friends," said he; "and, to say the truth, I cannot encounter a presentation; but, on Wednesday, I will ride over: that is, if you will allow me on Wednesday. Where do you live in Larkington? and, most essential of all, have you not yet told me your name?"

"Sophia: but I am called Queenie Leighton. Any one will tell you my mother's house. Will you really come?"

"Will I? Why not?" He held her hand, and she looked up again into his eyes with that inexplicable look, so sad, so wistful; it touched him as he had never been touched before.

A voice sounded amongst the others that made her turn pale and snatch her hand away. He took refuge again in the summer-house, and she was lost quickly among the turns of the wood-walks.

When Queenie again met her betrothed, five minutes after, a whole world had risen up to part them. She said not one word of her adventure in the wood. Her sketch was passed round, and admired. Captain Townshend thought it very clever. "And I ought to know," said he, "for I have been out sketching with no end of people—artists, you know. I have a very good eye for sketching, only the perspective is so difficult, and I am so nearsighted. You, Queenie, really

have a turn for it." With what an inward smile she remembered Monckton's silence.

When quietly at home, she told her mother of her new acquaintance.

Poor Queenie, if any thing could have crushed out the electric spark kindled in her heart of hearts, it would have been Widow Leighton's unequivocal delight.

Mrs. Leighton, after the first gush of delight at her daughter's more important conquest, was very much disposed to temporize, at least till after the day on which the baronet had announced his visit. However, she did not object to Queenie's keeping her room with a cold, and thus avoiding Captain Townshend. It was a cold caught in sketching, which lasted till the Wednesday morning.

Sir Gaspar came. He was not a man to think of small prudences in general, and the most natural thing for him to have done would have been to ride up to Mrs. Leighton's door, throw his horse's bridle to the groom, and walk in; but a wonderful instinct told him that a whole world of gossipry would be stirred up by such a proceeding, which would fall, not on him, but on Queenie, so he rode first to the Victoria Hotel, asking where Mrs. Leighton lived, and leaving there his groom and horses. He never once thought of mothers, and sisters, and brothers, still less of lovers. He only thought of seeing again that beautiful face and that wistful look which had so captivated him.

Mrs. Leighton received Sir Gaspar Monckton in a faultless manner; if any thing, rather too deferential. Then came in Emma, who had to go out again and fetch Queenie, painfully, desperately, shy.

Often as she had told herself, in these two intervening days, that the visit meant nothing, and was the most natural thing in the world, the moment she met again those speaking eyes, she felt in her inmost soul that she was beloved; and quite in another fashion from those ball-room flirtations, ending in matrimony, which she had been used to see.

She did not observe when her mother and Emma had disappeared, she was listening to the music of his voice; nor did he notice he was alone with her, for he had seemed alone with her all the time. He asked her how she

came to be called Queenie, and said it suited her well; "but were you so haughty and queenlike when a child to be called so?"

"I don't know; they used to call me Queen Bee, and then Queenie; one never knows how such names come and stay."

"Yes! you will never be any other than Queenie. You remember you told me at first your name was Queenie Leighton, and so it has been always in my head."

"Always!" said she; "but it is only two days since you knew my name at all."

"Two days! To you short enough, perhaps; to me longer than all my life before. Do you know, I never can call you any thing but Queenie. May I do so?"

Just at this moment the door opened, and the small page announced "Captain Townshend."

Queenie changed from red to white, and from white to red. "If only he does not call me Queenie," thought she; her hand turning cold as she held it out to him.

"Is your cold quite well," said he; "I thought you were never coming out of your room; I called twice and you did not show."

"Yes, it is better—quite well, I mean, mamma—have you seen her?"

All this time he was looking inquiringly at Sir Gaspar, who, indeed, seemed scarcely conscious of his presence, except as something that made Queenie turn her eyes from him.

Fortunately for Queenie, Mrs. Leighton returned, and though vexed, she was never disconcerted. "Emma is gone into the garden," she said, in a marked manner, after shaking hands with Townshend, and wishing him and his red coat in the Red Sea.

"Emma! what the deuce is that to me?" he replied, sotto voce; "and who is your new friend?"

Before she could reply, Sir Gaspar had taken his hat. "It is well," said he, in a low voice, to Queenie, "that I am reminded of other claims, or I should monopolize your society entirely; but before I go, I must entreat Mrs. Leighton's consent to a project I have, that you should pay another visit to Hartley Court, and very soon. I am a solitary old bachelor; but if Mrs. Leighton and your sister would come and spend a few

days, I would invite some friends to meet you. Then you could sketch as much as you like."

Townshend opened his eyes and ears. "How charming," said Mrs. Leighton; "we should like it extremely!"

"Then only choose your day; I must be in town again this week, but any day in the next I will come down and receive you. Would this day week suit you?"

"Perfectly."

"Then it is settled; and Miss Queenie is to bring her sketch-book."

It was a wonderful effort of Chesterfieldism in the retired absent scholar—for such he was—to think of inviting the mother and sister, and still more to talk of friends to meet them. But of Townshend's entrance he thought no more than he would of a stoppage in the road forcing him to ride round another way.

Mrs. Leighton's refined tactics, therefore, in talking of Emma, were thrown away.

When he was gone, Townshend was full of curiosity; but he was easily answered for the nonce, and too well satisfied with himself to be afflicted with jealousy.

Now came the tug of war, and Widow Leighton showed herself an able general.

It certainly was a case quite contrary to the annals of all crossed and unsmooth loves, when fair young damsels of nineteen perversely refuse to place their affections on the rich suitor their mothers wish them to marry; but this state of affairs wonderfully facilitated matters, and the odds were too many against poor Captain Townshend.

He was regularly thrown over—floored—jilted—done (we cannot help using the expression of his brother officers in their many condolences), but all the blame was laid on Mrs. Leighton's manœuvring, and Queenie was pitied for being a victim.

Though our heroine's engagement to Townshend had long been a burden to her, she could not feel satisfied with herself for the manner of his dismissal. The more her feeling for Sir Gaspar strengthened, the more she understood the wrong she had done Townshend, and she felt more kindly towards him now than she had ever done, and longed to tell him so.

Townshend was wounded in his self-love, and also in what he called his affections, but he took his dismissal without even asking for an explanation from Queenie herself, which Mrs. Leighton thought a great relief, and "very nice of him." She was not without misgivings at Queenie's evident distress and compunction, and was especially glad to avoid the personal interview between them.

Her next great fear was that Sir Gaspar would hear of her daughter's engagement, which she earnestly recommended her never to confide to him. But she need not have feared that the gossip of Larkington would reach Sir Gaspar; who would ever have thought he might be interested in hearing that Captain Townshend of the —th was said to be engaged to one of the Leighton girls?

The visit to Hartley Court was a source of delight, but also of trepidation to them all; the idea of visiting, of actually living, in a grand place like that! Then the preparations, the dresses to be taken, the wonder who would be the friends invited to meet them, and whether Susan, the upper of their two maids who officiated as lady's maid to the three, would know how to behave in a "great house." Queenie's fears were no less, though of another kind. She feared to realize the great joy of being the chosen of such a man as Sir Gaspar Monckton; she feared that he would find her too ignorant, too inferior, or that he would perhaps hear of her engagement, and think of her no more. She remembered how little he had said, and she could only recall again and again *that* look in his earnest eyes which told her she was beloved.

These thoughts passed through their mind as they drove up the avenue to the grand entrance of Hartley Court, in a Larkington fly, and were received in the noble old hall by a most imposing-looking butler, supported by two or three footmen.

At the door of the library Sir Gaspar met them, and Queenie's hand was clasped in his, and all fears and trepidations, at least on her part, were over. The friends to meet them were not so alarmingly fashionable: Mr. Lawrence, an old college friend of Sir Gaspar's, with a plain looking wife,

and the clergyman's family from the village, who came to dinner.

And thus the few days passed, and then another few days, and before the week was over, Queenie Leighton was betrothed, heart and hand this time, to Sir Gaspar Monckton.

The marriage took place in London, where the Leightons went on leaving Hartley Court, having many reasons for avoiding Larkington.

Queenie, the happiest and proudest of brides, and Monckton, the most enamoured of bridegrooms, made but a short wedding tour, and then returned to his favourite Hartley Court. Their happiness seemed almost perfect; but, alas, all this time, a little cloud was floating in their horizon, destined to overwhelm them with ruin and desolation. This cloud was Concealment.

Oh, wife! to whom your husband's affection is a precious treasure not to be lightly risked, avoid concealments. If he asks who gave you a bracelet, or a ring, or whose name is written in your book, tell him the truth, even if it involve a confession of some by-gone love. Let him trust you that it is over, just because you have no concealment; but do not say it was your sister or your mother on a birthday, or a friend of your brother's wrote his name; and then let him find out afterwards you could in a trifle deceive him.

They had been married two years. A son had been born to them, and the first sorrow Queenie had ever known was the death of this child. She could not rouse her spirits; they failed her utterly. Monckton, deeply as he felt their loss, was almost vexed at her continued despondency. He proposed passing a season in London, and invited her mother and sister to be their guests. Mrs. Leighton did not fail to encourage the plan of going to London. The idea of appearing there as the mother of Lady Monckton was a joyful vision not to be easily relinquished. "Such an advantage to Emma, too; she would be sure to marry well."

The scene, therefore, was now changed to a house in Belgravia, where Mrs. Leighton and Emma were on a visit to the Moncktons.

The season had far advanced. Balls and dinners had been given. Lady

Monckton was established as a beauty, and her sister, in a different way, was exceedingly admired.

Queenie had recovered much of her cheerfulness, but it was Monckton now who was sad and gloomy. Accustomed as he was to a secluded life, the change worried and annoyed him. Queenie, who cared for no gaiety in which he did not share, would soon have given up a life which she saw did not please him; but her mother! how could she refuse invitations, and give up places of gaiety which gave her mother and sister so much pleasure, and to which she went because they would not have had the same invitations without her. Sir Gaspar never went to evening parties, and the hours she there spent without him were any thing but a pleasure.

Sir Gaspar intensely disliked Mrs. Leighton. Her small talk, her incessant discussion of small projects and plans, the breaking up of his domestic life by her presence, were all odious to him. And then a person he so disliked being the mother of his beloved Queenie, irritated him beyond every thing else.

In this state of feeling he, one afternoon, accompanied his wife to the Royal Academy. The inevitable Mrs. Leighton was with them, but she was more than usually occupied by a new conquest of Emma's, a Mr. Staunton, whom she had caught sight of entering the rooms.

Queenie exceedingly enjoyed a visit to any picture-gallery with her husband. He was a man of refined taste in art, and his observations delighted and instructed her. Unfortunately she had not confidence enough to express her own opinions, which could not fail to have interested him, so she was content to listen and coincide.

They were examining together a picture which attracted a crowd of gazers, when Sir Gaspar's attention was arrested by a countenance he thought he had seen before, the face of a handsome man, so utterly absorbed in the contemplation of his wife, that he turned round to catch her eye, almost amused at the intense gaze of which she was evidently unaware.

He caught her eye, and directing

her look said, "Do you know that man?"

Poor Queenie! what evil genius whispered her to decide her whole fate with such an answer, and only one word!

She said, "No."

It was Charles Townshend whom she instantly recognised, and yet she said, "No!"

Her emotion at seeing him so unexpectedly was mere surprise, and afterwards a sudden fear, and that fear made her say, "No;" made her lie to the one being in all the universe to whom she most wished to be truthful.

She turned away and put her arm in her husband's; it trembled so violently that he felt it. He looked wonderingly at her; she was pale as marble; then he looked round to see what had become of the stranger; what was his astonishment to find at the same moment Mrs. Leighton and Emma in the attitude of recognition with Townshend. It was one of those sudden meetings when the instant must decide. Mrs. Leighton's impulse was to greet him as an old friend. Emma did whatever her mother did.

"Look!" said Monckton, "look! you said you did not know him."

"No—yes—I had forgotten." Her confusion was painful; she could have sunk into the earth.

All this time Townshend was talking to her mother and sister, the best friends in the world.

Sir Gaspar dropped her arm and moved away.

"Gaspar, are you going? Will you not take us home?"

"No; I have to go to the House."

"Let me drive there with you, *do!* I wish to go home."

He went on through the rooms without looking back. She followed, heedless of any thing but her despair.

Yes, even then she would have made a desperate effort, she would have confessed her tacit duplicity, for such it was, in the long concealment of her prior engagement. He must forgive her when he knew it was her love for him, her fear of its changing his feeling for her, that made her so afraid to tell him.

He went on, and was lost in the crowd. She could not, for worlds, go back to her mother and encounter

Townshend, so she found the servant and carriage, drove straight home and sent the carriage back for her mother.

Sir Gaspar did not dine at home that day—he often dined out when Mrs. Leighton was with them; they were going to the opera in the evening.

Emma came into her sister's dressing room before dinner. "Oh, Queenie," said she, "only think of Townshend, poor Charles Townshend, being in London! Did you not see him at the Exhibition, speaking to us? What do you mean to do? Shall you cut him? It will be very awkward and disagreeable if you do, for we shall meet him everywhere. Besides, he's an immense friend of Mr. Staunton's."

"Emma, dear, it is so very painful to me to meet him—I cannot do it. And then, Gaspar, who knows nothing of our even being acquainted! Indeed, this morning, I said I did not know him."

Mrs. Leighton, who had come in during the dialogue, now interposed with, "Oh, then, it is all simple enough, he never *need* know any thing about it; and I have particular reasons for not cutting poor Townshend. I am sure it is not for *us* to cut him, poor fellow, if he is generous enough to forgive *us*."

And so it was settled. Queenie got entangled in a net of concealment and deception.

She had to explain to her husband that she had not remembered Captain Townshend at first. This, she told him, and he forgot, or seemed to forget, her strange emotion at the Exhibition.

Captain Townshend brought with him Mr. Staunton, a young man of large fortune, who was supposed to be struck with Emma, but had not declared himself. They came together to Lady Monckton's box that evening.

Sir Gaspar was not with them, but he was at the opera in a box opposite, and he saw the stranger of the Exhibition at Queenie's side. He could not see her face; above all he could not see her heart, or he would have read there her annoyance, vexation, dislike at the determination of Townshend to renew the acquaintance, and her resolution to let him see that she at least did not wish it. The husband only saw that the stranger who had gazed so long and ardently, and whom she had denied knowing, sat

there at her side. And when they met afterwards not a word was said.

"Who was with them at the opera?" he asked.

"Mr. Staunton, Lord Vernon, Colonel Masters, and others," were named, *but no one else.*

Certainly Townshend must have been a vain fool if he mistook Queenie's manner to himself. She was no longer Queenie Leighton but Lady Monckton; that he could see plainly. But finding her so beautiful and so admired, he liked the notoriety of being seen with her, and he loved her too, with a curious mixture of passion and spite, and he longed to know if she had been influenced by her mother to give him up.

Now, Sir Gaspar Monckton's was the very reverse of a suspicious nature. Generous and confiding in those he loved, he was besides extremely unobservant and careless of trifling passing events. He had in his disposition an inherent abhorrence of untruth, that made him almost fastidiously intolerant of even conventional falsehoods. In his love for Queenie, he did not enough appreciate her powers of intellect, but he adored her innocent candid nature; the idea of *her* deceiving him even in a trifle, almost maddened him, and, torture as it was, he determined to be convinced before he allowed such a possibility to enter his mind.

His friend Lawrence lived in the neighbourhood of Larkington. To him he wrote to find out what he could of his wife's antecedents; and the fact of her previous engagement to Captain Townshend was thus first made known to him. The wretched disenchantment stared him in the face. He had been the dupe of a manœuvring mother and a weak or wicked daughter. The miserable man staggered under the blow; it struck him to the heart. He had so loved, so trusted—and who would not have trusted *her*? Then came a thought, as if brought on the wings of an angel—the remembrance of that first meeting—her eyes melting into his, and that strange, wistful look, which afterwards haunted him. After all she might have loved him—she might not have loved that other! He caught at this faint hope as a drowning man, and it nerved him to the effort—the greatest for him to make

—that he would wait, would observe longer, seeming to see nothing.

And so it went on. The stranger was presented to him. He heard the name, and knew it was the man who had been betrothed to his wife, and whom she had denied knowing.

He observed.

He saw that scarcely even the commonest courtesies passed between them; but what was that when *he* was present? As to Mrs. Leighton, he could not make out her game. He did not know that the price of her civilities to Townshend was, that the rich and silly Staunton, who took Townshend as a Mentor, should be induced to marry her eldest daughter, who began to hang on hand.

He observed.

He saw his wife's depression—he saw her wistful, anxious eyes turned on him—he surprised tears in them; but he set it down to the difficulties of a disappointed or guilty love for another.

One day he observed to some purpose. He saw Townshend slip a note into his wife's bouquet. That note he was determined to have before she saw it; and he succeeded. It contained only these words:—"I am unchanged—unchangeable. Why will you never allow me an opportunity of telling you so?"

This was at least a relief in one way: that whatever might be Townshend's audacity, it was not encouraged. From the reaction almost all his old trust in Queenie returned. She could not have loved that coxcomb, he thought! And yet!—and yet! She was so very young; she had been clearly sacrificed to him, and she was doing her best, poor child, to be faithful.

He was in this gentler and more hopeful mood when the climax came that decided poor Queenie's fate.

The day was fixed for their return to Hartley Court—a day devoutly longed for by herself. Sir Gaspar had not invited her mother, though that lady had privately calculated on doing the honours of her son-in-law's country seat to a select party of her own friends, including Staunton and, of course, Townshend.

In their Belgravian mansion Lady Monckton had a boudoir opening into a dressing-room, where she amused herself with painting, and never ad-

mitted visitors. She had an aversion to her beginnings and attempts being seen, and especially by the fastidious eye of her husband, and often laughingly excluded him from her studio, remembering his contempt for the pink and yellow sketch-book.

One morning that Queenie was out shopping, Townshend, paying one of his frequent calls, was in the drawing-room with Mrs. Leighton. That lady, telling him of her daughter's recent fancy for painting, offered to show him what she was about, under a promise of secrecy. She led the way to the sanctum, and he became ecstatic over a painting on the easel. Suddenly a step was heard, and Lady Monckton's voice on the stair, telling the servant she should not want the carriage again. Without a moment's thought, but that she was ashamed of the intrusion, Mrs. Leighton seized Townshend's arm and dragged him into the dressing-room, while Queenie entered at the other door. Mrs. Leighton made good her retreat without noticing whether he followed or not. He did *not* follow. There was a screen in the room which was too inviting a retreat; and there he remained concealed, the door standing open between the two rooms.

Queenie, unconscious that she was not alone, began to paint, having first thrown off her bonnet and shawl. She was attempting a composition of her own, and was extremely desirous her husband should not see it till in a more finished state.

Suddenly she heard his knock at the door of her boudoir.

"May I come in?"

"Oh, no, no! Pray don't come," she answered. "I can't have it seen. At least, wait one minute. Now you may!" She had turned the picture round, and now stood smiling as he came in.

What a face met her view—what haggard eyes—what livid paleness!

He searched the room with his glance.

"So you are alone!—you admit no one—no one—not even your husband!"

She looked bewildered. "Gaspar, dearest Gaspar, what is it? Are you ill? Why do you look so? You cannot really be angry about my foolish sketch! Here it is—look at it if you like!"

She held it to him, but he dashed it down.

"False!—false from first to last!—and to seem so artless!—that is the worst! Tell me," said he, in a choking voice; "tell me, and I will believe you still—are you alone?"

"What can you mean?" she said, a horrible fear coming over her that he was mad.

He burst into a wild laugh. "Ha, ha! the door is locked outside, there is no escaping, no evading now; we shall see if you tell the truth?"

He took her by the arm into the dressing-room, tore down the screen, and there stood Townshend.

In an agony of bewilderment and terror she fell at her husband's feet; she felt as if it were some evil dream, a fate from which she had no power to extricate herself.

"Oh, Gaspar, my husband, believe me, I know not what this means—how *he* came there I know not."

Sir Gaspar had recovered his outward self-control, and said with the calmness of despair.

"Be silent—words are worse than useless—words!"

"Sir Gaspar Monckton," said Townshend, "I implore you to believe—for Lady Monckton's sake I entreat it—that the merest accident—in short, a—quite unknown to Lady Monckton brought me here."

"Silence!" exclaimed Monckton. "Silence and hear me. You must be aware that from this moment Lady Monckton and I part—for ever. If I have wronged you, as I may have done, in taking your affianced bride, I will restore her—by divorce."

"Oh no, no, never," exclaimed the wife; "I hate, I abhor him, I never loved him!—believe me, Gaspar—but you will not, how can you ever believe me, now." She covered her face with her hands, and sobbed, while the tears streamed through her fingers.

"Enough," said Gaspar, with a strange calmness; "for your sake and mine we will devour our agony alone, and not give it as an amusement to the world." He pointed to the door, with a lofty gesture, and Townshend left the room.

When they were alone his forced calmness had deserted him; he looked long at Queenie in silence, then said, in an altered voice, "Oh, Queenie,

Queenie! who could have believed you so false! But you denied that you ever knew him, and to me, to me. We part for ever. All discussions—all explanations are useless—needless. All I can do for your comfort—apart from me—I will do. Every arrangement shall be made. All I ask is, that you will remember that you still bear my name, and will not disgrace it."

She was too heart-broken to be roused even by this last sting; she only wept in silence.

He passed from the door, and left her.

It was seven years from her marriage, and five from her separation, when the correspondence took place with which our story begins.

The "Mary" of the letters was a Mrs. Dacre, with whom Lady Monckton took refuge in her worse than widowhood. She was the widow of a celebrated artist, and a judicious as well as affectionate friend. She discovered and promoted Queenie's taste for art, and the occupation it gave her mind proved the best balm for sorrow.

Mrs. Leighton had succeeded in marrying her daughter Emma, though not to Mr. Staunton. Her son-in-law was a man of large fortune and small intellect, who was "something in the city" (she never divulged what), and whose name was Stubman; had a villa at Twickenham, and she took up her abode with them, which everybody thought a very nice arrangement, except, perhaps, Mr. Stubman himself.

This was a great relief to Lady Monckton, who was thus free from uncongenial companionship, without the self-reproach of neglecting her mother. The allowance settled on her by Sir Gaspar was ample, but when she discovered the possibility of supporting herself, she determined to do so.

In the world of small gentility, to which she had been accustomed all her life at Larkington, an artist who sold his works was not *genteel*; and remembering the only parting injunction Gaspar had given her, not to disgrace his name, she took another name when she went to Rome to study to be an artist in earnest.

In her intercourse with Mrs. Dacre,

great as was their mutual confidence in each other, the painful subject of the separation was never discussed.

Queenie had made up her mind so entirely that she deserved her fate, and that her duplicity and concealment merited all she had suffered, that when she had alluded to her husband it was with a depth of penitence that almost misled Mrs. Dacre as to the extent of her errors, and the subject seemed so cruelly harassing that she strictly avoided it.

Like many sensitive and reserved persons, Queenie wrote much more openly than she spoke. Living so entirely secluded a life, it was a relief to her to write long letters to one whose sympathy was never-failing; and it was in these letters from Rome that she at last confided to her friend the actual events which caused her separation.

Sometimes she poured out the anguish of her loving heart widowed by more than death. Sometimes she broke forth in indignation at the fatal wrong caused by no fault of hers; but never one word of blame attached to her husband. She still felt that circumstances were so against her, that added to her previous duplicity, no earthly power could undeceive him.

We will now resume the correspondence with a letter from Mrs. Dacre to Lady Monckton.

MY VERY DEAR SOPHIA,

I cannot sleep till I have answered your last most affecting letter. Why, why did you not tell me all this long ago? Who could have imagined that you have been suffering all these years of false accusation, and you have never even tried to justify yourself? Surely you were wrong in allowing yourself to be so punished for one fault. True, it is a great fault. You say, yourself, it ought not to be forgiven. You call it "a lie between those who love—the one unpardonable sin"—but, dear child, you have surely atoned.

You say, that the details were so hateful to you, that you have never even tried to ascertain by what means, or with what intention, the man so abhorrent to you contrived admittance to your dressing-room. That the whole was like a horrid dream, when the most incongruous occur-

rences do not surprise us; that you were struck with a stupor of despair, and then came on the fever, in which I found you; and in the delirium of which you could not bear your mother. All this I can understand; but is Sir Gaspar so proud, so hard, and has he so entirely ceased to love you, that no effort can be made, even now, to open his eyes to the injustice you have suffered?

Poor child, it is time your martyrdom should cease. I will come myself, if possible, and join you. I feel as if something ought and must be done.

How touching is your delight at your husband's admiration of your works. You say that you are repaid for all your toil and labour. A very woman, after all! Art should be its own reward, not fame, or even (though that is better) the approval of some one who is more than fame to us.

But I must conclude, for I am in haste to begin preparations to come and join you.

Your ever affectionate,

MARY DACRE.

P.S.—I direct this letter in your own name; why should you be afraid to claim it, and proudly, too? I write to the Poste Restante, Rome.

From Sir Gaspar Monckton to William Lawrence, Esq.

Naples, June 20th.

MY DEAR LAWRENCE,

Since I last wrote to you from Rome, a change, the most joyful and important it is possible to imagine, has occurred to me.

I have found my wife, my adored Queenie. She is restored to me! I do not mean that I have seen her—that blessed moment is to come—but I have found her true, pure, sinned against, indeed, but never sinning.

That mysterious sculptress—Lawrence, my hand trembles while I write it—that woman, full of poetry and genius, is my wife, my Queenie. That, of course, is not enough, though it is much; for I have a theory that no true artist, or true poet, can be worthless or vicious.

But the way I discovered her was this. My letters from Rome were sent on to me here. There was one for "Lady Monckton." In my anxiety to know something of her, I could not resist opening the letter.

Lawrence, I would send it to you, for it will explain all, but it is too precious to part with. It is addressed to her by Mrs. Dacre, your wife's friend, the widow of *The Dacre*. It is an answer to some very confidential ones from poor Queenie—noble, ill-judged Queenie—fully justifying her; wondering only, as we must all wonder, she suffered in silence, and said nothing to clear herself. The one wrong that was on her conscience, that of having concealed from me her previous engagement, was cause enough, she thought, for all she had to suffer. Oh, Queenie, my own love, how shall I ever repair all I have made her unjustly suffer!

I traced her to Naples, but found she had almost immediately left it for one of the islands. Capri I have already visited, and could find no trace of her. Still it was pleasant to think in those beautiful places she might be near me; or had lately passed through the same exquisite scenes. I am impatient for to-morrow, that I may go to Ischia; but as I wish you to get this as soon as possible, I shall despatch it first.

It is so strange a feeling, almost too happy to be true, that nothing separates us now but that strip of sea.

Yours, dear Lawrence,
Affectionately,
GASPAR MONCKTON.

When Gaspar landed from his boat on the shore of the beautiful island of Ischia, beset as usual by a tribe of facchini, guides, and donkey-drivers, Francesco, who was well paid by Captain Townshend to keep away all visitors from the mountain inn of the "Piccola Sentinella," very importunately insisted on conducting him to another hotel, still higher up the mountain path, dignified by the name of "La Grande Sentinella." Here he scarcely allowed himself to rest before he began his inquiries, a most difficult matter, for there were no names, no arrival books.

He was told there were very few *forestieri* in the island as yet. There were a "lady and gentleman" at the other hotel, who had been there some time.

"A lady and gentleman!" This seemed very hopeless, and he fell into

a melancholy reverie, from which the glorious sights of sea and isles and vine-clad mountains failed to rouse him.

We must now return to Captain Townshend, who began to weary of his adventure, and who could not help suspecting that the moment he gave notice of his presence in any shape Lady Monckton would refuse to see him. The notion of falling sick he soon gave up. "She would merely send her maid, and, perhaps, a homœopathic dose; and when she knows who I am, either she or I will have 'to quit the premises.'"

However, he could not quite resolve to retire without an attempt to break the ice, for there were still times when his vanity persuaded him she always loved him, and had been sacrificed. They had now been living at the same hotel, isolated from all the world, for about ten days.

In the evenings Queenie had a table and chair brought out on the terrace and sat reading or writing, or leaning over the low wall, watching the fire-flies flitting among the vineyards beneath, or the golden glow of the sunset on the sea, or the fishing-boats coming into the little harbour far below.

This close vicinity and the oddness of their position, by turns irritated, amused, and wearied him. He resolved to end it, but would not depart without one attempt to speak to Lady Monckton.

She stood leaning one evening over the terrace wall watching the sea.

A white sail in the offing, coming nearer and nearer, engaged that kind of unconscious attention which we give sometimes to outward objects when the thoughts are most earnestly abstracted. She was thinking of Gaspar, remembering some sketches of his near Naples, and trying to identify them with the scenery. How little she guessed that white sail was bringing near to her the object of her most anxious thoughts. She stood there dreaming, when the slight breeze that rose at sundown, fluttering among the vine leaves, caught the handkerchief in her hand, and carried it over the parapet into a court below. Suddenly, from the house a man rushed down the steps into the court-yard; she heard, rather than saw, that some one approached her. "The *forestiere*,

no doubt, who kept so quiet, and seemed to avoid interfering with her." He, indeed, it was. She looked up; Townshend stood before her, with a strong effort at quiet indifference, presenting the handkerchief.

"Lady Monckton," he said, "we have been neighbours so long, do allow me the privilege of an old friend; let us be a little more neighbourly."

All this time she was standing erect, her overpowering surprise overcome by her grand disdain.

Flushed with indignation, she exclaimed, "Friend! neighbour! Do you presume to speak those words to me? Leave me, sir; leave me! Your presence is odious to me: you, and you alone, are the cause of my misery, my—my——" Here her voice was breaking into sobs, but she stopped to check them by a strong effort. The sight of her emotion gave him more courage.

"My dear child," said he, "be pacified; and let your majesty also recollect who it was that gave the first offence. It strikes me that I have the most right to complain; not that I ever thought of things turning out as they have done. You were engaged to me, and I loved you, when you gave me up for a better match. Don't turn away so contemptuously; hear me out. Of course, you were very right to obey your mamma. I entreat you stay, and hear me out; and don't look so awfully grand and majestic. I will go this minute, if you wish it; but I do want to explain that the last unlucky chance" —

"Chance, do you call it?" she said sternly.

"Yes, chance; it was as much an accident as ever happened. Your mother was afraid of your being vexed at her good-nature in showing me your painting; so she told me to go into that open door while you passed."

A shudder went through her frame and paled her cheek at the remembrance. She turned, and spoke with a strong effort.

"I hear you, Captain Townshend," she said. "I listen, because I am resolved to have that mystery cleared up which has ruined my happiness."

"It is no mystery. I have told you all; upon my honour, I have. I wish to goodness I could tell you, or at least that you would believe how

grieved I have been for all that has happened since."

"What does it matter what I believe?" she said, so sadly she seemed to forget in her grief to whom she was speaking. "Who will make *him* believe? No, it is too late, miserably too late! And why are you here? why persecute me? why not leave me to the wretchedness you have caused?"

"If indeed you wish it, and I suppose you do, Queenie, I will go; but it is hard to think you hate the very sight of me; and I only wanted to tell you I was sorry. I only wanted you, if possible, to forgive me before I go away to India, and to ask you if any thing could be done or said to reconcile"—

"Oh! not by you, not by you, never, Charles Townshend; if ever you thought you loved or cared for me, leave me now in peace. I will try to forgive you. If ever I—if ever I am happy again—I will quite forgive you; but do not imagine for one instant that my marriage was one of ambition, or that I ever understood the power of true affection when I accepted you. No; for that I should ask you to forgive me. I love my husband. I have never wavered one instant in my devotion to him. The one cruel mistake was that I ever concealed a thought from one who was worthy of all my confidence. He knew not of my engagement to you, and that was the cause of all."

The long restrained grief was nearly choking her, but she bravely repressed her tears.

"Captain Townshend," she said, "I must know if you leave this evening, or, late as it is, I return to Naples."

His manner was quite changed to a grave respect. "Believe me, I do not wish to annoy you; I only wished to see and speak to you once, for I am on my way to India to join my regiment. I have waited here for ten days without having courage to ap-

proach. Will you not shake hands, and let me go at least forgiven?"

"Farewell," she said; "and God bless you; forgive me." She turned away without giving her hand, and walked gravely and sadly to her own rooms.

She entered.

The short twilight of the south left it already dusky and dim. She did not see who stood in the room, but a voice suffocated with emotion, exclaimed, "My own, my Queenie," and she was clasped in her husband's arms.

In the rapture of that meeting there was no surprise, no question, no explanation—none seemed needed; but with returning reflection, Queenie thought of Townshend, his proximity, his having lived under the same roof. Disengaging herself from Gaspar's embrace, she said tremulously, "Again, again he is here; oh, how can I hope you will believe that this time I knew it not."

He smiled, and drew her again to his heart. "I have heard all," said he; "I was here, and heard all you said, but I should have believed you now; how unkind you were, my Queenie, not to have shaken hands with him. Come and do so now. I have no room in my heart for any thing but joy."

They looked out on the terrace, but Townshend was gone. Then Gaspar gave her the letter from Mary Dacre, which had proved so unconscious a vindication.

"Dear, good Mary!" she said; "and was this all that was needed, this slight friendly shock, to break down the strong prison walls between your heart and mine, Gaspar?"

"Say rather the slight thin blind, so perversely blown between us, shutting out from me both light and sun. Oh, Queenie, had you said one word I should have believed you."

"How could I," she replied, "when I had forfeited my right to be believed?"

THE ICE-BOUND SHIP AND THE DEAD ADMIRAL.

A LYRICAL FRAGMENT.

* * * * *

THREE things are stately found—
 Yea, four (one saith) be comely in their going,
 The lion, and the he-goat, and the hound,
 And, with his flying flags, and bugles blowing,
 The king, in harness, marching mail'd and crown'd :
 Stately is each of these ;
 But statelier still the battle ship,
 When o'er the white line of the heavy seas,
 Like stars o'er snow-crown'd trees,
 Storm-sway'd and swung, its bright lights roll and dip.
 And statelier yet again
 The spirits of our sailor Englishmen,
 Well pleased with their own ocean's manly roar ;
 They only fear the shore.

These things are stately found ;
 But when the lion slowly, slowly dies,
 Never waxing well of his deep wound ;
 When the he-goat on the golden altar lies,
 Fasten'd to it for a sacrifice ;
 When the baying of the hound
 Nevermore beneath the hunter's glad blue skies
 To the merry, merry bugle shall make full answer rise
 On the field, or by the yellowing forest skirt,
 Dying of a deadly hurt,
 From the storm of chase apart,
 With a horn thrust in his stout old heart ;
 When the king who march'd forth mail'd and crown'd,
 With roses rain'd from balconies, and clarions ringing sound,
 Hath red drops upon his battle shirt,
 Bleeds away into his silver mail,
 Sees his banners like a tatter'd sail,
 And the oldest captain's cheek turns pale ;
 When those desperate horsemen charge and fail,
 And himself is taken by the foe and bound ;—
 He-goat, lion, king, and hound,
 Statelier far and nobler are ye found—
 Statelier far and nobler thus—
 Beauty and glory are less glorious,
 Less beautiful than sorrow grand and true ;
 The steadfast will is more august than Fate,
 And they who greatly suffer are more great
 Than they who proudly do !

And when the man-of-war
 No longer takes the tide on her dark hull,
 Nor, like a sea bird, dippeth beautiful,
 Bows under to the green seas rolling far ;
 And heareth nevermore the hardy tar.

The wind that singeth to the Polar star
 Humming and snoring through rigging and spar;
 But like a grand and worn-out battle car,
 The good ship rests, with crystals round the keel,
 And frost-flowers hanging from the wheel.

And when the man-of-war
 Rests ice-bemarbled, she is statelier there,
 As the crusader carven still and fair
 With those white hands of prayer,
 Is holier than the soldier fiery-soul'd
 Glimmering in steel and gold,
 O red cross knight! O red cross ship! enough ye both have toiled.
 And the funeral bell hath toll'd,
 And wave and battle both away have roll'd,
 The ocean's billow and the banner's fold,
 The great white horses and the rider bold.
 Ah! sea and war have now no troubling breath.
 Brave knight! good ship! ye surely are assoil'd
 By the great pardoner—Death!

* * * * *

Stately! but statelier yet,
 What time the winter thy good ships beset
 With ice-mail'd meshes of his awful net,
 And wondrously the summer sun went down,
 Tiara'd with the shadow and the flame—
 And night with horror of great darkness came
 On her black horse, a veil upon her face,
 Riding above his sunken crown—
 But day's white palfrey kept not equal pace.*
 Seal and bear, and walrus brown,
 Were heard no longer on the floe,
 Sledge or kayak of the Esquimaux
 Come there never to that land of woe.
 Ptarmigan and grouse were fleck'd with snow,
 All the ivory gulls flapped far away;
 Fox and hare, turned white and silver grey,
 Crept in silence closer to the day.
 Silence—silence—save the ice that growl'd
 Save the wind that hammer'd the stiff shroud,
 Or like lean dogs through the darkness howl'd,
 Hunting on some weird and wolfish cloud.
 Ah me! the wise men tell,
 Who read the dark speech of the fossil well,
 How in some age æonian
 The mild moons, as 'twere queens at play,
 Shook out their splendours, like a silver fan,
 And delicate ammonites boated in the bay,
 And on the beech, through crimson-creeper'd plant
 And rainbow-colour'd shell, there trod the elephant.
 At last an orange band,
 Set in a dawn of ashen grey,
 To things that winter in that dreadful land
 Told, like a prophet, of the sun at hand;
 And the light flicker'd like an angel's sword,
 This way and that athwart the dark fiord:
 And strangely colour'd fires
 Play'd round magnificent cathedral spires.

* And after these there came the Day and Night,
 Riding together both with equal pace,
 Th' one on a palfrey blacke, the other white.
 SPENSER: "Faerie Queen," canto vii.

Grandly by winter of the glacier built
 With fretted shafts, by summer glory-tipp'd,
 And darkness was unmuffled and was ripp'd
 Like crape from heaven's jewell'd hilt.
 O those grand depths on depths that look like Fate,
 Awfully calm and uncompassionate;
 Those nights that are but clasps, or rather say,
 Bridges of silver flung from day to day;
 That vault which deepens up, and endeth never,
 That sea of starlit sky,
 Broadening and brightening to infinity,
 Where nothing trembles, suffers, weeps for ever.
 But still the ships were fast in the ice-field,
 And while the midnight Arctic sun outwheel'd,
 Thicker and thicker did Death's shadows fall
 On the calm forehead of the Admiral.

O Admiral! thou hadst a shrine
 Of silver, not from any earthly mine,
 Of silver ice divine—
 A sacrament, but not of bread and wine.
 Thou hadst the Book, the stars, in whose broad skies
 Are truths, and silences, and mysteries—
 The love, which whoso loveth, never dies.

Brave hearts! he cannot stay:
 Only at home ye will be sure to say
 How he hath wrought, and sought, and found—found what?
 The bourne whence traveller returneth not!—

Ah no! 'tis only that his spirit high
 Hath gone upon a new discovery,
 A marvellous passage on a sea unbounded,
 Blown by God's gentle breath;
 But that the white sail of his soul hath rounded
 The promontory—Death!

How shall we bury him?
 Where shall we leave the old man lying?
 With music in the distance dying—dying,
 Among the arches of the Abbey grand and dim,
 There, if we might, we would bury him;
 And comrades of the sea should bear his pall;
 And the great organ should let rise and fall
 The requiem of Mozart, the Dead March in Saul—
 Then, silence all!

And yet far grandlier will we bury him.
 Strike the ship-bell slowly—slowly—slowly!

Sailors! trail the colours half-mast high;
 Leave him in the face of God most Holy,
 Underneath the vault of Arctic sky.

Let the long, long darkness wrap him round,
 By the long sunlight be his forehead crown'd.
 For cathedral panes ablaze with stories,

For the tapers in the nave and choir,
 Give him lights auroral—give him glories,

Mingled of the rose and of the fire.
 Let the wild winds, like chief mourners, walk,
 Let the stars burn o'er his catafalque.

Hush! for the breeze, and the white fog's swathing sweep,

I cannot hear the simple service read,
 Was it "earth to earth," the captain said,
 Or "we commit his body to the deep,"

Till seas give up their dead!"

Well pleased our island-mother scans,
 As mothers of heroic children use,
 In things like these her silent Inkermanns,
 Her voiceless Trafalgars and Waterloos.
 O trenches of the winter wild and black!
 O Balaklavas of the rolling pack!
 O combats on the sledge, or in the yards,
 Magnificent as marches of the Guards!
 O dreader sights to see, and sounds to list,
 Than Muscovite and gun, grey through the morning mist!
 Ye tell our England that of many a son
 Deep agonies are suffer'd, high deeds done.
 Whereof is sparing memory or none,
 That have eternity and deathless land
 Before the starry threshold of our God;
 And evermore in such she learns to read
 The pledge of future deed.

Hush! be not overbold,
 Who dares to talk about success
 In presence of that solemn blessedness?
 Who, but God, dares to give a martyr gold?
 O high and stately things,
 Are ye dead—defeated—still?
 Is the lion silent on the hill?
 Doth the he-goat lie before the fane,
 All his glory dashed with a red stain,
 Dropping from the heart's deep springs?
 Is the good hound mute upon the track?
 Is the mail'd king borne through tears that fall like rain,
 Drums and banners muffled up in black?
 Is the war-ship frozen up for ever?
 Shall the sailor see home's white cliffs never?
 Hush! O leave him in the darkness of the land,
 Cover'd with the shadow of Christ's hand;
 Leave him in the midnight Arctic sun,
 God's great light o'er duty nobly done,
 God's great whiteness for the pardon won,
 Leave him waiting for the setting of the Throne,
 Leave him waiting for the trumpet to be blown.
 In God's bosom, in a land unknown.
 Leave him (he needeth no lament)
 With suns, and nights, and snow,
 Life's tragedy is more magnificent,
 Ending with that sublime and silent woe.
 'Tis well it should be so.

HISTORY OF THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA.

NO. I.

Few histories are so dramatic, few so full of episode, few divided into periods so well defined by remarkable catastrophe and change of scene, as that of the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem. Long continuance and the most varied succession of incidents give to that history its own peculiar character and consistency. Nothing has been wanting to the interest of its great annals—not the beauty of holiness, nor the tenderness of charity, nor the wisdom of statesmanship, nor the glory of arms—not the romance of adventure, nor the trappings of wealth, nor the brilliancy of success, nor the nobility of adversity well borne. For seven whole centuries, from the unworldly enthusiasm of Godfrey de Bouillon to the baffled ambition of the first Napoleon, that wondrous community of soldier-monks filled its own special place in the commonwealth of Christendom.

The Order of the Hospital has owned kindred, nay rivals, among the institutions of the Middle Ages, yet can it scarcely be counted as one among many. In the grandeur of its permanence, in the versatility of its vital power, in its possession of absolute and uncontested sovereignty, it stands alone. Beyond a doubt, it was the offspring of the first crusade, the nobler and purer elements of whose twofold enthusiasm, warlike and devotional, might be said to have crystallized into this form. Not, indeed, that the mould was, in all respects, of new fashion, into which that glowing metal was fused. Hospital traditions in Jerusalem were at least of as old a date as the days of Constantine and of his successors in the Christian empire. The exercise of a special hospitality in the reception of strangers and the tending of the sick

had flourished then, not only in Jerusalem itself, but in other cities of the land so dear to pilgrims.

Yet is it unlikely that this remembrance influenced the imagination or determined the judgment of the mailed men who stormed Zion with Godfrey. The reminiscences of the great Frank empire of Charlemagne, with its habits of thought and feeling, were more life-like and active in their minds. His capitularies, and those of his successors,* bear ample witness to princely care for the foundation, endowment, and support of hospitable houses in Europe, whilst we know that to the charitable institutions of Christendom in the Holy Land quiet and prosperity were given by the friendly relations subsisting between the great Karl and the renowned Haroun al Raschid.

In A.D. 870,† the French monk Bernard made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. There he found an hospital or guest-house, "into which were received all who, speaking the Roman tongue (*linguâ loquentes Romanâ*), seek to that spot for devotion's sake." Close beside it, a church reared its walls, "in honour of Holy Mary;" and to it pertained a "most noble library, the gift of Charles, with twelve mansions, certain fields and vineyards, and a garden in the Valley of Jehosaphat." This noble foundation may have decayed, or even perished, in the altered relations of afterdays between Mahometan and Christian princes. It is hard to suppose, however, that all remembrance and trace of it should have disappeared between the date of Bernard's pilgrimage and that of the well-known concession made to the traders of Amalfi by the Egyptian Khalif, Monstaser Billah. We think Major Porter assigns a date somewhat too recent for this event, which

A History of the Knights of Malta, or the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem. By Major Whitworth Porter, Royal Engineers. London: Longman. 1858.

* See the magnificent "Collection of Baluze," ex. gr., tom. i., col. 715; tom. ii., col. 1404.

† Act. Sanct., Ord. S. Benedict. D'Achery, Sæc. iii., p. 2.

he describes as occurring in the "middle," instead of at the beginning of the eleventh century; and that, in speaking of the permission to the Amalfitans to "establish an hospital within the walls of Jerusalem for the use of poor and sick Latin pilgrims," he has hardly characterized with sufficient precision the nature of the transaction.

We will not attempt to dispute the intimation of Sismondi that the extent and importance of the trade of Amalfi has been over-rated. This, however, is certain, that after a desperate struggle for existence against the navies of the Saracens, that republic entered into close commercial relations with them. In Sicily, under its Aglabite Arab rulers, special privileges were hers. She had at Palermo a whole suburb and a church under the invocation of St. Andrew. The "tari" coins, in which to this day small sums are reckoned in Sicily, were struck in the mint of Amalfi. Throughout the chain of ports called still the "Scale di Levante," Amalfi had compters or factories; and not a few of her citizens trading with or resident in the Holy Land and bordering sea coasts, would naturally be drawn to Jerusalem for devotion, and even for traffic. In the maritime towns of Egypt and Syria, they possessed caravanserais, "khans," "hospitia," of their own—in Jerusalem, none. They solicited Montaser for leave to remedy this deficiency, and a large and commodious site was thereupon assigned to them in the Christian quarter. On it they built their "nospitium," "auberge," "factory;" within its precincts, the Oratory of St. Mary of the Latin rite; and in course of time followed their "hospital," in our modern acceptance of the term—"nosocomia," as some old records have it—wards for the treatment of such pilgrims of either sex as the fierce rays of a Syrian sun or the fitful epidemics of the East had stricken down. These hospitals came to have their own peculiar oratories; that of the males named of St. John the Almoner, a saint of no distinction in the western, but of note in the eastern calendar; that of the females, placed under the patronage of St. Mary Magdalene.

From this Amalfitan hospital, a consensus of historians have derived

the origin of the Order of St. John. Major Porter has followed them; but if our readers will bear with a piece of somewhat minute historical criticism, we will venture to call in question, as briefly as possible, the correctness of this supposition.

The concession to the men of Amalfi had been made by the Egyptian Khalif, Monstaser Billah; but when the crusaders of Godfrey appeared before the walls of Jerusalem, the comparatively regular, mild, and compromising government of the dynasty to which he belonged, had been forcibly supplanted by the invading Turkomans: and, as we read in Christian and Arab chroniclers, the fact of the expulsion of at least the orthodox Christians from Jerusalem before its investment by Godfrey, it is far from probable, nay hardly possible, that any such Christian establishment as the Amalfitan hospital should have remained intact within the sacred walls. The stories, therefore, to which Major Porter alludes, which speak of the exercise of its functions during the siege, and attribute miraculous performances to its charitable chief, rest upon no solid foundation: and we might show, at length and in detail, that, by mere comparison of dates, it amounts almost to an impossibility that, as it has been pretended, the aged warden of the Amalfitan hospital—if any such were indeed in Jerusalem on the bloody 15th of July, 1099—could be identical with the man to whom belongs the glory of founding the great Order of St. John.

The constant tradition of that community had been, that its name, as such, was derived from the patronage of the great precursor himself, St. John the Baptist, and not from that of St. John the Almoner, devotion to whom the Amalfitans had learnt from intercourse with Christians of the Greek rite. Funès, the Spanish chronicler of the Order, remarks, in language befitting a Spanish caballero, that this fact was not only proved by the early and constant use of certain special devotional exercises by its members, but that—

"It was a thing well befitting, that he who was the lawgiver of the military discipline, teaching and preaching to centurions and soldiers of garrisons in Judæa, giving laws to them, whereby

the handling of arms might not offend true virtue, should be patron of this sacred and religious soldiery."

Bosio, the great Italian annalist of the order, had maintained the same. Pagi, the Franciscan expurgator of the chronology of Baronius* had adduced in proof a document of 1117, eighteen years only after the conquest of Jerusalem. And finally, Sebastiano Paoli brought to light a bull of Paschal II., given at Beneventum in 1113, and a confirmatory bull of Calixtus II.,† which establish clearly the primitive connexion of the Hospital of the Order with the name and title of St. John Baptist.

Add to this the unquestioned fact that the rule of the Order had ever been Augustinian, whereas there was no good reason to doubt, that, as the Benedictines claimed, the old Amalfitan foundation had been affiliated to themselves, and that one of its earliest rulers had come from their famous monastery of Monte Cassino; and it will be understood why historical inquirers, not so easily satisfied as Major Porter, by the facile inaccuracies of Vertot, had long since questioned the truth of the story which fathered the House of the Hospital upon the Hospitium of Amalfi. The fact is, that the original, if not the sole authority for that account of its foundation which attributes it to the elder, and, in much probability, the extinct Amalfitan House is that old crusading historian William Archbishop of Tyre. In his eighteenth book, he undertakes, as he candidly confesses, "to reprove the pride" of the Hospitallers, who at that time were at variance with the privileges or pretensions of his own archiepiscopal see; and also to condemn the unreasonableness of "their recalcitration against the churches of God." In pursuance of this laudable design, he professes to show that the brethren of the Hospital "grew from a small beginning;" and having mentioned the ancient existence of the Amalfitan house, he assumes its continuance at Jerusalem up to and during the siege of the city by the Christians. Thence he proceeds: "In their

Hospital (Xenodochium), was found a certain Geraldus, a man of approved conversation, who in that place, in the time of the siege, waited devotedly upon the poor by direction of the abbot and his monks." This man became the head of a brotherhood, who, according to the archbishop, "first withdrew themselves from the jurisdiction of the abbot, and then were by the Church of Rome emancipated from the hand and power of the Lord Patriarch."

Now the bull of Pope Paschal of 1113 exists. It is addressed to Geraldus from the Council of Beneventum, and is couched in terms which cannot for a moment be reconciled with the inferior and subservient position, attributed to him and his brotherhood, by the irate ecclesiastical historian. Its exordium runs:—

"Paschal, Bishop and servant of the servants of God, to his venerable son Gerald, Founder and Head of the Hospital of Jerusalem, (*Institutori ac Præposito Xenodochii*), and to his lawful successors for evermore."

Throughout the bull, in which the foundation of the Hospital is twice expressly attributed to Gerald alone, there is neither breath nor mention of any allegiance owed by him to any person or corporation whatever. On the contrary, even at that early date, within fourteen years of the taking of Jerusalem, affiliated houses in Provence, Calabria, and Sicily, are distinctly asserted to be "under his subjection, and at his disposal;" and all impugners and invaders of such sacred and sovereign rights, are declared excommunicated from the blessings of the Church on earth, and obnoxious to the searching judgment of the last great account. The confirmatory bull of Calixtus recites the same acknowledgments, in the same terms. Who, then, was this Gerald, if not, as William of Tyre, and his repeaters have said, a serving-brother in the old Amalfitan foundation?

But before proceeding in the attempt to give answer to the question, we will here remark, upon the fact, that the precise nature of the Hos-

* *Baronii Annales cum critica*. P. A. Pagi. Tom. xviii., p. 108. Edition of Lucerne.

† *Codice Diplomatico del Sacro Militare Ordine Gerosolimitano*. Tom I., p. 269. Lucca, 1733.

pital-foundation, no less than the person of its founder, has given rise to no little discussion.

Those historians, who have insisted upon tracing an imaginary continuity between the Amalfitan Hospital and that of St. John, have always been sorely puzzled to give the date and to assign the cause for the presumed change in the character of the latter brotherhood. When and why did the infirmary attendant leave the sick bed side of the hospital-wards and ride a-field in the saddle of a war-horse?

A period has been supposed when this two-fold character was not yet impressed upon the white-cross brotherhood; but a careful examination of historical documents would seem, at all events, to bring it within very narrow limits.

Whosoever Gerald may have been, he was the founder. Paschal's bull puts that beyond a doubt. That he was living in 1120 is proved by that, which Calixtus II. addressed to him in that year. Now ten years only after that date, the two-fold stamp of conventual charity and soldierly bravery is spoken of as the notorious mark of the Order, by Innocent II. For, in his Bull, directed, in its favour, to all prelates in his obedience, he speaks of the "manifold offices of humanity lavished on the sick in the Hospital of Jerusalem;" and farther, tells how that in order to secure to all the privilege of visiting in safety the Holy Places—

"The brethren of that house, *not fearing to lay down their own lives for the brotherhood*, with serving men and riding horses appointed for the special purpose, and kept at their own expense, do furnish defence against onslaught of Pagans, on journey thither and return as well. These be they by whom God freeth the Eastern Church from the foulness of Pagan men and purgeth out the foes of the Christian name."

If such were within ten years of the time when its first founder was alive, the recognised character of the Hospital-Order, that would not seem to be an unreasonable theory which would attribute it to the original impress of his own hand, and which seeks to find in him a man whose genius or whose circumstances account for this peculiar and new historical phenomenon.

Paul Antonio Paoli, nephew to the learned compiler of the Codex Diplomaticus of the Order, published in 1781, a dissertation on its origin, of which Major Porter apparently has taken little account. He fastened upon an indication given by William of Tyre himself, overlooked by previous inquirers, and was led in following it up to a suggestion touching the person of the founder of the Hospital, which has at least the merit of giving, if adopted, a clue to the secret of the first character of his institution. There seems to have been a constant and undisputed tradition that the founder of the Hospital had undergone some kind of martyrdom or confessorship. William of Tyre, somewhat inconsistently with his account of the inferior position attributed to Gerald in his nineteenth, has kept in his seventh book a record of this belief, and says that, at the time of the siege of Jerusalem, the cruel Moslems inflicted torture upon many Christian folk, as the crusading army advanced. Among their victims he reckons, "a man of venerable life and signal faith, Geraldus by name, *presiding over the hospital aforesaid*, . . . whom they subjected to bonds and stripes, so that by racking of his hands and feet, they brake his joints, and rendered useless the greater part of his limbs." But in the chronicle of Albert of Aix there is precise and detailed account of what befel a certain young and noblesoldier, cousin of Count Baldwin of the Mount, companion in arms and trusty friend of the pious Godfrey. The story, as told in all simplicity by the old chronicler is so singularly illustrative of the crusading spirit and time, that although it delays us upon our way, we will venture to give an outline.

It was not long after the fall of Jerusalem, Godfrey, defender of the holy sepulchre—for he had declined to bear in Jerusalem so proud a title as king—was, for a second time, before the walls of Assur with a diminished host, for princes, nobles, and knights, deeming their crusader's vow fulfilled, were sweeping back with homeward ebb to Europe. The garrison tendered tribute and hostages, requiring, however, some security in return. Now, there was a "certain soldier, a young man devoted to Godfrey's person," of noble blood—"De genere Hemaucorum," writes the

Canon of Aix; that is to say, of the house of Hainault, to which belonged Baldwin of the Mount (Baldwinus comes Hemaucorum, as William of Tyre calls him). This is the house whose blood intermingled in due time with that of the sovereign families of Lorraine and of Normandy, of England and of France. His name was Gerald, of the Castle of Avesnes, in what is now French Flanders; and he, for Godfrey's sake, delivered himself into the hands of the Saracens of Assur. But, when Godfrey's back was turned, no tribute was forthcoming, and the infidel hostages having escaped from custody, their fellow-citizens, with execrable faith, refused to surrender Gerald. Siege was again soon laid to their walls, upon which, by way of intimidation, they set up a tall ship's mast, to which they lashed the hapless Gerald by hands and feet, "after the manner of one crucified." The appearance in life of that goodly soldier (*egregium militem*) astonished the Christians, who had thought him "long since butchered." Hanging there in agony he reminded Godfrey that at his bidding he had gone into the power of cruel and faithless foes. "Pity me, noble Duke, and deliver me from so bitter martyrdom." But the Duke answered: "Wert thou, brave Gerald, my own brother Eustace, of the same womb, I might not save this city from its doom for pity of thee. Bethink thee, to die thus is to gain life with Christ above." Then Gerald understood that he must address his soul to die, and made no farther request, save that his own armour and his war-horse should be dedicated to the Holy Sepulchre in Zion. Therewith assault was given, and ten shafts from his own friends pierce poor Gerald on his rack. The very Moslems are horror-stricken. "What hope of mercy for foeman when fellow-Christian and soldier finds none?" In their despair their resistance is desperate; and after seeing his engines and towers twice burnt with that marvellous Eastern fire which no water quenches, and his best troops decimated in a renewed assault, even Godfrey loses heart. The very elements, by some evil spell, appear to fight for Assur. Snow falls and lies deep even on that Syrian ground. The cold is piercing; howling storms sweep through

the camp. In shame and sadness the Christians return to Jerusalem. Nevertheless Godfrey watched and harried the town perpetually. At length it surrendered for good and all. But it was not until some time after this submission that the following strange event befel. There was led one day to the gates of Jerusalem a war-horse of pure breed and admirable make, richly caparisoned. It was a gift to the Duke from the Emir (Ammiraldus or Admiral, writes the chronicler) of Ascalon. On sea was war, and no quarter asked or gotten by Christian or Saracen; but on land was truce and friendly intercourse. Even the Bedowens of the desert in those days visited, unmolested, Jerusalem and the newly rebuilt port of Joppa. The Emir's gift was, therefore, no wonder. But the wonder was, and it filled every mind, that on the noble horse sat a yet nobler rider, one whose valiant soul had long since by Godfrey been reckoned among the happy dead. That rider was none other than Gerald of Avesnes, his whilom trusty friend. Moved by some unwonted pity, the men of Assur had taken him down from his cruel gibbet, healed his wounds, and sent him to the Emir of Ascalon, who, now that friendlier times were come, sought to win Godfrey's favour by sending back, unransomed, his companion-in-arms. Great was the Duke's amazement, greater his joy. Tenderly embracing Gerald in sight of all bystanders, he bestowed upon him, as some kind of recompense for the miseries he had endured, a noble tract of land with its pertaining castle, called "Near St. Abraham's" (*ad sanctum Abraham*).

So far the chronicle; but the name is note-worthy. St. Abraham, it can hardly be doubted, stands for Hebron, the sacred spot which, to this day, Christian and Moslem call the city of "the Friend of God." Now, one of the oldest charters of the Holy Land under the Latins, given by the first Baldwin in 1110, and confirmed by the fourth King of the name in 1154, makes special mention of the "Castle of Kessilia," as granted by Duke Godfrey to the Hospital of St. John at Jerusalem. In all Palestine there seems to be no spot which answers to the name, excepting Chesil or Khesil (Hebrew כֶּסֶל), in the an-

cient dominion of Judah, in the neighbourhood of Hebron. If this, indeed, be the Kessilia of the charters, earliest and most undoubted of Godfrey's donations to the Order of St. John, we think it goes far to prove the identity of the Gerald to whom the lands and castle "near St. Abraham" were granted, with the founder of the Hospital House; and thus William of Tyre's allusion to the damaged limbs of the tortured Gerald is explained and suppeditated by the particular account which Albert of Aix has left us of the sufferings undergone by that "egregious soldier," Gerald of Avesnes, in Hainault.

Endless difficulties of dates, with which we have not troubled the reader, vanish at this explanation; for almost fabulous reckonings of the age of the first Warden of the Hospital have been given to account for his being in life in 1120, if he were an old man at the siege of Jerusalem in 1099. But, if that Gerald be the "youthful" as well as brilliant soldier of the adventure at Assur, the question is set at rest. If Gerald of Avesnes, of the blood and spirit of the noblest crusading counts, himself one of the knightly enthusiasts who fought at Dorylæum and stormed Jerusalem, be the man who, crushed in body and disabled from war, conceived—as did in after-days the wounded convalescent soldier, Ignatius Loyola—the thought of founding a new religious order; if he be, indeed, the first framer of a law for a brotherhood of monkish warriors, then it requires but little effort to realize the notion that the spirit of his strange adventure, his own achievements as soldier in the saddle, and his own chastening as a martyr on the cross,* may have caused him to see so deeply into the double secret, warlike and devotional, of the crusading age; and he may very fitly be held to have been the first to belt the hospitable walls of a charitable house with the knightly defences of a feudal keep.

Not only the mixed character of the institution but the marvellous and unparalleled rapidity of its growth would be in great measure accounted for by the adoption of this theory touching its founder. For marvellous and unparalleled in its rapidity that growth truly was. The event, indeed, proved the institution to be deep rooted, sturdy, and strong as any gnarled oak, coming slowly to its pride under stern northern skies; but it is unquestionable that it shot up into being and greatness with the suddenness of that vegetation which, when tropical rains are past, tropical suns warm into life from out the bosom of earth.

That bull of the second Paschal, to which we have more than once referred, given but fourteen years from the fall of Jerusalem, speaks of "all honours and possessions of the Hospital, 'ultrà ceu citrà mare,' in Asia and in Europe." It recounts affiliated homes at St. Gilles in Provence, Asti in Piedmont, Pisa in Tuscany, Bari and Otranto in Lower Italy, Messina in Sicily, and even Seville in Spain. But much earlier than even this, and in so distant a region as our own British Isles, within one year of the storming of the Holy City, some of those Anglo-Normans who rode to Palestine in the train of William Redhead's brother must have brought home to England fame and approval of the infant Order. In the year 1100, in the reign of our first Henry,† Jordan Briset, a baron of the realm, son of Radulfus and husband of Muriel, exchanged ten acres of land, on his manor of Wellinghall in Kent, with the nuns of Clerkenwell, for ten acres at Clerkenwell itself, whereon he founded a house of Hospitallers of St. John, the same which, in the course of centuries, remained the headquarters of the great and famous Grand-priory of England.

Again, in proof of the extraordinary and speedy development of the power and influence of the Order, may be

* "Tam gravi et sævo martyrio ac perire non patiaris," are his words of entreaty to the Duke in Acquensis.

† Dugdale Monast. Angl. ii. 505. Spelman Glossar. Abbatt. p. 4. The accuracy of this early date is confirmed by the rolls of the Parliament of Winchester, 4th year of Edw. III. In the lists of Abbots and Priors stands the entry—

"Nomina Abbatiarum,
"Prior S. Joh. Jerusalem Angliæ.

"Nomina Fundatorum,
"Jordanus Briset et uxor ejus. 1100.

cited the strange legacy left to it in the time of Raymond Dupuy, the confessed successor of its first founder. This consisted in nothing less than the tutelage and sovereignty of his hereditary realms of Navarre and Aragon bequeathed to the Order, in conjunction with its new offshoot of the Temple, by Alfonso the First of Aragon. That valiant captain, hero, and darling of his people, whose traditionary love, for long years after his death in the rout of Fraga, expected his return—left by his will, dated in 1131, the kingdoms over which he had reigned, to the Orders of the Hospital and Temple combined; and this because he saw in their strong organization the surest safeguard against the Moorish power, and the best hope for extension by conquest of Christian dominion in Mahometan Spain.

It certainly seems hard to suppose that a mere eleemosynary association, founded by a serving brother upon the dwindled, if existing, remnants of that old Amalfitan house, could thus, upon a sudden, have acquired a character for military capacity so renowned, so widely spread. But upon the supposition of its institution by a man of kith and kin, no less than of a kindred spirit, with the warlike enthusiasts of the first Crusade, matters assume an aspect less unaccountable.

It has, moreover, been acutely noticed that, where Norman princes ruled, there the first and most famous houses of the Order at once sprung up; and it is, perhaps, a significant circumstance that the white cross became its badge. For that was the distinctive colour of the cross emblazoned, as we learn from William of Malmesbury, on the Norman banner of the princely Norman Bohemond; and of that, as Mathew of Paris testifies, borne on the shoulders of the Norman princes of England when they took any crusading vow.

The terrible disaster of the storm and sack of Acre in 1291 is the event to which must be attributed the loss of the primitive Constitutions of the Hospital Order, which, in its latter days, possessed only certain portions of its ancient and disciplinary rule, republished by its second head, that Raymond Dupuy, whom even his antagonist, William of Tyre, admits to have been "a religious man, and one

fearing God." He was elected, beyond a doubt, to this headship by those "*Fratres professi*," upon whom the oft-cited Bull of Paschal II. had conferred the inviolable right of election, even during the lifetime of Gerald. This constitution, the terms of which are preserved in a MSS. of the Vatican, and have been edited by many historians of the Order, was agreed upon in a chapter of these "*professed Brethren*."

Of the general character of the Institution, as displayed therein, Major Porter has said, succinctly and well, that it was "religious, republican, military, and aristocratic."

"It must be considered as religious, since every member took the three vows, of chastity, obedience, and poverty. It was republican, since by the original constitution of the Order their chief was always selected from among themselves by their own nomination. It was military, since two of the three classes into which it was divided were constantly armed, and waged a continual war with the infidels. And it was aristocratic, since, as we shall presently see, none but the first class had any share in the legislative and executive power."

The knights, the chaplains, and the serving-brothers formed these three classes. Their names indicate sufficiently their distinctions. But there came to be a fourth class of persons affiliated to the Order, who bear the name of Donati. These were persons who acquired certain claims of brotherhood without such absolute aggregation to it as their circumstances would not allow. Such, for instance, was Andrew, King of Hungary, who, on his short and fruitless errand to the East, in 1216, was met at Cyprus by Guérin de Montaigu, then head of the Order, and conceived so high an esteem for the man, and so vehement an affection for his community, that he would inhabit, when he passed into Syria, no residence save the Hospitaller's convent at Acre, adopted the habit of the Order, and enriched its resources by an annual charge of 700 silver marks upon the salt mines of his kingdom. Many benefactors and fosterers of the society made over goods and possessions to it, by gift in lifetime, or by bequest, to take effect upon their decease, and in consequence, were enrolled among these Donati, acquiring, in the esti-

mation of those times, an interest in the spiritual merits, gains, and advantages of its religious character. To these may be added certain of those who, on special occasions and for certain special times of need, tendered gratuitous personal service in the soldierly ranks or the hospital wards of the brotherhood. The wearing of the eight-pointed white cross of the Order, so well-known now as the Maltese cross, was the distinction afforded to all such: though some accurate heraldic writers have contended that the demi-cross, or cross shorn of its upper branch, distinguished the Donat.

Female assistance would appear to have been given from the very earliest times to the strictly charitable portion of the work. Cautions given in Raymond's Constitution indicate considerable freedom in the community of work in those primitive times. Not until long after, and as a departure from the ancient tradition and usage, were the sisters, hitherto serving in the different preceptories, gathered into distinct, separate, regular conventual sisterhoods. Nothing can be more precise upon this point than the language of Raymond Béranger, Grand Master in Jerusalem, in 1188, the date of the magnificent foundation of the Sisterhood of Sixiena, between Saragossa and Lerida, in Spain. That was the sisterhood whose members bare silver sceptres in hand, when in choir, in remembrance of their queenly foundress, Sancha, daughter of the King of Castille, and consort of the then reigning Alphonso of Arragon. Béranger, consenting to the establishment, and confirming the rule of the convent, writes thus to Sancha:—

“ Although this use be *new and unaccustomed to sisters of ours*, which now, upon its institution, you represent to us, yet, as proceeding from the spring of one same devotion, and upon your promise to live, by God's help, under discipline of one same rule, we do approve and adopt your praiseworthy proposal.”

These houses were they which reared the piety of such women as Ubaldesca of Carraja, the beautiful Veronese, and others, whose memoirs legendary scribes have tricked out in the tinsel of questionable miraculous achievement, not esteeming them suffi-

ciently adorned by their deeds of self-devotion and humanity. Rome has enrolled more than one of them in the calendar of her saints. In England, the most famous of these Sister-houses was that of Buckland, founded in 1170, when Garnier de Napoli was Grand Prior of the realm.

The great crusading armies were successive waves of warfare, rolling, often at long intervals, to break upon eastern shores. But the crusading spirit, though subject to sudden swellings and gushes, like “spates” in a mountain “burn,” had nevertheless a continuous flow for centuries. The founder of the Hospital—for the Templars were his followers—had scooped a deep and stately channel, into which, without intermission, the rivulets of individual enthusiasm might find their way and not be lost.

Up and down Europe, here and there, in France, Flanders, England, Italy, or Spain, religious zeal, remorse, the spirit of adventure, disappointment in love, domestic feuds, soldierly ambition, would work and stir in the breast of many a widowed sire or unwed youth of noble blood. We forget in what old French chronicler we once read concerning the men who swelled the ranks of the religious knights, “*c'étoist por la plupart, hommes qui avoient gousté de tout.*”

But when each man's fancy, regret, desire, aspiration, turned towards the Holy War, such reflections as these must have arisen oftentimes: “Palestine is far, on a dangerous and costly road. No crusade is afoot: Christian princes at mutual strife. Unknown at court or in camp of the Latin kingdom, how should a single baron or knight, nay even the chief of a score trusty bowmen, or men-at-arms, make sure of a soldier's welcome and chance of renown?”

One suggestion was sufficient answer: “Palestine is far, but the Priory of St. John is near. Soldier's welcome and brotherhood in arms is there for even one stout lance and keen sword.”

The Prior knew right well at what council-board the gray-haired baron had sat, and in what fray the scar was gotten which even the helmet's visor could not hide. The younger brethren at the priory had hawked and hunted, and broken spear in tourney, with the desponding youth, whom the faithless-

ness or hardness of some Isobel or Melissend was driving into cloister vows. And when these vows should have been uttered in the priory chapel, and the eight-pointed white cross should have been fastened on his breast by the Prior's hand, the intending crusader must have felt that half his difficulties were over, and half his ends attained. To enter the Order was forthwith to gain station and name among the champions of the Cross;—to enter the Order was to become heir at once of its influence and glory—nay, its spiritual wealth. Little wonder that the man should make the Order co-heir of his own patrimony. The manor, the castle, the upland, the meadow, whose lord was gone for ever a White Cross Knight to Palestine, would pass of course into the keeping of the Preceptor at the neighbouring Commandery. And if he were some lack-land, when his young valour and his good sword were all he threw into the Order's treasury, time might come when, in high trust and honour, leading its contingent near Edessa, or holding garrison for it in Beersheba, he should learn that his elders at home were dead, and he the heir to the broad lands of his name. Would he not smile then with smile half tender and half proud to think that the great Order, his mother, house, and home, should thus be none the poorer for its adoption of such a son as he?

As the crusading, so more certainly the pilgrim spirit had a continuous flow for centuries. And the "hospitality of the hospital," if we may venture on such a phrase, was continually exercised in its assistance and organization. At its inland houses the "poor of Christ" were gathered, and entertained or relieved. We make here a distinction purposely. For the term "poor of Christ" was, so to say, technical in those times, and given to those who took crusader's cross or pilgrim's scallop shell, indifferently, without regard to their social condition and rank. Princes and beggars found entertainment or relief in the hospital-houses, as their case might be. Conspicuous amongst such houses were those which the Order held in the principal Atlantic and Mediterranean ports, for the express purpose of forwarding the pilgrim

convoys on their way across the seas. A constant feature this in their operations, which ultimately determined the greatest and most characteristic change which passed upon their institution.

There is an ancient document which proves, by a single instance, their long and extensive experience of maritime and commercial affairs. It is the account of a legal dispute and compromise between the Orders of the Hospital and Temple on one hand and the merchants of Marseilles on the other. This latter corporation, which had often rendered great services to the crusading cause, possessed, in the town of Acre, peculiar privileges—a church, a street, a public bakery. In the year 1234, the heads of those two military-religious houses applied to the Constable of the Realm of Jerusalem to attach the cargoes of certain ships belonging to merchants of Marseilles, then in port at Acre. This to be done until satisfaction had by the Orders for damages, amounting to 2,000 silver marks, done to them by illegal exaction of dues and customs on the part of the Corporation of Marseilles, in the harbour of that city. We need not trouble our readers with the account of that dispute; but are only concerned to remark that the proctors for the Orders proved in the course of it that, "ancient grants and charters gave them full and free right to possess, in the harbour aforesaid, ships and material for ship-building, wherewith they might freely navigate beyond seas, and into Spain, with transport of their own goods, of merchants, and of pilgrims, whether on receipt or non-receipt of freight and passage-money."

The compromise is worth recording, as it throws light upon the importance of their maritime transactions, and upon the capacity of the craft in use.

At each of the great pilgrim "passages," as they were called, of Easter and of August, each Order might have two ships, on each of which might be embarked 1,500 passengers, upon payment only of personal dues. Should more tonnage be required for transport of goods, *bond fide* property of the Orders themselves, the right of chartering ships to be absolute and free: neither pilgrims nor merchants to be embarked in such. The Grand Masters, farther, to bind themselves

neither to ship nor unship pilgrims, merchants, or goods, between the port of Cocoliberi, the modern Collioure, near the Spanish frontier on the west, and that of Monaco, between Nice and Genoa, on the east of Marseilles.

But not only as recruiters of the crusading armies, nor as fosterers of the great pilgrimages, nor as naval migration agents, did the Hospitallers commend themselves to Europe in the first two centuries of their existence. They were financial agents also, both for collection and disbursement of the sums spent in prosecution of the Holy War and the defence of Holy Land. At the time of the third crusade, for instance, there was a general enactment that in every parish moneys gathered for its purposes should be paid in presence of "a priest, a Templar, and a brother of the Hospital."

Paoli has edited an interesting letter of the renowned Conrad, Marquis of Montferrat, written to the Archbishop of Canterbury in 1187, in which the action of the Hospitallers in this respect is shown, and their probity and disinterestedness contrasted with that of their colleagues of the Temple.

Such, then, were the principal aspects worn towards Europe, in Europe itself, by the institution of the Hospital; such the main roots which put forth a thousand fibres in the soil of men's affection, esteem, and admiration. Let us examine the attitude and aspect it assumed in Palestine towards friends and foes.

The Latin kingdom of Jerusalem was, almost from its first days, a kingdom divided against itself. The general proof of this lies upon the very surface of its history: to give it in particular detail, would carry us at once beyond the scope and limits of a paper like this. Great feudal principalities, such as those of Antioch or Edessa, carved out by the sword of adventurous warriors for themselves, even before the capture of Jerusalem, were not likely to prove obedient or tractable vassals of the crown worn by the successors of Godfrey. It is true that presently the scandalous rivalries between the religious soldiers themselves added to the elements of discord and division; but for all that, it is not too much to say that whatever unity of purpose, strength, and

consistency were maintained throughout the career of that kingdom in Palestine, were supplied by the compact and vigorous organization of the Orders. Recall, for instance, days of disaster and interregnum, such as those when the second Baldwin, was prisoner in the hands of the Turkoman Emir Balac; or when the fourth Baldwin, a miserable leper, was not only too feeble to wield the sceptre, but was accounted to defile it by his touch; or when, again, the camels' hair tents of the Kurdman Saladin were on the heights over against Zion—Queen Sybilla within its walls mourning the captivity of Guy de Lusignan, her husband, already in the conqueror's power. In such days as these the names of Raymond Dupuy, of Brother Joubert, of stout Ermengard von Aps (wardens or masters of the Hospital in 1130, 1160, and 1190),—their consummate prudence or unshaken constancy, are the towers of strength, which stand when all else totters to a fall. Throughout the second century of the existence of that Latin kingdom, swept from Jerusalem by the scimitar of Saladin, and throughout the annals of the sub-kingdom of Cyprus during that time, the same phenomena may be discerned.

Cyprus, wrested from its Greek lord upon a personal quarrel, by Richard of England, was tossed by him to the first Lusignan. His successor, Almeric, was his own brother and natural heir. Nevertheless there is extant a bull of Pope Innocent III., directed to the Master and Brethren of the Hospital of St. John, wherein his title is attributed in part to their determination, and not to any hereditary right. Therein Innocent entreats of their devotion, and "by his apostolic letters" enjoins upon them, that "ye shall aid and assist the aforesaid king Almeric, whom *ye and others have unanimously elected king of Cyprus*. Defending his kingdom, should need arise, with all such readiness and efficiency as ye shall be able to show, without endangering the guard of Holy Land itself."

So, again, in 1228, at the time of the crusade of Frederick II., with all its strange entanglements, the Pope is found interfering with the quasi-heretical emperor, at feud then with the Hospitallers, entreating and ad-

monishing him "that he would cease, if he had the welfare of Holy Land at heart, from all molesting of those brethren by whom that land is governed, albeit in so strait necessities, and without whom no government thereof is held any longer to be a possible thing."

And to touch somewhat more explicitly, though not at any great length, upon the effect of the rivalries between the Temple and the Hospital, on the power of resistance of the Latins against the Infidel, there is this to be remarked, that whatever it may have been in Europe, in the East itself it was not wholly damaging. In Europe it is very possible that the jealousies of the two Orders, and the intrigues of their agents, and the meanness consequent upon endeavouring to draw away into this or that peculiar channel the flow of the bounty of Christendom, may have had some evil effect upon the dispositions of men who might feel inclined to foster and assist offensive or defensive crusading operations. But in Palestine, it was unquestionably true, as it may have been also partially in Europe, that rivalry in enterprise gave to the operations of the two great Orders a liveliness and persistency which otherwise, amidst the disasters of that Latin kingdom, might have been unknown.

And we are not here indulging in an *ex post facto* nineteenth century piece of criticism. We are prepared to show the reader, that a steel-clad warrior-monk in the beginning of the fourteenth, could reason upon this topic much as might a modern reviewer.

Baluze* has preserved in his collection the answer of the Grand Master of the Temple at that date, to the inquiries of the reigning Pontiff, concerning the advantages or disadvantages of a fusion of the Orders, a matter often before debated, and specially by Nicholas IV., in 1289.

The rough and sturdy Templar, treats somewhat angrily the motives of the last named Pontiff, for stirring up the matter. It was no new question, he says, in the time of Nicholas; but the Council of Lyons, Pope Gregory, and St. Louis of France had

handled, and then wisely laid it aside. He had only taken it up again as some sort of excuse for his own laches, in not sending succour himself to the Christians of Holy Land, sore bested. He wanted to give the Romans and others something less personally unpleasant to himself to talk about, therefore he rubbed up again (*refricavit*) this rusty notion. Then the old Grand Master proceeds to his own notion of the "*pros and cons*," in a fine old conservative spirit, laying down as his fundamental position the great doctrine that—

"Rarely or never is a novelty set on foot which breedeth not grievous peril."

In this special case be first of all dangers spiritual—for it is no light thing to make a man change his religious rule. Next, dangers bodily—for, "*instigante Diabolo*," the united brethren might take to boasts and odious comparisons of their former separate houses; "*and*," he ingenuously observes, "*both Templars and Hospitallers wear swords.*"

Then follows an acute distinction: "The religion of the Hospitallers is founded on hospitality, and besides this they exercise military profession and give much alms. The Templar's foundation stands properly on profession of arms, and in addition they also perform almsdeeds. The two together would do no more in almsgiving than each does singly now."

As for any absurd objection, that the envying alleged to exist between the Orders would be extinguished by their union: "I answer, that to take such away would be for Holy Land the worst, for Saracens the best, that could befall."

Never was a good deed of arms done against them by Hospitaller that Templar could rest till he had done as much or more. Did the Temple bring across seas succour of knights or war-steeds, or beasts of burden, the Hospital ceased not till it had imported as many or more. Had the one Order raised good troops or enlisted able seafaring men, the other must needs do the same. As to liberal expenditure, who did not know that this wholesome strife had put both Orders over head and ears

* Pap. Aven. ii. col. 280.

in debt? And who could not see the danger of niggardly economy, should union cease that strife? Had jealousies ever stopped "a cavalcade against Pagans?" Had not Hospital and Temple in turns held that "custodiam quæ dicitur avangarda et quæ reregardia appellatur?" Every host that Christian captain or king had led into Palestine, the two houses had enwrapped thus between them as a mother wraps her nurseling. "For we know the Saracens and the Saracens know us, and such as have ridden cavalcades against them when the Orders were not by have come to frequent grief, as I can show your Holiness when it shall please it to hear." Who is to be vanguard, who rear, when union has caused all distinction to cease?

In the expeditions of Almeric to Egypt, the Knights of the Hospital formed, as Ibn Aboutai informs us, "the sinews of the Christian host." Paoli has an agreement, under the year 1168, between the King and the Master of the Hospital, as to the forces which the latter is to bring into the field, and the advantages to be reaped by the Order if the campaign should be successful.

The Master was to marshal at El Harish, on the Egyptian frontier, a force of one thousand men, to be counted and inspected there by the Constable of the King's army. Of this thousand, five hundred were to be "Milites" and five hundred "Turcopoli." By the latter term, light-armed troops of Eastern nationality, were undoubtedly understood. By the former, in much probability, the knights, esquires, and men-at-arms, clad in steel or mail, and of European origin.

In return for this assistance the city and territory of Belbeis (Pelusium), goods, and men, were to be ceded, on conquest, to the Order. Fifty thousand "old byzants," raised in sums of five thousand upon the revenues of ten cities in Upper and Lower Egypt, were to be paid them annually. In every captured city, the next best house to the king's was to be theirs. At the fall of Cairo, one-tenth of the funds found in the treasury, and one-tenth in the case of any other treasury taken. Should brethren of the Hospital make separate successful raid, no banner to claim share with theirs

save only the king's, and that only in his personal presence. Magnificent expectations these, which the banks of Florence and Genoa discounted, becoming creditors of the Order to the amount of one hundred thousand ducats.

It is not our province here to tell what grievous disappointment balked such expectations, nor to give an account of the fifty days' incendiary fire, which, fed by thirty thousand jars of naphtha consumed old Cairo, and baffled the greed of its almost conquerors. But we think that so enormous an event, antedating Moscow by seven centuries, should not have been passed over in absolute silence by Major Porter, professing to give a history of the times. They were the times which brought Saladin upon the scene, and as we proposed to examine the attitude and aspect assumed by the Order to foes as well as friends, his name will suggest at once an illustration.

It is evident that his feelings at least towards the Hospitalers were of a mingled nature, determined by the two-fold character of their institution. As foe in the field, he not only fought against them incessantly, but came to desire their utter extermination. Grand Master Joubert is said to have been starved to death in prison by one of his emirs. Roger des Moulins fell in fight against his cavalry, near Nazareth, in 1187; Garnier, his successor, near the Horns of Hattin, on the disastrous day of Tiberias. Aboulfaraj informs us, that after that stupendous victory, Saladin was so anxious to secure the person of every single Templar and Hospitaler who might have fallen alive into his soldiers' hands, that he paid a sum of fifty gold pieces for each, fearing lest the captors should sell them for bond-slaves. Two hundred of them, and upwards, thus fell into his personal power, although the numerical majority, no less than the very flower of their chivalry, were dead upon that battle-field. To the prisoner knights Saladin offered the Koran, or the sword. To their undying honour, not one man of their number balanced between apostacy or death. "Since homicide in profit of their own religion appears so pleasant to them," are Saladin's words in Abulfaraj, "let us give them a taste of it in their turn." Every head was

severed; and the Kurdman wrote to his vizier in Damascus to deal likewise by some few knights who were in prison there. There is a story told, however, of his sparing the lives of two Hospitallers taken in an ambuscade near the fortress of Sefed. He had given the usual order for their beheading, when one of them, who knew that Saladin was noted for being easy to please with a compliment, exclaimed, "Once brought into the light of your august presence, oh prince, we had never thought to suffer harm!" With a smile, the plea was admitted. When Jerusalem capitulated, Saladin made, of his own accord, a great concession to the Hospitallers in their charitable character. There are, indeed, fabulous legends of his admiration of it, and of the tests to which, in disguise, he put their long-suffering of a patient's whims. But we have it for certain, on the authority of a letter from the Grand Master of The Temple,—thesameman of whom we heard Montferrat complain,—that "the aforesaid Saladin hath granted to the brethren of the Hospital to retain their house in Jerusalem for one year's space, and therein to tend their sick till recovery."

Another manner of enemy there was against whom Saladin himself had to contend, from whose assaults neither Mahometan nor Christian prince in the East was secure, but against whom none ever wielded weapon in those days so successfully as did the powerful, compact, and, in a sense, kindred organizations of the military brotherhoods. This enemy was the mysterious Corporation of the Assassins. Their organization, though shapen in much remoter Eastern climes, far from presence or contact of Crusading armies, bore in many points a singular resemblance to that of the military-religious Orders of the Franks. "*Dei Simia diabolus*," was an old theological apophthegm; and, we doubt not, it must often have struck those who saw in the military confraternities of Palestine, the most devoted, valiant, and heaven-favoured champions of the Cross, that the powers of evil were, indeed, exercising an ape-like faculty of hideous imitation in the formation and continuance of this fanatical band of murderers. "Their name," says Major Porter,

whose notice of them is meagre, superficial, and extremely inexact, "was derived from the Persian word '*hasassin*,' signifying a dagger." No Persian dictionary to which we can get access confirms the assertion. Disputes there have been as to the genuine Arabic root whence the word derives, but we had imagined that Orientalists were at last agreed upon referring it to the narcotic "*haschisch*." Stupified by this drug, it has been said that the neophyte was conveyed to some luxurious kiosk, in some delicious garden retreat, where luscious fruits, delicate viands, exquisite wines, the plash of fountains, the strains of music, the presence of fair girls, and all else which could minister delight to a sensuous imagination, should fix the postulant's faith upon the head of the mysterious body as the actual dispenser of the joys of a material Paradise. Again it has been said, with much probability, that, when preparing for some desperate deed, these fanatics would stimulate themselves with "*haschisch*," as Hindoo zealots will madden themselves with *bhang*, or Malays debauch on opium, previous to "*running a muck*." It is more than probable that the sect of the Assassins sprang out of the remains of the great Karmathian armed heresy, into the history of which our space will not allow of any retrospect. Their founder, as Karmath had done before him, belonged to the sect of the Schyite Mohammedans, and to that subdivision of it which held that a certain Ishmaël represented the legitimate line from Ali, the prophet's murdered son-in-law. From this circumstance, the name Ismaïlee was attributed to the Assassins, and lingers, indeed, in remote parts of Persia, and in the mountain range near Tripoli, to the present day as the designation of certain peculiar clans. Hassan es Sabah, the heresiarch in question, was a man of study, of travel, and of political experience, having held office at the court of Monstaser Billah, that same Egyptian Khalif who made the grant of land in Jerusalem to the Amalfitan corporation. Deeply versed in the subtleties of the dogmatic distinctions of Islam, this man conceived and carried out the design of reviving in his own person the mystic attributes and boundless influence over his devotees

of Karmath and his successors. That abject submission to the will of the superior, which it was reserved for the corrupters of a purer creed to express by the formula "*perindè ac cadaver*," was one of his chief practical tenets; and the old phenomenon of instant self-immolation at his bidding was renewed, as if to prove the perverse delight with which man, often so rebellious to lawful authority, will blindly submit to its most hurtful and outrageous illegitimate assumption. Hassan himself affected an extreme asceticism. In thirty years he was said to have only once taken the air on his castle terrace. His own son, guilty of murder, was condemned to death by him with stoical rigour; a second son, for the offence of drinking wine, met with the same stern fate. A follower, who had ventured to play the flute within the castle precincts, was banished thence for ever. He was not only an ascetic, but an allegorist; and this makes it all the more difficult to fix with precision the nature of the speculative tenets he inculcated. The claim to interpret writings, admitted as sacred, by an internal and transforming light, gave to the sect the appellation of "*Batenians*," professors of the inner or secret doctrines. And, as it has mostly happened, this claim led its makers farther and farther from the plain sense of their documentary guide, the Koran, inasmuch that towards the middle of the twelfth century all external observances of Mohammedan rites, and many of the special prohibitions of the Mohammedan law had been entirely swept away among those sectaries. This Hassan es Sabah was the original Sheick-el-Jebel, or Old Man of the Mountain, receiving this title from the circumstance of having fixed his residence and the head-quarters of his sect in the lofty rock-fort of Almoot (the Castle of Death), situated near Kaswin, in Persia. From Irak to the Lebanon, thence to the mountains of Tripoli, the association spread and grew from a sect into a confederation of tribes, much as the followers of Goroo Govindh grew from mere sectaries into the Sikh nation, or as the believers in Joe Smith are even now compacting themselves into the distinct Mormon population.

Holding a chain of hill-forts, the As-

sassins enriched themselves by plunder, rather than conquest. Singly or in pairs, they would go forth to deeds of murder at the bidding of their chief, who sometimes extorted tribute by fear of their dagger's edge—sometimes compassed political, sometimes private ends by assassination, a word which, it is needless to say, remains as a blood-stain left by these men upon the texture of so many languages. Murder, however, for mere murder's sake, or as the accomplishment in itself of a religious duty, never seems to have been practised by them as by the Thugs of Hindostan, the votaries of Kali, or the head-taking Dyaks of the great island of Borneo.

The corporate power of this vast and tremendous association had been much disjointed and broken before the days when their individual deeds, done on that stage of the crusading conflict, whose spectators were the whole Mussulman East, and all Christendom too, attracted universal attention, and secured for them a world-wide execration. That "*Old Man of the Mountain*," with whose title the mediæval chronicles have made all Europe acquainted, was not in truth the great central Sheick. The true rank for instance, of the renowned Sinan, lord of the castle of Messîât, near Tripoli, was in the grand association, that of Dai el Kebir, answering as nearly as possible to that of a national Grand Prior in the kindred organization of the Christian Military Confraternities. The Sheick-el-Jebel, in Alamoot, was, so to speak, the real Grand Master of the Order, under him the greater Dais, as Grand Priors; simple Dais as Priors under those higher dignitaries. And as among Templars and Hospitaliers were the three grades of Knight, Esquire, and Serving brother, so were the Assassins divided, according to the more or less complete initiation, into Refecks, Fedavees, and Lasecks.

In their contests with the Christian Orders, these desperadoes soon found that to poniard an elective chief, whose place was forthwith filled by a soldier of precisely the same stamp, was far from producing the consternation and confusion into which their atrocious misdeeds were wont to throw dynastic and hereditary states, assaulted by them in the person of their

princes. In the field the fanatics' dagger was of no avail against the stout ashen lance and trenchant sword of the Christian knights; and it is therefore, after all, not so much to be wondered at, that these leviers of blackmail among Eastern potentates were repeatedly compelled to make submission and pay tribute by the Orders of the Temple, and of the Hospital in turns. In Joinville's narrative of the Syrian campaign of St. Louis, full of episode and life-like description as it is, few scenes are more striking than that in which the Masters of the two great Houses take to task for their insolence the ambassadors of the "Old Man," and prove to them with inexorable military logic that the great Frankish king from beyond seas, is a prince who is to receive and not to give the propitiatory "backsheesh" which he had dared to claim.

The year 1291 saw the Hospitallers, together with every remnant of the Christian power swept out of Palestine. Six years before that final and universal disaster, the Hospital had suffered what was to its particular strength in Syria almost a finishing blow. One by one their strongholds had fallen. Margat, called by the Arabs Marcab, still remained.

A full century had the white cross banner of St. John floated above its airy battlements. The castle had been ceded to the Hospital by its owner, a vassal of Bohemond of Antioch, as untenable by him "for the too great expenses, and too near neighbourhood of restless infidels." But in the month of May, 1285, it capitulated to Keloun Melek Mansour, who planted on its conquered walls the prophet's own standard, the "Sandjack el shereef."

Melek Ashraf, his son, was the victorious Moslem, who hurled into the sea, from the blood-stained streets of Acre, its profligate and turbulent troops and people, the scum and off-scouring of seventeen distinct nations. Friends and foes alike declared that its vices and its crimes had provoked the direful calamities of that city's fall.

The Order's sojourn in Cyprus, whither twenty galleys of Pope Nicho-

las IV., and one only huge ship of their own conveyed from the blazing harbour the remnant of their persons and their goods—is but an intercalary episode in the history; full, however, of its own peculiar interest, and fraught with the most important as well as lasting consequences.

It was during their residence in this island that they entered upon that strange alliance with the Monghol Tartars of Persia, so curiously slurred over and disfigured by Major Porter, in his cursory notice.

Indeed, were it not for the indisputable circumstances of date and place, we might have had some difficulty in determining who might have been the "Gayan king of Persia, accounts of whom vary considerably;" of whom some writers have asserted "that he was a Christian, others, that he was a Mahometan, whilst there are not wanting those who state that he was a Pagan."

Born at Manderan in November, 1271,* seventh in descent from the great Gengis Khan, the Mongol Prince Ghazan, whose seat of empire was at Tauris, had been carried to the throne in consequence of the leanings towards Christianity exhibited by his cousin Baydo, its legitimate occupant. Brought up in childhood as a Buddhist Pagan, he submitted to circumcision, and embraced the tenets of Islam either from conviction or policy. Indeed, he professed the most vehement zeal for their purity and observance, justifying to the Mahomedan world his onslaughts on the sovereigns of Egypt and of Syria, upon the express grounds of their "having wandered from the way of religion, and ceased to hold fast by the precepts of Islam." Al Makrisi has preserved in extenso his firmans, read in the great mosque of Damascus to this effect. But Haythou, the Armenian prince, monk, and chronicler, confirmed by the testimony of Raschid-ed-Deen, informs us that in spite of having, under compulsion, pursued an anti-Christian policy at the beginning of his reign, he proclaimed and enforced a system of tolerance as soon as he felt his power sufficiently consolidated. The impugnors of it, though among his

* See the Histories of Raschid-ed-Deen, in the great Paris translation, and of Al Makrisi, by Mr. Quatremère.

chief nobles, he unhesitatingly put to death. The knowledge of this single fact would show that he was no mere wild Tartar war-chief. Indeed, he was an able administrator, a patron of literature, a legal reformer. His personal qualities were no less remarkable. Haythou, who knew him intimately, has told us that a more stunted or ill-favoured man was scarcely to be found amidst all the squat figures and ugly faces of the 20,000 Tartar troopers who rode in his escort. But in the field no trooper of the 20,000 bore himself more bravely nor rode more dashing in the front line of battle. In generosity he was unrivalled. A single scimitar and a manuscript roll was all the share that he would claim of the immense and precious booty which fell into his hands, when on the 22nd of December, 1299, after a few days' campaign, he totally routed the forces of the Soldan Melek Naser, in the meadows of Medjina al Morondj, by Damascus. That was the crowning victory of the campaign, minutely detailed by the Armenian eye-witness no less than by the Arabic chronicler, concerning which, with almost ludicrous ignorance, Major Porter writes:—"the records of this expedition are but few and scanty; so much so, that its actual occurrence has been held highly problematical."

The Armenian princes of the Rupenian family, the Christians of Georgia, the King of Cyprus, the Masters of the Temple and the Hospital, were all at that time in alliance with Ghazan.

What were the ultimate designs of that Mongol state craft which announced itself as urged by "religious zeal and the fervour of Islam" to attack the Soldan, whilst in treaty with Christian princes for the liberation of the Holy Sepulchre, it is hard to say precisely. But the relations of the Monghols towards Mussulman and Christian alike, show a duplicity mingled with arrogance, and an inconsistency and indifference in regard to religious profession, which cannot fail to remind the modern student of the Tartar policy pursued in our own times by the rulers of China, and by

such insurgents against their rule as the pseudo Christians of Tae-ping. Ghazan herein was but following in the steps of his predecessors. Even the distant courts of Aragon and of England, under our First Edward, had received embassies from the Khans Abaga and Argoun; and if Major Porter had turned to Rymer's invaluable repository of historical documents, he might have read there at full length the characteristic letter written by that same Edward, in 1302, "To the most excellent prince, the Lord Casan,* Emperor of the Tartars."

The success of Ghazan's arms, and the policy adopted by him, had at all events this effect—that approach to the Holy City was once more open to the Christians; and in the first year of the fourteenth century there came to pass what we read thus recorded in the ancient "*Chronique de St. Denys*."†

"La Saincte Terre fust sousmise en la main des Tartarins, et en leur subjection. Et Pasques ensuivant, comme l'on dit, en Jherusalem, le service de Dieu les Crestiens avec exaltation de grant ioye célébrèrent."

But that "grant ioye" was to prove short-lived. In the spring of 1304 the brother of the King of Cyprus, the Grand Masters of the Orders, a full concourse of knights and a considerable body of troops were already in the islet of Antaradus, close on the Syrian coast, to the north of Beyroot. They were thence to effect a junction on the mainland with the army under Koutlous Shah, lieutenant to Ghazan; when suddenly intelligence came that the prince lay at the point of death. Koutlous and his Tartar horsemen turned their bridle-reins towards Tauris. Ghazan died, and the Hospitallers never again struck a serious blow for the recovery of Holy Land.

Cyprus, in which the old episcopal city of Limisso, with its citadel and walls, blackened by the fire of many a piratical descent, had been assigned to the Hospital by Henry de Lusignan, was too narrow a dominion for the Order, unless in absolute sovereignty. It had been mooted in one of the early Chapters held after the expul-

* Gibbon, who derived his acquaintance of this prince from Haythou and the Byzantines, not from Arabic sources, calls him "*græco more*" Catzanes.

† Livre du Roy Philippe, cap. xxv.

sion from Acre, that head-quarters should be transferred to some commandery of the Order in Italy. But Jean de Villiers, the Grand Master, a Frenchman of resolute character, whose first act in Cyprus had been the submission of his own conduct in coming alive from Acre to the judgment of a knightly court-martial, wisely, strenuously, and persuasively had combated the proposal.

Limisso had been repaired and fortified; and under the stroke of chastisement much of the kindlier, humaner character of the institution stood out again in vivid relief. The wounded, the sick, the fugitive, the beggared by the calamities of Acre, found such home there as the word hospital should announce.

But the warlike spirit of the brotherhood could not be quenched; it found issue in a channel which determined that great change by which an Order of Chivalry ("chevalerie," horsemanship), grew into a power almost exclusively maritime. Henceforward the Knight of St. John is on a galley's deck far oftener than in the saddle of a war-horse.

We have seen that the conduct of naval affairs had ever in a certain sense and measure entered into the sphere of working of the hospital confraternity.

In the fourteenth century, if the crusading zeal of Christendom had

cooled, the pilgrim spirit was far from being utterly quenched. Things had simply been beaten back to the old point at which they stood before the fiery eloquence of Hermit Peter had turned pilgrim processions into warlike campaigns. On sufferance and for payment, access to the Holy Places was again granted by the Infidel. As of yore, March and August saw the ebb and flow of the great pilgrim tide. But the Syrian waters swarmed with Moslem pirates, who never failed to make rich booty of merchandize and slaves from assaults on these unwarlike fleets: soon no longer such. The dockyards and work-sheds of Limisso ring with the noise of ship-building, with launching and arming of war-galleys, the white-cross banner of St. John flies from their mastheads; the Brethren of the Hospital have not lost their character of safe convoyers to the Christian pilgrims, though they have shifted the convoy from land to sea.

Mere defence does not serve long for sufficient outlet to the adventurous spirit of the military, now naval, monk-nobles, and the commerce of Alexandria soon feels the scourge, whilst the Hospital treasury appreciates the difference between expenditure on desperate defence of strongholds and receipt of produce from rich Egyptian prizes.

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THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH ARMAMENTS.

THE third and fourth works we cite are really a single book under different titles: not two monks under a hood, but twin political Jesuits, of which the last qualifies, by an appendix, a grossly incorrect statement made in the first and in itself. M. Cucheval Clarigny, the nominal author of this semi-official stricture on the English Naval and Military Budget of 1860-1, acknowledges he writes at the request of one of the Emperor's ministers; and he has mixed up truth and error so ingeniously, as to have presented a plausible paradox, of which, however, we shall presently offer a solution. "To determine, conscientiously and rigorously, the state of the military and naval forces of France and England, and seek useful instruction in a comparison between the two altogether different organizations, such," says the author, "is the programme he had to follow." Had he confined himself to that, he had done well, supposing that was his task, unmingled with political contrasts and accusations such as he has introduced.

His task, he says, had been completed for some time, when, lo!

"Unjust recriminations suddenly made themselves heard on the other side of the channel. Inexact allegations were produced in the English Parliament, and facts easy to verify were misconstrued. These mistakes must needs cause surprise, coming as they did from men whom one should have imagined better informed; they have resounded far and wide throughout Europe. Their refutation will be found written beforehand in the following pages."

Such is the preface of this pamphleteer, who, fortified with "*précieuses communications*" from Monsieur the Minister of State, obtained permission to print this brochure for the sake of "re-establishing the truth." But behold! the first impression, struck off by the press of the *Moniteur*, without the author's name, endeavours to substantiate its argument, viz.: that England is arming causelessly—by giving an inexact account of the number of French line-of-battle ships; and the second impression repeats the error, yet pub-

The Navy List. 1st July, 1860. Published Quarterly. London. 1860.

Ministère de la Marine. Compte Definitif des Dépenses de l'Exercice. 1858. Paris. Imprimerie Imperiale. 1860. (The last printed French Naval Budget, and only Navy List).

Comparison entre les Budgets de la Guerre et de la Marine en Angleterre et en France. (Anonymous). Paris. Typographie E. Panckoncke et C^{ie}. 1860.

Les Budgets de la Guerre et de la Marine en France et en Angleterre. Par M. Cucheval Clarigny. Paris. E. Dentu. 1860.

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lishes, in an appendix, statistics confuting the previous misstatement! Either the author had not, when the first edition was printed, received the last "precious" statistical communication, and was ignorant that he understated the number of ships by no less than ten, or he was tempted to *escamoter*, juggle, or thimble-rig, a whole squadron! However, here are his first account and his subsequent statement, to which we append his list of existing line-of-battle ships, in order that, for the future, and to use a well-known expression in our service, there may be "a good account of them."* M. Clarigny writes:—

"What is the actual state of the French Fleet? Upon this point there is neither mystery nor uncertainty. Lord Clarence Paget considered it an act of courtesy when our Minister of Marine communicated to him the list of ships in the fleet and ships in construction. He, however, received but

one document, which is in the possession of everybody. Since 1855, a commission has studied the organization which is to be given to our fleet, and a report of the Minister of Marine, approved by the Emperor, contains an exact vocabulary of the ships which we possess, with the number of their cannons, and the horse-power of steam of all the ships which will be constructed from year to year until 1870. There is then no one in Europe who may not know exactly, during the course of the next ten years, what France possesses in ships of all descriptions. *We have at the present time nine first-class vessels, eleven vessels undergoing change, and seven vessels in construction.* Our fleet of war will not attain its regulation maximum until 1867; she will then comprise fifteen vessels of the first order and twenty-five of the second."

The word *vaisseaux*, translated vessels, implies line-of-battle ships, carrying, in the present case eighty guns each, and upwards; those *perfectionnés*

Name.	Guns.	Horse-power.	State.	Where.
*1 Bretagne, . . .	130	1,200	First Class.	Mediterranean Squadron.
2 Alexandre, . . .	90	800	"	
3 Algésiras, . . .	90	900	"	
4 Eylau, . . .	90	900	"	
5 Impérial, . . .	90	900	"	
6 Redoutable, . . .	90	900	"	
7 Tage, . . .	90	600	"	
8 Donawerth, . . .	80	450	"	
9 Fontenoy, . . .	80	450	"	
10 St. Louis, . . .	80	450	"	
11 Doguay-Trouin, . . .	82	600	"	Otaheite.
12 Montebello, . . .	114	140	"	Guard ship.
13 Arcole, . . .	90	900	First Class.	"
14 Louis XIV., . . .	114	600	"	Disarmed.
15 Souverain, . . .	114	600	"	
16 Ville-de-Paris, . . .	114	600	"	
17 Napoléon, . . .	90	900	First Class.	
18 Ville-de-Nantes, . . .	90	900	"	
19 Austerlitz, . . .	84	500	"	
20 Duquesne, . . .	80	650	"	
21 Fleurus, . . .	90	650	"	
22 Navarin, . . .	90	650	"	
23 Prince Jérôme, . . .	90	650	"	
24 Tourville, . . .	82	650	"	Building.
25 Turenne, . . .	82	650	"	
26 Ulm, . . .	82	650	"	
27 Wagram, . . .	82	650	"	
28 Bayard, . . .	80	650	"	
29 Breslau, . . .	80	500	"	
30 Charlemagne, . . .	80	450	"	
31 Jean-Bart, . . .	80	450	"	
32 Tilsitt, . . .	80	500	"	
33 Castiglione, . . .	90	800	"	
34 Masséna, . . .	90	800	"	
35 Ville-de-Bordeaux, . . .	90	900	"	
36 Intrépide, . . .	90	900	"	
37 Ville-de-Lyon, . . .	90	900	"	

are fully fitted with steam screws and all the best appliances. Now let us turn to the last page of the appendix

in his second edition, where we find the following table :—

ENGLISH NAVY.	
Armed screw ships, . . .	37
Screw ships in reserve, . . .	23
Screw ships in course of transformation or construction, . . .	13
Total of ships, . . .	73
<i>Of more than twenty cannons.</i>	
Frigates and sloops (armed screw), . . .	34
Armed screw frigates and sloops in reserve, . . .	15
Screw frigates and sloops in course of transformation or construction, . . .	18
Total of frigates, . . .	67
General total, . . .	140

FRENCH NAVY.	
Armed screw ships, . . .	12
Screw ships in reserve, . . .	23
Screw ships in course of transformation or construction, . . .	2
Total of ships, . . .	37
<i>Of more than twenty cannons.</i>	
Armed screw frigates and sloops, . . .	13
Armed screw frigates and sloops in reserve, . . .	9
Screw frigates and sloops in course of transformation or construction, . . .	16
Total of frigates, . . .	38
General total, . . .	75

If it is so easy, as this writer of official pamphlets boasts, to know the exact number of the French Fleet, how was it he made the mistake of underrating it? And as he committed this error, what reliance can be placed on his second statement? Our own information, however, leads us to believe his last figures may be relied on :—but, meanwhile, the erroneous comparison drawn in his first edition between the two navies has been copied and disseminated, and, indeed, is inadequately contradicted in his second. Whether France has ten ships more or less is, after all, a small part of the real question, which is, as we conceive, what has France to do with forty line-of-battle ships? If, begging this question, she answers, *stat pro ratione voluntas*, and builds that number, the course of England, clearly, is to provide for her maritime supremacy by equipping an adequate force. We say equip advisedly, because the Emperor has the power of filling his ships with men far more rapidly than our Government is enabled to do for ours. The British people are so fully determined on the essential point of national safety—a sufficient fleet—and so much has been written on the subject, little need be said now, save by way of noticing that our French official ally is quite dead to the instinct of self-preservation, so far as it affects Great Britain and Ireland. What the quality, or office rank of our officious friend may be, does not appear: he

may be under the *Ministre d'Etat*;—but of a certainty he is no better statesman than statistician. Ignoring the political aspect of the question as determining the amount of the English armament, he enters into ingenious details as to the relative expenditure, naval and military, of the two countries, into which, so far as they are interesting, we will follow him, after some remarks on the land department, or “military” branch, of the subject. One word as to this term “military.” The very title of this *brochure*, viz.:—“*Les Budgets de la Guerre et de la Marine*,” is significant of a distinction between land and sea forces expressed in English by “military and naval”—the first word being a milder form than *la guerre*, war, for designating the land service as specially militant. No one can dislike that the French navy should not be deemed warlike; but we object to the army of our allies being known by the aggressive title of “The War.” This quarrel about words leads to the very point of the argument, which M. Clarigny states succinctly, thus :—

“The rôle the French army plays belongs, in England, to her fleet, which is, at the same time, the basis of her system of defence and her principal aggressive force. When the object is to take precautions for defence of territory, France concentrates an army, England assembles a fleet: when to exercise pressure abroad, France sends a land force, England a squadron.”

Here we have the reason why the latter country requires a fleet of full sufficiency and great efficiency. It is her right arm, both defensive and offensive; and to complain, because it is stronger than the marine of France, is like objecting that Tom Sayers, the English champion, was an overmatch for Heenan, because, forsooth, his right arm was more powerful than the latter's left. In effect, the difference between the geographical situation of France and the position of Great Britain and her colonial dependencies, has produced such a difference in their armaments, it is no simple matter to judge fairly whether their respective land and sea forces are excessive or not. But, after all, comparison between the two fleets is the gist of the international argument. Let us, then, accepting M. Clarigny's admission, that the navy of France plays a mere second rôle in the affairs of that country, ask what his avowal leads to? Plainly this, what alarmed England was not so much the French army as the French fleet; and not so much this fleet, as French ambition to possess forty steam-screw line-of-battle ships and a fleet of steam transports. It is the spirit dictating the formation of this force, without obvious requirements, and therefore apparently ambitious and aggressive, that aroused suspicions on this side the Channel—Justice looking to the intent of acts.

Prior to examining the apparent requirements of France and England for large or small naval establishments, let us pass to the question raised by M. Clarigny as to the comparative cost of our army. This official brochure writer has edited the two countries with elaborate figures, implying that the English army costs more than the French.

"In France, the war budget for 1860 has been fixed by financial law at 339,737,000f.," says he; and instantly compares this vote with ours:—"In England the war budget for 1860-1 has been fixed at 371,000,000f. This vote does not provide for the expenses of the Chinese expedition, for which a first provisional credit of 12,500,000f. has been demanded." His comparison, then, stands thus:—

	Francs.
England, .	371,000,000
	12,500,000
	<hr/>
	383,500,000
France, .	339,737,000
	<hr/>
English excess,	43,763,000

He refuses to add to the French budget the 42,000,000f. of supplementary grants which really augment it, because, he states, part of them are due to the Italian campaign. Yet why? It is notorious that the Paris system of finance is to vote a yearly sequence of pretty regular round sums, and to meet emergencies by supplementary *ex post facto* grants, or by loans. Why should these 42,000,000 francs not be added? It does not appear there is any credit for the war in China among these items of expenditure by the French, whose plan is, to do the work, whether by sending 20,000 men to China and 30,000 to Syria, and then to lay the bill before the Corps Législatif. Add the sum in question to his other data, and we find the army expenses of the two countries approximately equalized, there being only a difference of a million and a-half of francs, or £60,000, between them. So far for his financial figures, to which we will return, after a glance at his muster-rolls of the two countries:—

"MILITARY FORCES OF ENGLAND.

"The royal army may be analyzed as follows:

	Cavalry.	Men.	Horses.
1 regiment of royal artillery, . . .		2,355	1,890
3 regiments of heavy cavalry of the guard, . . .		1,338	825
7 regiments of dragoon guards, . . .		5,334	3,711
18 regiments of dragoons of the line, . . .		12,679	9,020
	<hr/>		<hr/>
Total, . . .		21,703	15,446
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	Infantry.		
16 brigades of artillery, . . .		21,531	5,792
1 depot of artillery, . . .		2,951	—
1 brigade of coast artillery, . . .		1,209	—
1 regiment of engineers, . . .		4,730	120

	Men.	Horses.
1 regiment of equipage retinue, . . .	2,020	1,162
Military infirmiry attendants, . . .	1,002	—
3 regiments of the guard, . . .	6,300	—
100 regiments of infantry, of which 74 to 1 battalion, 25 to 2 battalions, and 1 to 4 battalions, . . .	159,330	—
1 brigade of sharpshooters to 4 battalions, . . .	5,150	—
3 regiments, said from the West Indies, specially enrolled for the service of the garrison in the Antilles, and partly composed of coloured men, . . .	3,419	—
Divers colonial corps recruited from the Cape, Canada, Ceylon, and the coasts of Africa, and doing only local ser- vice, . . .	5,394	900

" This gives an effective total of 235,652 and 24,342, in which do not appear the native corps recruited in India, and paid by the Indian budget."

Explaining that 92,490 men and 9,710 horses of this force, being employed in India, are paid for by the resources of that dependency, he proceeds to account for the high cost of the remaining 143,362 men* and 14,432 horses, amounting to 112,491,000*fr.*, represented, he says, by 137,527,673*fr.* for pay of troops in the French budget of 1860, but which applies to 347,230, that is to say, to 200,000 more men. In other tabular statements, he contrasts the cost thus:—For 142,241 English men and 14,632 horses, 105,109,375*fr.* total annual pay and allowances; for 358,408 French

men and 68,034 horses, 145,482,917*fr.* With no solid faith in M. Cuheval Clarigny's statistics, we can only say, that in France men must serve for whatever the State pleases to pay them, while in England there is no such compulsion. Our author very fairly explains this distinction, after having commented on his account of the French army. The Emperor, in his recent notable letter, computes his force in service at 400,000 men, and so we doubt not it is. But, according to authentic returns for last year, the total force amounted to not less than 760,000 men. There were—

120 regiments of infantry, numbering . . .	510,000
64 " cavalry, " . . .	100,000
19 " artillery, " . . .	64,000
3 " engineers, " . . .	15,000
Gendarmerie, . . .	26,000
Etat-major, . . .	6,000
Train, . . .	12,000
Intendance, . . .	7,000
Other war services, . . .	20,000
Total, . . .	760,000

Here we see that 360,000 men were added to the ordinary force, which was almost doubled, for the Italian campaign. And turning to the *Budget de l'Exercice* for this year, we see how they were paid, viz., by increasing the national debt, 508 million of francs in 1858, to 560 millions! It was this sudden and enormous addition to the army of France that, start-

ling England from her dream of peace and security, led to the Volunteer movement: for, though the war with Austria was not popular with the upper and trading classes, an appeal to the bellicose passions of the lower classes sufficed to pour forth a loan of ninety millions sterling at the feet of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte.

Difficult as it is to institute a com-

* The return of British regimental establishments for 1860-1, of all ranks, gives a total of 144,148 men. The number of effectives of all ranks, on the 1st of April, 1860, was 133,962. The return of Indian establishments for 1860-1 is 83,585 men, and the number of effectives (India) on the 1st of April, 1860, according to returns received in England during the last month, was 94,829. The total number of embodied militia of all ranks, on the 1st of April, 1860, was 19,333 men.

parison between the land and sea requirements of France and the sea and land exigencies of England, it is even more so to compare, in an instructive manner, the military expenses of the two countries. M. Clarigny, recognising these difficulties, finds the latter in the difference between the financial organization and accounts of the two nations, which does not, he, however, says, present such obstacles as do the varying fundamental principles of the military organizations on either side the channel. On one side, military service is obligatory, on the other, voluntary. In France, the law charges itself with recruiting the army: conscription places at the service of the state the needful number of men, and the State determines the lot of the soldier. In England, where the army is recruited by enlistment, an inverse course takes place, the Government being obliged to regulate the conditions of service so as to attract men to enter. Hence the whole system is more costly; not heavily so in the mere recruiting, but in various subsequent expenditures. "Our army costs much," said, last February, Mr. Sidney Herbert, on presenting his budget; "we English have expensive habits, and this characteristic trait is common to the army as to the rest of the nation. Our officers and soldiers are paid higher than those of any other country." Though this be so, we find, among the votes for the French army, one which by no means has an equivalent in the English service, viz., the military portion of the large sum of 12,218,000*fr.* yearly credited for pensions to the members of the Legion of Honour. A truce, however, to these comparisons, which are almost as futile as Fluellen's between Monmouth and Macedon, since Englishmen and Frenchmen are not "as like as my fingers to my fingers." No fair contrast between the two armaments can be drawn without reference to the requirements of the two countries. What, then, are the exigencies of our allies? Their kingdom is compact: it is not, like ours, two islands, the lesser of which requires the continual presence of a large garrison, and the protection, in perilous political times, of a channel fleet. Why is an enormous army sustained by their Emperor, except to gratify the army, which supports his dynasty?

What are the naval and military exigencies of England? This is the real question, the answer to which should determine the amount of her armament. As her pamphleteering ally blindly disregards this view, a brief sketch of the home and foreign look-out Great Britain has to keep may not be inappropriate. Some of his countrymen are apt to speak of England as an island in the Atlantic, merely entitled, by superficial extent and population, to the fifth rank among European powers. Yet, when they look at the map of the world, they find her empire extends over Ireland and Scotland, over 130 million people in Asia, over a territory in America larger than the United States, over Australia, New Zealand, the Cape of Good Hope, and the slave-trade coast of Africa; and over Guiana, Jamaica, and fifty less considerable islands; and they know she garrisons Malta, the Ionian Islands, and Gibraltar, and are aware of her existing naval force in China. In fact, she mainly relies on her navy for the defence of her coasts, and her scattered empire demands that her marine force should be much larger than the navy of a compact empire like France, whose smaller trade, not one quarter of ours, and few colonies, require correspondingly less protection. We have, no doubt, been building line-of-battle ships during the last two years very rapidly, and, therefore, our naval budget exceeds the French. Why? Simply because we had previously allowed the French navy to approach too nearly to an equality with our own. We had fallen into an arrear on a vital point, and made up, in a short space of time, for the slow augmentation of our neighbour's naval armament. According to M. Clarigny's figures, the latter is thirty-five ships of the line afloat, against sixty of ours, of which thirty-seven are armed. Yet, why is this armament requisite? Plainly because the Emperor has the power, which he exercised during the Crimean war, of compelling seafaring men to serve at a day's notice. He has, moreover, the power, which he exercised during the Italian campaign, of doubling his land force, computed for the present at 358,000 men, but capable of ready increase to 760,000. Certainly our navy is almost double his; but, on the other hand, his army exceeds ours,

including our troops in India, by 123,000 men. Without disputing if forty ships of the line constitute only a proper quota for France, but accepting her Emperor's idea that her rank as a great power entitles her to this force, and passing from the consequence, viz., that England must maintain a superior one, we come to the next point, the comparative number of steam frigates, which, in the event of war, are indispensable for the protection of our traders all over the world. The pamphlet recapitulates thirty-four armed British frigates and corvettes, against thirteen French; fifteen British in reserve, against nine French; and eighteen British, in course of transformation or of construction, against sixteen French. Totals, sixty-seven against thirty-eight. All these are screw steamers. This comparison is satisfactory, and is the strongest practical proof of our need of men-of-war, whose guns and colours bear testimony everywhere that Great Britain protects her interests. The total of vessels numbered in the last Navy List, as belonging to the Royal Navy, is 735, and a goodly show they make, even on paper. Why is not a list of the imperial navy published, like ours? It is not easy to build a first-rate, and smuggle her to sea incognito, so that our Government shall not know whether ten ninety-gun ships were built under the sheds at ambitious "L'Orient," until they loom off our eastern possessions. In our view, all this mystery is not because the fleet of France is to be feared by England, but because it is not beloved by the French of the Empire, to whose glory it has not administered.

M. Clarity, writing at the dictation of one of the Emperor's ministers, declares that the French navy may complain of having long been neglected by what he calls "the public powers," a term which, we suppose, is a popular one for the First and Third Emperors. Politeness forbade him to say that, in point of fact, no Bonaparte ever liked the naval service. The first general of the name had no nautical taste, and failed to force it on his brother Jerome, lately deceased, who was intended to have been, *malgré lui*, the naval hero of the family. Besides, all the traditions of the service, and most of its officers, are either of the Bourbon or Orleans

party. For the present Emperor, he resembles our late Prince Regent, in neglecting the memories of the French Duncan, Howe, and Jervis, and being "all for the land service," which, indeed, is all in all to him. On declaration of war with Russia, he actually proposed to our Government to divide the allied service, to the exclusion of his fleet, and sole employment of his army; and, although this extraordinary proposition was, of course, rejected, his design of giving little employment to his navy was, in some degree, carried out, by means of so crowding his ships' decks with soldiers that they could not have gone into action with the Russians, and by withdrawing almost all his contingent of shipping from the Baltic. It was the Prince de Joinville who began the augmentation of the French navy, and when his fleet exceeded ours in the Mediterranean, Admiral Lalande asked permission to destroy ours. The existing and growing navy is due to a resolve of the Republic, to augment the force gradually to forty ships of the line. And Louis Napoleon's steady persistence in this proof of determination to raise France to a position of power at sea, as well as to be dictatress by land, is the true ground of European uneasiness. The state of finances did not permit rapid augmentation, and another cause operated in retarding the development of the navy. The application of steam necessitated a complete change in the conditions of maritime war, and this organic alteration required a thorough reform of the naval *matériel* of France, and a new system of education for her *personnel*. Accordingly, a decree of 1857, adopting the propositions of a Commission of the Council of State, and of the Minister of Marine, decided on substituting, for a sailing fleet, a fleet of line-of-battle ships, composed of forty steam ships; and also on the creation of a steam transport fleet, destined to the service of Algeria and the colonies. The necessary credits were apportioned to be voted during the space of fourteen years, in order that the *flotte de combat* should be complete in 1867, and the *flotte de transport* in 1870. The system being progressive, the several votes for this year and the two preceding budgets have not varied in amount; no comparison, therefore,

can fairly be instituted between the naval budgets of the two nations. Obviously, both the changes, in *matériel* and *personnel*, were not so facile as in England, the country par excellence of steam, and therefore soonest possessed of public as well as private means of supplying the material and educational requisites of a steam fleet. For example, in the year 1837, our Admiralty was invigorated by the formation of a "Steam Department," under the control of a special officer; the part of Woolwich Yard, devoted to machinery, was enlarged; and arrangements were made for giving instruction to officers and men in the various scientific and practical operations connected with steam navigation. But it was not until twenty years afterwards, that an imperial decree ordained for the French fleet a new organization, the realization of which will extend over many years.

M. Clarigny confesses that the French budget is far from presenting such abundant and precise information as is given in that of the English Admiralty. "For example," he says, "the eighth chapter, entitled *Salaires d'ouvriers*, wages of workmen, involving an outlay which exceeds sixteen millions of francs, and consequently representing nearly a seventh of the budget, only gives three lines for these three indications:—Wages, by task and day; Accessory expenses; and Relief. Nothing," concludes he, "makes known either the number of these employed or the works they are engaged on." But, turning to the account, pp. 88, 89, we think the complainant must have looked at but one page, for the next gives the numbers of labourers, divided into task and day work. Certainly it tells very little as to work performed, and, as a *budget de l'exercice*, could say nothing as to work to be done. However, we see an item quite peculiar to France, such as "indemnities and gratifications to workmen, as well for extraordinary labour as on the occasions of national fêtes and other solemnities," amounting to 82,722 francs 59 centimes. A word as to these centimes, which figure more carefully in the Emperor's than in the Pope's budget. Undoubtedly, the author we quote is right in contrasting the meagre information found in the French account with the ample statements in the

English; yet we cannot accept sometimes as vouching for the accuracy with which the costs of building and repair of ships of war are apportioned in the former account; nor, indeed, the mention of farthings in the ledgers of our own yards, in proof that the present mode of dockyard account-keeping does not demand revision. M. Clarigny observes:—

"The English budget indicates for each establishment the number of workmen, their divisions, the wages each class of men receives, and the quantity of work done the preceding year by the ten or eleven thousand artificers employed. It is then easy to render account of the resources which the workshops of that Admiralty offer in hand-labour, and of its cost."

Justly malcontent with the wholesale character of the accounts in this respect furnished to the *Corps Législatif*, he becomes almost sentimental in describing the individuality given to a British ship, from the period of her conception, long before she is launched and named, or as people improperly say, christened. "She is treated," observes he, "like a living person." Surely she is so, even before her crew and sails and a brisk gale put life into her. As for the semi-superstitious sons of the deep who sail in her, who guide her fortunes and share them, with what feelings, what affection do they regard "the saucy Arethusa!" Setting sentiment aside, and following our French friend's statement as to the "account opened in the registers of the British Admiralty," on the day when the keel of a man-of-war is laid down, we know that, when she is finished, one can tell to a penny what she has cost. But we also know, what he does not, that this system is not faithfully followed when repairing her. However, so far as it goes, as to the cost of building, it furnishes, as he remarks, a point of comparison with the cost of constructing other ships; and this is wanting in the French system. From all we hear, whatever are the defects of our naval accounts, those of our allies are much greater; nor could it be otherwise, considering the irresponsibility of their Executive to their *Corps Législatif*, and to the Press. "The English budget, on the contrary," observes M. Clarigny, "enters into the most minute details, and one may say that

the Admiralty pushes its accountability almost to luxury and to an exaggeration of rigour and *publicity*."

Noticing the recent augmentation of the credit for purchase of timber, M. Clarigny also notices the homage lately rendered by the Secretary of the Admiralty to the providence of French administration in this important particular. "France," said he, "has in her arsenals 160,000 loads, that is to say, wood enough to build fifteen ships of the line, fifteen frigates, and fifteen corvettes." This provision is much superior to any we have ever had in England. At one time, work in our dockyards nearly came to a stand-still for want of a sufficient store of timber; and was only set going again by the Admiralty having the good luck to obtain a lot which had been bought in the Mediterranean for the service of the French fleet. This penury in the matter of wood cannot be too severely reprehended, since the means Government possesses of keeping an adequate quantity is one of its advantages over private shipbuilders. Ever since the forty line-of-battle ships, seventy-fours, contracted for during the great war, became notorious, in consequence of having been constructed of green timber, as "*The Forty Thieves*," it has justly been deemed wasteful and dangerous to substitute private contracts for the costly, but excellent work of public yards. The difficulty of procuring enough large, seasoned oak to carry Britain's seamen in safety over the deep is likely to increase. About thirty years back, an inspection was made in Ireland as to the quantity our island could afford of this article; and the report was, that, were all the old oaks which adorn her finest demesnes cut down, the supply would not be enough to build two line-of-battle ships. Every year the radius of supply becomes more remote. This fact enhances the considerations attaching to the revolution impending over the future of naval warfare—a revolution which can belittle more than alluded to—without entering into the arguments bearing on this important question. Sufficing to observe, that the extraordinary improvements recently made in the art of gunnery render the adoption of a class of vessel, whose small size would present a smaller mark and less num-

ber of men than a line-of-battle ship does,—almost imperative, it may follow that iron can be used more extensively than at present in the construction of the royal navy. Hitherto, attention at home and abroad has been more directed towards arming ships with iron-cased sides, with the notion of protecting them against the new artillery, than to providing vessels which shall be difficult to hit:—for, whatever has been the success of our Ordnance Commissioners in penetrating the plated hide of the "*Trusty*," they are as yet quite impenetrable as to the latter idea. Some short-sighted arguers contend that the new invention of far-carrying cannon has not much increased the old risk in a naval engagement of being struck, since the hostile ships will not approach so near. This safe course might certainly be taken at the commencement of an action at sea, but could not be continued when the time for boarding begins, and is utterly inapplicable for the use of a moving ship firing at a stationary one, or at a fort. In this latter case, particularly, it would obviously be desirable for the attacking vessel to lie off within the furthest range of its own guns, yet to present a small and moving mark to the fort. The Royal Navy possesses 185 steam gunboats, whose capabilities of carrying merely one or two guns of the heaviest calibre, of entering shallow water, and exposing neither a large mark nor crew to the enemy, qualify this class of vessel to be deemed the most telling engine of maritime war. With reference to armour, iron shields, or technically, blindage, let us hear M. Clarigny:—

"The opinion that there is no system of blindage capable of resisting the new artillery has gained credit in England. The Secretary of the Admiralty, sheltering himself behind the screen of his duties, which make a law of discretion, has given the House of Commons to understand that the English navy has at her disposal engines of destruction which no obstacle can resist. This opinion is grounded upon experiments assiduously made at Portsmouth and at Shoeburyness during the summer of 1859, and renewed since February last. On the 20th February, the gunboat '*Stork*,' which is attached to the gunnery school on board the '*Excellent*,' fired, at short range, with an eight-inch pivot-gun, at the old frigate '*Briton*,' which had been

covered with cast-iron plates four inches thick. The third bullet, striking one of these plates, shattered it, driving large fragments into the side of the vessel, and covering the deck with a multitude of pieces of iron, thus proving that the cuirass of a ship might become a cause of destruction to its crew, since, in splitting, it scatters like grapeshot. These experiments have been renewed by the 'Excellent,' with the same result.

"In the month of March, other experiments were made at Shoeburyness, with Armstrong cannons, upon the floating battery 'Trusty,' which had been covered with forged iron plates of an extreme thickness. The oblong bullets fired by the Armstrong guns split these plates, went through them, and penetrated deeply into the hull of the vessel. The 'Trusty' was forced to undergo considerable repairs before being able to submit, towards the latter days of April, to fresh trials, made upon her at very great distances, with the long-range Armstrong and Whitworth cannons. In a remarkable experiment which took place the 25th of May, 1860, in the presence of the Lords of the Admiralty, plates of forged iron, of four inches and a-half in thickness, which had resisted the Armstrong bullets, were pierced at 200 metres by the Whitworth eighty-pounder cannon. The bullet made a hexagonal hole in the plate, pierced through the side planks, and lodged in the interior of the 'Trusty.' In consequence of these divers experiments, the Admiralty appears to have acquired the conviction of the inability of iron armour to protect the sides of vessels."

It would be strange, almost an anachronism, if, three centuries after armour had ceased to be "coat of proof" against grapeshot and cannon balls, it were to be donned by men-of-war against percussion shells and 100lb. shot. Our friends in France were the first to conceive the idea of making a ship shot-proof, which, if meriting trial, merits it most fully in the land of iron. They are now engaged in forging a special metal, of so tough a quality as to be far less penetrable than common cast-iron. On our side the Straits, hope is beginning to be reposed in Mr. Jones' patent angulated armour for ships, which has stood extraordinary tests. If this gentleman would supply a stern shield, such as will make a small screw-steamer invulnerable during the time she is discharging shot and shell into an enemy's works, he would deserve higher honours than Achilles.

No effort has been wanting in the French to perfect the manufacture of the iron armour intended for their new floating-batteries, either as to the quality of the metal, as we have noticed, or as to its application. Either a small sort of vessel, or an impenetrable one, seems absolutely required, for the recent experiments of bombarding a martello tower near Eastbourne render it inconceivable that wooden ships can withstand such a projectile as a percussion shell. In our view, the objects to be arrived at—invulnerability, combined with destructive powers—would be best obtained, as we have suggested, by small vessels, the use of which would, moreover, give a vast preponderance to our fleet, because a large number of merchant shipping might be taken into the service.

At this day, when all ships, even of the weakest description, carry cannon of equal power, fifty pieces of heavy calibre would have the same efficacy if they were either subdivided between several ships or concentrated on board one, and the advantage would be rather with the one of the two adversaries who offers to the other the smallest bulk. Admiral Berkeley, who commanded the fleet in the Mediterranean, and was for a long time in the Admiralty, wrote some months ago: "One main fact is too often lost sight of, which should completely change all the system of defence on our coasts, which is, that the smallest gunboat is armed with artillery as powerful and as destructive as that of the largest vessel. A gunboat carries a cannon which has the same calibre, the same capacity, and throws a projectile as destructive as any gun on board the 'Duke of Wellington.' A projectile from the pigmy, reaching one of the masts of the giant, would clearly do for it; this shell might lodge in a more vital place, and be followed by fatal consequences; and it should not be forgotten how considerable are the dimensions of the aim to be attained on the one side, and how small on the other. To have, therefore, a swarm of these pigmies in the Channel is the force, above all others, upon which we ought to count for the protection of our coasts."

Every true Briton who has seen and gloried in Her Majesty's screw

steam-frigates "Mersey," with 1,000 horse-power engines, and "Ariadne," of 800 horse-power; and who, having stepped the length of the "Great Eastern's" main-deck, and descended into the depth of her hold, may have fancied her an earnest of the rule Britannia has over the waves, will not be surprised to hear M. Clarigny say his countrymen entertain projects for depriving Britannia of it.

"Some propose to decompose sea water by the aid of the electric pile, to mingle the hydrogen thus obtained with the air in the proportion of 5 against 95 per cent. and to inflame this mixture with electricity. By this means they expect to obtain a manageable force, neither costly nor cumbersome. It is for science to pronounce if the substitution, direct or indirect, of electricity for vapour is possible: but the day when sea water is decomposed by the aid of the electric pile, with the addition of acid, ships will be furnished with the moving force necessary; when vessels, instead of coal, embark some tons of metal and some barrels of acid, the conditions of naval war will be equalized for all people, and the maritime supremacy of England will receive a more severe blow than by the loss of several battles."

Our ingenious ally is mistaken in concluding that any invention for superseding coal will equalize the conditions of naval warfare for all nations. It is supremacy in commerce that gives Great Britain her maritime supremacy, this being essential for the defence of the other; and, therefore, whether ships were propelled by wind, or steam, or air, a sufficient protective fleet is an essential condition of her commercial prosperity.

Turning from his speculations on new moving powers to his comparison between the force exercised by his Government upon French seafaring men and the airy freedom with which British sailors volunteer or not, as they please, we can hardly believe his assertion, that our ministers and admirals eulogize the former system, and regret not being able to introduce it in England. This *inscription maritime* compels every Frenchman in an aquatic calling to inscribe his name on a register, and gives him a certain monopoly in fishing as a consideration that, though exempt from *conscription*, or service in the army, he is liable to serve in the fleet. Our know-

ledge of the northern coast of France leads us to believe that this compulsory service is unpopular. Complaints were rife during the Crimean war of "men having been torn from their families, not to defend *la patrie*, but to man the Baltic fleet." The truth, that our Government could not engraft such a system on the free stock of British habits, is the proof how injurious it is. Another author of a recent brochure, "*Récherches sur les Forces Maritimes*," tells us that his countrymen in the Black Sea squadron "served the State with an imprecation against their fate, while it is with pride an English sailor tells you that he is in Her Majesty's service."

According to inscription returns of last year, the number of French merchant seamen was 102,000 men. M. Clarigny computes the navigating *personnel* of England at nearly 300,000 men. These figures, be it observed, well represent the proportion the navies of the two nations ought to bear to each other, since as our empire has threefold the number of sailors, she may reasonably employ three times as many in her fleet as the French empire finds requisite in hers. Setting theory apart, we must commend the "Continuous Service System" adopted in 1853, yet remark that a prospective pension is not so taking a bait to a tar "full of blood and blue veins," as higher pay would be; and that our Government could at once raise the tide of entry into the Royal Navy by raising wages to a level with those of the merchant service. Meanwhile, as this course is probably undesirable save on emergency, the naval reserve and training ships for boys are excellent means of providing that reserve of half-trained men which is as indispensable for maintaining a fleet at sea as a reserve of soldiers is for keeping an army in the field. At this day, even "long-shore men" know that, though a cruising fleet does not, in time of peace, lose men like an army engaged in actual war, there not only is a constant drain by disease and death, but that proficiency in seamanship and gunnery, and, above all, discipline, can only be obtained by practice.

A return was lately made of the number of men which would be required to provide the established or estimated complements for the whole

of the steam-vessels afloat, building, and converting. For our 59 ships of the line, we should require, in all, 50,620 men; for 43 frigates, 20,055; for 9 block ships, 5,535; for 4 iron-cased ships, 1,900; for 21 corvettes, 5,690; for 95 sloops, 13,545; for 27 smaller vessels, 1,987; for 192 gunboats, 8,086; for 8 floating-batteries, 1,680; for 61 transports, tenders, &c., 2,804; and for 4 mortar vessels, 840. In all, the total number of men required would be 112,742, or 95,812 officers and seamen, and 16,929 marines.

Manning the fleet does not, in our notions, present such difficulties as officering it, or rather, effecting some important reforms in the organization of officers of the Royal Navy, the Admiralty included. Not wishing to do battle in this matter just now, we merely fire a shot at a squadron in the service engaged in agitating for the abolition of Masters and substitution of Lieutenants, to be styled "Navigating Officers." Assuredly, it would be well that the science of navigation should not be special to any class of officers; yet to do away with masters, would be to deprive the middle classes of society of one of their straitened entrances into the national navy. Feeling disinclined to grapple with and board the Admiralty Board, we pay it a passing compliment, on quoting one of M. Clarigny's remarks, in venturing to comment on them in support of an opinion, that though Admiral Hamelin, *Ministre de la Marine* of the Paris Admiralty, is in a more despotic position than the First Lord of an office which lies under the guns of that tremendous battery, the House of Commons, we fancy the latter's seat is better filled by a civilian than by a naval officer; unless, indeed, an admiral could be found calculated not only to shake the walls of Cronstadt and Cherbourg, but to shake, or better, satisfy the British senate, by combining the nautical knowledge and heroism of Nelson with Disraeli's talent for debate, and Sir G. Cornwall Lewis's clearness in ministerial expositions:—

"Since the time of Lord St. Vincent, that is to say, during the last fifty-two years," writes our author, "the office of First Lord has never been filled by a sailor; the secretary has also almost al-

ways been a stranger to the service. The English pretend that naval officers have never succeeded in the administration of the marine; that the most eminent, Howe, Keppel, and St. Vincent himself, have always brought with them a narrow *esprit de corps*, habits of routine hostile to all progress, jealousy of young officers, lastly, and above all, systematic antipathies and preferences; so that the accession of a sailor was that of a *côte-rie* of officers, to the exclusion sometimes of the best servitors of the State."

This opinion is not "pretended," but believed by the English; no domestic political tradition being more strongly warranted, than that a non-professional man is preferable to a naval one as First Lord of the Admiralty, for several reasons, among which is the rarity of that combination of statesmanlike capacity, and secure commanding seat in Parliament, or social rank, usually requisite in a member of the cabinet. Under the late Administration, the Duke of Northumberland, an admiral on the reserved list, was First Lord. All persons conversant, however, with the traditions of the admiralty, dating from the stormy rule of Earl St. Vincent, to when the eminent services and gallant character of Lord Cochrane, now Earl of Dundonald, were overlooked by official professional jealousy, and down to the time when the Duke of Clarence, afterwards "the sailor-king," was Lord High Admiral, will assuredly deprecate any notion of selecting quarter-deck substitutes to succeed the able civilians by whom the First Lord's seat in the old board-room has been long and often ably occupied. With regard to the first and second secretaryships, these important functions were filled during the heat of the great war, and long subsequently, by two civilians, the late Right Hon. J. W. Croker, whose name was almost a synonyme for cleverness, and by Sir John Barrow, a colleague of hardly inferior ability. Such of their successors as were drawn from the naval service, certainly failed to establish any thing like an equal reputation. Certainly, the present first secretary, Rear-Admiral Lord C. Paget, combines official experience with professional knowledge, and has a seat in the House of Commons, where he is deservedly popular. Of all the admirals who sat, during the present

century, at that board, Sir George Cockburn was probably the best adapted to have occupied the first seat; his experience, high character and bearing, and rigid professional impartiality forming excellent qualifications. When conveying "General Bonaparte" to St. Helena, he was "*l'homme dur*" of the abdicated and exiled Emperor: as first naval lord of the royal duke's board, or council, he, with the able aid of the first secretary, was virtual governor of naval affairs; and would unquestionably have superseded his royal highness, as first commissioner, had he been secure of a seat in Parliament. Insecurity in this latter respect has plainly been, especially since the passing of the Reform Act, the principal reason why chief naval ministers have been sought among civilians. Nor has the quest been infertile of statesmen fully capable of administering the practical as well as the political duties of the office. Searching, sweeping, and valuable reforms in the central offices and seaport dockyards were effected by Sir James Graham. There is an apt story, too good not to be told, that when the Earl of Derby formed his first cabinet, he was for some time at a loss for a Secretary of the Colonies, and at last was fain to name a country gentleman, hitherto little famous, save as a pattern chairman of quarter sessions. During the process of forming his ministry, the Duke of Wellington asked, at some dinner table, "Who has Derby got for colonial secretary?" "Sir John Pakington," was the answer. The Duke, a little deaf, repeated the question, with his hand to his ear, and was answered: "Sir John Pakington, your Grace!" His Grace shook his head, and observed, "Never heard of him!" Yet, when subsequently transferred from the Colonial office to the Admiralty, the administration of this midland county baronet won golden opinions from the entire service. His energy, in having raised the *matériel* of the navy from an improperly depressed state to nearly the required standard, was rendered homage to by the present secretary, in a statement made to the House of Commons last session, when the augmentation effected in a single year was pronounced marvellous, a prodigy. In practice, and provided as

the First Lord is with a professional council board, there is little to prevent a pattern chairman of quarter sessions from becoming a model naval minister.

Reverting to the political view of the armaments of the two nations in question, we admit M. Clarigny's remark, that the French and the English army and navy possess an inverted ratio of importance—the army in France being the chief means of attack and defence, and the navy a mere auxiliary, while in England, the navy is the prominent instrument of power, the army being an auxiliary—retains much of its old truth. Yet this difference is greatly diminished by steam. During the first Bonaparte war, three invasive expeditions escaped our Channel Fleet, and two of them landed troops in Ireland; and the facility of crossing quickly is so immensely increased to steam-transports, M. Clarigny may well say we do not view without apprehension the construction of forty line-of-battle ships, even if their ostensible purpose is to escort a fleet of steam-transports to, as he says, Algeria. Whatever their destination, according as foreign powers increase their steam navies, so we are compelled to augment not only our navy, but also our army, in consequence of the incomplete reliance which a country, compelled to prepare against even the mere fear of invasion, can repose, under the existence of foreign steam navies, upon any extent of naval defence in her possession. Hence the recent augmentation of our armaments on land and at sea. Our latter force is stronger than the French, and it is well for the peace of the world that it is so. And it by no means, like a military force, implies aggression and annexation, since ships cannot, like soldiers, conquer and hold a country.

France, her pamphleteer assures his readers, is not prompt to alarm herself. In such case, she can prove this position, and reassure her neighbours, by reducing her armaments. "She is," says he, "great enough to be neither jealous nor uneasy about any one;" and continues he:—

"England will then find on this side of the Straits a justice, to which she has accustomed no people. In vain, her Government, through pre-occupation, and through desire of an ill-grounded popu-

larity, will feign alarms on our account, of which it knows the frivolity; in vain intelligent orators, like Mr. Lindsay, too ready to judge of things from the surface, will attribute the armaments of their country to preconceived projects of hostility; France will know how to act in the efforts and sacrifices which England imposes on herself from mean jealousy and terrors without foundation, as also partly from the great cause of necessity."

Monsieur Clarigny then concludes by announcing that France will call in science as an ally. She is to meet our monster armaments, not by augmenting her own, but—by a great stroke of genius! The idea is quite French. Brute force is to be opposed and vanquished by a scientific discovery. We are not told in what direction to look for the *deus ex machina*; but suspect it is to come in the sudden shape of electricity, and will jump out of the aforesaid "barrel of acid," like a jack-in-the-box. What is to be done? Nothing occurs to the mind as more likely to shut him up in his box again, or to shut French men-of-war up in their own ports, than to provide enough of our jack-tars. Seriously, however, we must keep the largest force, and then we are pretty sure to have the laugh on our side. Without invoking, like the classic French, either Prometheus or modern science, let us tell them Britannia holds the trident of Neptune, not to strike the earth, but to carry its fruits over the sea. In consequence of the insular situation of the British Islands, their existing defences are peculiar; and again, the world-wide extent of the British Colonies demand peculiar means of protection. These exigencies find no parallels in France, or they would not be peculiarities. Thus, the narrow seas, as they are called, are to these Isles what the chain of magnificent fortifications, with which the genius of Vauban endowed France, are to that country. It was remarked by the commissioners on the defences, that the castle and heights of Dover form the only in-

stance of a regularly fortified position in these islands. The modern and strongest half of this station, the lines of the citadel, is due to the Duke of Wellington, who, in this case, succeeded in overcoming English insular disregard of fortifications. The truth is, all our defences are just such as would be chosen by a naval power that hardly anticipated invasion, that knew nothing of its horrors, and only imagined an assault by sea for the purpose of taking Dover or Portsmouth in the rear. Without disparagement to our volunteer force, it must be recollected that a large proportion could not quit their duties for service in the field; and that Great Britain and Ireland must be protected by a regular force. As for the late pen-and-ink attack, this attempt on the part of France to turn the tables against our Government, by laying to the latter's charge that warlike attitude which threatens the economy of governments and the peace of Europe, is the old fable of the wolf and the lamb. Our allies have the real cause of our increased armament close at hand, dating from their re-erection of the Bonaparte dynasty.

At the outbreak of the revolutionary war, England had to contend against three coalesced countries, France, Spain, and Holland, the three greatest maritime powers next to her, all at that time combined to destroy her. The proportion between the numbers of English and French line-of-battle ships was then about two to one. This proportion has usually been maintained, as the best security for insuring maritime supremacy, and, as its consequence, freedom from invasion. The true national political tradition is this:—the British Fleet should be maintained superior in numbers to any probable combination of other fleets against it. This precaution, while insuring against being overwhelmed by sudden coalition, also leaves, in case of war, sufficient squadrons for protecting British commerce in every sea round the world.

CORNWALL AND PILCHARDS.

CORNWALL—the land “beyond railways”—West Barbary—the place where men dwell under ground, and speak a language peculiar to those who dig for tin in the earth's bowels—the land in which there are giants in the shape of miners. What wondrous fancies but lately filled the heads of their wiser brothers of the east respecting the country, the manners, habits, and life of the dwellers in old Cornwall. I remember, during one of Alma Mater's short vacations, meeting an exceedingly interesting young lady at an evening party in London. Now, even if you have come originally from Cornwall, there is generally some one person whom you will find to be a mutual acquaintance, when you are thrown into the company of the greatest stranger. And so it was with our friend in the West End. She spoke of a Mr. Tre —. “A Cornishman?” we suggest. “Oh! dear, no—not a Cornishman.” We still think he may be, and our partner gives up, with—“Well, it is possible; but I discovered no trace of it in his manner of speaking.” She was much surprised when we told her that we, too, were Cornish, but flattered ourselves that we talked English pretty well for a foreigner. Young ladies sometimes have curious notions of such matters, in spite of English and French polish establishments; but what say you to two learned men, each holding high positions among the wise men of the east—dignitaries—addressing letters—“Cornwall, Wales?” No, it is not impossible, for it was done only a few months ago. It were, indeed, a sad exhibition of ignorance, were a learned man to be ignorant of the locality, manners, and customs of the Sandwich Islanders or the inhabitants of Boy-o-boo-lah-Yah; but not to know of Cornwall, of course, is quite excusable, because it is only a place that lies at the extremity of our “tight little island,” forming a bulwark against the waves of the Atlantic;—that is an affair between itself and the ocean, and one with which learned men have nothing whatever to do.

Every one has heard of St. Ives, for it
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was from this place that the gentleman was met returning with his seven wives, and their unique luggage of bags, cats, and kits. Crossing the causeway that runs along the head of the Hayle estuary, we enter the sheltered and picturesque village of May Lelant, and pass the entrance to Trevethow, the seat of the Praed family, by whom St. Ives was for some years represented in Parliament. Two miles further on we pass Tregenna Castle, the seat of Louis Stephens, Esq., and on turning an abrupt corner formed by a group of trees, near one of his entrances, behold St. Ives underneath.

If you are only in search of the picturesque—if you have on polished boots, which you are “proud” about—if your sense of smell is very acute, go no further. That is St. Ives, situated as you see on one side of this beautiful little bay.

St. Ives contains five or six thousand inhabitants, all more or less interested in the pilchard-fishing—directly or indirectly. For even if they have no shares in the seines, they cannot but feel the poverty which surrounds them, if there be no pilchards taken during the season. All the lower classes feel the loss, because every man, woman, and child, can get employment and good wages when there are fish caught. The land-owners feel it most severely, for—“no fish, no rent,” is a saying, of the truth of which they never for a moment entertain a doubt. In fact, the fishery is their harvest; and when it fails, there is nothing to be looked for but famine and want. At St. Ives there are 248 seines employed in catching pilchards. Now, these 248 seines have been made at an expense of not less than £46,000, to which we must add the cost of boats, cellars, ropes, anchors, and innumerable other things which are indispensable to the undertaking. Taking all these into consideration, we do not doubt that at least £100,000 is invested in stock for the pilchard fishery in St. Ives Bay.

You may well be astonished at the announcement—“Two hundred and forty-eight seines to catch the pilchards that may chance to pass through this small piece of water in the course of

three or four months of the year!—£100,000 invested in appliances for this fishery! Surely it is money wasted. You cannot require all your seines.” No, we do not require them all; in fact, for the last five years the parties concerned have joined themselves into four large companies, and agreed to use only one-fourth part of their craft each year. And so they have fished, using the same seines only once in four years; and they find that even thus they do not require all they have at work. How comes it then, you will ask, that they have been foolish enough to launch out such a sum of money, when there is no necessity for it; when they might quite as well have buried it in the sand, or sunk it in the deep water of the bay? It has come from the same love of having a share of a good thing, as took possession of you when you heard of the riches of the Redruth mining district. No one can be prevented from having a seine and taking his turn at the pilchards as they pass through the bay, provided he conform to the requirements of the last Act of Parliament passed for the regulation of the fishery in the year 1841. And so it happens that in case of a good season a man or a party with a little capital begin to envy the fortunate adventurer, and determine that next season they will have a turn at fishing. The old adventurers hear that there is a new party coming into the field with one, two, or three seines of their own; and know, consequently, they will have fewer chances of catching fish—for each seine has its own turn in regular order, as we will explain by-and-by. This, they say, will never do—they had few enough chances before; and therefore they set to work to make new seines—when, perhaps, they were over-stocked before—in order to keep up their proportion and secure their former number of chances during the year. In this way so many useless seines have been made, and so much money needlessly embarked in a most uncertain fishery.

The natural history of the pilchard still continues a mystery, notwithstanding the interest that has of late induced naturalists to inquire into the subject. Where do the pilchards go, when they leave our coasts in the winter; where do they come from in the summer; why do they come to

our coast at all—they do not spawn here? and where *do* they spawn? These are questions which have never been satisfactorily answered. Many theories have been started at different times. We have by us one theory, contained in a letter, dated August 17, 1837, and written to a gentleman at St. Ives. It contains interesting information as to the origin of the pilchard fishery, and the theory started is in itself curious, and perhaps worthy of notice.

The writer says that he has for some years turned his attention to the “periodical return of the pilcher.” The first place, he says, in which they were ever noticed in any quantity was the coast of Brittany, to which the fishermen of the Seine went at the season to take them. Eventually, on their trading to the coast of Cornwall, they found them in such abundance as to induce them to come over with their nets—whence the name of our nets, “seines.” The writer of our letter goes on to draw a comparison between the quantities of the fern-web and of the “pilchers” in the several seasons between 1747 and 1837, showing that the disappearance and re-appearance of fish and fly were dependent one on the other. He then founds his theory on this fact, and concludes that “pilchers” come to our coast in search of food, and that that food consists of the comminuted remains of the fern-web, which have been washed down and mixed with the sand and gravel of the coast. The fish, he intimates, usually appear in bays and estuaries, where these flies must be returned by the tide, after having been washed down by the rivers. No one has yet discovered what they feed on, and this would be the case if it fed on the comminuted remains of the fern-web.

We are disposed to doubt the entire truth of this theory, although the facts recorded may, to a certain extent, work in with others that have been ascertained. It appears to be acknowledged that the object of the pilchard's approach to the shore is to search for food and not to deposit its spawn. No specimen of the pilchard has been taken either in fisheries or in the stomachs of large fish smaller than three or four inches: nor has the spawn been seen. The general opinion is, that they deposit their spawn

not very far off the coast in deep water, in October and November, where the young fish remain till the increase of temperature allows their approach to shallow water. It has been further supposed by naturalists, that the spawn is deposited *on the surface*, and that the separate ovas very speedily come to active life. When these pilchards reach the shore, it is most probable that they come in search of food; and in the examination of the stomachs of these fish, when the contents were not so affected by digestion as to exhibit nothing but a glutinous substance, which is very often the case, the principal matter discovered has been composed of the remains of small crustaceous animals and little shrimps. The fish have often been seen hunting along the bottom, among the sand and gravel, apparently in search of small particles of food: for they certainly do not feed on the weed. It is remarkable that in the stomach of one pilchard there were found more than *two hundred and forty pairs of eyes*. No one will venture to affirm that these are eyes of the "comminuted remains of the fern-web;" but still a year that produces a very large number of fern-webs may also be productive of all other insects; and if the pilchard comes to feed on such food, we may look for a good season of pilchards to follow the advent of large masses of the fern-web and other flies and insects.

It was formerly supposed that the herring and the pilchard both arrive here from the Polar Seas to spawn, but this idea has long been exploded one; for, in the first place, the pilchard is never seen in the Polar regions, and secondly, more recent observation as to its migrations all proves that the fish never go from us to any great distance, and that our shores are never quite deserted by them. The pilchard is found in the stomach of the hake and cod throughout the winter and spring, after the time of their coasting visits is over. The spring mackerel nets often catch pilchards, and very early in the summer small shoals, or "schulls," as they are called, are seen on the surface on the south coast of Cornwall. In the Mount's Bay the best fishing comes on in the summer months, June, July, August, and September. Here, at St. Ives, and at other places on the north coast,

they are caught in the largest quantities in October, November, and sometimes in December. There can, therefore, be but a short time for any distant migration, even if the spring pilchards be but stragglers. In the spring they are found, in small numbers approaching the shore during the day, and leaving it at night; in the summer, they congregate in larger numbers, and form what are called the "summer schulls." In the autumn and winter these small shoals join and form the "banking schulls," which are the object of the St. Ives fishery preparations. But although our coasts are never entirely deserted by the pilchards, still the large mass of them retire into deep water; and it is even supposed that they resort to the south-west, west, and north-west of the Scilly Islands. In June or July this immense concourse of fish begins to move southward, and striking the land somewhere about the Land's End, a portion of them turn in a north-easterly direction, and passing by St. Ives, sometimes give its population a chance of a summer "schull;" the remainder split off and go up along the south coast, sometimes giving the Merlyn, Penzance, and Mount's men a chance of securing some of them; and at others, taking a direct line across the Mount's Bay to the Lizard, when they either get no fish, or only such as may be taken by the drift-nets.

The fishery on this, the south coast, is a summer one; the fish are then much more productive of oil, but not so fine or so firm as those taken on the north coast in the winter. These winter "schulls" appear on the north-eastern parts of our shores, and having once touched the coast, keep close to it, making a continuous course, but entering each little sandy inlet and bay as they pass. Then it is that the St. Ives people look for fish; but if the fish take a deep course, as they sometimes do, they, like the Mount's Bay men, are deprived of their harvest, and know only of the propinquity of the coveted fish from the reports of passing vessels, or the gleanings of the drift fishermen. From St. Ives they go westward, sometimes beyond the Scilly Isles, and are not seen again until the next year; and sometimes passing between those Islands and the Land's End, they make an east-

erly turn and go up the south coast to Megavissey Bay.

Such are the most probable conjectures as to the migrations of the pilchards; but, even if they be correct, the *cause* of the migrations is still a mystery—why they come where they do, or why they do not migrate elsewhere, where they would find, so far as we know, the same food, the same water, the same temperature, and the same varied shores as those they frequent here? The cause may yet be discovered.

We now turn to the more practical part of the subject, and first of all to the different people who are employed in the daily occupation of the seine fishery. First, then, there are the "huers," whose office it is to keep watch from the hills which overlook the bay, for the approach of the "schulls" of fish. For when a "schull" enters the bay and nears the coast, they become plainly visible to an experienced eye by the dark red or purple hue, which is caused by their dense mass passing over the bright sand bottom of the bay. In the Mount's Bay the bottom is rocky and abounds with sea-weed, and there the "huer" is obliged to go out in a small boat and look down into the water for the fish. But here the water is so fine, and the bottom so bright and clean, that they are seen distinctly from the hills; and there the "huer" takes his stand from sunrise to sunset for three or four months of the year.

Perhaps there is no single piece of water in the world on which men's eyes are fixed so anxiously and so constantly as on this bay at St. Ives. The huers are paid weekly wages, and when any fish are taken by their "concerns," they get a twentieth part of all that are landed. They have a house on each hill, provided at the expense of the adventurers, where they work and eat their meals; and here they turn in and take a nap when they have no immediate interest in looking out. Over the fireplace there is a board prohibiting smoking or playing cards in the house.

Next in order are the seiners. There are eight men in each seine-boat, six to row the boat, one who steers with an oar, and assists the eighth man to cast, or as it is termed, to "shoot" the seine. Then there are five others

who manage the "tow-boat," the use of which we shall learn presently; and two lads, who manage a little boat, called the "*folyer*," a corruption of the word "*follower*," whose office it is to attend on and follow the other boats. The Act of Parliament allows two "*tow-boats*" to each seine, so that there are no less than twenty-two men engaged in the management of a seine. The seiner's wages vary from ten to twelve shillings a week, and when they catch fish they are entitled to one-ninth of the whole.

There are about two hundred men, seiners and huers, who are paid weekly wages; and in addition to these, at least a hundred and thirty men are called "*blousers*," who have to launch the boats, carry the seines from the lofts to the boats, and to pull the seine, when shot, into sufficiently shallow water to secure it. These men are paid no regular wages; they have certain "allowances" for extra work, and at the conclusion of the season, receive between them two shillings and ten pence for every hogshead of fish that has been cured during the year by their own company.

These are all the out-door people who are employed: and now for the out-door materials. First the seine: this is a large net of very small mesh, so that a pilchard cannot pass through or get meshed in it. Before the present year, for a very long time, all the netting was brought from Bridport in Dorsetshire, and made into seines by women at St. Ives; but during last season they netted a large quantity at home, and this was formerly the usual custom. The average size of a seine at St. Ives is one hundred and eighty fathoms long, and eight fathoms deep; but some of the new ones measure as much as two hundred fathoms in length, and are eleven fathoms deep. At the upper part of the seine runs what is called the "head-rope," on which are placed thickly together large round pieces of cork; and at the bottom is the "foot-rope," on which are strong heavy leads to sink the net. When the fish are enclosed, the leads sinking to the bottom, and the corks floating on the surface, the seine forms a perpendicular wall around them. The price of a seine is about £185.

Then comes the seine-boat, which

is a large boat, and costs about £40. Beside the large net or seine, there are smaller nets, called "thwart," or "stop-nets." These are shorter than the seine, but of the same depth, and one or two are always shot with the seine. Each "stop-net" is carried in a separate boat, which is called the "tow-boat," and costs about £25. The "folyer," which attends on the larger boats, is rowed by two lads, and costs about £14. These, with the "capstans" and their appliances, make up the outdoor material.

The bay is divided into six stations for the regulation of the fishery. These divisions are marked by high white-washed poles fixed on the hills. At each boundary of the divisions three are put in, in such a manner that when your eye sees the three in one, you have the line of separation fixed. Three of these stations are "in hand" only when the tide has risen to a certain height: these are called Carrack-gladden, the Poll, and Porth-minster; the other three are low-water stations, and are called the Leigh, Pedu-Olver, and Cairn-crouse. Pedu-Olver is always "in hand," but is not worth much when Porth-minster, the next station, occupied. Now we have said that there are 248 seines at St. Ives; that they use only a quarter part of these every year; and that the whole fishery is carried on by four large companies, or "concerns." At the commencement of the season, in August, the heads of these concerns meet and draw out a "stemming list," for the then coming season. In this list each concern is entitled to a number of turns, or "stems," at the different stations, corresponding to their number of seines: of course the more seines the more chances, and hence the necessity of keeping up one's proportion of stock. A list is therefore made out long enough to serve for the season, in which the due proportion of "stems" are given to each concern at each station. Now A has the first "stem" at Carrack-gladden, and therefore his boats go down to the station at the proper state of the tide, put his "warp"—the rope connected with the seine—on the shore, according to the requirement of the Act of Parliament, in order to take possession of the stem. Here the men sit in the boats, with nothing to do but wait for the alarm from the "huer" at the

approach of "fish," until the tide shows that the "stem" is over. They then go home; and if it be daylight at the return of the tide, they return to their post; they have that stem for one day, at a certain state of the tide. If no fish appear that day, their chance for the time is gone; but if they shoot, the "stem" immediately belongs to B, who stands second on the list, and would otherwise have had to wait for his turn until the next day.

But all this tedious "stemming list" has been completed before you and I came down here, stranger; and so we look down from the hill where we are standing on little groups of boats at anchor, which are holding their respective "stems." The boats are now all open, and we can see the high pile of netting in the seine-boat, neatly covered with its tarpaulin and coil of "warp," and the men lounging idly about, or playing at "chequers" on the seats of the boat; but if there were rain or wind, we should see them all neatly tented over in the bows with a piece of canvass spread on three oars; when this is up the boat rides head to wind, and the men are quite sheltered.

Let us now go down to the "beacon-house," and find out from the "huers" if there be "any likes of fish," whether they have heard of any in the channel from the coasting vessels, or whether they have seen any "schulls" from the hill to-day. Here we find a set of hardy sailor-looking men, who are walking about with their hands in their pockets, as if they had nothing to do: they have the regular march of the sailor, "six steps and overboard." In front of the comfortable house in which they cook, eat, and get shelter, is a pole, from which is flying just now a white flag, to show that Porth-minster stem is in hand—this is the first highwater stem that comes due—but presently this flag will be lowered, and a red ball run up, showing that Carrack-gladden and all other highwater "stems" are in hand. This staid-looking fellow, with his hands in his pockets, is the huer, who is looking out for the Porth-minster boat. His hands, indeed, are idle, but look at his eye; see how it scans the water below him at every turn in his short beat; and let but a "schull" of fish appear,

and we shall see him at work, hands, lungs, body, and mind—for it is sharp work sometimes—a thousand or two pounds made or lost in a minute—all depending on his judgment.

Let us see what chance there is of seeing sport this morning.

"Well, John, any likes of fish to-day?"

"Bray passed in the Channul, ther' tellin', sir."

"Have you seen any thing from the hill?"

"Seed a *few* little playing schulls off deep in the mornin'; but nothing 'tall in the 'stems.'"

"Perhaps we may see something at the flood?"

"P'raps we may, sur; is no knowin'."

We will go down into the town and see that, leaving the "huer" to look out. The first impressions you will receive on getting into St. Ives are, that the women are all angry, and the men all gentlemen at large, with nothing to do. You hear women screaming in a high treble, with a most peculiar tone—in fact intoning their sentences. Their ordinary gossip, which is carried on from door to door, or from one side of the street to the other, sounds to one unaccustomed to it like a furiously contested quarrel. The men are generally the more quiet and sedate sex; they appear to have nothing to do with the business of life, like ordinary mortals. They stick their hands into their pockets and walk up and down, or sit in long rows along the quay and wharf. Many of them are retired seafaring men, whose chief enjoyment consists in looking at the operations of the vessels and boats in the harbour, and in spinning and listening to yarns of bygone days. Others are men who should be at sea now, but who prefer idling about at home, hoping that they may obtain some employment about the fishery. It is very clear that not only a large amount of capital is wasted in this pilchard fishery, but that the energies of very many of the inhabitants are unemployed in the expectation of something good turning up. Imagine, then, the anxiety of all parties as the season advances and the pilchards come not. An enormous capital invested to no purpose; great expenses incurred without any return; one lot of men working

for months for very small pay, and another lot waiting for work which never comes. A want of fish is, in fact, a famine; there is nothing to look forward to but a winter of poverty, want, and starvation.

But we promised to take you to St. Ives to see them catch pilchards, and we have come, it appears, on a lucky day.

Do not be alarmed; the town is not on fire; there has no mad bull broken loose; it is all right. "Awa; the Triton; awa!"—that is the "huer" on the hill we left just now "hailing" the boat which has the first stem at Porth-ninster. Hear how heartily they answer:—

"Heva, heva," is the cry through the whole town. See how they are running; men, women, and children seem to be all suddenly bereft of sense; they are all running and shouting "Heva, heva." See the idle men take their hands out of their pockets and bestir themselves, and they, too, cry "Heva." Some of them run down to the quay to look out for a berth, should there be an extra crew wanted presently; others rush up through the town towards the look-out hill, and as they go up the street they shout "Heva, heva." Perhaps one puts his head in at the door of some friend who has not yet heard the news, and sings out, "Jan, do ee know es heva? Heva all of a-light. The P'mister boat is to sea!" And away goes Jan, too, shouting with the rest, "Heva, heva."

They are off to the hill, and we will go with them. See the Triton is pulling straight off from the shore with the two "tow-boats," and the "folyer" in her wake. And look at the two men on the top of this hedge: the one who is holding those two white balls of calico over his head is the "huer," who is working the seine-boat. The balls are made of cross hoops of cane covered with white calico, and are called "bushes," because the custom was, and is still in some places, to use a furze bush for this purpose. The other man with bushes is waiting to direct the movements of the tow-boats when it is necessary to shoot the nets.

Now listen; no noise, or we shall get into disgrace.

"I reckon th're goin' to th' casterd a bit, Bill."

"Iss, so they be."

Both bushes are immediately held in the right hand, and the seine-boat's head comes round to the eastward, the other boats following.

"We be off deep enough now; I shall quiet um, b'lieve."

Down go both bushes close to his feet, and then he moves them slowly up and down from his feet to his knees, and in an instant it is "Easy, all," on board the boats.

But, perhaps, you are wondering what they are after all this time. Look down here under the cliff. Do you not see a red colour in the water? See, like a cloud moving slowly on to the point where the boats are. Well, that is a "schull" of fish. They are coming close round the point, and the "huer" sees that he has worked his boat off too far. He is now swinging the bushes like a man swings his hands to warm them in cold weather, and, therefore, the boat is "shortening in." No; again, "*Quiet*." Look out! there will be sport presently.

"Wind tow-boat, Bill; look alive."

See, the tow-boat has turned round and backed her stern close to the stern of the seine-boat to make fast the two nets, so that the fish may not escape at the "cross." Now, just watch their faces—how quiet they are—not a sound is heard—wait! it will soon be over now.

"Shall us shoot her, Bill?"

"Iss; shoot away!"

Round go the bushes over his head, down to his knees, where he moves them slowly up and then down, and then round again over his head.

Hearken to shouts—

"Coul-rouse — coul-rouse; the P'mester boat is shooting."

Away goes the seine-boat, flying through the water, with two men "shooting" the net as they go—one man at the corks and the other at the leads. Now the "huer" has his bushes up directing the course of the boat.

"Coul-rouse for the tow-boat, Bill."

And now Bill is going through the same apparently insane movements as the other man, and away springs the tow-boat, paying out her "stop-net" as she goes. Listen!—

"Awa—the 'Victory'—awa!"

That is the "huer," whose boat has the neat stern; there is another

"schull" in sight. But we must watch our old friend the "Triton," and see how they get on.

See the first tow-boat has shot all her net out, and there is not sufficient of the seine left in the big boat to meet it.

"Coul-rouse, second tow-boat."

In goes another stop-net, and now the seine-boat and she overlap each other, and still are throwing out netting.

All is out now—the fish are surrounded—see how wild they are—look at them breaking up in the seine, till they look like a boiling pot—look how they charge the sides of the net and rush about. "Blowers! blowers! blowers!" They are calling the men whose office it is to lay hold of the warp that was left on the beach, and pull the seine into shallow water. The "Folyer" has gone out on the cross, where the seine and stop-net join, to see that no fish escape there.

"Beat, Folyer, beat!" See how they are thrashing the water with their oars, and stamping in the boat, to drive the fish away from this dangerous spot. The seine-boat in the meantime has run in nearer the shore with a rope which they make fast, and work with a capstan to draw the seine open, lest the fish should get jammed by the net closing. The blowers are hard at work with the capstans on the beach below. "Haul, blowers, haul!" See the seine, with its contents, is gradually nearing land. A fine schull of fish.

While we have been looking, the "Victory" and another have shot in their turns; and most likely before dark we shall have a dozen or fourteen seines in the water: for this appears to be a regular "round" of fish.

"Well, John, what have you got in the 'Triton'?"

"Aw! a fine schull sure nuff—a thousand 'hosgeds,' I should say, sur, and thy others ha' got a fine passel too."

A fine time for St. Ives: see how they are rushing about, shouting, howling like a lot of maniacs. It was all very well when only one boat was being worked, but what a Babel it is now! Every one is shouting orders in all directions; speaking trumpets are almost burst with the eager voices of excited huers and adventurers.

They must catch fish when they can, for perhaps this is the great "round" of the year. Here is a discussion. Charley's boat is at sea now, and Tom's has the next "stem," and of course he is anxious for Charley to shoot as soon as possible.

"How don't ee shoot her, au Chearley? There's the fish just to the east'ard of the seining boat."

Charley does not condescend to answer, for he has his eye, where Tom's is, a little down to the eastward, where there is a large shoal of fish coming up, ten times as big as the one close to his boat; he is watching to see what chance he will have of them, before he loses his chance for the sake of the little "schull." You may imagine Tom's feelings, who has the next chance.

"How don't ee shoot her, au Chearley — es a tidy little brush o' fish?"

"Hould thy tongue, wust ee; I arn't goin' to throw away my chance for a basketful of fish, to please thee."

"That's just like ee, that es; your eyes are bigger than the seine: waent catch none yourself, and waent lev nobody else catch none."

But Charley is in possession and so is very quiet about it.

"I shaent shoot for thy telling, so thee may'st so well hould thy tongue."

But come on, Charley will have shot in a few minutes, and then Tom, in his turn, will have to back his opinion against the field, and see that no plausible argument misleads him. There are Charleys and Toms all over the world; and well would it be for us if we valued the great schull sufficiently to forego the small catches which are thrown in our way, and which the world prompts us to seize. "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," is not always so good a proverb as it looks.

What is to be done with all the fish which we have seen enclosed? Where can they stow away such a quantity? A thousand hogsheds in one seine, and a dozen seines in water altogether. There are preparations going on in the town now, and to-morrow morning, at the fall of the tide, they will begin to take them up. Large boats are employed for this purpose, called "dippers" or "flats," which are laden with fish until they are almost level with the water, and then are towed

home to the beach. This process of taking up the fish is called "tucking," and it is one of the most interesting sights connected with this fishery.

It is a beautiful morning, the water as smooth as possible, and the fish that were enclosed last night are all safe in the seines. But this is very far from being the case always, for in the hurry and confusion of securing and anchoring the nets, when fish are caught, much damage is often done: foot-ropes slipped, sometimes by accident and sometimes from mischief; seines torn by their own anchors or those of their neighbours; and many a man who has gone home leaving a thousand or five hundred hogsheds of fish in his seine, comes in the morning and finds a hole as big as a house, and all his treasure gone. Here they are, however this time, and we will get a boat and go down on the "tuck."

Here is the "Triton," that shot last night: now she has her "tuck-net" on board, and is about to commence operations. All these empty boats round the seine are to be filled this tide to be taken to the beach. Those men clad in oil skin with the baskets are the "tuckers," they get seven and six pence a tuck as wages. Now they have all their complement, and will begin. You see that the "tuck-net" is a huge bag which they are shooting round the fish in the net, keeping the ropes which are attached to the bottom in the boat as well as those at the top. When the "tuck-net" has been shot, two empty boats are brought up to take one set of the ropes which the "Triton," who is the "tuck-boat," hauls upon the other set. Now, then, haul away; the slack netting is pulled into the "tuck-boat," the ropes pulled tight up by the empty boats, and up comes the "tuck-net" full of pilchards. In with your baskets and bail them out—the sooner the better, for fish soon die in the "tuck." Two men to a basket facing each other, having each one leg in the boat and another in the water, or rather, in the fish, for the whole "tuck-net" is full, and looks like a huge vessel of boiling silver.

The fish rush, jump, and slip about until you cannot hear your own voice from their noise. But see the two boats that were first pulled in have been filled with what looks now like

molten silver, and two others have taken their place.

"How many boat-loads will you take up this tide?" we ask the master-seiner, who superintends the tucking.

"Maybe twenty boat-load, sur. But do ee remember the schull that was catshed here in the 'Hope' in '51, sur? That was a schull—forty or fifty boat-load a day, for nigh a fortnight; why they took 5,555 hogsheads of fish out o' she. I do mind it by the fower fives."

This was the largest shoal of fish ever taken at St. Ives. Think what a number of pilchards there must have been in all; there were 5,555 hogsheads taken to the cellar, independently of what was stolen, wasted, and lost. Each hogshead contains 27,000 fish, on an average, so that there must have been in this one shoal 14,998,500 fish! and every fish, as we shall see by-and-by, in the cellar, is passed, separately, through the hand in packing, twice over—once when they are packed in salt, and again when they are put into the casks.

These boats of fish are going homeward, and we must follow them, that we may see the whole process.

The boats are drawn in on the beach as close as possible. And now look at those tall, strong fellows, clothed in oil-skin from head to foot, with the huge pads of hay on their shoulders; these are the watermen—generally countrymen, and miners. You will not envy them their berths by-and-by, for they will have to walk out into the water up to their armpits, perhaps, so as to receive the basket of fish from the side of the heavily-laden boat, and with this burden of wet, streaming fish, he has to wade in to the beach and deposit his burden. The pad is to ease his shoulder, and to prevent the draining from the fish running down his neck. No, it is not a pleasant berth; but he gets well paid, and what will not men do for money? See—he has made a beginning. In he goes, rushing through the water. He will go more leisurely before the boat is empty. He has got his first basket on his back, which he brings in and upsets into a vessel called a "gurry," in which the fish are carried by porters from the beach to the cellar. A "gurry" is a sort of square deep box, with two handles

projecting before and behind, and is carried by two men, like a hand-barrow. And now the scrambling begins. It is a universally-received maxim in St. Ives, that it is "no harm to steal 'fish.'"

The pillage begins on the "tuck," where there are always a lot of boys and young men in small boats helping themselves whenever they can get a chance; and as very often they are the sons of the men at work, they generally manage to get a good supply, for which they find a ready sale on the beach. But now that the watermen have begun to discharge the boats, a general scramble begins. Children of all sizes—half-naked very often—are out in the water catching at the fish that may fall from the baskets, or thrusting their hands into them when they can. Others on the beach make clutches at the fish in the "guries," which they follow to the cellar-doors, making constant attacks on it, in spite of the hard raps which they get from the sticks of the boys who are paid to watch the "guries" in their transit.

We have seen the fish carried to the cellar, where they are thrown out on the ground, and lightly sprinkled with salt by two or three children employed for the purpose. Have you ever examined a pilchard? It is, you see, of the genus *Clupea*; its head is depressed; the body covered with large thin scales, which are very easily detached from the fish; the colour is deep blue on the back and upper part of the head, and silvery white on the sides and belly; the irides are silvery gray; the mouth small and without teeth; the lower jaw projects a little beyond the upper, but not so much as in the herring, which fish it somewhat resembles. The herring, however, besides having a more projecting lower jaw, is further distinguished by the shape of its body, which is not so round as the pilchard, and the scales, which are larger, refract the light differently. The average length of a full-grown pilchard is $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and the depth from $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches to 2 inches; but they have been taken occasionally as long as 12 inches or 13 inches.

And now all this heap of fish has to be salted; and here come the women and children who are to do the work. The women are the "bulkies," and the children their "tenders." Each child

has a small basket given it, and one-half are engaged to "tend" fish, and the other half to "tend" salt.

Fish out of water are very perishable things, and must be put away as quickly as possible; and, therefore, they are to begin at once. Now the noise commences, which will go on without any intermission all night, or until all the fish in the cellar are worked away. The women are placed in a row, just close enough together to have elbow room; and hear how they are screaming—"Salt here, salt here—come along with your salt." This is, first of all, strewed liberally on the ground, to make a bed for the first layer of fish in the "bulk" or pile of fish and salt which they are about to build; and now the cry is changed—"Fish here, fish here—come along with your fish." Then comes the scientific part of the work, for it is no easy task to build a "bulk" that will stand, but one that requires a great deal of practice. On the outside the fish are laid in a row, just resting on each other, with their heads a little turned upwards. Then the others are placed at right angles to them, beginning from about half way up the outer fish right back to the wall of the cellar, each fish being put in separately, and into its own place. How quickly it is done; you can hardly see the women's hands working, and the layer is completed in a miraculously short time. And now what a Babel there is. Women and children shouting for and offering fish and salt, till the whole place seems one den of noise and confusion. The men who are supplying the children's baskets from the salt-cellars in the corners, and from the heap of fish in the centre, have enough to do. Away go the children along the row of women, shouting—"Fish!"—"Salt," until some one seizes the basket, and in goes its contents on the "bulk." See what a pile they have made already! It looks like a solid wall of pilchards' heads, for the up-turned heads of the outside row is all you see; and the "bulk" is built as regularly and evenly as possible. What a handsome lot these fishwomen are—and up to any amount of chaff! How they are teasing that poor country girl, who is not quite up to the science of "bulking," and so is allowing her part of the wall to remain a little lower than the parts where the

more expert are at work, and so endangering the safety of the whole heap. You see it seems an endless work, for although the women are packing away very fast, yet the porters are still carrying more fish from the boats, and there will be work enough to keep them all night at it, and in the morning they will be tucking again.

The fish are left in these "bulks" for six weeks, when they are taken out and thrown into large troughs of water, to be freed from the salt; then they are drained and put into baskets, from which the women fill the hogsheds that are placed on the press. The bottom of the press is formed of long planks, so let into the ground as to form a drain for the oil which is pressed out of the fish, and escapes through holes purposely cut in the bottom of the cask; these are laid along, parallel with the wall, while in the wall are square holes into which the end of a long pole is fixed. At the other end of these poles are suspended large stones, which bring down the inner part of the pole on some pieces of wood piled on the head of the cask. The casks are first "filled," each fish being put in separately, and each row forming a particular pattern. They are then put under the press, which brings them down to about half a cask full; then they are "re-filled," pressed again, and then finished, by being what is called "back-laid." Now the cask is "headed up," and is ready for being shipped.

Each hogshhead of pilchards costs about 15s., in salt, labour, and pack-age alone; of course, the current expenses of the gear, with the expenses of "tucking," landing, &c., vary considerably, and are dependent in a great measure on the quantities taken. The price of a hogshhead in the Italian market—for they are all sent to Italy—varies from 30s. to 60s. But there are other profits which arise from the fish. Both in "bulking" and packing there are many bad fish which are thrown aside; these are called "*mun*," and are sold to the farmer for manure for about 5s. a "gurry." Then the old salt which is sifted off from the fish, when they are taken out of the "bulk," sells for 16s. a ton; and in pressing the casks a large quantity of oil runs away by the drain at the bottom into a large vat, and this is sold to the Bristol soap manufacturers

for an average price of £26 a tun of 252 gallons.

We think, stranger, we have let you into all the mysteries of the pilchard fishing. But you should be yourself a shareholder in the concern to appreciate the eagerness and anxiety with which the thing is carried out. You say you have been excited when you have been fishing for salmon, and when every thing depended on a delicate cast of your line; but think how you would feel if your salmon were worth £1,000 to you. There are about 9,000 hogsheds of pilchards sent on an average from Cornwall to

Italy every year; and out of these, 6,000 hogsheds come from this picturesque little bay at St. Ives. The St. Ives people, like the great mass of their Cornish brethren—thanks to one John Wesley—are Methodists; and it does seem passing strange that they should gain their livelihood by supplying fish for the fasts of Roman Catholics in Italy, and that at their yearly meetings they should drink the health of the Pope, whom they cannot sufficiently abuse all the rest of the year. But such is the fact. Extremes meet.

PARSONALITIES.

'Tis but one letter altered from personalities: and to judge by the lists of publishers and of circulating-librarians, the mass of the reading public have for the one almost the same unflinching gusto which most men have for the other.

We give in our "initiatory foot-note"—if an Irish pen may venture on such an expression—the names of three recent books touching the experiences and habits, the reminiscences and peculiarities of clerical life. We might easily have given a dozen had we been inclined to reckon up the number of popular publications in which the "parson" figures as a prominent type, and the parsonage serves as the scene upon which such different dramatists as Miss Sewell and Mr. Trollope exhibit the action and passion of their fictive performers. As for lady novelists, the so frequent appearance of the blackcoated gentleman's white cravat in their works has been accounted for upon the theory, that of the active outer life of men, the parson's is that one development with which ladies come most frequently into contact, which they have the opportunity of most narrowly observing, in which it is most easy and usual for themselves to have an active share and partner-

ship, and which, therefore, they can, with most confidence and sense of truthfulness, describe. This, we think, is a very reasonable account of the phenomenon. And it accounts for other things besides: as, for instance, for the readiness of ladies of all ranks in educated British society to lend a favourable ear to the addresses of clerical suitors.

This readiness is not seldom satirized, with more or less of bitterness, the vitriol of which is sometimes sprinkled on the silk dress of the lady, sometimes upon the silk gown of her suitor.

As for the latter, he may take his chance. Let him laugh that wins. Her smile, when he has won her, will better reconcile him to the sardonic grins of his distanced rivals than any thing we can say on his behalf. It is just as well, too, that our eligible young cleric should be made to wince a little at any fair imputation of a tendency to become a ladies' man. For the temptation to deserve it is almost sure to beset him at one time or other: almost as sure as it is to beset a smart ensign in some crack corps during some crisis of his garrison career.

For black coats and red coats run

Elkerton Rectory. By the Rev. J. Pycroft. London. J. Booth. 1860.

Reminiscences of a Clergyman's Wife. Edited by the Dean of Canterbury. London. Rivingtons. 1860.

The Curates of Riversdale: Recollections in the Life of a Clergyman. Written by himself. London. Hurst and Blackett. 1860.

about equal risk of being petted and spoilt by gentle admirers. Only the curate should remember that Ensign Green has a crimson silk sash and a regulation sword to convince mankind of his manhood when he leaves the drawing-room and swaggers over to the barrack-yard, whereas the Rev. — Brown's alpaca rain-screen and his neatly bound Church-services under his left arm, will not produce the same impression upon the vulgar,—as he betakes himself, with benignant smile, from the same drawing-room to the Girls' National School,—especially when its sceptical eye notes the curious symbolism of the embroidered book-marks—work of fair fingers—dangling from between the leaves of that ecclesiastical cartouch-box.

Do not misunderstand us, O, Rev. — Brown, when we exhort you, if you shall read the Rev. J. Pycroft's "Elkerton Rectory," to take special note of his nineteenth chapter, and of the misadventures therein recorded as having befallen that "plain, unassuming, gentlemanlike young man," his curate, the Rev. Wallis Lee. The crown and glory of the true parson's character is godliness; but what his godliness should crown and glorify is his manliness, a quality which laymen are somewhat slow to acknowledge in him. For that is to many men a very convenient superstition which couples religion with effeminacy, and thus gives a colourable pretext to their own contempt for its profession. And just in so far as the parson exhibits any tendencies to what Mr. Pycroft calls "maudlin sentimentality," will he strengthen that superstition, and justify, after a fashion, that unjustifiable contempt.

But like most superstitions the falsehood in question is a fungous growth from a truth corrupted. If the truest manly character be most antagonistic to the notion of effeminacy, yet few will question that it contains certain elements of the womanly character, without which it were itself imperfect. There is, and must be, in the true human type, a dualism such as the very force of the term human implies. And if the parson's endeavour be to form himself upon the highest human type and to exhibit it, the presence of that element may well be more visible in him than in his brother men. And, perhaps, it would

not be false to say, that the recognition of its presence forms a link of affinity between him and persons of the other sex. Men laugh sometimes at a lady's weakness for the wearer of a soldier's or a sailor's uniform; but they would be ashamed to be counted wanting, even by the weakest of women, in that courage and energy with which she credits so readily the wearer of the red coat or the blue. But when they laugh at the same sisterhood for parsonic predilections, they are apt to forget their own deficiencies in those virtues of self-control and moral order which distinguish the man in black, and earn for him, it may be, neither an unjust nor an unworthy preference.

Mr. Pycroft pitches his key too low, we take it, on more than one occasion, when treating of this delicate point.

"A Rectory like Elkerton" may very possibly "seem a port in a storm" for daughters in danger of being stretched on the strand of this rude world—"in the eyes of" mothers and fathers too, when they are "painfully aware that all their style and establishment is but as one huge bubble." Yet we believe that in nine cases out of ten no such thought crosses their daughter's mind when she says "yes" to the Rector. Possibly, also, "gentility is now-a-days at agony point." If it be, 'tis the best piece of news we have heard this twelvemonth. Possibly "our genteel professions cannot maintain one young gentleman (except by courtesy) to ten young ladies." Nay, we will admit that there is some truth and pertinence in the remark, that "for the most part, in country places, the clergy are almost the only gentlemen of their own degree of refinement they commonly see around them;" and yet, we will maintain that this is not the main root of their partiality for the parson. The real secret of it lies deeper. It gives no fair occasion for personal vanity in him, not even for that subtle form of it which might taint his consciousness of possessing something of that true human dualism in his character, of which mention was made just now. It pertains to the work and office, not to the worker or the individual man. She that would be a parson's wife, feels, even more than she knows, that she may become in very deed his fellow-labourer. Few hopes are more winsome to a true woman's heart, than

that of actual community in work with her life's partner. Few women more often than a true parson's wife find such hopes come true. There be found in many parsonages "mothers" no less than "sisters" of "charity;" and their wifehood teaches them what no "Sisterhood" may. It is not a sufficient answer to this to say that a parson in petticoats is little more seemly than a "petticoatish" parson; or that a parish under a Rectress is in as poor plight as its Rector. Just ideas, no less than fair faces, may have their features distorted into what is grotesque and hideous. Limitations must be laid down, distinctions drawn, and a general subordination observed. To say nothing of positive scriptural enactments, restricting to the man certain sacred ministrations, the laws which bless by ruling the relation of the man and wife as human beings may not with impunity be infringed under pretext of a joint-ministry. Nevertheless, the spiritual character which underlies, or should underlie, the clergyman's discharge of his most ordinary parochial duties, unites him and his wife continually on the same working ground; and, in that union, forcibly proclaims the truth of a spiritual identity of the sexes to be more fully realized hereafter. We have cited by name the "*Reminiscences of a Clergyman's Wife*." The book might be put in as evidence in favour of our view. For, brief and desultory as it is, it yet busies itself so entirely and unaffectedly with the workings of religion upon human character in life and death, that its pages might well be stray leaves from the note-book of some simple-minded pastor.

Since that epithet has come under our pen we may say at once of this little work, that a transparent simplicity, not without its charm, forms its main characteristic. The preface, by its editor, the learned and eloquent Dean of Canterbury, speaks of it as "a volume calculated more to touch the heart, than to flatter or convince the intellect." The reader will find this editorial appreciation exact. And yet, we think, he will agree with us in approving of the editorial judgment which gave the little book an imprimatur. This will be specially the case with clerical readers—of either sex—if we may risk the word. We do not know that they

will find any thing new, but they will find many things true to their own observation; and their own experience, greater or less, has made them well aware how valuable may be simple reminders of the most obvious truths. Here is an instance of such an obvious truth, well applied by the writer, and of which such readers as we mean cannot be fruitlessly reminded. The "*Clergyman's Wife*" says it of the "London poor;" but what she says will apply directly to the poor of almost all great cities, and the mode of proceeding is well indicated for all visitors who would, upon a charitable errand, either in town or country, win their shy confidence, so often abruptly scared away by inconsiderate well-wishers:—

"It is an introduction to the poor in London to ask them if they have always lived there; for this question hardly ever fails to please them. Among the lowest orders the love of their own country and native place is very strong, even stronger than with the educated class. Two reasons may account for this: they have less to occupy their minds, and therefore they dwell more on past scenes; and, in many cases, the impossibility of their ever being able to visit these scenes, endears them doubly.

"The well-informed and well-conditioned amongst the poor love to talk of places dear to them from childhood, or made interesting by circumstances. Soldiers and sailors are pleased with those who will listen to all their tales, and understand their descriptions; and this may sometimes furnish an opportunity for doing good. An old sailor in the country once told me he had never met with any one before, since his return, who had heard of Nelson."

Now, there are really in these few lines many valuable hints, of things obvious enough, but often entirely overlooked. Take for example the simple recognition of the truth, that some "introduction" is necessary to justify an intrusion upon the homes of those whom the charitable visitor wishes to benefit. In the case of the actual parson, his ministerial office may be taken to justify such intrusion to himself; and its proclamation, by the black coat and white neckcloth, may be thought to plead such justification to the party visited. But as a matter of fact, in the latter case, it often is not held so to do; and he is a wise parson that shall hold it

useful, if not needful, to "pay his footing" by direct or indirect apology in his meanest parishioner's home. How much more such meekness of wisdom is requisite in those who sail upon the seas of benevolence under "letters of marque," should need no telling, yet often does. For want of it the "privateers" of charity are often reckoned no better than "piratical" by the distressed craft of whom they run unceremoniously aboard.

And do not, O dear district-visitor, proceed to reduce forthwith to some dry systematic formula the just hint thrown out thus to thee by our "Clergyman's Wife." It won't do, depend upon it, to plump down in the wooden Windsor chair, by the fireside of some poor matron, up to her elbows in the soapsuds of her great cracked washing-pot, curiously stitched with reparatory wires, and to catechise her forthwith thus:—

"Have you lived in this town always, my good woman? What is your native place?" &c.

Read our "Reminiscences," and let the writer teach you, undesignedly, subtler, surer, and sweeter ways of making your approaches.

So on page 7:—"On my first acquaintance with old S. and his wife, their dialect at once betrayed them to me as being west-country people." An open ear and ready wit to reason from its hearing dispenses with intrusive questioning.

So on pages 10, 11, 13:—

"Her manner was blunt, almost repulsive, though I told her my object was to inquire into her circumstances, and to relieve her if she was in distress.

One picture ornamented the walls, a rough painting of a bit of coast scenery in the Isle of Man. As my eyes were fixed on this picture, Mrs. H. for a moment looked up from her ironing, and saw what had attracted me. 'Ah, my dear native place—if poor Billy could have gone there!'

'You are still looking at that picture; it was such a quiet, clean, pretty place. I was happy there as a girl, for I had godly parents, and a good bringing up, and I went to a school, and learned many useful things.'

A searching sympathetic eye finds on the wall, as it were a talisman for laying bare the heart, crusted over with a "manner blunt and almost repulsive."

Take next, from that first quoted

passage, a less obvious hint:—"Soldiers and sailors are pleased with those who will listen to all their tales, and understand their descriptions." Of course they are; and the double liking is no peculiarity of theirs. Teachers of all kinds might be none the worse teachers for being readier listeners to those whom they would teach; and of all listeners, commend us to such as can understand. Touching such understanding, we would put in a word. These be no times, unless we widely mistake, for spending much breath or spilling much ink in cautions to clerical students, that they be not too exclusively theological, patristic, or scholastic in their studies. Unless our popular divinity be greatly belied, it is by deficiency rather than excess in this respect that it sins against Aristotle's canon of a just mean.

One or two more of the ponderous old folios might perhaps not be amiss upon our modern parson's shelf, or, better, open on his study-table. Without impugning such a verity, we will note here that the "box of books" from the circulating library has many possible advantages. To the parson, whose thoughts and efforts must in the main have one intellectual, no less than moral, bias, manifold may be the uses of what is denounced at times as desultory reading. "Homebred youths have homebred wits," and so sometimes have "stay-at-homes," such as the country parson, whether homebred in the parish, or imported. It is good for him to enlarge and diversify his acquaintance with the "humanities" in other than their strict scholastic sense. And these, even in their narrowest sense, are not otherwise than helpful to the parish priest, as Mr. Pycroft notes, rather shrewdly, in the following passage:—

"James brought with him one day Archer, a man who had lived as a Cambridge fellow till the age of forty, and then took the living of Sketchworth.

"Even an Oxford Don, the Don Classical, when old and stiff, is awkward enough in a parish, but the Greeks and Romans he knows so well were flesh and blood at all events; but the Cambridge Don, or Don Mathematical, has been used only to p's and q's, and abstract quantities, and since labourers and weeding-women are a very shifting kind of data, gentlemen like Mr. Ar-

cher in a parish are often rather wide of the mark."

Now, if it be true of the academical "humanities" that they enable a man to become more readily familiar with the "human" nature of the medium in which he works, this can hardly be false of the more miscellaneous "humanities," wherein he may be versed who is put well through the curriculum of the modern circulating library.

Our modern literature runs to realism. It affects minute investigations for instance in history rather than broad generalizations. Biographies and memoirs are written with tedious diffuseness. Descriptions of foreign travel leave the features of no region, the manners of no kind of men undrawn. In fiction, unless we are wrong, as some hint, in putting this into a separate category from history so called, the *præ-Raphaelite* tendency to correct copying from actual observation is almost universal. Whatever be the purely artistic merits or demerits of this state of things, it is hard to deny that he who cannot gain therefrom a fair capacity for viewing human things from more sides than one, must be a very dull fellow indeed.

It is not mere knowledge of the possible varieties of human character, and of the circumstances which modify it, that the parson should seek thus and otherwise to obtain; but sympathy with its varying moods, and readiness to make a wise allowance for them. Within the straitest bounds of the most monotonous parish he may have occasionally, if not constantly, need of the largest measure of both, to which the widest knowledge may help him. One of Mr. Pycroft's friends, he tells us, travelling through Cumberland, took shelter in a cottage at the bottom of an extensive valley in the form of a basin; and there he discovered a cottager, a woman of middle age, who told him that she was born in the valley, and had never been out of it. But so varied, restless, shifting, and adventurous is the character of the national life of Britain, that there are few communities indeed within its containing seas, among which such a person would not be a rarity. And yet the rarity itself, and the true

character of the singularity, might readily be mistaken by the pastor who should himself live long in intellectual as well as material seclusion. There is a great proneness in men's minds to set down as "monstra," "phenomena," which, in truth, are common enough. In his most intimate spiritual relations with individuals the parson knows well enough how often he must put them on their guard against this very tendency; how frequently he must apply the Apostolic sentence: "there hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man;" how repeatedly he must remind them, "that the same afflictions are accomplished in their brethren that are in the world."

Yet, in his own estimate of those with whom he deals, he may readily fail to apply the principle of these remonstrances.

"Never was so capricious a squire as ours—never had luckless incumbent such stolid churchwardens—never were parish 'louts' so 'loutish'—never village scolds such 'mill-clacks'—never daily scholars such imps—never parish-pensioners such thankless grumblers,—as in my own peculiar charge." Such is the continual cry of many an honest, toilsome, and devout labourer in his own special corner of the great parochial field.

Now, for them, such books as Mr. Pycroft's, with its half-literal, half-humorous sketches of parochial matters, may have a positive use apart from that general interest which they seem to possess for readers at large. We can only regret upon this head that the parochial records of one who has been "twenty years in the church" should not have invaded the pages of "*Elkerton Rectory*" more fully to the exclusion of the Rev. Henry Austin's family history. But for what we have we would not be ungrateful. There are pregnant instances enough to be met with up and down the book. Here is one, touching what so often pains the benevolent, the misconception of their motives by those whom they would benefit:—

"There was a pretty deal of buying and selling, and quite a shop kept at the Rectory—I can mind it well—in Mr. Walters' time."

"Yes," said Mr. Williams; "the kind old gentleman and lady bought tea and

flannel, and the like, and sold it out at wholesale prices, and of superior quality; but it caused much ill-will at the shops."

"'Ay, and half of the poor,' said Combes, 'would not believe but the gentle-folk had a profit out of them. Why, they made a downright favour of dealing 'at the Parson's shop;' and, what is more, they did not half like the taste of the tea, after all the trouble taken to serve them. But you heard about their laying the information, didn't you, sir?"

"I confessed that the whole story was quite new to me.

"Then, you see, sir, it wasn't as if our Rector had been brought up in the tea and coffee line; so the shop-people were on the look out to catch him; and if it hadn't been for Farmer Jacques, who came down to the Rectory as fast as he could gallop, just in time to stop the opening of the Parson's shop the first morning, there would have been a fine of ten pounds to pay for selling tea without a licence."

"I looked at Mr. Williams as much as to say, 'Is it true?"

"Indeed it is true," said my friend; "and, what is more, in compliance with the Act of Parliament, you may trace under the paint, in faint letters, 'Emily Walters, licensed to sell tea and coffee,' on your back door to this day."

By no means a bad story; and, on the shopkeeper's part, fair enough "tit for tat" after all. If old Mr. Walters were indeed "the kind old gentleman" his friend describes, we have no doubt the counter-move of his rivals in trade tickled his fancy consumedly. But ten to one he and his "licensed" Emily were not a little cut at finding out that the tea-drinking old souls for whom they braved the irate shopkeepers swore that the "Parson's missus turned a penny as well as others on them packets o' tea."

Nevertheless nothing can be in truer keeping with parish experiences.

We can remember the momentary mortification of another Mrs. "Emily Walters," one of whose pet benefactions was a certain serving out of choice soup upon a Monday. Savoury soup, and no mistake. None of your "charity slops." Soyer's self need not have blushed to own its composition; and the "Rector's missus" had a touch of honourable pride in thinking that, keen critics as they were in broth, the old cronies, its recipients, had never been known to disparage

its excellence. But even "pardonable" "pride must have its fall." There was a "Lady Oxtou" in that parish as in Henry Austin's; and all the credit that the parson's wife got for her soup-making was what the following formula conveyed. The indignant cook overheard it one rainy Monday in the passage, where the old gossips clustered close in from the wet:—

"'It yaint none so bad, then, Betsy, this broth o' Passun's missus!"

"Main tidy broth, Sally, and so I've a zaid scores o' times. But, there now, there yaint but a vairy leetle drop o' it; seein' as t'aint *she* but Mylady as paays vur un."

Perhaps the blasé nobleman, who assured his friends "it was all a mistake about what people call 'the luxury of doing good,' for he had tried himself, and there was nothing in it," may have come across an experience or two of this kind. Recipients of bounty are never wanting, who keep their current account of gratitude in what algebra calls "negative quantities," so that the gift of a coat and trousers is entered as "*minus* a waist-coat" against the giver. He who thinks to treat himself to a tit-bit of luxury at the expense of a quasi kind act now and then will, soon enough, find his stomach turn at some of the "sauce" with which others will dish it up for him. Benevolence, as a modified form of self-indulgence, yields much about the same kind of crop as other samples of that grain do; and to "lend, looking for nothing again," pertains only to the higher and purer principle of charity.

But as the parsonic, so may the non-parsonic or laical reader pick out, if he will, from "Elkerton Rectory" passages for meditation. Here is one which may not come amiss in answer to the common question, why so many valetudinarian clergy may be encountered, both at home and abroad, in the recruiting depôts for shattered constitutions. The Doctor converses with his friend the Parson, who is ailing, as follows; and though Mr. Pycroft be of the black-coats, we have no doubt his *bond fide* note-book rather than his imagination furnished the staple of the quotation:—

"'Besides,' said he, 'who can wonder if, after seven years of parson's work,

your brain should happen to be as soft as pap and your nerves unstrung? Indeed it is wonderful how ignorant the clergy are of their own make, and shape, and constitution."

"'What,' I said; 'do you think our work is harder than that of other men?'

"'I do not say harder; but I do say it is more exhausting to the brain and nervous system. I speak more particularly of the clergy in a town; and, indeed, I never saw such a set of unhappy fellows—so snubbed and cowed into a chronic state of seediness and insipidity

the chain of association is never broken'

"'Stop, stop, Doctor!' I cried; 'your theory is in advance of your facts; for, under such unhealthy conditions, you would expect the clergy to go mad.'

"'Mad? And so they do. Why, don't they ride their hobbies like mad? Don't the veriest trifles grow in shadowy importance, as if their minds were magic lanterns?'

We commend this extract to easy, palsy, well-conditioned pew-owners in town congregations, to be remembered by them when they begin to grumble, as they will, at the incipient or increasing dulness of their worthy incumbent's discourses. Let them inquire, in a quiet but searching way, whether it may not furnish them with a clue to causes of the mischief. When satisfied on that head, let them then do what we remember to have been done by a spirited community in a certain manufacturing district, who had the good sense to know the value of their parson, and the good feeling to be grateful to him. Let them offer to keep a curate for him during the absence which they shall press him to make, and put a cheque

for so many "hundreds" in his hand to make the restorative trip easy.

We promised Mr. Pycroft, in reviewing his first volume of clerical reminiscences, that we would hail with pleasure farther news of his hero from his new Rectory; and this notice we hope he will accept in redemption of the pledge. At the same time we mean to give no unfriendly hint by saying, that if this sequel were compressed, and incorporated with the preceding part of his book in some future edition, nothing would be lost to the reader, whilst the condensed work would be all the truer to its title of "Twenty Years in the Church."

As to the "Curates of Riversdale" we have named it merely to warn off our readers from an ill written and ill assorted string of "personalities," without the first vowel changed. Occasionally rhapsodical, and more frequently vituperative, it is a nondescript compound of Hebræomania and Hibernophobia. It reviles the Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews, whilst writing of Jewish Christians in a style caricatured from the propounder of the "Asiatic mystery" doctrine. Professing much respect for Irish clergy in Ireland, it libels with stupid exaggeration the character of Irish clergymen in England. The best apology to be made for its author, if he be as he represents himself, a clergyman, is to express the charitable hope that he may be among the number of those poor parsons whose hard and anxious overwork has, in Mr. Pycroft's phrase, "made their brain as soft as pap and unstrung their nerves."

VONVED THE DANE—COUNT OF ELSINORE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE DEATH SCAFFOLD IN KONGENS-NYTORV.

KONGENS-NYTORV (which literally means "King's New Market," though no market is now held therein), is a vast paved place of an irregular, yet, on the whole, a triangular shape, from which radiate many of the principal streets of Copenhagen. The night preceding the day fixed for the execution of Vonved, a numerous body of workmen erected the death-scaffold. It could not be fixed in the centre of the place, for that has been occupied for nearly two centuries by a grand bronze equestrian statue of Christian V., with four colossal bronze figures round its base, emblematical of Wisdom, Bravery, Honour, and Generosity. The site selected for the scaffold, therefore, was half-way between the fine old monument in question and the entrance to Store-Kongen's-Gade, and Østergade. The torch-lighted operations of the workmen afforded an exceedingly impressive spectacle to the many thousands of people who eagerly witnessed them from first to last. A strong wooden barrier, breast-high, was first erected, so as to enclose a space fifty feet square. Within this barrier a second, precisely similar, was built, which enclosed an inner square of thirty feet. In the inner area was upreared a scaffold twenty-five feet square, consisting of oak planks, three inches thick, firmly bolted down on massive upright supporters, with cross-beams. The level of the scaffold was fifteen feet above the pavement. Every separate plank, and portion of the barriers, and the scaffold, had been in use many years, and each being marked and numbered, the workmen set them up very rapidly. Nevertheless, three hours—from midnight till three o'clock in the morning—of unintermitting labour were consumed ere the last plank was secured in its place. Then a curtain of coarse canvass, painted black, was affixed all round the edges of the scaffold, and reached down to the pavement. Next the terrible WHEEL

was set up nearly in the centre of the scaffold, and covered for the night with a shroud of black canvass, through which its form was horribly distinct. All needful present preparation was now concluded (the statue of Christian V. being already built up with planks to protect it from the possibility of injury), and the workmen were dismissed. The hundred torches, which had cast a lurid, hideous, and almost unearthly glare on the dismal apparatus of death, and on the pale and excited faces of the spectators, were suddenly extinguished, but a company of foot soldiers kept guard all night around the outer barrier.

Many hundreds of spectators never quitted Kongens-Nytorv at all, but clustered as closely around the barrier as the guards would permit, determined to secure good places for the fearful anticipated spectacle; and these enthusiastic and provident individuals in most instances had their pouches well stocked with solid and liquid refreshments, which they occasionally consumed apart, or partook of in groups, and throughout the hours of darkness they maintained a never-ceasing conversation regarding the man then lying in his solitary dungeon in Citadellet Frederikshavn, whose death-throes on the coming morn they had assembled to witness. The night was cold, dark, and tempestuous, and sometimes sharp showers of hail and sleet descended; but nothing damped the resolution of the crowd, which, with the first streak of dawn, received a considerable accession of numbers, and just in proportion as daylight increased, so did the gathering of the people. By seven o'clock the whole of Kongens-Nytorv was densely crowded by men and women, and yet others continually wedged themselves in from the score of different streets and avenues leading to the place.

Soon after daylight two additional companies of foot soldiers had been

marched down to Kongens-Nytorv expressly to preserve a clear passage from the scaffold to the entrance of Bred-Gade, a broad street leading direct to the southern angle of the outer ramparts of Citadellet Frederikshavn, and although these soldiers stood, with fixed bayonets, almost shoulder to shoulder, they had much ado to keep their lines unbroken.

By eight, a.m., every part of Kongens-Nytorv was occupied by a heaving, surging mass of human beings, and every window and every roof of the great houses which enclose the place, as well as those of the numerous streets terminating in it, and which therefore commanded a view of the scaffold, were crowded with spectators. Even the windows of the Palace of Charlottenburg, and the Theatre Royal, which are on one side of the place, were filled with faces, and the spars and rigging of the vessels lying in Nyhavn (a great canal running from the harbour up to the place) were swarming with men and boys. Of a verity, Ole Hustru, the Headsman, was right when he assured Lars Vonved that all Copenhagen would assemble to see him perish on the scaffold! Nor were the multitudes of the class who ordinarily flock to gloat over an execution. Men and women of all ranks were mingled with the crowd, and numbers of fair and dainty dames fluttered their handkerchiefs over the window-sills of the houses, and of the palace and theatre. People who could afford it had come from Funen, and many other Danish islands, and even from the remotest parts of Jutland and Slesvig, expressly to behold the renowned Baltic Rover expiate his alleged enormities.

Imperfect and wildly exaggerated accounts of the very powerful yet abortive effort made a few days previously to obtain pardon from King Frederik circulated from mouth to mouth, and the most extravagant stories of the exploits and prowess of Lars Vonved were volubly narrated and implicitly believed.

One thing was exceedingly remarkable. A general and deeply rooted impression prevailed that although the King had sternly refused to pardon Vonved, or even to mitigate his sentence, yet that the latter would

escape the doom assigned him. Many believed that the Rover would, unaided, achieve an escape far more marvellous than any preceding one, and others had an idea, not altogether unfounded, that his devoted adherents would adopt the most desperate measures to save him from his tremendous punishment, even on the very scaffold. It was also very noteworthy that a great majority of the spectators of all ranks, more or less openly sympathized with the condemned outlaw, and in their hearts hoped and prayed that he might escape, or in some way, avoid his doom. Strange and mysterious whispers, only partially erroneous, passed from mouth to mouth, and the fact that Lars Vonved was indeed the Count of Elsinore, and the last descendant of the illustrious and mighty line of Valdemar, was now for the first time believed by thousands who had hitherto scornfully scouted the idea. Even those who yet stubbornly asserted that Vonved was merely an obscurely-born, and redoubted outlaw and corsair, had heard so much of his consummate seamanship, his romantic exploits, his valour, his amazing personal strength and prowess, and other qualities which invariably challenge the admiration and sympathy of the multitude, that they felt an absorbing interest in his fate, and would have rejoiced at his escape.

At 8:15 a.m. some officials ascended the scaffold, and removed the shroud from the awful wheel, amid the ejaculations of terror and deep murmurs of disgust of more than eighty thousand spectators. Then the noble old national flag of Denmark—the beautiful white cross of the Dannebrog on a red field—was planted at each corner of the scaffold, but a deep border of black crape was around the flag, and crape encircled each flag-staff.

Further ominous preparations were made. A company of the Jutland Grenadiers—a magnificent regiment of picked men, the elite of the Danish army—solemnly marched from Bred-Gade through the passage preserved by the foot soldiers, and went through both barriers, taking up their position in the narrow space of five feet between the inner barrier and the scaffold, which they closely surrounded and faced, standing immovably at

their posts, with fixed bayonets. Immediately after them came 150 of the Gluckstadt heavy dragoons, who slowly rode their great black Holstein chargers into the ample space between the outer and the inner barrier, and in turn enclosed and faced the scaffold, drawn swords in hand. The company of infantry who had for five hours kept guard on the outside of the barrier, were now relieved, and two other companies of their regiment took their place, facing the people, with bayonets fixed. The unprecedented force of soldiers to guard the scaffold was understood and eloquently commented upon by the sea of spectators. Everybody felt that any attempt of Vonved's followers to rescue him at the last moment was now hopelessly impossible.

Here it must be mentioned that the authorities had resolved that a double execution should take place on the same occasion. A Portuguese sailor had for some time been lying under sentence of death by decapitation, for the crime of murdering his captain on board the ship when lying at one of the quays of Copenhagen. This miserable wretch had, through revenge or cupidity, or some other detestable motive, entered the cabin in the dead of the night, and brutally killed the sleeping captain with a handspike. Perhaps hardly one of the eighty or ninety thousand people now assembled felt one atom of pity for his doom, and certainly not one in twenty of them would have assembled merely to see him executed. It had been arranged that the Portuguese should be decapitated at 9 a.m., and that Vonved should be broken on the wheel an hour later.

At 8.30 a.m. a small narrow Danish waggon, painted black, approached the scaffold, escorted by a squadron of huzzars. This open waggon conveyed the Headsman and two assistants. Amid the cries and curses of the people, and loud and prolonged ejaculations of hatred and disgust, Ole Hustru composedly mounted the broad steps leading to the scaffold. He wore the dress in which he invariably appeared in public when engaged in the performance of the appalling duties of his revolting office. Over his red, black-seamed trowsers, he had a blood-red tunic reaching below the knees, and closed in front

with a row of buttons up to the throat. Three bars or stripes of black cloth, each about two inches wide, were sewn round the tunic, one bar just beneath the arm-pits, the second round the waist, and the third round the middle of the skirt. His head was covered with a species of hood of black cloth, with three red tails, and his face was shrouded by a black velvet mask, with openings for his mouth and eyes; and fiendishly did those lurid eyes gleam and glitter as he surveyed the enormous crowd. His long, sinewy, hairy, brown arms were bare to the shoulder. From a red leather belt round his waist was suspended, over his left hip, a great broad-bladed knife, in a sheath; and the use for which it was reserved was to complete the act of decapitation in case the sword failed to perfectly separate head and trunk. Rarely indeed had Ole Hustru to use this knife.

The principal assistant of the Headsman carried the leathern bag containing the instruments of his office, which he had exhibited the previous day to Lars Vonved. Depositing this on the scaffold, the man and his companion brought up from the waggon a huge basket filled with saw-dust, and a sack filled with sand. They then, under the direction of the Headsman, proceeded to make the final necessary arrangements. The whole scaffold was strewn with sand, to render the footing firm, and a layer of saw-dust, several inches deep, was placed, for an obvious purpose, all around the decapitation block. This block was not a simple square of wood, but a short upright beam about two feet in height, and eighteen inches in breadth, firmly bolted to the planking of the scaffold, and to it were permanently attached several strong leathern straps, with buckles.

The bag was next opened, and the Headsman drew forth from its wooden scabbard his decapitation-sword previously described. A shudder passed through the immense multitude at the first sight of this dreadful implement. Ole Hustru probably enjoyed, in his diabolical humour, the terror and repulsion thus inspired, and placing the end of the sword on the scaffold, he rested his hands on either side of the cross-guard of the hilt, and complacently and immovably

awaited the arrival of the condemned. The tall, gaunt, statue-like figure of the Headsman, arrayed in his hideous and fantastic garb, relieved against the background of the gloomy, turbid sky, was in itself an object that seemed to attract and rivet all eyes.

In a brief period the spectators were agitated by the arrival of another escorted waggon, which brought the Portuguese murderer, in charge of a superior and two subordinate officials. He was also accompanied by a Roman Catholic priest—the chaplain of the Portuguese embassy at Copenhagen. The condemned, Pedro Laranjuez, was not ironed nor bound, but on quitting the vehicle, the officers each grasped an arm, and walked him between them up the steps to the scaffold. Pedro was quite a young man, certainly not more than two or three and twenty, short and thick-set, and, for his age, remarkably corpulent. His countenance, on ordinary occasions, was very placid and unmeaning, a not uncommon trait, it is believed, in the case of the most ferocious miscreants; but now the time had arrived when he was to forfeit his life in expiation of his abominable crime, his swarthy features wore an expression of combined sullenness, terror, and despair, exceedingly painful and unpleasant to contemplate, yet he was perfectly alert in his bodily movements. From first to last he never once glanced at the people, nor at any thing but the men and objects on the scaffold. He had done for ever with the world, beyond its narrow limits.

A few words were interchanged between the officials and the Headsman, and the Portuguese and his confessor were permitted to walk a little apart. Pedro knelt with alacrity, and repeated aloud, with some appearance of fervour and sincerity, a prayer (which included a confession of his crime) at the dictation of the priest, who thereupon solemnly laid his hand on the head of the penitent, and gave him absolution. Pedro then rose, and the priest embraced and kissed him on the forehead, and on each cheek.

The assistants of the Headsman now seized the condemned, and passing two leather belts round him, buckled his upper and his forearms tightly to his body. Pedro seemed inclined to

resist, and struggled at first, but the priest spake a few impressive words, and held up an ivory crucifix, and he forthwith yielded impassively to his fate.

The Headsman next gave some brief directions to his assistants, and they grasped the miserable Portuguese, and forced him to sit down on the scaffold, with his back close against the block, which was slightly hollowed in front. In this position the leathern straps attached to the block were tightly buckled round Pedro's body in such a manner as to immovably secure him. The top of the block reached nearly to the nape of his neck, but although he could move his head freely, his neck was quite exposed to the stroke of the sword.

For the last time the priest approached his penitent, and whispered a few words to him, holding the crucifix to his pallid frothy lips. Pedro fervently kissed the sacred emblem, and muttered something which the confessor alone heard and understood. Then the latter, much agitated, stepped backward, his features pale and quivering, his limbs trembling, his eyes fixed on the ghastly face of the criminal, and the crucifix upheld in both his tremulous hands. The assistants of the Headsman and the prison officials also drew back so as to leave a wide and clear circle around the condemned.

The inevitable moment had arrived. Hitherto Ole Hustru had stood motionless, with his huge tawny hands composedly resting on the cross-guard of his fatal sword, but now he suddenly started into terrible activity. Casting a quick experienced glance around—a glance which embraced the scaffold, the barriers, and the Place beyond—he grasped his sword by the straight, brass-bound, steel-hilt, held it forth horizontally, and shook its strong but finely-tempered blade until it vibrated to the broad end, and emitted a humming sound. This was a feat on which he prided himself, as it evinced extraordinary skill and power of wrist. Then he strode behind the bound criminal, assuming a position somewhat to the left, and about five feet distant from the block, gripped the sword-hilt with both hands, and swung the enormous blade upward with an easy graceful movement, and held it perpendicularly

aloft at the full stretch of his long bare arms, whilst he paused a single instant to measure the distance with his eye, and calculate his stroke with almost mathematical precision.

Every movement was stilled, every voice was hushed, and a dreadful and unnatural brooding silence pervaded the immense multitude of spectators at this awful crisis, and with bated breath, with suspended respiration, and strained vision, they gazed with a species of horrible fascination at the hideous Headsman of Copenhagen.

Hitherto the gloomy canopy of the heavens had been unbroken, but at this very moment the sun burst forth in full splendour, and its bright beams, as though in mockery, bathed the scaffold and every object upon it in golden lustre, and the bayonets of the infantry, and the breast-plates, helmets, and swords, of the dragoons, flashed dazzlingly all around that awful enclosure.

For a very few seconds did the Headsman's sword remain extended at arm's length. Down it came, and once, twice, thrice, it gleamed round his head in a fiery circle from left to right, cutting the air with an audible whizzing sound, and then it slantingly descended with terrific force, and lo ! he who was this instant a breathing man, whose body contained an immortal soul, is now a lifeless clod. That single stroke perfectly severed head from trunk. The head of Pedro Laranjuez gently toppled forward on to his lower limbs, and rolled over once or twice on the scaffold, whilst a thick purple stream gurgled up from the severed arteries of the trunk.

The Headsman carefully wiped his bloody sword, and replaced it in its scabbard.

One tragedy had been enacted, but it was regarded by the spectators with precisely the same feelings as people experience who witness the ascent of a pilot-balloon—that is to say, as a mere preliminary compared to what is to follow. What was the decapitation of a miserable, stolid wretch of a murderer, like Pedro Laranjuez, in comparison with the anticipated execution on the wheel of the Baltic Rover ? And so, not many minutes had elapsed ere the people began eagerly to calculate the time for the appearance of Lars Vonved. Whilst they are thus charitably occupied, it

will be as well to penetrate the interior of one of the houses overlooking the scaffold.

The whole of the apartments on the first floor of a house situated between Store-Kongens-Gade and Bred-Gade, had been engaged by a party of strangers, who expressed particular anxiety to have a good view of the execution of the Baltic Rover. They paid a very large sum to secure the exclusive use of the rooms, and it is presumable that two reasons for this materially influenced them. Firstly, the house was the nearest of any to the scaffold ; and secondly, by descending to its court-yard, and passing some buildings in the rear, they could immediately emerge into either of the adjoining streets, and by the broad medium of St. Annæ Plads embark in a certain boat, manned by four trusty seamen, lying at the quay-side in the inner harbour. By eight o'clock the strangers took possession of their sight-seeing rooms, and although they had five great windows fronting Kongens-Nytorv at their exclusive service, yet they only numbered four individuals.

Who were they ?

Lieutenant Dunraven, Herr Lundt, Mads Neilsen, and Lods Stav—the latter being the gipsy seaman whom Vonved had spoken of to the Headsman.

The four devoted followers and friends of Vonved were well disguised, and on taking possession of their rooms they carefully locked the door of entrance, and thrust a piece of cork in the key-hole. They next proceeded in a body to each of the rooms, and earnestly debated which of the three was best suited to their secret purpose. For a reason which will presently appear, remarkable deference was paid to the opinion of Lods Stav, and when he decided that the central room was the one most suitable, the others agreed without a word of dissent.

The reader is already familiar with the personal appearance of Dunraven, Lundt, and Mads Neilsen, but the gipsy seaman has hitherto only been introduced by name. Lods Stav was fifty-four or fifty-five years of age, and his features indicated that he was a thorough-bred gipsy, although having been a seaman—a most unusual profession for one of his mysterious race

—since his twentieth year, he naturally had a sailor-like appearance in other respects. He was, like the friend of his youth, and the deadly foe of his manhood, Ole Hustru, very tall, slim, yet muscular. Here, however, the resemblance between the Headsman and Lods Stav ceased. Lods Stav, far from having a repulsive and villanous aspect, had a most intellectually shaped head, and a peculiarly noble and handsome countenance. He was a very ignorant man, so far as the learning of schools was concerned, for he could neither read nor write—and the poorest of the poor in Denmark can read and write, a certain amount of education being compulsory by law, with the exception of the nomadic gipsies; but a phrenologist would have gazed with astonishment and admiration at his massive and towering forehead. The writer of this narrative has only seen one head on the shoulders of a living man which was equal in its magnificent intellectual development to that of Lods Stav.* His forehead, as well as his cheeks were now, however, furrowed and wrinkled, and his once intensely black hair was very grey. In his early manhood he must have been a savage Adonis, and even yet, at a little distance, his olive-brown features were, on the whole, so handsome, so manly, and so attractive, that a fine-looking young man would have contrasted badly by his side. His teeth were as perfect, and his eyes as beautiful as ever. When he laughed—which he rarely did, for he had long been a moody, reserved, and melancholy man—he displayed rows of large, exquisitely white, and even teeth; at all times his black eyes were brilliant, but when any inward emotion excited him, they were not merely sparkling, they blazed, they were wildly, fiercely dazzling.

The room which Lods Stav selected, although the central one, had only a single window, whilst those on either side of it had two. This window was

constructed differently from the rest. The other four windows were divided down the centre, from top to bottom, and to open them you must throw apart one or both wings. The middle window was constructed in the English fashion, and either the upper or lower half could be raised or lowered at pleasure.

In the central room the four men rendezvoused, and each, in his characteristic way, exhibited extraordinary emotion and distress. Lieutenant Dunraven gazed with an abstracted stony stare at the heaving multitudes in Kongens-Nytorv, and every few moments sighed heavily and unconsciously. Herr Lundt strode nervously from end to end of the room, with his hands clutched before him, and his fair young features agitated, his lips quivering, and his eyes filled with burning tears. Mads Neilsen stood sturdily upright, immovable as a statue, his eyes half closed, and gazing mournfully down at the huge dog at his feet, Aravang, who occasionally thrust up his tawny muzzle, and received an unconscious caress from his master's horny hand; but even the ferocious Aravang seemed perfectly aware that some very awful calamity impended. Mads from time to time felt in his bosom, and clutched the hilt of his dagger-knife, and emitted a heart-broken ejaculation, half-sigh, half-groan. Lods Stav leant against the wall, in the shade, and gazed with luminous eyes at his companions, and a very peculiar and inexplicable expression pervaded his countenance. Grief, despair, and fierce exultation were all indicated by the play of his countenance.

The arrival of Pedro Laranjuez on the scaffold concentrated their attention, and they all silently witnessed his execution. Lundt, who was young, and, like many brave men, naturally very nervous and sensitive, and who also had never before seen a fellow-being violently put to death, was hor-

* The writer refers here to a most worthy Nordland skipper, named Jacob Ström, in whose vessel (nine years ago) he made a long voyage, and at whose house at Tromsø, an island off the coast of Nordland, he was a cherished guest. Jacob Ström (yet alive, it is sincerely hoped) had a head which was literally superb and heroic; and both his head and his features bore a marvellous resemblance to the portraits of one Shakspeare, a play-actor, and play-writer, and a "vagabond," by Act of Parliament, who flourished in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I.

rified and much agitated at the spectacle ; but it did not affect his three companions in the least. Dunraven had personally shared in a score of desperate fights, and had witnessed bloodshed and death in so many forms, that the mere sight of a brutal murderer's decapitation did not even quicken his pulse. As to Mads Neilsen and Lods Stav, both were iron-nerved, fierce, and savage men, and having no personal knowledge of the criminal, nor interest in his fate, they regarded his death with callous indifference, and beheld it with attention only from motives of curiosity. Moreover, the absorbing thought of Vonved's approaching doom rendered them inaccessible to any other predominant feeling.

A few minutes after the execution of Pedro and the removal of his remains, there was a surge-like movement of the myriad crowd. The cause was soon apparent. Three hundred "slaves," or convicts, heavily ironed, in couples, and secured together, moreover, by a long chain which was shackled to every pair of these wretched criminals, were marched through the close lines of frowning soldiery, and made to occupy the space between the inner and outer barrier of the scaffold, in front of the dragoons. There was nothing very unusual in this procedure, for whenever a very atrocious offender perished on the wheel at Copenhagen—especially if he himself had previously been a "slave"—it was customary to march down a select band of the vilest and most desperate of that class, and place them around the scaffold, that they might derive a wholesome warning from the execution. Nevertheless, many spectators, particularly those who believed Vonved to be the Count of Elsinore, openly expressed their disgust and indignation that this crowning act of degradation and infamy was implacably accorded to his dying hours of torment. As to the four devoted followers and friends of Lars Vonved, they vented not a single ejaculation, but briefly exchanged glances of deadly import.

Time swept on. Like the ocean after a passing squall, the waves of spectators settled down again into a temporary calm ; but a continuous low murmur, and occasionally a long, heavy, tremulous swell of the wedged

living masses, accompanied by a dirge-like moaning, showed that the human sea might at any moment again become stormily agitated.

Amidst all this, the most prominent of the myriad figures in Kongens-Nytorv, the Headsman himself, appeared the most apathetic. After re-sheathing his blood-warmed Sword of Justice, he had carefully laid it aside, and disdaining to take any part in the removal of the murderer's corpse, he drew himself up to his full height, and folding his arms across his breast, remained motionless as the neighbouring bronze statue. The murmurs and movements of the sweltering crowd affected him no more than the inanimate scaffold on which he stood, and the only sign of vitality he evinced was the restless wandering of his keen cruel eyes in the direction whence his next victim would appear.

At length a strange sound arises from the outskirts of the square, and with electric rapidity it swells along to the barriers of the scaffold, whence, as from a common centre, it radiates in every direction, and moans and murmurs deepen into an audible yet still under-toned roar, such as the troubled ocean emits prior to its waves being lashed into thundering fury by the advent of a tropical hurricane.

Ole Hustru pricks his ears, like a hound at the first note of the hunter's bugle call ; he unfolds his arms, and taking two huge strides across the scaffold, gazes in the direction of Bred-Gade. A devilish smile wreathes his features beneath the black velvet mask, and turning round he calmly and carefully looks about him to ascertain that every needful preparation for the coming tragedy is finally made. Vulture-like, he scents from afar.

A mounted officer of superior rank is seen pressing towards the scaffold, and other glittering horsemen are in his train.

"They are coming ! Vonved is coming !" cries a voice, echoed by ten thousand ; and to-and-fro sways the multitude ; and shouts, oaths, groans, ejaculations, screams, curses, prayers, ascend and blend in one horrible uproar.

"The hour has come !" hoarsely ejaculated Lieutenant Dunraven, with blanched cheek, and quivering lip, and bloodshot eye, turning towards

his comrades, each of whom, in his way, testified intense emotion.

A mute yet peremptory motion of Dunraven's hand as he fixed an impressive gaze on Lods Stav, succeeded; and the gipsy seaman, without a word, as he stood rigidly upright, curved his hand over his shoulder and drew forth by the butt-end a double-barrelled rifle which he had hitherto kept concealed by carrying it, barrel downwards, betwixt his jacket and his shirt and wide seaman's trousers.

Dunraven, and Lundt, and Mads Neilsen gazed absorbingly at their comrade as the latter instantly proceeded to load the weapon, measuring each charge of fine powder with the most scrupulous nicety, and ramming home down the barrels a heavy ball enfolded in greased linen.

"Oh, my God!" groaned Lundt, "and is it indeed come to this at last?"

"Ay, the hour has come!" reiterated Dunraven, in a tone of acutest anguish and despair. "The last of the Valdemars must be shot like a dog on a felon's scaffold to save him from a worse doom. 'Tis his own command—'tis our sworn duty. We kill to save him from worse than death."

Lods Stav completed his loading, and then looked at Dunraven as though awaiting an order.

"Art thou ready?" demanded the Lieutenant.

"Ready."

"And dost thou swear thine aim shall not fail?"

"If I plant my bullet one inch wide of the point I aim at, stab me to the heart ere the smoke has wafted from the muzzle," calmly answered Lods.

"I will!" muttered savage Mads Neilsen, clutching the haft of the dagger-knife in his bosom.

"I know thy wondrous skill," resumed Dunraven; "but tell me," added he, in a tone of slight misgiving, "may not thy heart fail thee and thy hand tremble at the moment when thou thinkest *whom* thou art about to put to death?"

"Lieutenant, I shall think of nothing but that I am obeying *his* own command, and my hand will be firm as the steel it grasps."

Remember! warningly cried Dunraven, "it must be instant death. No mere wounding—no torture—but

let certain death leap forth with the flash of thy rifle."

"Fear not. Take my own life if the Count lives one minute after I draw trigger. The head or the heart, Lieutenant!"

"The heart! I would not have his princely head shattered and bedabbled with gore. Aim at the heart! let thy bullet cleave its very core!"

"Ay: his commands and yours shall be obeyed as surely as the sun shines above our heads. You know me, Lieutenant, and"—

"I trust thee. Enough. But, Lods Stav," sternly added Dunraven, with a subtle gleaming eye, "answer me this. You swear that you can instantly kill him with a single ball?"

"I do: I stake my own life on it."

"Then why did you bring this double-barrelled rifle?"

"For a private reason."

"Which you will not confide to me?"

"No, Lieutenant!" and a strange, fearful fire gleamed in the fierce gipsy's eye as he firmly, though respectfully, made the reply.

"You do not mean to fire twice at the Count?"

"I need not."

"Yet I have heard you say that you preferred a certain single-barrelled Spanish rifle to the one in your hand."

"Ay, for a long shot. But from here to the scaffold is only half a cable's length, and I can trust my life to this rifle delivering its ball to an inch at that distance. I could not have carried the Spanish piece concealed so easily as this."

The gipsy's reply was plausible, but did not lull some indefinable suspicion which Dunraven began to nourish.

"He is coming!" continued to shout the excited people, and Lods Stav noiselessly upraised the lower sash of the window about four inches clear of the sill. Then taking his station to the left of the window, so that his person was quite concealed from the sight of any one in the Place, although he could command a full view of the scaffold, he knelt down on his right knee, and rested the end of the muzzle of his rifle on the left-hand corner angle of the window-sill. Click! click! and both hammers were on full cock, and a trigger was lightly touched by a forefinger as

steady as the inanimate metal itself, and a piercing eye gleamed along the deadly tube.

"Vonved is coming!" still shout myriad voices, but in the immediate vicinity of the scaffold that cuckoo-cry is no longer raised. The newly-arrived mounted officer and his handful of men, whom everybody—even including the Headsman—at first believed to be the vanguard of Vonved's escort, are not followed by any other soldiers nor officials, and no carriage nor wagon conveying the doomed man is to be seen. The officer himself loudly inquired for the Captain of the Guard in front of the scaffold, and to that important personage he hastily, and by no means in a whisper, communicated intelligence of a most startling nature. With almost electric rapidity the news flew from mouth to mouth, until in less than a minute it was echoed in every variety of accent even at the outskirts of Kongens-Nytorv, and a marvellous scene of confusion and excitement commenced.

What were the three magical words that everybody ejaculated?

"VONVED IS DEAD!"

Thousands were incredulous, but very quickly even they were convinced, for it was perfectly obvious to all near the scaffold, both from the words and the demeanour of the military and the various officials, that it was indeed true.

"Dead! *how* dead?" demanded countless feverish voices.

"Found dead in his dungeon!" is the response from grave official lips.

Terrible indeed was the emotion of the four followers of Lars Vonved as they heard all that passed in the crowded Place below their window;

but when they were finally certain it was no false rumour, they began to think of their own safety.

"Away, men!" cried Dunraven.

Herr Lundt and Mads Neilsen immediately obeyed, but their gipsy shipmate remained like an inanimate statue.

"Lods Stav! why dost thou linger?" bitterly shouted the lieutenant. "Thy task is ended here. The will of God has set at naught the foresight and devices of man."

Lods Stav replied not, but his iron forefinger deliberately pressed the trigger of his rifle—there was a bright flash from the muzzle—a sharp ringing report—and Ole Hustru the Headsman leapt a yard high, and fell full length on the scaffold, stone dead, a bullet through his heart.

Lods Stav arose to his feet, and calmly reared the rifle in a corner of the room.

"What hast thou done?" demanded Dunraven.

"Justice! Thirty-seven years ago Ole Hustru seduced my sister Johanne, and stabbed her to the heart. I have at last avenged her. The lion shall lie down with the lamb sooner than a gipsy forego his revenge."

"Ha! I now understand the mystery of the double-barrelled rifle. One ball for the Count—the other for the Headsman?"

"Just so: and I have now only one thing to regret."

"What?"

"That Ole Hustru has died without knowing by *whose* hand he has fallen."

"Away to the boat! For your lives to the boat! Away!" thundered Dunraven.

CHAPTER XXIII.

DEATH!

A STEP backward.

After his wife quitted him at midnight on Thursday, Lars Vonved sent a message to the Commandant, requesting as a last favour that he might not be disturbed in his dungeon on the morrow until the time had absolutely arrived for his departure to Kongens-Nytorv to undergo his sentence. General Poulsen assented to the request. At 8:30 a.m. on Fri-

day, the head gaoler was despatched to Vonved's dungeon to inform the captive that the inevitable hour was at hand.

The ponderous door opened with its customary harsh clang, and the gaoler slowly entered. He was a prudent man. Experience had made him cautious of entering the condemned cell on the morning of execution, for he knew that a doomed man

occasionally was ferocious as a wild animal brought to bay and maddened by despair.

But a glance reassured him, and gave him perfect confidence. Lars Vonved was extended full length flat on his back on the broad bench. He was sound asleep.

The gaoler hitherto had held the edge of the door in his hand, as though to have instant egress if necessary, but now he carelessly let it fall back, and lightly stepped close to the side of the slumbering prisoner.

"Tordner!" muttered he, after contemplating for a minute the motionless form of the redoubted outlaw, "how soundly and silently he sleeps! An infant lying on the bosom of its mother never drew breath more softly. 'Tis right marvellous that a man condemned to die can thus sleep on the eve of his execution; and yet how many have I known who slept their last sleep in this life so heavily that they had to be sharply shaken to awake them—to die! Ha! but I wonder whether his sleep is dreamless? Does he not fancy he sees the scaffold, and the headsman, and the wheel, and the armed guards, and the sea of spectators? No; that can hardly be, else he could not repose so devoid of motion. Well! I must rouse him—he must awake for the last time!"

As he spake these words he boldly grasped Vonved's left arm, which hung down over the side of the bench, and gave it a strong shake.

The upper part of Vonved's body vibrated, but his eyes did not unclose, nor did any sound issue from his lips.

"By the sword of Odin!" ejaculated the astonished gaoler, "he is the prince of sleepers! Ho! Captain Vonved! awake! awake! 'tis for the last time!" and he shook the sleeper with all his force.

But instead of suddenly starting up, as the man anticipated, Vonved remained as motionless as a marble effigy.

The gaoler paused in stupid amazement for an instant, and then, obeying a sudden impulse, he placed his hand on the brow of the sleeper. It was cold as ice. The gaoler uttered an involuntary cry of terror, for he now understood all.

"Oh," screamed he, "Vonved is

dead! Help! he is dead! Help! Captain Vonved is dead!"

Thus ejaculating, he rushed wildly to the door, where he was met by the nearest sentinel, who, hearing the outcry, imagined that the terrible outlaw was murdering the gaoler, and therefore sprang forward with his bayonet at the charge.

"He is dead! Vonved is dead!" reiterated the frightened fellow, and pushing aside the musket of the bewildered soldier, he ran with all speed down the corridor.

In a very few minutes he returned, accompanied by the warders and by the Captain of the Guard, several soldiers, and no less a person than the Commandant of the fortress himself. They confusedly entered the dungeon, and clustered closely around the body.

"Hammer of Thor!" hoarsely exclaimed General Poulsen, "this is astounding! But it cannot be—there is some trick—the man is not dead, but only simulating!"

"No, Commandant," respectfully but firmly replied the Captain of the Guard, placing his hand first on the brow and then over the heart of Vonved, "it is no trick—he is surely dead!"

Exclamations of amazement and awe burst from the lips of all present, yet still General Poulsen seemed sceptical of the dread fact. He felt the heart of the outlaw himself, and, although there was no perceptible pulsation, he was not yet convinced.

"Go instantly," said he to the gaolers, "and fetch a looking-glass, a pistol loaded with powder only, and tell the doctor to come here forthwith."

In three minutes one of the men returned, with the articles named.

The glass was held over the pallid lips of Vonved, and then anxiously examined, but its surface remained undimmed. No breath issued from the mouth.

"He is indeed dead!" exclaimed they. "Try a feather!"

"Stand aside, fellows!" cried the stern old Commandant; and taking the pistol in hand, he placed its muzzle close alongside the ear of Vonved, and drew the trigger. A report, deafening in that vaulted dungeon, startled all present, but the body of the outlaw remained motionless as ever.

At this moment the resident Doctor of the Citadel hurriedly entered the dungeon. A few words explained all to him.

He gravely advanced, felt the brow of the corpse, and coolly unclosed first the lips, and then the eyelids. As he released the former, they slowly receded, and again covered the white teeth, which were firmly clenched; and the eyelids also mechanically closed back over the glassy organs of sight.

Then the Doctor tore aside the shirt, and placed his hand over the heart. He turned round with a calm smile.

"What! he is not simulating death?" anxiously questioned General Poulsen.

"Bah!" exclaimed the Doctor, with a short quick laugh, "what an idea. The man has been dead these six hours at least!"

"You are sure?"

The Doctor stared in surprise at the yet apparently sceptical Commandant, and hastily produced a case and drew forth a lancet.

"As sure as I am that we shall all die in turn when our time comes. 'See!' exclaimed he, and with a firm hand he made a long slanting incision across the breast, and then another transversely, so that the figure of a St. Andrew's cross was cut.

Not a drop of blood oozed, only the wounds looked raw and moist. The body of course never stirred.

"Ha! I am perfectly satisfied now!" slowly gasped General Poulsen, "he is indeed dead beyond all question."

"How could you doubt it, Commandant?" demanded the Doctor curiously.

Then, without waiting for a reply, he ejaculated—

"How quietly he must have died! See, the limbs are not in the least convulsed—his countenance is placid as a sleeping babe's!"

"But what has killed him?" questioned the Commandant. "Can it be that—in a word, poison?"

"I do not think it," replied the Doctor. "No, there is not the slightest external appearance of such a death. Nor has he died by violence."

He paused, reflected a moment, and then stooped down and placed his own face closely over the corpse.

"Whatever do you do that for, Doctor?"

"I am smelling if there is any odour of poison from his mouth. No, none whatever. He has died a natural death."

"You think so?"

"Think so, Commandant! I am sure—I have no rational doubt whatever. Had he died of poison, either mineral or vegetable, his limbs, and even his body, would have been more or less convulsed, and his lips would not have merely been pallid or waxy, as you see them, but livid, and a subtle odour would have exhaled from his mouth. It is not so: smell yourself!"

"No, indeed, Doctor!" cried the General, drawing quickly back, with an involuntary look of disgust and horror. "I am thoroughly satisfied and convinced by your opinion."

The Doctor grew enthusiastic as he continued to contemplate the body, and expatiated on its physical grandeur.

"Did you ever see such a magnificently developed chest as this?" exclaimed he, dragging the shirt aside, right and left. "Here is a model for a sculptor! Ah, what a pity that our gifted countryman Thorvaldsen is at Rome, he will see no such model there for his grand conceptions. Oh, what a bust;—what a bust!" and in his ardent admiration, the Doctor repeatedly punched the chest of the corpse.

"But what is that?" suddenly cried he, pointing to the hairy chest.

The old Commandant, whose sight was not so clear as it once had been, bent closely down, and beheld a dim blue tracery.

"Something in outline," muttered he. "Very mysterious!"

"Ah," continued the Doctor, "I understand! He was a seaman every inch, and followed sailor-fashions. He has been tattooed in India ink, and here is a raffled anchor, and beneath it an eagle with a drawn sword in its beak, and underneath a ship in full sail. Curious, that! It must be a symbol—a hieroglyphic of some kind. I wonder what it can mean? An eagle? Why, that is an emblem of—of strength? Yes. Of sovereignty? Yes. And of swiftness? Yes. But the sword in its beak? A sword? Of what should that be em-

blematic, Commandant?" questioned the Doctor, calmly taking a curious old wooden snuff-box out of his waistcoat pocket, and refreshing himself with a huge pinch, whilst he looked full at General Poulsen.

"A sword," said the old Commandant, with dignity, clapping his hand on the hilt of his own trusty blade, "is the emblem of a warrior!"

"Pugh!" grunted the consequential Doctor, looking down at the projecting frill of his shirt, and puffing and brushing away some scattered grains of the peculiarly pungent Danish snuff; "pugh! as well say a lancet is the emblem of a surgeon!"

"And so it is!"

"Ay! Then a scalpel—a probe—a knife—a saw—a tourniquet—and fifty other instruments—are they not just as essential symbols of the profession? Bah! we must take the accessories into consideration, Commandant. The eagle? Sovereignty, strength, and swiftness. That is settled. And a sword in conjunction? What does that signify? Eh! I have it!"—and he smartly struck his right fist into the palm of the left—"it means—justice! Yes, the sword is the emblem of justice, and has been such for a thousand years. But the ship in full sail!"

"Der Fanden!" growled the Commandant.

"No, not der Fanden—it cannot mean Satan. But"—

"Speculate about it at your leisure, Doctor!" harshly interrupted the Commandant. "Enough has been said at present. I am thinking of what report I am to make concerning this strange affair."

"O that is very simple."

"It may seem so to you, but I can tell you that I think it very mysterious and inexplicable!" retorted the Commandant, knitting his brow. "Of what can this man have died?"

The Doctor mechanically took another pinch of snuff, and then smiled complacently.

"Ah, General Poulsen," said he, "you are a warrior, and you have seen service—hard service, glorious service. You won that cross of the Dannebrog in 1807, when the English leopards bombarded us, and"—

"Well, well!" muttered the brave old officer, obviously softened and

flattered at this dexterous allusion to his past services. "What then?"

"Simply this. You have seen many a fine fellow die the death from shot and steel, and can understand *that*; but you don't well comprehend how a man—a wondrously strong man, as *he* was"—and here the doctor jerked his head, and waved his snuff-box over the body of Lars Vonved, "could slip his breath without any external wound or injury? Ah, it is natural, quite natural. But we—pardon me if I speak with professional pride—we comprehend these things at a glance. This man," and he again carelessly punched the ribs of the corpse with his knuckles, "died instantaneously of some subtle organic disease—possibly ossification of the heart, or—but we shall discover what it precisely was when he is on the marble dissecting table. Ha! ha!"

"I can't comprehend it, after all!" again muttered the Commandant. "It may be so, as you say, but—well, no matter. He is dead—that is all I know."

"Jeg kan ikke forstaae Dem!" murmured the Doctor, looking hard and curiously at General Poulsen. "I don't understand you—I don't appreciate the drift of your ideas at all! The man is dead? Of course he is—and what of that? I assure you—and I stake my professional reputation on my accuracy—that he has died not of violence, not of poison, not of any thing but some natural cause which we shall by-and-by satisfactorily demonstrate. What is there marvellous in that?"

"Nothing—certainly nothing," said the Commandant, speaking very slowly and abstractedly, as he kept his gaze earnestly rivetted on the face of the corpse. "Only," and he hesitated a moment, "only that *he*," nodding at the body, "spoke yesterday in such a peculiar manner that he conveyed to me an impression—undefined and vague, it is true, yet very strong—that he would outwit us all by escaping the penalty of his crimes."

"Ah, he had a presentiment that he would die naturally, and so cheat the Headsman, had he? Presentiments are not unusual. 'Tis true that they are apparently inexplicable, but psychological science is making such rapid progress now-a-days that we

can understand and explain how these mysterious"—

"Oh, don't tell me any of your philosophical jargon about presentiments and psychological science, and mysteries, and such stuff!" hastily interrupted the Commandant, ruthlessly cutting short the learned disquisition of the Doctor, who drew up stiffly, and inflated his nostrils, and looked as angry and offended as he dared.

"That was a strange notion of Vonved's to see the Headsman yesterday!" thoughtfully remarked the Captain of the Guard.

"It was."

"Pardon me, Commandant, but I presume the Headsman would report to you his conversation with the prisoner?"

"He did; and I shall report it in turn to the proper quarter—if necessary," drily replied General Poulsen; "but that interview was of a nature which only renders Vonved's sudden death more mysterious and unaccountable."

At this moment the soldiers and gaolers present drew back respectfully to make way for a new comer into the death-dungeon, in the person of the resident chaplain of the Citadel. This official had been appointed chaplain shortly after his ordination to the ministry, and now he was a white-haired man of three score and ten. Forty and six years had he here done his duty, and many a fearful scene had he witnessed within those gloomy walls. He was a tall and very reverend-looking man, with a mild, thoughtful, and benevolent countenance. He had the usual dress, and around his neck the high thick white ruff worn by the Lutheran clergy.

He advanced to the side of the bench, and exchanged a few sentences with the Commandant and the Doctor. He had never seen Vonved in life, for although he had repeatedly requested permission to visit the dungeon of the doomed outlaw to administer spiritual counsel, the Commandant always peremptorily refused, assigning no other reason than the well-known fact that Vonved had formerly escaped through the medium of a priest whom Baron Leutenberg allowed to visit him—a weakness which had cost the poor Baron dear,

and which he (General Poulsen) had no intention to imitate.

Mournfully did the good chaplain now contemplate the mortal remains of the man of whose terrible renown he had heard so much.

"A prisoner no more," said the Chaplain, tenderly and solemnly, "for Heaven has heard his cry—and, it may be, his prayers—and set the prisoner free!"

"Prayers! *his* prayers!" ejaculated the Commandant, in profound astonishment.

"Hem!" coughed the Captain of the Guard, with a smile of complacent incredulity.

"Ha! ha!" tittered the Doctor, "what a droll idea of yours, Chaplain! Lars Vonved's prayers! Ho! ho!" The little doctor was a Materialist, and the idea of Vonved praying tickled him amazingly.

"Tordner!" here exclaimed the Commandant, accompanying his voice with a resonant stamp of his foot on the stone floor, "what are we all thinking of! Here we are gossiping like old women about psychological mysteries, and outlaws, and their prayers; and all the while we forget that scores of thousands of loyal subjects of our King are assembled in that said Kongens-Nytorv impatiently awaiting the arrival of this Vonved to receive the deserts he doubtless richly merited, but which he has somehow escaped, as we see!"

"Ah," grinned the little doctor, what a disappointment it will be for them—the bitterer for being so totally unexpected! They will be wickedly inclined, I fancy, to substitute our interesting friend the Headsman himself as the next most worthy candidate for the honours of the wheel!"

The Commandant now gave precise orders to the Captain of the Guard, who was instructed to proceed forthwith, with a sufficient escort of dragoons, to the place of intended execution, and there announce the death of Vonved in the Citadel, and also to take measures to prevent any disturbance.

General Poulsen was thoroughly aroused from his temporary sentimental abstraction. He directed the gaolers to minutely examine, in his presence, the clothes of Vonved, which they did, but only a few trifling articles, and not a single scrap of paper,

were discovered. Satisfied in this respect, the Commandant turned round to quit the dungeon, ordering all present to withdraw, and the door to be secured on the corpse, whilst he went personally to report the extraordinary decease of Vonved to the proper authorities. But the venerable chaplain gently detained him, and whispered an earnest request that he would first order the fetters to be removed from the inanimate body.

"It is ever painful to me," said he, "to see manacles on a living man, even though he may be a wicked malefactor; but it is inexpressibly more painful, nay revolting, to behold them clasping the limbs of a corpse!"

The grim old Commandant, quite hardened and inaccessible to any such feeling on his own part, laughed at the chaplain's soft-hearted notion, as he termed it, but nevertheless gave

instant orders to summon the armourers to remove the chains.

In a few minutes two stalwart fellows entered, wearing the striped trousers of soldiers, but without jackets, the sleeves of their shirts being turned up to the elbows, and leathern aprons rolled round their waists. They bore each an oblong wicker basket, containing hammers, files of various sizes and shapes, pincers, and punches. With these instruments they set to work and very speedily removed the rivets from the fetters, and the fetters from the body.

And now all quitted the dismal dungeon, the last to linger being the chaplain, who, with trembling hands and moistened eyes, drew his silk handkerchief from his pocket, and, sighing heavily, spread it with reverence over the marble face of Lars Vonved.

CHAPTER XXIV.

LIFE!

At nightfall, a carriage and a hearse drew up at the outer gateway of Citadellet Frederikshavn. The carriage contained five persons, Amalia Vonved and Wilhelm, Bertel Roving, the Baron K  mperhimmel, and Lieutenant Dunraven—the latter thoroughly disguised. The lieutenant, in his flight to the boat, had accidentally encountered Sergeant Jetsmark, whom he had long known as a confidential agent of Lars Vonved; and a few words from Jetsmark had the effect of determining the lieutenant to put himself in immediate communication with Amalia, which he accordingly did, after seeing to the temporary safety of his companions.

Baron K  mperhimmel, aided by friends in office, had succeeded in obtaining from the proper Government authorities, with the sanction of the King himself, a formal order for the delivery of Vonved's body to his friends, who were to be permitted to convey it away whensoever and wheresoever they pleased.

The Baron and Bertel alighted from the carriage, leaving Amalia and Dunraven to await their return. Having stated their business, the two former were promptly conducted to the presence of General Poulsen, who knew

the Baron personally, and expressed exceeding surprise that so great a nobleman, and one who hitherto had been the right hand councillor of the King, should take such extraordinary interest in the fate of Vonved and the disposal of his remains. The Commandant very carefully perused the order addressed to him, and found it strict and precise.

"I am to surrender the outlaw's body to the bearer of this!" muttered he.

"I am the bearer," said the Baron; "and will now receive the body, on behalf of Vonved's friends."

"Now, your Excellency?"

"Yes, *now*, General Poulsen!" haughtily responded the Baron. "You will perceive that warrant expressly authorizes me to remove from the citadel the body of Lars Vonved at any hour I choose; and orders you to give me every facility and necessary aid so to do."

"Tordner!" sullenly growled old Poulsen, somewhat crestfallen, and yet more astounded and mystified than he even had been all day long; "you need not remind an old soldier like me to do my duty, Baron K  mperhimmel; and you may take away this Vonved, with a bushel of wel-

comes on my part, for I shall be only too thankful to have done with him at last."

The Baron took him at his word. Within half-an-hour the body of Lars Vonved, carefully wrapped in a large white sheet, was placed in the hearse, and the Baron and Bertel resumed their places in the carriage. Both vehicles instantly were driven off, at a decorous pace, leaving old Commandant Poulsen himself standing on the outer drawbridge of the citadel, in the drooldest attitude of bewildered mystification conceivable.

Down Amalie-Gade, and across the now deserted Kongens-Nytorv, solemnly rolled the hearse and carriage. A little pause occurred at the entrance of Ostergade, when some private orders were passed to the drivers, and they drove at a yet slower pace down that street, Vimmelshafstet, and Frederiksberg-Gade, until they reached the ramparts and went through the Vester-Port—which, like the other Ports or "Gates," is literally a tunnel through the huge earthen ramparts—and across the moat and two drawbridges at a snail's pace, to the rude diversion, possibly, of the various sentinels. The hearse was not a mere open bier on wheels, like the Danish hearses in common use, but a close carriage for the conveyance of the dead, built in the English fashion. As they advanced through the suburbs, the pace gradually quickened until they emerged in the open country at a trot. When finally clear of the suburbs, the carriage stopped, and Baron Kœmperhimmel got out, bidding adieu to his friends, to return alone to the city on foot. During several hours the two vehicles proceeded without stoppage, until nearly at midnight the by-road along which they had latterly proceeded, suddenly terminated on a sandy shelving sea-beach. The tideless surf of the Baltic moaned hoarsely along an enormous semicircle of shore, forming the celebrated Bay of Kiøge, which, during the recent Russian war, afforded secure anchorage to the magnificent fleets of England and France.

The carriage and hearse both drew up within a stone's cast of the water's edge, and Lieutenant Dunraven got out; and having satisfied himself they had arrived at an appointed rendezvous, he walked to and fro, keenly

looking seaward. It was a dark night, with a soft, crisp breeze blowing off the land. The lieutenant, at length, knelt on the pebbly strand, in such a position that he could scan a space where there was a streak of dim light, a low rift in the murky sky, where it merged in the horizon. His experienced eye soon detected a dancing black dot, relieved against the background of sea and sky. He believed it to be a boat, lying at a grapnel, and lightly tossed by the waves. After a thoughtful pause he arose to his feet, drew forth a small blue-light, ignited its fusee, and when it was ablaze, held it up at arms' length. For thirty seconds it cast a bright glare around, then instantaneously became extinct.

Dunraven again gazed seaward with feverish anxiety. His suspense was very brief. An answering blue-light was displayed from the boat, to which Dunraven responded by firing a pistol. At that preconcerted signal the boat tripped her grapnel and pulled in for the land. As her bows softly grated on the beach, Dunraven approached, and issued orders in a low voice. Four stalwart seamen immediately stepped ashore, and in a few minutes returned, bearing in their arms the body of Lars Vonved, which they carefully deposited on a mattress stretched along the two midship thwarts. Then Bertel Rovsing brought Amalia and her boy from the carriage, and took his seat beside them in the stern sheets of the boat. The carriage and hearse drove inland, and Dunraven gave the word to push off.

For a quarter of an hour the boat was pulled swiftly and in dead silence straight out to sea, Dunraven steering by a particular star. At length he ordered the men to lay on their oars, and they all strained their vision in search of a vessel—in vain. Another quarter of an hour, with two or three intervals of rest, was spent in rowing, ere the hull of a small craft was dimly discerned. There was a difference of opinion concerning her, some maintaining that she was under sail, others that she was lying-to. To settle the matter, a rocket was fired from the bow of the boat; and hardly had it attained its full altitude, ere an answering rocket soared from the deck of the stranger. The boat's crew yet were undecided as to the vessel, until a lantern was run up to her peak, and

lowered. Twice more this was repeated, and then "The Little Amalia!" burst from the lips of the anxious seamen. They rowed towards her, and were soon under her lee quarter. A short conference ensued between Dunraven and Herr Lundt, who was in charge of the joegt; and the result was, that the latter sent up seven rockets at intervals of one minute. The last had hardly burst in the sky ere as many musket shots were fired from a vessel whose contiguity they had been unable to discern in the darkness, but which now also ran up to her mizen peak three lanterns, vertically, severally displaying red, yellow, and blue lights; and kept them suspended as a guide to her consort. "The Skildpadde!" cried every voice; and sail was instantly made on the Little Amalia, the boat being towed in her wake.

Ere many minutes elapsed, the vessels were within hail, and both hove-to. The boat rowed alongside the Skildpadde, on board which preparations had already been made. Amalia and Wilhelm were handed on to her deck, and were followed by all but Dunraven and the coxswain. Tackles were lowered from aloft, and hooked to the bow and stern rings of the boat, which, with all it contained, was then hoisted up and swayed on deck. The body of Vonved was at once conveyed below, and both the Skildpadde and the Little Amalia forthwith shaped a course under all plain sail.

It is six bells of the first night-watch—one hour before midnight of Saturday. Forty-seven hours have elapsed since Amalia bade adieu to her husband in his dungeon in Citadellet Frederikshavn. The Skildpadde, closely attended by the Little Amalia, is under easy sail some dozen miles off the coast of Funen. Yet the deck of the Skildpadde looks as though kept not merely by one watch, but by all hands. Not a man of the crew is in his hammock. They are clustered here and there, but especially about the waist and on the verge of the quarter-deck, talking with bated breath on some absorbing topic; and ever and anon they glance aft towards the companion, around which the officers are conversing.

Descend to the great cabin. What

a scene is here! On the table, upon a pile of bedding, lies the form of Lars Vonved, unchanged in appearance since the morning appointed for his execution. A sheet is drawn up to his throat, but his face is uncovered. At his head sits Amalia, pale as the inanimate features on which her gaze is riveted. At the foot of the table stands Mads Neilsen, motionless as the mizenmast at his back, unconscious of the wistful look, and low piteous whines of the naturally savage Aravang, crouched at his feet. Lieutenant Dunraven walks up and down the length of the cabin, his hands clasped behind him, and his head bent down. At a little side-table sits Bertel Røvsing, poring over a bit of parchment, about four inches square, and near to it is the little gold box, and the whale's tooth which had so long been their depository. Three large lamps suspended from the beams, and vibrating with the gentle swell of the sea, cast a powerful glare throughout the cabin.

Bertel sighed heavily, and dropped the mystic parchment in despair. Dunraven stepped by his side, and in turn, for the twentieth time, looked at it with vacant eye. He then took up the gold box—empty now, but flakes of a yellowish powder, adhering within, indicated what had been its contents. The box bore on its lid the date of its make—1175—and its bottom and sides were quite covered with Runic characters, apparently of the same kind as those inscribed on the parchment, but they were almost obliterated by the wear of six centuries and a-half. He half abstractedly passed the tip of his forefinger along the sides of the box, and touched his tongue with the almost impalpable powder. It was tasteless and odorless. He looked up and caught the anxious eye of Bertel. They mutually sighed with mournful significance.

"'Tis in vain to ponder o'er this dim parchment," muttered Bertel.

"Very vain," responded Dunraven; "and even could you discover the key to its impenetrable symbols—of what avail? The Countess," and he lowered his voice, and glanced furtively at Amalia, "has already told us what *he* said—and he alone could read that fearful scroll."

"Ay, but think you, Lieutenant Dunraven," gravely murmured Bertel,

"that in the terrible agitation she must have then experienced, she may not have misunderstood, or forgotten?"

"No, sir! my life on it, neither! He told her that this mysterious powder would, if taken as he intended to take it, according to the secret instructions on the parchment, immediately after she had quitted his dungeon on her last visit, throw him into a profound lethargy—a counterfeit of death, such as no man could possibly detect. This trance, this apparent total suspension of all sensation, was to last precisely forty-eight hours, and in that interval we were to obtain permission to remove his supposed corpse, and thus insure his ultimate safety. All has hitherto come to pass as he foresaw. See! is it not death's twin-sister?" and he motioned towards the rigid form of his beloved leader and friend.

"Ay, but is it not death, indeed, and not merely his dread semblance?"

"We have no right whatever to fear that," responded Dunraven, in a tone which was not quite so confident as his words. "Little more than forty-seven hours have elapsed since he has been outwardly inanimate, and"—

A strange, sharp cry—piercing, yet not loud—broke from Amalia, and when they hurried to her side, she was standing with arms extended, and her face bent closely over the marble linements of her husband.

They at once beheld the cause of her intense emotion. A gentle dew was breaking from the pores of Lars Vonved's face and forehead—his eyelashes quivered slightly, yet very perceptibly—the deadly pallor of his features had disappeared and given place to a faint roseate tint.

"He lives! Life is returning!"

Minutes are hours now to the group around the reviving form of the outlaw.

Dunraven drew down the sheet and chafed his breast—Mads Neilsen rubbed his feet, and cherished them against his naked hairy bosom, sobbing and ejaculating with savage vehemence.

Time flies!—and yet they all think Time an Eternity!

"He lives! Hush! his limbs quiver! His eyes are opening! He is growing warm! He moves his fingers! He lifts his arm! He is alive! His eyes are open! He lives! He sees—he knows us! His lips unclose! He will soon speak! Saved! He lives!"

And so it came to pass, in the degree indicated by the ejaculations above quoted from the thousands that were uttered, that Lars Vonved recovered life and consciousness; and just when the forty-eight hours expired, he heaved a long deep sigh, gazed steadily around, and flung his arms aloft like a giant awaking from sleep.

Nearly every man of his devoted crew by this time were thronging around him in the great cabin, and the sternest old sea-dog of them all wept like a nervous woman for unutterable joy and thankfulness.

"Life! I live! Thank God Almighty, I live!"

Such were the first words uttered by the lips of Vonved the Dane, and his mighty arms closed around his wife, and drew her down on his now strongly-beating heart, and held her there with the resistless pressure of a steel vice.

THE IRISH STATE PAPERS.

SEVERAL Calendars of English and Scottish State Papers having been published, those valuable indexes have recently been followed by a Calendar of documents relating to Ireland; and we conceive that a comparison between these specimens of the government records of the Three Kingdoms will be favourable to the interest and curiosity, if not to the historical importance, of the Irish portion. The period embraced in this Calendar extends from the year 1509 to 1573, comprising the memorable reign of Henry VIII., when the Reformation was attempted to be generally introduced throughout Ireland; the reigns, uneventful in this half-conquered realm, of Edward VI., and of Queen Mary and King Philip of Spain; and the early years of the remarkable reign of Queen Elizabeth, the first of our monarchs who set earnestly and vigorously to the difficult and costly task of subjugating the entire island.

This bulky Calendar, extending to 616 large octavo pages, cataloguing the earliest Irish State Correspondence, includes sixty-five years, and is the publication of the office index of twelve folio manuscripts of the reign of Henry VIII., four of that of his son, two of Queen Mary, and forty-three of her energetic sister and successor. Yet, though the volumes, the contents of which are thus expressed, are thick and voluminous, they are surpassed in these qualities by as many other huge manuscripts, which complete the reign of Queen Elizabeth; so that, among good reasons for holding the royal personage, whose effigy adorns the cover of our Magazine, in grateful memory, we may reckon the records engendered and bequeathed by her active government. The editing of this work has been confided, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, to the compiler, Mr. Hans C. Hamilton; and we are able to bear testimony to the accuracy of the original digest, having, when comparing it with the documents it refers to, fre-

quently observed the unwonted, with which their essence had been distilled or transfused, in indication of all salient matter, and with the precision necessary to give a true and adequate notion of their contents.

Notable events crowded into the sixty-five years vividly illuminated by these State Papers, events such as the rise of the Reformation, and, to oppose it, the rebellion of the Leinster Geraldines; the consequent political reformation of the English Pale; the extraordinary career and downfall of the once formidable Shane O'Neill, King of Ulster; the intrigues of French and Scottish emissaries of revolt; some episodic occurrences, such as the extirpation of the O'Mores and O'Conors, and transformation of their unshired countries into the King's and Queen's Counties; the insurrections caused by star-chamber interference to put Sir Peter Carew in possession of large territories, and the Earl of Essex's chivalrous enterprise for the recovery of Ulster. All these stirring transactions, when fierce Gaelic chieftains contested the soil with the bravest English captains, are dwelt on, in this correspondence, by the principal actors in the bloody drama, of whom each often tells his own story while his wounds were sore and his griefs rankling, having but just laid down his sword to appeal to the throne by his pen; thus giving a series of graphic descriptions of the sufferings of the half-subjugated Irish, and of the first achievements of the Elizabethan English on the wild, ensanguined stage Ireland then presented. Our theatrical metaphor may pass: yet the battle our country witnessed in that age was no play, no mere representation, but a protracted fight for life, religion, and land. Some men now may not wish to be retrospective spectators of those scenes: yet Scottishmen do not shrink from the dark side of their history; and as no Irishman is unaffected by the consequences of the past, will he

shrink from examination of the causes? Our day is far enough removed from those times to allow us to peruse O'Neill's "grievances" in the north, and read what Raleigh wrote of his adventures in the south, in a spirit ready to see heroism in the chieftain and valour in the knight. Looking at the good side, one learns to honour the past; and if we ourselves humbly endeavour to draw morals, they are in full favour of the great causes of freedom, loyalty, and civilization. Our columns, however, are not meant for stern history: a lighter tone suits them; that long drama might be divided into separate scenes, and its characters regarded as "merely players," viewed as Shakespeare, or as the author of "Kenilworth" would have seen them—their history contributing to amusement as well as to instruction—taking a hero celebrated in that novel, the Earl of Sussex, Chamberlain to Queen Elizabeth, and Lord Lieutenant of this kingdom; then ranging to his "footman," John Smythe, whom he employed to poison O'Neill, and to the native messenger, Neil Gray, whom he suborned to murder that redoubtable rebel; or Smythe's brother, Thomas, a Puritan apothecary in Dublin, who seems to have prepared the poison his brother used; then a blind Papist Scotch Bishop, whom Mary, Queen of Scots, sent to concoct measures with some Ulster chiefs and French emissaries "for brewing war" against her cousin Elizabeth. Here are ample ingredients, whoever will make use of them, for the page either of history or of romance. Having premised an opinion of the historical value of the Irish State Papers, we will further observe that, considering the prominent part the Irish nation occupied in English, Scottish, and Continental politics, some disclosures in these despatches suggest several interesting views of contemporary European history. But this theme is too large to do more than allude to; so we turn, in mere dilettante temper, to notice some of the minor passages and details referred to in this Calendar, which, by casting new, and as it were microscopic lights on several aspects of the condition of Ireland during the reigns of the Tudor dynasty, illustrate her singular state better than could

be accomplished by elaborate generalization.

At the date when this correspondence commences, Henry VIII. assumed the sceptre of England, and began to govern right royally; but the authority of the Crown in Ireland was at its lowest point, and even the tide of colonization had ebbed during the preceding half century, while the Gaelic clans were gradually recovering the land. The king's writ ran but little way beyond sight of Dublin: his army was merely the puny retinue of a native deputy-governor, and the small feudal array, that occasionally met to repel an incursion of O'Neill's or O'Connor's horsemen, was little more than the levy of the few Anglo-Irish colonists in the champaign country commanded by the Castle. The native lords, either a Kildare or an Ormonde, who intermittently held the sword of State, were the respective heads of "the country" and "the court party."

In 1509, the date of the first document in this series, such was the policy and power of the former earl, there was a general impression that it was indispensable to the safety of that remnant of the old Strongbonian colony that the sword should be in his hands: the said document being an address from the Lords Spiritual and Temporal and Council of Ireland, to the king, stating that, the earl having purposed to repair to London, they have entreated him to abide, "and protect them from the Irishmen," and have elected him Lord Justiciary. Yet, potent as he was, the enemy so encroached that, in 1515, he conceded black-rent out of the dowager-countess's lands to O'Neillmore, and much of the territory belonging to his half-brothers had "fallen," writes their aggrieved mother, "into the hands of the wyld Yrish." Almost every wall-ed town, not excepting the capital, and every residue of an English colony, rendered tribute to the strongest Celtic king in the neighbourhood. Even the royal exchequer paid, during two centuries, a black-rent of eighty marks yearly to MacMurrrough, King of the Kavanaghs; and, notwithstanding the regular receipt of this bribe, which was known as "MacMurrrough's Penny," the monarch of Mount-Leinster was used to distrain the shire of Wexford and the towns

of New Ross, Gowran, &c., whenever they failed to pay him the customary *cios-dubh*. The value of the annual tribute exacted by chieftains from adjacent *Sassenacha* was, in 1541, estimated at 1,000 marks, of which sum O'Connor of Ofaly received from the county Meath no less than three hundred pounds sterling, equivalent to about £4,500 of our money. On one occasion, when this handsome income was not forthcoming, he determined to make a demonstration, and, "assembling his horsemen," says the record, "rode, despite the English lineage, as far as Gormanston, and shod his horse on the Hill of Tara;"—an act of bravado, to show he did not fear to be overtaken by any hasty muster of the men usually content to pay for peace. Such was the ascendancy and insolence of the native *tier-nas* of that period. The Anglo-Irish earls, powerful in possession of remote regions, and exercising a mixed palatinate and semi-patriarchal authority over their attached clansmen, were as fully chiefs of septs as any Douglas or Buceuch of the Scottish Border. For many purposes, they were as completely Celtic as if they had descended from Cathal Croiderg. But it would be misunderstanding their minds to imagine them Celtic in intent. As seigneurs of all who bore their surname, they held the position of clan seniors; and their seigniories, or tributes, were rendered to them, not in feudal fashion, but primitively, as tribe duties, in kind. Desmond, claiming to rule all the Western Geraldines, expressed his decided opinion to the viceroy that, in all causes between two of his "nation," he and he only should be judge. Ormonde, a high, polished courtier when in Westminster, was maintained, with his household, when at home, up to the close of the sixteenth century, by victuals levied according to the custom of barbarous chieftains. Nearly all the other peers lived almost moneyless, and tolerably independent of the Crown, as well as of commerce: thus, Lord St. Leger received from his barony in the county Kilkenny no more rent "in honey, corn, butter, cattle," and cash, *cios*, i.e. cess, or assessed tribute, than to the value of four nobles and four pence yearly; and it is probable that, when he wanted a pipe of wine, he

sent seven or eight fat cows to the county town to pay for it. But there was a wide institutional distinction between a clan king and a peer, for, while the one was merely life-holder of an office from which he was liable to be deposed by his own people, the other was owner in fee of his territory, which would descend to his heirs so long as grass grows and water flows. And there was another, still stronger in its effects, that, while the king hardly acknowledged any superior, and would seldom combine with his brother chieftains against the common foe, the peer, governed by the motto of fendality, *Ich dien*, "I serve," was liable to forfeit his fief if he failed to fulfil the services for which he held it. Hence, the latter system, disciplined and adhesive, organized a phalanx capable of scattering any array of clans. This difference between feudalism and petty independence, civilization and country customs, accounts in large measure for the social phenomena and political phases presented by Ireland at the period under view.

Directly the determination of the Crown of England to revive its rights in Ireland became visible, by an exertion of power in suppressing the rebellion of the Eastern Geraldines, and when the tide of colonization began to reflow into Dublin bay, a mighty reformation, religious, governmental, and legislative, was commenced. The revolt, headed by the rash, effeminate Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, had been designed to hinder these great reforms, which subsequently were promoted by the House of Ormonde, whose connexion with the English Court by relationship to Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth, through her mother, Ann Boleyn, rendered it, during the sixteenth century, the mainstay of Protestantism in Ireland. Broad and deep views of the history of those times are, however, not what we propose for the present: merely wishing to offer some extracts from this Calendar, which is to be considered only as the first instalment of a serial catalogue of the Irish State Papers; and we may proceed to comment on their value to future historians.

Thus the contemporary history of our city, the ancient seat of government and centre of English power in Ireland, would receive large illus-

tration from research in these documents. For instance, there are some curious details as to the revolt of the young deputy-vice-roy, "Silken Thomas," so called because the horse-men of his retinue rode the streets, rustling in the unusual bravery of silken mantlets over their morrions. Perhaps the most amusing account is the one given by a priest, describing the famished state of the town, when the Geraldine, to demonstrate his power and intimidate the townsmen, prevented any sheep or cattle from entering, so that all the butchers in the bull-ring could not muster as much meat as would have made an Irish stew, and the inhabitants kept a forced fast, which, ironically observes the priest, "is a very sore abstinence."

So empty was the Dublin exchequer in the year 1536, as that no other means were available, save the application of 1,000 cows recently imposed as a fine on O'Reilly, but apparently unpaid, to the repair of a disaster that had befallen the Castle. The great hall, which had long served as the court of justice, and where whatever law was administered ought to have been found, was a ruin. Earnest recommendation of that application of the fine was therefore made for the rebuilding of this hall, lest, as it was urged, "the majesty and estimation of the law shall perish, and the crown justices be enforced to minister the laws upon hills, as if they were *brehons*, or wild Irish judges." There is a racy jocularity in this mode of putting the alternative, showing that the joker, John Allen, Master of the Rolls, had, though English born, acquired the speciality of the natives of the soil for treating melancholy matters mirthfully. These *brehons* were the country assistant-barristers of the time, and more, for each of them was judge and jury in one. Their income as stipendiary magistrates of their clans reveals the primitive condition of society in 1537,* when, besides certain fees, each *brehon* was entitled to a two-year-old hog from every townland within his jurisdiction. Yet, humble as were the circumstances of these country justices, and rustic as were the scenes in which their laws

were framed and administered, Chief Baron Finglas, writing at that time, contrasts the disregard of the Anglo-Irish for parliamentary statutes with the obedience of the Gael to their mere oral laws, drawing the marked comparison in terms highly honourable to the latter people:—"It is a great reproach," he says, "that our statutes are not observed eight days after making, while divers Irishmen doth observe and keep such laws as they make upon hills in their country firm and stable, without breaking them for any favour or reward."

Not only were statutes broken, but even the very record of them was sometimes lost; so that a verbal agreement borne in memory by the Gael was better kept, in form as well as in mind, than a parchment Act of Parliament, such as "the statute that made fostering with the Irish to be felony," which, Viceroy Sydney reports, in 1557, "is lost, and therefore not put in execution." It was reserved for this careful governor, at a later date, to cause the crown records to be calendared, and rendered safe from embezzlement and falsification by "laying them up well in a strong chamber in one of the towers of Dublin Castle;" and, moreover, to give publicity to the laws, by causing the principal statutes to be printed.

Much obscurity, contrariety, and involvement surround the question whether the Crown and Government of the period under consideration were averse to extending English law to the Irish generally, and how far the natives were willing to accept it. It would seem natural that the Government desired that their laws should be obeyed by chieftains, who were formidable because they were independent. Proofs are abundant that most of the clan rulers of the sixteenth century were eager to lean on the power of the Crown and to embrace its laws. Insuperable difficulties, therefore, which do not appear on the surface of history, precluded the change; and to some of these obstacles we shall refer throughout this cursory disquisition. Obviously enough, there were simple impediments, more or less insurmountable, such as ignorance of the English law

and language, and repugnance to exchange cherished usages for the unknown, untried, distrusted, nay, dreaded practice—with all its feudal severities and oppressions—of the stranger and conqueror. For deeply seated in the innate impulses and habits of the Irish heart were certain rights of property and of succession to power, with antique customs and manners, to which the Gael clung with a tenacity unequalled by any other nation than the Jews.

As for the professors of feudal law in Dublin, influential as they were in the sixteenth century, that age passed by ere their aforesaid want of decent law courts was attended to. Meanwhile, in 1542, it was proposed to grant them the lately dissolved house of Black Friars: but their dark robes and horse-hair wigs, which covered them whilst other men sat bare-headed, were not destined to supplant the black gowns and shaven polls of the religious community. If the law was low and unprovided with house room, learning fared little better. The dissolution of monastic establishments had offered vast facilities for founding a metropolitan university and provincial colleges. Anxious proposals were made from the towns of Wexford, Trim, and Carrickfergus towards this latter object. But there were too many sniters agape for those houses and lands to allow even a small part to be applied to a public purpose, whatever its importance. St. Patrick's Cathedral had been dismantled of its ornaments by Edward VI., and a pension assigned to the dean, who was directed to deliver up, for the use of the royal mint, 1,000 ounces of the church plate, consisting mostly of gold and silver crosses and chalices. Archbishop Browne then proposed that the edifice should be converted to the uses of a university, and be called Christ's College: yet, though his plan was forwarded to the good and young "student-king," it proved abortive. His successor, Lofthowse, recommended, at the outset of his career as metropolitan, that this cathedral should be appropriated to purposes of learning; but, later in life, when Lord

Chancellor as well as Archbishop, and, moreover, Dean of St. Patrick's, *in commendam*, he was not, as the compiler of this Calendar observes, so anxious for this conversion. Yet, in a different matter, he defends some flagrant cases of misappropriation of tithes from their intended use of paying pastors, and replies to Lord Burghley's objections to such malversation by the general remark that "the peoples' case is more to be pitied than the pastors', since they are much fleeced, and not at all fed." Weston, his successor in Chancery, and in the deanery, was, at one time, seized with "fears of conscience for taking the fees of the deanery, and yet neglecting to serve therein."

Some of the reformed clergy, emigrants from England, were not calculated to promote religion. Of these, John Bale was so intolerant and vindictive, he had to fly the country. The Irish Gael of those times, when old antipathies exasperated the new difference in creed, were quick to discern any departure from the charity of a true Christian missionary. In an admirable letter, the excellent Lord Deputy Bellingham exhorts the primate to be circumspect as well in acts as words, and to set forth "the plain, simple, and naked truth," adding that the way to do this is to know the truth, which, he observes, "if prayed for and sought for in a mild and humble spirit, will most certainly be given." But as almost all the heralds of the Reformation were ignorant of the Irish language, they could not be heard by the nation. In a few instances, care was taken to have religion preached in that tongue. Thus, Robert Daly was made a bishop for this reason, being also well commended for his good name and life; and John Brady, a clergyman of one of the Cavan septs, was, in 1550, recommended for "the bishopric of the Brenny" (Kilmore), because, although having, during the late bishop's time, had the said benefice conferred on him by provision from Rome, he had surrendered the bulls, and did not interrupt the late prelate in enjoyment of the see. Another clergyman of the same family, Hugh Brady,* writes, on

* The present Lord Chancellor of Ireland is a lineal descendant of this Hugh Brady, the first Protestant bishop of Meath.

being consecrated to the see of Meath, that his charges have been so great, they will beggar him. This man was recommended by Viceroy Sydney as the most fit to succeed to the archbishopric of Dublin; and in the letter to this purport, to Cecil, dated 1566, Sydney mentions him as his beau ideal of a bishop, "his preaching being good, his judgment grave, his life exemplary, and his hospitality well maintained." A character like this bears out the witness of Cambrensis and other writers on the Irish, to the effect that their force of disposition was such, the nation abounded in men who carried either good or evil to excess.

At the period under view, it was usual to favour Irish preaching. The schoolmaster who had conveyed away the young attainted heir of Kildare was recommended for the see of Cashel, because he could preach in the Irish and English tongues; and, in 1573, an Englishman was proposed for Down, as being discreet and learned in the native speech. Still, the Bible had not been translated into the only dialect intelligible throughout the land; but we find by a memorandum dated 1567, that Queen Elizabeth had disbursed £66 13s. 4d. to the prelates of Ireland, "for the making of careters," (printing type) "for the Testament in Irish," and she desired to be repaid, "unless they do presently put the same in print." Notwithstanding this anxiety and threat on the part of the Crown, the projected New Testament remained, as the compiler of this catalogue shows, unprinted twenty years later. An Englishman, named Craik, on being preferred to the see of Kildare, honourably desired to be discharged from his bishopric, on finding his inefficiency, in being unable to preach to the people in their language. This conscientious clergyman was the first who put up a clock in this city, with the civilized object of letting the townspeople know the hour of prayer by this means, instead of by tolling a bell. A public sight, of very different sort, was afforded in 1571, by another Englishman, Richard Dixon, Bishop of Cork, who did penance in Christ's Church Cathedral, under circumstances set forth in a government letter, a document supplying the true cause why this prelate

was deprived, yet which was unknown to the historian Ware, and even to Cotton, the author of "*Fasti Ecclesie*." The Viceroy and Lord Chancellor (who was also Archbishop of Dublin), write, 16th April, 1571, to Lord Burghley, stating that Dixon, "notwithstanding he hath a married wyfe, did, under colour of matrimonie, take and retain another woman of suspected life, in the cittie of Corke, as his wyfe;" and the matter having come to their ears by public outcry, they caused him to come, in the guise of a penitent, to the cathedral church of the metropolis, and there, "standing under the pulpit two several Sundays, in the tyme of the sermons, acknowledge his offence." The authorities further desired that the culprit should be deprived of his bishopric, showing their determination, as they say, not to favour, but to make an example of even a countryman of their own and of their religion, in the eyes of the recusants in Dublin. These things were done, and justice was vindicated; and such historical passages bearing on the conduct, both for evil and for good, of the early professors of the Protestant faith in this country, must enter into the scales of whoever would weigh the effect of past times on the present. The history of the Reformation in Ireland is yet to be written by the light of the State Papers, when the virtues and learning of the Anglo-Irish Archbishop Usher, and the fervent love and charity towards all men of Bishop Bedell, will shine forth with more glory.

Let us revert to the reign of Queen Mary, and mark some difference between its politics, both in religious, domestic, and foreign affairs, and those of her immediate predecessors and successors.

The accession of Queen Mary somewhat changed the policy adopted by her predecessors towards the Irish; yet, while she naturally relinquished reformatory measures as respected religion, she could the more firmly proceed to confiscate land for the purpose of effecting social reforms. Unopposed to the national prepossession in the matter of creed, she was powerful to deal with the hardly less vital matter of property; and thus was enabled to apply the delicate and dangerous principle which is the mo-

tive of confiscation, whether for treason or through an Incumbered Estates Court, viz., that gross derelictions of the duties incumbent on the possession of land form grounds for deprivation. Her first order to the Viceroy was to restore the old religion, and this was followed by directions that Leinster should be reduced to obedience; yet, at the same time, the command was qualified by the tolerant provision that no person was to be coerced as to mode of worship; and the Gaelic titular King of Leinster was conciliated by being created a peer of Parliament. A government council was to be established in Munster, and other measures taken, the effects of which were expected to produce so much quiet, that all the garrisons were to be reduced. It was obviously easier for a Roman Catholic Queen to govern her subjects in Ireland, however restive they might sometimes be, than for a Protestant sovereign to rule them; so that Mary realized the wish the Crown has ever felt, of governing this kingdom quietly and cheaply.

Long before the Reformation, any discontented Irish king, or even any malcontent magnate peer, though a vassal of England, had not scrupled to look for foreign aid towards furthering his ambitious designs. In 1528, Desmond treated with the King of France and the Emperor of Germany to send armies to Ireland, and "received and comforted the Comte de Candalle," with other French emissaries, in the castle of Tralce, in his boasted "Kingdom of Kerry." After the Reformation had ranged recusants in this kingdom more completely in the ranks of enemies of the English crown, the chieftains of Ulster, who, being the remotest from the seat of government, were almost utterly in subjugate, proposed to Henry II. of France to become his subjects, if he would procure the consent of the Pope, and send them assistance. This monarch entertained their offer, and, in 1549, sent the Bishop of Valence to Derry, to inform him of the state of the country; and this envoy was accompanied by "two great French lords," who came straight from the hostile Court of Edinburgh, bringing with them the blind Scottish Bishop already noticed as "a brewer of war." However, Lord Tyrone, chief, as

O'Neillmore, of the northern clans, loyally gave information of this foreign mission; and in reply, a remarkable letter was addressed to him by government, warning him of the probable results of listening to overtures from France; assuring him that, though the French might pretend that their projected landing of an army in Lough Foyle was directed solely against the English, they designed to subject the Irish people. The writers proceeded to show "how miserably the French had ruled in Italy and Sicily, from which, on account of their innumerable oppressions and unspeakable wickedness, they were justly expelled;" and the letter concludes by characterizing the French *noblesse* as "fierce, proud, and rapacious," so that, observes the Dublin Government, "it were better to live under the Turk than under them."

Under the apprehensions caused by this threat of invasion, active measures of defence were set on foot, and pains taken to propitiate the native potentates. Yet at the same time that King Edward conciliated some chiefs, he decided on chastising the parties guilty of invoking that menace, namely, the O'Conors, who had been threatened with confiscation for their conduct in and since the Geraldine insurrection. Accordingly, to the powerful Earls of Desmond, Clanricarde, and Thomond, and to such mighty leaders as Lord Bourke of Mayo, O'Donnell, O'Cahan, and O'Reilly, it was proposed to send, as presents from the King, "some remembrance, either of scarlet cloth," signifying the royal livery, "or some piece of plate;" and a liberal order was given to a goldsmith to make cups to the then high value of £100 each, to be sent over as conciliatory gifts. But it was also determined to begin the work of colonizing O'Connor's country, and, as a preliminary, Walter Cowley (ancestor of the Duke of Wellington) was directed to survey the forfeited territory.

Our notice of those propitiatory drinking-cups leads to some reflections on the monetary revolution then silently working in Europe, and which necessitated reform of the coinage in Ireland. Influx of precious metals from the new world had caused the coin of England to be recently re-

minted, a measure which lowered the market value of a quantity of base coin current in this country, and occasioned a rise of prices far more startling than the smaller rise now effecting by Californian and Australian gold. Neither the English Privy Council, nor, indeed, the shrewdest traders in Dublin and Limerick, could comprehend the cause of what they called "the sudden dearth" in Ireland; and the authorities here were so prejudiced and self-seeking as to try to keep prices down by prohibiting exports. For centuries, the colonial administration, under the influence, no doubt, of England's commercial jealousy, had imposed restrictions on exportation, ignorant that the surest means of enriching the Crown lies in unfettering industry.

In 1551, it being determined to establish a mint in this metropolis, and to feed it, so far as possible, from native sources, miners and smelters were imported from Germany; and one Joachim Gundelfinger was set over the work of extracting silver from an old lead mine in the county Wexford, near a place called Clonmines, a name mistakenly deemed promising of success, though in its Gaelic origin bearing no relation to minerals; while the German's name might have been equally imposing, if understood as *gulden-finder*, or if as "Gold-Finger," as an index to the most precious of metals. Awaiting the result of his labours, and the science of economics being in a state of infancy, some frantic measures were adopted by the Castle, its councillors being so foolish as to prohibit exportation of wool, tallow, butter, linen yarn, and other primary materials of manufacture, on the plea that, said they, such exportation "encourageth idleness!" And as a step, as they conceived, in the right direction, they applied to the Crown to grant an old nunnery on the site of Stephen's-green to a certain enterprising alderman, who had bound himself to set up six looms of linen and woollen yarn within one year after assurance of the grant. Prices continuing to rise, in August, 1551, the Irish Government complained that English merchants were the cause, by paying unreasonable rates for all kinds of merchandise, and "thereby utterly impoverishing the king's subjects," wrote those ego-

tistic officials, whose salaries had become inadequate. No bullion coming over, nor turning up at home, the master of the mint let out his fires. To remedy this inefficiency on the part of the Crown, one or two of the Irish kings, not having fear of the King of England before their eyes, set up mints in their castles, and continued to inundate the exchange with spurious coin, until an example was made by storming one of these illicit factories, and putting its warders to the sword. In the next year, the Viceroy writes curious particulars as to the excessive prices of commodities, such as these: "The measure of corn that was wont to be two or three shillings, is now thirty; and six herrings fetch a groat," equivalent to four shillings of our money, that is to say, provided the said groat were not of base metal; the cow that had been worth some 6s. 8d., sold for 40s.; the tun of Gascon wine had risen from £4 to £12; and the tun of Spanish wine, that used to be £7 or £8, now realized £24. Then his excellency draws the following contrast, very favourable to our ancient Gaelic countrymen in a fiscal point of view: "The Yrisheman," remarks he, "is in best case, for he hath least need of money: he careth only for his belly, and that not delicately; but we stipendiaries must live on our salaries, and buy with coin that no man esteemeth." The perplexity of his councillors was even greater:—"The present state of dearth," they say, "is to be wondered at: every thing that was worth a penny is now worth four; and yet of all things there is a reasonable plenty." This last fact proves there was no dearth, but that the coin of the realm was scarce and depreciated. So extreme was ignorance among even the London Privy Council, that they desired the Viceroy to consult "wise men" as to regulating the standard of the Irish currency, and particularly whether it would be profitable for the king, but not for the people, or for the people, but not for the king, that the king's money current in Ireland should be of the same value as that in England! Yet more marvellous still, the monetary mystery, whether the Crown may justly name a coin a shilling that is not worth a shilling, allowed Queen Elizabeth to pay her Irish debts at

one time by base coinage, produced James II.'s infamous brass money and Wood's halfpence, and remained an open question until closed for ever by the common sense of John Locke.

Gundelfinger handled the getting of silver from the lead mine but slowly, and with little better success than the Laputan philosopher's work of extracting sunbeams from cucumbers. He produced, says a reporter, "an honest substance of ore;" yet so expensively, that the surveyor described the waste of Gundelfinger's Germans, in their "diggings, washings, roastings, meltings, and finings" as excessive; and, computing the king's charges at above £260 a month, showed the loss to be £220 monthly, for, according to analysis, the proportion of silver to lead was quite inconsiderable. The sanguine man, however, thought that if the mine were sunk deeper, there was hope of greater gain. Certainly, what the good German produced was metal more honestly come by than in the case of his romantic compatriot, Herr Dousterswivel; yet, if he was no impostor, and though lead and silver are not, like gold, only superficial, the speculation in question was not fated to reward rude skill in the year 1552, nor to repay steam and science when they were applied three centuries afterwards. In the matter of gold, the earliest harvest of a newly-discovered country, our national poet has well expressed this truth, that Malachi's collar was probably a first-fruit of that harvest in Erin, the gleanings of which were the discoveries of the last century in Wicklow;—and the scene of Gundelfinger's failure is much—

"Like our Lagenian mine,
Where sparkles of golden splendour
All over the surface shine—
But if in pursuit we go deeper,
Allured by the gleam that shone,
Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper,
Like love, the bright ore is gone."

The Spanish idea of becoming rich by finding precious metals, not by industry, having proved illusive, let us follow the fortunes of Thomas Smythe, the master of the Dublin mint, who, on putting out his furnaces, settled in this city as an apothecary. Indeed, having reviewed the state of the government, church, law, and trade in this town, it is time to take a glance

at the medical profession, which fills in 1860 a full and eminent part, but was represented in 1560 by a single druggist! There certainly were "Irish physicians, or leeches," as they were indifferently called, whose pharmacopœia consisted of herbs and charms: but the English practice, reinforced by the drugs English commerce continually gathered, was in the hands of one practitioner, this Smythe, who found the business so unremunerative, he was about to quit the country, and was only induced to stay by the viceroy and council and the forces giving him the bonus of a day's pay of every one of them. Though there was but one apothecary, there was no lack of leeches, whose style of practice, particularly in obstetrics, their rival inveighs against in an interesting paper, recently published in the *Ulster Journal of Archaeology*, describing the conduct of the bards and their congeners, these superstitious Celtic charm-doctors. Our native mediciners were, however, not without honour in their own country, even from the Lord Lieutenant, the Earl of Sussex, being consulted by him on occasion of a severe illness, and their report was forwarded over to Cæsar Adelmarius, the Queen's Italian physician.

To continue research into the steps which preceded the foundation of Trinity College:—it appears that the suggestion for converting St. Patrick's Cathedral to this secular purpose was again mooted in the beginning of the reign of the great Queen, who finally concluded on unobjectionable means of founding a university in our country: and that, in the year 1564, the application of the cathedral to this much needed use was suspended, apparently by the advice of the Colonial Government. Meanwhile, the want of education for even the superior classes of society became more and more apparent. Considering the sons of the Protestant settlers alone, they could not easily repair to the mother country for this purpose; and the sons of the ancient Catholic nobility and gentry, and of the chiefs of clans, were brought up, by old custom, under the tutelage of some of the native learned castes who, as physicians and bards, were far from being intelligent instructors. Our unique metropolitan apothecary, Thomas Smythe, religiously and professionally opposed to these indigen-

ous and benighted professors of medicine and oratory, declares in his curious account of their doings, that they "destroy all civility in the land." Many other State Papers to the same and cognate effects might be cited: but it must suffice to quote the last in the present Calendar, an important letter, dated 12th March, 1570, from Lord Chancellor Weston to Secretary Cecil, in furtherance of parliamentary bills for building schools and repairing churches and chapels, requiring churchmen to residence on their cures, and "on the motion for founding a university, as the best means of preserving peace in the realm." Nothing having been accomplished in this last direction during that year, the patriotism of a worthy citizen, John Usher, ancestor of the archbishop, being moved thereto, and towards attempting to reform the staple, and certain deceits in the customs practised by the city merchants, he offered to devote his share of profits that would arise from such reforms "to the advancement of God's glory, and," adds he, "her Majesty's honour, and the utility of this my native country, in erecting a college of university here." Proposing to notice the establishment of Trinity College whenever the second part of this Calendar appears, no more need now be said, than that Apothecary Smythe, being mayor of the city the year the college was built, had the honour of laying the first stone.

With reference to the question previously mooted, viz., how it came to pass that the Irish Gael were not linked to the British Crown in the peaceable and happy manner the Welsh Gael had been, some of the difficulties alluded to may now be mentioned. The excellent governor of both those nations, Sir Henry Sydney, was favourable to giving a fair trial in Ireland to measures such as had united the ancient British race to English law, and he brought about the much-desired revolution as far as was possible. Before he would enter into a war of extermination in central Ulster, he plainly demanded of the Queen whether she would choose to bring the people of that region "to the just rule of English law, which," declared he, "is easy," or to banish them quite, and unpeople the soil, "which," he observed, "would be

chargeable." This important question, involving and affecting, in marked degree, the future of the Empire, so perplexed Elizabeth, Burleigh, and her wisest councillors, that she sent her kinsman and chamberlain, Knollys, over, to see, inquire, and report to her confidentially. The envoy found himself, in Dublin Castle, among men of office and of the sword, whose expectations were more to be advanced by war and confiscations than by peace. There can be little doubt but that, in theory, the heads of both the Home and Colonial Governments were for pacific measures: but practically, they were often influenced and overruled by sordid officials and ambitious martialists. Unfortunately for the northern Gael, and for all their countrymen whose countries were invaded and confiscated on this precedent, the decision arrived at was for uncompromising extirpation of Shane O'Neill and his men.

This was a dangerous blot in the game then playing between the two nations! Perhaps few players at backgammon, or, to give it its Celtic name, *beg-camaun*, the little game, or, as it used to be called, "the Irish game," ever made so many blots at a sitting as were made in Ireland by our Tudor monarchs, and hit by the Continental powers. It was, certainly, a blunder, grievous in immediate effects and subsequent consequences, that all the Irish chieftains were not accepted as subjects, since there is no reason for supposing that they would have proved less worthy and loyal than the Gael of Scotland and Wales, or than those of their brethren, O'Brien and M'Gilpatrick, whose posterity retained their loyalty, and their titles, Thomond and Upper Ossory, to the other day. The stability, both of hereditary transmission of estates and of allegiance to the throne, assured by primogeniture male tenure of lands and dignities, is notably evidenced in the Anglo-Irish peerage, since the Fitzgeralds, Butlers, De Burghs, Nugents, Fitzmaurices, De Courcys, St. Lawrences, and Talbots have been the king's "barons," i.e., men, for nearly seven centuries. In this point of view, feudalism produced in this island what no other country could show, namely, fifty or more baronial families whose lands and honours had descended for

five centuries in the male line from the original grantees. The fact was, these lords were living near fierce, half-conquered clans; and, firmly determined to keep what they had conquered if they could, entailed their estates on masculine defenders, to the exclusion of daughters. On the other hand, clansmen would hardly permit their chiefs to become loyal, fearing lest the Crown, accepting the proffered service, would change these elected rulers into barons dependent on the English Government, and confer portions of the clan countries upon them as baronies. Several seigniors of septs had obtained such titles and grants, as, so early as Strongbow's time, M'Gilleholmoc, baron of Rathdown; and M'Gilpatrick, or Fitzpatrick; Kavanagh, baron of St. Mullins; and others, in the times under view. The difficulty, as to conferring an estate on a chieftain in a "country" not his, and the consideration for which he was made a peer, are shown in an order, dated 1551, to grant Magennis "an estate of such lands as he *has justly in his possession*," and to make him a baron, "on condition that he shall induce the people inhabiting within his rule to leave off their wild and savage rites and manner of living."

Religious impressions and ceremonies, and old national customs and habits are, however, not readily thrown off. What those ancient rites were, and how far heathenism lingered among the long-descended teachings of the primitive Christian Church, are questions for archaeologists. For the customs of the country, they had been in force a century before the Christian era: but are now not generally understood, awaiting the completion of another government work, the publication of the Brehon Laws. The learned editor of the work before us observes:—"The laws and institutes of the British, the Irish, and the Gauls, seem to lie at the surface of history; yet, like the wave of Tan-talus, continually recede from us." Rather, they lie at its depths, having formed the guiding powers and motives of those nations, whose fortunes, at least those of the Gauls, are influenced by the traditional feelings and impulses those customs still produce in our day.

The philosophy of history, so far

as the department of comparison between feudal and clan politics is concerned, will assuredly gain much whenever students shall avail themselves of the intimate light afforded by this almost novel source of information, the Irish State Papers. The broad facts of the protracted contest between these opposed systems of society are visible enough; but many of the deductions to be obtained are as yet insufficiently known, although they are interesting and even important, as bearing upon existing phases of social condition in the United Kingdom and in France. Feudality was, in the middle ages, the centralized form of marshalling an entire nation, while clanship isolated each sept and almost every family; so that while the one was an organized force, the other never united tribes in even such a federal bond as is allegorized in the fable of the bundle of sticks. The firm and complete monarchy planted in England by the Normans necessarily spread its rule over, first the nearer Celtic populations in Wales, Cornwall, and Cumberland, and then further in Ireland. It was impossible for the earlier system of polity to resist successfully the severe and perfect royal power. Yet the extraordinary length of the struggle in Ireland, which extended through five centuries, and the not dishonourable terms obtained, are alike creditable to the valour and perseverance of our Celtic clans. In our enlightened day, while Irishmen feel that their forefathers fought for lands and liberty, they recognise that the English were on the side of superior freedom, and of progress towards a civilization to which Celtic institutions could never have attained.

The chief value of these documents is, that they are, for the most part, letters, which have been well characterized as the life of history, being, as it were, photographic records, struck off in the heat of the day, and therefore describing facts with more truth and vivacity than were possessed by mere chroniclers in monkish cells. As materials for the general history of our country, these State Papers are invaluable; and are not less serviceable for topography, especially for illustrating the fortunes of distinguished families, which they elucidate largely and clearly, grouping round

particular houses and places in lights and forms of new and pleasing interest. One concluding recommendation. Investigators in the broad field Ireland offers, whether for paths of history—religious, social, and political, or of biography, memoirs, and antiquities—who will be aided on the way and enlivened by turning to these papers, should move with caution in the direction of casting excessive blame on either the English or the Irish side in the great struggle of the sixteenth century. Whatever may have been the conduct of the two parties, to attempt to strike a balance of the historic account between them must

be a thankless and unavailing task ; and to hold the scales fairly would demand the labour of a literary Hercules, and the judgment of a Rhadamanthus. Any one who could use these documents for factions purposes, to inflame animosities now happily expiring, would not please the good feeling, yearly growing better, of his own party. It was by a genial, as well as by a brilliant use of Scottish lore, that the Wizard of the North lit up the hills and history of his country with the beams of a genius so bright and warm that all the world basks therein.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

MR. ALEXANDER'S PRIZE POEM: THE WATERS OF BABYLON—CAPT. LANGLEY'S RESIDENCE AT THE COURT OF MEER ALI MOORAD—CUNNINGHAM'S CHURCH HISTORY OF SCOTLAND—ATKINSON'S UPPER AND LOWER AMOOR.

TO WRITE a prize poem is an exercise not unlike that of the Italian improvisatore. The poet is, or ought to be, a self-willed, solitary being, who nurses his own thoughts and warbles his wood-notes wild when he is in the humour, and because he cannot choose but sing. He does not put on the singing garments to please certain judges of poetry ; he is his own tribunal of taste ; and if his egotism is offensive to the visiter, as Wordsworth's undoubtedly was, the visiter has no cause of complaint ; he has found what he wanted—a man with his sensibilities cultivated to a fault—an interpreter of nature to man, who, like other interpreters, has unlearned some of his own language by his too great familiarity with the foreign tongue which he has acquired. As the traveller Livingstone almost forgot his mother tongue, so the poet loses insensibly the dialect of everyday life ; he becomes a stranger, at last, to his own home—like a swan on an island in a lake, he lives in a world of his own. Hard by are the haunts of men ; across the water are men who go into the city, and buy and sell, and get gain—but Lethe's pool could not separate more entirely between him and them : they will make

a pilgrimage to him, and listen to his song wafted across the water to them—but there the intercourse ends.

"He is retired as noontide dew,
Or snow within a summer's grove ;
And you must love him, ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love."

But all this is changed when the poet becomes an improvisatore—when the company is assembled, a subject set, and the poet called on to display his powers, to astonish and please, to give a specimen of what poetry is like, rather than to produce a poem. A poem is, as the word implies, a finished work—a statue in marble, with the sculptor's initials carved on it, and upon which he will stake his hopes of immortality. But a poem improvised, or produced to order, is a statuette—a fancy in plaster or alabaster, moulded off-hand, to show what the sculptor could do, if he called all his powers into play, and gathered up his strength for one great effort of genius. If he has pleased Alexander at the feast—if Persians and Greeks have like turns of nature found—if alternate passions have fallen and risen to his varied lay—Timotheus has done all that his art could do. He is the rhapsodist of the hour, reading his own unpremeditated

The Waters of Babylon. University of Oxford Prize Poem on a Sacred Subject, 1857-1860. By the Rev. W. ALEXANDER, M.A., Brasenose College, Rector of Camus-Juxta-Mourne. Oxford: T. & G. Shrimpton. Hodges, Smith, & Co., Dublin.

Iliad: he fires another Troy; but not as the blind old bard of Scio's rocky isle, musing long till the fire burned within him, and at last he spake with his tongue. He is not a prophet himself, but one of the young men of the sons of the prophets, who, bred up in a school of inspiration, catches some of the true prophetic fire, and, for the time being, rises to the level of one of the minor prophets. But let no one, therefore, despise a prize poem because it is written to order, and therefore does not satisfy the conditions for the production of poetry of the first rank. A prize poem will, at least, draw out some, if not all, the qualities of a poet. The young poet must try his new-fledged wings by flights like these; and the defects of the true poet have been as serviceable to him as his successes. More so, even, for they have driven him back upon himself. The agony of disappointment has wrung from him thoughts and moods of feeling which success never could. If they speak best who breathe their words in pain, so competition may call out a poet's powers. True, that, whether crowned or uncrowned by the judges, he is the poet still; but he need not lose heart because he does not catch the ear of his judges the first, the second, or even the third time. There may be a fault on their part, probably there is; probably they fall in with some prevailing taste, and the true poet is too true to himself to imitate the fashion of the age which passeth away. But, probably, there is also a fault in the young poet himself. He has strength without sweetness, force without ease; he has powers which want compression; he must master his own fancies, and prune his too luxuriant language. All this he can only learn under defeat. Failure has made poets, and success has marred others. The author of "Festus," the author of "King Arthur," the author of "Proverbial Philosophy," are instances of how success may mar a poet. The poet of a school or a clique who applaud him beforehand, and whose praise he bargains for as managers for professional *claqueurs*, will soon cease to be a poet at all. He will write for his *coterie*, till at last even his *coterie* get tired of him.

The foregoing remarks were not so much called out by Mr. Alexander's particular case, as suggested by the

subject of prize poems in general. We do not know if they apply to him at all; whether he has learned a lesson from previous failure as well as from present success, we cannot say; but we doubt not he is nursing his powers, by these improvisatore displays, for some poem in which the choice of subject and treatment shall be all his own, and on which he may inscribe his name, as Phidias on the shield of Minerva. With great good taste, Mr. Alexander has not attempted the "Iliad" in a nutshell, an epic of two hundred verses. For the judges to read it, a prize poem must be short; it must suggest thought, and not exhaust it; we must lay it down with the remark, "Here we have a poet," not "Here we have a poem." Mr. Alexander has met the conditions required, by throwing his piece into the shape of a dream. Drifting down the Euphrates, we resign ourselves to the reflections that naturally arise, as that famous and ancient river glides down at its own sweet will, bearing us along with it. Temples and towers, gates of brass, and hanging gardens, swim before us. Whether they are still and we in motion, or whether they are gliding down the river and we are watching the pageant float before us, is very indistinctly traced; but it is through this indistinctness that we are not shocked at anachronisms, and are charmed out of all sense of the unities. From Nimrod, the first mighty hunter of men, to Alexander, the last who ruled by proud Euphrates stream, near two thousand years their cloudy wings expand, and, swathed in a mist of memories rise before us, as the ghosts of murdered kings rise before Richard in his tent at Bosworth.

We are near awaking, it is said, when we dream that we dream. So this dream of Euphrates is so dream-like, that we feel it is only a dream. It is no attempt to rehabilitate the past. There is nothing dramatic, much less that waxwork imitation of life which is the weak attempt of undramatic poets to pass off their thoughts for things. It is a reverie throughout. By not attempting too much, Mr. Alexander has escaped the fault of aspiring poets. He speaks to the eye only, not to the eye and ear. His pictures have a soft shimmer, like that of moonlight on the river; the colours are in shadow, not brought out

as in sunlight; it is not a Crystal Palace show of Assyrian antiquities, in which nothing is left to the imagination; but rather that of the museum, in which the faded look of the relic fits in with our idea of the past. Antiquity must be dim. What can we know of Assyrian kings? They are a mystery to us, like their winged bulls and arrow-headed cipher. If Melrose, a ruin of yesterday, or the Coliseum, a ruin of a thousand years only, should be visited by moonlight, how much more Babylon, whose bricks are now dust heaps, and whose monuments mounds of rubbish? In one language only is their history deciphered. Like the sin of Judah, written with a pen of iron and with the point of a diamond, the doom of Babylon is predicted in a record that has outlived the site of the city itself. The subject suits a sacred poem, for secular interest in Babylon there is none. Palmyra is not more buried, or the Greek kingdom of Bactria more uninteresting, except for the enduring interest which the songs of Sion have thrown around the waters of Babylon. These Judean exiles have done for her what all her kings, astrologers, soothsayers, and wise men never could do—invest her annals with interest to us. These willows on which they hanged their harps, still are green, though all is barren beside. The plaintive melody in which they refused to sing the Lord's song in a strange land, is one touch of nature amid the monotony of pomp and splendour. States fall, arts fade, but nature and truth do not die. So it is to an exile band that Babylon owes the fact that it is not obliterated out of remembrance. In the Jews' language we decipher the history of kings that we cannot reach in their own.

The poem opens with a soft and dreamlike description of the river by moonlight, with its proud galleys with oars sweeping down the stream, osier barges wine-laden dropping down the current, while the pale moon gleams over turret and tower, palace and garden, rising on either bank.

Then follow two pictures, charming for their contrast: the one of the proud conquerors, the king and court of

Assyria, the other of the Jewish exiles:—

"I saw the exiles seek the river side,
There where the willows gray grew in the
midst
Of Babylon, and hang their harps thereon.
Thus evermore in ear of either throng
Sounded the voice of waters."

The river whispers musically its ancient story—musically, as if some river-god had cut a reed out of the bank on which to pipe his lay. It tells of the conquest of Assyrian kings:

"To these it swept
On with a din of Oriental war.
It sounded an alarm that waken'd up
Far echoes from far rivers all night long,
Angering the dragon on his lotos bed,
And bringing Persian kings unto the brink
Of the Choaspes, with their silver jars."

But to the captive exiles of Zion, Euphrates sang a very different lay:

"But to the other throng the river told
Things written in the great old Hebrew
book.
It told how it had swept through Eden
once,
A bright chord of the fourfold river-lyre. *
And it had old-world songs of Abraham;
And him of Rehoboth, who went to rule
Among the dark-eyed dukes on Seir's red
rocks."

The river next whispers the legend of the journey of the ten tribes across the Euphrates to Arsareth, that distant land twice nine long months' journey distant from the river, where the Benei Yisrael are settled to this day:

"And all their life is sacrament and psalm,
Vesper, or festival, or holy deed.
There they do dwell until the latter time,
When God Most High shall stay the springs
again."

But now the waters change their meaning. The exiles of Zion stand by the river's edge, and sing that saddest dirge, the *super flumina*, which has been, we think, the key-note to that most touching prayer in our Litany, "That it may please thee to show thy pity upon all prisoners and captives:"

"How shall they sing God's song in the
strange land?
For it is native of the temple, laid,
Like a white flower, on Moriah's breast;
And it is not for Asia's sealike plain,
But for the shadows of the purple hills:
Not for the broad and even-pulsing stream,
But for the land, which Jordan passioneth

* Genesis ii. 10.

His poetry of waterfalls, night and day
 Anger'd by cataracts, lulled by nightin-
 gales,
 Wreath'd with white foam, and triumph-
 ing for ever,
 That is to the Euphrates, as a saint
 Before his coronation, with his soul
 Full of sweet yearnings and of tears divine,
 Is to some cold and passionless idol god
 Imprisoned in his rigid marble lines."

The sublime act of Seraiah is next portrayed. The judgments against Babylon, which Jeremiah the prophet had written in a book, are hurled, with a stone bound to the roll, into the midst of Euphrates. "And thou shalt say, Thus shall Babylon sink, and shall not rise from the evil that I will bring upon her. Thus far are the words of Jeremiah." It is difficult to find a parallel to this sublime act of symbolic judgment. As sublime is the New Testament echo of the same act of judicial warning:—"And a mighty angel took up a stone like a great millstone, and cast it into the sea, saying, Thus with violence shall that great city, Babylon, be thrown down, and shall be found no more at all."—Rev. xviii. 21.

Long may our old Hebrew Bible be read and revered among us. Here is the true spring-head of all poetic fire and feeling. Here heroism and love of country rise to a higher level than in the proudest periods of Greece and Rome, for the spring that fed them was higher still. Men with the fear of God in their hearts were patriots in a purer sense of the word than Aristides and Brutus could have aspired to. To the Hebrew Scriptures, then, the poet, who would fill his mind with lofty and sublime conceptions, should repair. Milton, the great master of sublimity in the English language, drew his inspiration direct from this source. These memorable words of his, "He that would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem," lets us into the secret place of thunder, into the source of all his lofty imaginings! He had not only read those Hebrew Scriptures, but sought to shape his thoughts and inmost being by them, and therefore when he moved in numbers it was in that majestic godlike gait that he had caught from the oracles of God. The Carews, Sucklings, and Cowleys could no more aspire to this than a gorilla

can ape a Newton. Such thoughts are not engendered in the intellect, much less in the fancy; they are part of the inner soul, the life breathing out on the lips. This is why it is only a religious man who can write a religious poem; "that is," again to use Milton's words, "a composition and pattern of the best and honourablest things. Not presuming to sing high praises of heroic men or famous cities, unless he have in himself the experience and the practice of all that which is praiseworthy."

We have only space for the last few lines. After that, Alexander's barge has swept down the river with death "whitelipped, and grim, and stern," keeping his court upon the deck beside the sick king, and mocking his pomp; as the river flows on silently to the ocean, with its mingled memories of battles and psalms, the Benedicite of the three children, the banquet of Belshazzar; as the vision of the last of the three great monarchies, that ruled by the banks of Euphrates, is fading away, another vision of another river in the land that is very far off rises before us, and the poem dies out in echoes like these:—

"And his full music took a finer tone,
 And sang me something of a "gentler
 stream,"
 That rolls for ever to another shore,
 Whereof our God himself is the sole sea,
 And Christ's dear love the pulsing of the
 tide,
 And his sweet spirit is the breathing wind.
 Something it chaunted too of exiled men
 On the sad bank of that strange river, Life,
 Hanging the harp of their deep heart-de-
 sires
 To rest upon the willow of the cross,
 And longing for the everlasting hills,
 Mount Sion and Jerusalem of God.
 And then I thought I knelt, and kneeling
 heard
 Nothing—save only the long wash of waves,
 And one sweet psalm that sobb'd for ever-
 more."

We are not professional critics, and do not keep graduated scales to measure poetic merit. A rain-gauge, a gas-meter, a wet-bulb are all cunning tests to catch the slippery ariels that hover around us in one elemental form or other. But poetry is so much a matter of feeling, it affects us, we cannot tell why, and so much must be allowed for strange partialities and strange antipathies, that we always give our judgment with fear and

trembling in these matters. We can only say, then, that in our poor judgment, a more true and touching lament by the river of time has never been sounded than this. Most musical, most melancholy, it is such a dirge as the desolate river-god would chaunt over his deserted palaces, now full of doleful creatures, where the owls screech and the satyrs dance, where no Arab pitches his tent, where no shepherd folds his flock. This is the burden of Babylon, which the traveller may see that visits the banks of the Euphrates, and which the poet, with the vision and faculty divine of conjuring up distant scenes and past events, has brought before us in stately blank verse, the cadence of which is sweet as the river's ripple.

MEER ALI MOORAD* is one of those eastern potentates whose territories have been "annexed," rightfully or wrongfully, by the East India Company. He was the youngest son of Meer Sohrab, Sovereign of Upper Sindh, a valuable province lying on both sides of the River Indus. On the death of his father his eldest brother, Meer Roostum Khan, succeeded to the sovereignty of Upper Sindh, and in conjunction with his second brother, stripped Ali Moorad of his patrimonial possessions. Disputes soon arose between the brothers and their respective adherents, which led to the interposition of the British political agent, which availed but for a time. Several battles ensued between the brothers, who at last formally settled their differences and entered into the treaty of Nownahar, solemnly inscribed on a blank leaf of a copy of the Koran, by which the right of Meer Ali to certain districts was duly acknowledged. Meer Roostum having attained the age of eighty-five years, and finding himself unequal to the control of Sindh, where disturbances had arisen, resigned in favour of Ali Moorad, upon whom the succession devolved, under his father's will. His accession to the sovereignty of Upper Sindh was recognised by the British Government, who accepted support from him on the occasion of

hostilities between them and the Hyderabad Ameers, when Meer Ali, with 5,000 horse, kept open Sir Charles Napier's communications with Sukker, and held in check some hostile tribes. Sir Charles reported that the conduct of Meer Ali was "loyal from first to last both to his family and to the British Government;" and the Governor-General, the Earl of Ellenborough, in a despatch dated 23rd August, 1843, stated that "Ali Moorad had been a faithful ally, when his sudden and unexpected enmity might have been fatal to our army." As a reward for his services, Sir Charles Napier presented Ali Moorad with the before-mentioned districts of Meerpore, Matihla, and Meherkee, which had been seized by the British. A treaty between him and the British Government was transmitted by Sir Charles Napier to the Indian Government, in 1845, but its formal ratification never took place. In 1850, up to which time Ali Moorad had been treated as an independent sovereign and ally, the Governor-General of India, accompanied by the Chief Commissioner of Sindh, paid him a visit of state. Captain Langley states that the Commissioner was at the very time preparing a charge against Meer Ali, of having fraudulently substituted in the treaty of Nownahar words which gave him the districts of Meerpore, Matihla, and Meherkee, granted to him by Sir Charles Napier. On the evidence of several perjured witnesses the Meer was convicted, and the Marquis of Dalhousie stripped him, not only of these districts, but also of some other possessions, thereby "annexing" territory to the value of £80,000 a-year. The chief accuser, Shaikh Ali Husseyn, subsequently confessed his perjury against Meer Ali, who having applied repeatedly, but in vain, to the Indian Government for redress, at last proceeded to London in search of justice. Here he met with every opposition, the Board of Directors declining even to sanction his reception at Court. While in London news arrived of the Indian mutiny, whereupon the Meer, although suffering from injustice and indigni-

* *Narrative of a Residence at the Court of Meer Ali Moorad : with Wild Sports in the Valley of the Indus.* By Edward Archer Langley, late Captain, Madras Cavalry. London : Hurst and Blackett. 1860.

ties, despatched directions to his son and deputy to give all aid to the English, and to place every available man and horse under the orders of the Chief Commissioner in Sindh. He shortly afterwards started on his return to India; and it was on his arrival at Trieste that our author joined him as secretary.

Captain Langley is evidently a man of considerable powers of observation. During his residence in Sindh he availed himself of every opportunity of obtaining a knowledge of the Ameer's territories. He joined in his pursuits, and has carefully noted the resources of the country and the costumes of the people. With the wild sports in the Valley of the Indus he became well practised, and his descriptions of them form the most entertaining parts of his volumes. As a vivid picture of the life of an Indian prince, we can recommend his narrative to our readers. It abounds in graphic delineations of character. We should not convey a just impression of the work if we omitted to add, that it also contains full information on the government, the revenues, and the productions of this important province.

The love of sport appears to be the absorbing passion of Meer Ali. To this mania he sacrifices his time day after day, and month after month. Whole tracts of country are kept waste as hunting-grounds. His own resources, and that of the people, are wasted in these pursuits. His daily routine is somewhat as follows:—The Ameer with his retinue devotes the mornings to hunting or shooting, breakfasting at 9 or 10. He then holds a *darbar*, a primitive throne having been prepared by spreading a cotton carpet and placing a charpoy or bed with cushions at the upper end; on this his Highness seats himself, his courtiers squatting on the carpet; petitions are presented; the Meer glances at them, and assures the supplicants of early attention. Music succeeds, and then the Meer withdraws to take his siesta, which may on no account be disturbed. When he rises and has bathed, he disposes of the remainder of the day in firing at a mark, inspecting dogs, or trying hawks at partridges or crows. In his hunting forays he insists on the attendance of his sons,

considering those only to be his sons who accompany him to the chase.

Hawking, hog-hunting, and shooting, are the prevalent sports, all of which are described by Captain Langley with great zeal and vigour. He bore a part in a battue of wild-fowl, such as he never before witnessed.

“About a mile to the east of Khyrpoor is a lake, called the Kulloree, said to be about fifteen miles in circumference. This the Meer has formed by means of a canal, which being dammed up has overflowed a large tract of his finest land, in order to obtain one or two days' wild-fowl shooting. The said lake, too, has repeatedly threatened his capital with destruction by the bursting of its bund. The Kulloree, however, is nowhere deep, except in certain places close to the bund; and, being intersected with bushes and surrounded with reeds, affords shelter to water-fowl of every sort in myriads, ducks and teal of various kinds, pelicans and cranes, coots, water-hens, and every species of aquatic birds, from the dab-chick upwards. As these birds had not heard the sound of a gun for upwards of two years, consequent on the Meer's absence in England, they were less wary at first than wild-fowl usually are, and his Highness's method of shooting would, I think, rather astonish a professional wild-fowl shooter from Hampshire or the Fens. His Highness's breakfast tent having been pitched near the embankment east of the city, I rode out there and found it surrounded by the usual crowd of Mooktyar, Kars, Moonshees, minstrels, mendicants, and the like; and having submitted some papers for his Highness's approval, I was about to return home, when I was invited by the Meer to remain as a spectator of the wild-fowl shooting. His Highness and his youngest son took the field together in a *mauffa*, a sort of open palankeen, the pattern of which must have furnished the idea of that litter, or call it what you will, wherein the Inca makes his appearance in Pizarro, as represented at the Princess's Theatre. His Highness and Meer Khan Mahomed, having thus been carried through the swamp, seated themselves on a raft composed of a dozen large pots lashed to a frame covered with reeds, very suitable for such sport, which was pushed through the water towards the ducks and other wild-fowl; and these were at first so little alarmed that they allowed the raft to approach within forty yards ere they took wing. Great was the destruction by the first few shots, till the continued firing caused them to become more wary; but even then the birds wheeled round

and round within easy shot of the princes, till at length the ducks and larger fowl appeared each time to increase the length of their flights, and after some hundred shots had been fired they abandoned the lake for some more secure place of refuge. Still, however, the firing was kept up on coots, divers, and water-hens, which, being hardly allowed a moment's pause to rest their weary wings on the bosom of the water, were forced to fly round and round, thus affording sport after the ducks and teal had all sought shelter at a distance. When the Meer and his sons were tired of slaughter, much amusement was caused by their *biped* retrievers in endeavours to catch wounded birds, many of which were swimming about with broken wings, and afforded good sport, as their pursuers, in wading after them, occasionally popped heels over head into deep holes, to the manifest entertainment of the Meer and his sons; but the Sindhis are a good-humoured race, and though the water was cold, they took their duckings in very good part. Thus ended our grand water-fowl shikar."

In the government of his people the Meer is merciful, the crime of poaching alone being severely punished, as he deems the life of a hog more valuable than that of a man. He hears important cases himself, but the ordinary civil suits are adjusted by Mr. Feeny, an European, who has charge of the Meer's Udalut. Sentence of death is rarely passed, fining being the chief punishment. Torture is sometimes inflicted to exact confessions, or compel the surrender of ill-gotten gains.

"One method is to place the party astride on a charpoy; his feet are then tied below with a rope as tightly as possible, thereby causing intense pain; but if this be insufficient to produce confession, water is thrown on the ropes, which causes them to shrink to such a degree, that they cut the unhappy sufferer to the bone, causing so much agony that the poor wretch at once gives up his money or confesses to what is required of him. The more common practice, however, is to place some beetles of a peculiar kind in a saucer upon the navel of the victim, binding it tightly on with a cummerbund. The beetles immediately begin to gnaw the part, seeming to the wretched sufferer to be eating into his very entrails, and thereby causing him such intense agony and terror that he in a few minutes gives in."

They have detectives of crime, in

the shape of puggees or trackers, from whom there is as little chance of escape as from a bloodhound. The moment a robbery is announced, the footprint of the thief is marked, and covered over carefully. The tracker never forgets a footprint after seeing it. He pursues the track step by step, through running water, across freshly turned-up land, through corn-fields, over the desert, through the crowded bazaar, and along the high-roads, until the thief is hunted down. If the runaway is traced to a village, the inhabitants are mulcted in the price of the stolen articles, unless the zemindar can point out the footmarks beyond his district. Suspected parties are often subjected to the ordeal of fire and water. The accused is lowered into a well until his head is under water, at the same moment an arrow is shot as far as possible, and a runner starts to fetch it. If the culprit can keep his head under water until the arrow is brought back, he is considered innocent, but otherwise he is pronounced guilty.

"In the trial by fire, a trench was dug, seven cubits in length, and filled with firewood, which was lighted; and the accused, having his legs encased in green plantain leaves, had to pass from end to end through the flames, his escape without injury being held as proof of his innocence."

Our author narrates some more harmless modes of detecting pilferers. One of his Khyrpoor friends having been repeatedly robbed of his sugar-candy, bethought him of an ingenious trap:—

"Having caught a dozen of wasps, he clipped off their wings, and dropped them into the jar of sugar-candy. The room was open to all the servants, but nothing occurred till the dusk of the evening, when one of them going into the room, ostensibly to bring some tobacco for his master's hookah, was heard to set up a fearful yell. The master at once knew that his bait had taken, and rushing into the room with several servants, caught the pilferer, *flagrante delicto*, as with a handful of sugar-candy he had grasped some wasps. I also heard of another ingenious way of detecting a pilferer: The party who had been robbed drove a wooden pin into the floor of a dark inner room, and anointed it thoroughly with *asafetida*; he then assembled his servants, one of whom he knew must be

the thief, and after a preliminary ceremony, to awaken their superstitious fears, he said, 'Now go into that room singly, and lay firmly hold of the pin: the guilty party will stick to it, the others need have no fears.' The servants having gone in and returned, one at a time, their hands were examined, and all but one were found to smell strongly of *asafatida*. That one was, of course, the thief; as, knowing himself to be unobserved, he had not touched the pin, for fear of sticking to it, as he had been told he would; and his house being searched, the stolen property was found therein."

Of the injustice perpetrated upon Meer Ali Moorad by the Indian Government, Captain Langley entertains a decided opinion; and he makes out apparently a very strong case in favour of his patron, adducing other instances of broken treaties. Into the merits of these questions we have not space to enter, though we heartily subscribe to his general observations on the impolicy of undermining confidence in British faith, and thus estranging from us the allegiance of the native princes of India. The word of an Englishman should be considered inviolable, if we seek to maintain our present universal rule over the immense territories which in every quarter of the globe acknowledge our sway.

Thirty-five years' experience of the country, and familiar intercourse with the natives of every degree, fully justify Captain Langley in expressing his opinion of the cause of the mutiny of 1857. He has arrived at the conclusion—

"That it arose from our continued misgovernment, our grasping policy of annexation, our repeated breaches of faith, and the humiliation of native princes by British functionaries. To the above causes, he adds the laxity of discipline in the native army of Bengal, and the maddening sense of despair arising from an utter hopelessness of redress in all appeals to the Home Government."

As regards our future in India, though warfare is for the present at an end, Captain Langley does not consider that tranquillity is really restored; "for the minds of the masses are still untranquillized, and their

hostility of heart is still unallayed." Our enormous forces keep the natives in awe, so that no further attempt at insurrection may be apprehended, unless a foreign foe should appear upon the scene.

Whatever may be the strict justice of the case, as between the Eastern Sovereigns and the British Government, there can be no doubt that our rule is more for the advantage of the population and of the country than that of the native princes. Under the latter, the land has remained uncultivated, and great tracts have been formed into hunting grounds; the people are oppressed, uneducated, and addicted to predatory pursuits; while under the beneficent sway of our government, peace has been established, agriculture introduced, steamers placed on the rivers, and railroads formed to connect the principal seats of commerce. The trade of the province has advanced, in sixteen years of British government, from £122,000 to upwards of two millions and a half. Surely some just arrangement can be devised, by which the dispossessed princes may be compensated; while, at the same time, the rapid development of the resources of these vast territories may be permitted to progress.

THE cause of religious liberty is brightening. A Scotch minister can condemn the Covenanters, and an Anglican regard the Royal Charles as no martyr. Mr. Marsden's "History of the Puritans" led the way in this return to charity and good sense; and now Mr. Cunningham follows,* with no uncertain steps, in the same direction. A Church History of Scotland, written by a Presbyterian minister who is neither blind to the faults of his own party, nor pledged to the divine right of the Assembly over all estates of the realm, is a phenomenon to astonish Mr. Buckle. According to this writer, Scotland is as backward as Spain or Sweden in just notions of religious liberty; and if she is civilized at all, in the sense that the Positive school understand civilization, it is not on account of, but in spite of, her religious institutions.

The church of Robertson, and Chal-

* *The Church History of Scotland, from the commencement of the Christian Era to the present Century.* By the Rev. John Cunningham, Minister of Crieff. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black.

mers, and Hugh Miller may bear the reproach of bigotry with a patient shrug; she can point to ecclesiastics as enlightened and liberal as any in Christendom. Still, it cannot be denied, that over the Border the ways of the antique world in religious matters were looked upon with more favour than with us. The Puritan party has maintained its descent from its Covenanting fathers more unblemished than we have done; the Latitudinarians have had less scope in Scotland than in England. This is the extent of Mr. Buckle's charge against Scotland. The want of religious liberty was less felt there, for the whole people, with some insignificant exceptions, were agreed at least in fundamentals. Dissenters there were none from the doctrine of the Presbyterian Church, and dissent from discipline only, took the form of a new Presbyterian Church as like the old, as a swarm of bees is like the old hive they migrated from.

Necessity has made us tolerant in England and in Ireland. But we have little to boast of on either side of toleration, and therefore have no right to throw stones at Scotland for her backwardness to follow our example. There is but a difference of a few years in the two countries.

We compared Mr. Cunningham's Church History to Mr. Marsden's "History of the Puritans," and we have no higher praise to bestow, than that he rivals the English churchman in impartiality and fair dealing. Carlyle is a bigot, and Macaulay an enthusiast, in comparison with the Anglican clergyman, who writes as calmly as Hallam but not so coldly. Writing a religious history, not merely a history of religion, both the English and Scotch historians look upon the actors in the stormy and passionate times of the seventeenth century, as men who have gone to their account—as men whom God both has judged and will judge.

So of those who signed the Covenant, and of those who worshipped in the words of Laud's liturgy. It is a great mistake to suppose that the cure for the pulpit-drum ecclesiastic style, in which churchmen often write and think, is to spring from adopting a cold negative spirit in religious matters. Like the spear of Achilles, which healed the wounds it had made, religion is the only cure for the intolerance it

seems to excite. If the beginnings of faith lead to breaches of charity, it is more faith that will bring back true charity; as it is the same sunshine which makes unripe fruit so acid, and sweetens it when fully ripe.

Take, as an example of Mr. Cunningham's impartiality, his account of Archbishop Spottiswood. His name is generally held in abhorrence by strict Presbyterians, as the chief agent employed by King James I. to force Episcopacy on the country. He did not lead the way, as Laud, to those changes in the religion of Scotland which cost Charles his crown and his life, but he followed with no uncertain steps. As the instrument of tyranny is often more hated than the tyrant, so it fared with Spottiswood. But Mr. Cunningham extends to him the indulgence of that charity that thinketh no evil. He says of him:—

"He was a liberal-minded and enlightened man, though unfortunately the slave of despotic power. When no longer able to defend himself, he was charged with crimes which we do not believe. But we do believe that he imitated the laxity of manners at that time prevalent among the dignitaries of the English Church. He did not remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. He loved a game at cards or at dice. He could be joyous over a glass of wine. The austere Covenanters were scandalized at these things; but Covenanters and Archbishops are now alike in their grave, where their love and their hatred and their envy are perished, and let us therefore, as far as truth will allow, think well of the dead."

Take another instance of the like admirable spirit. Charles II., in the camp of the Covenanters, was called on to sign a declaration in which he professed himself to be deeply humbled in the sight of God for his father's opposition to the solemn League and Covenant, by which so much of the blood of the Lord's people had been shed, and for the idolatry of his mother, and its toleration in the king's house. Is it wonderful that the king, who had broken one pledge, should break another also, without scruple? Yet, the Covenanters thought that they could fetter the king's conscience by adding oath to oath.

"Was it not too bad," Mr. Cunningham observes, "that the ministers of religion should compel the unprincipled youth to break the first command-

ment with promise, by casting public dishonour on his father and mother? They knew he was not sincere. They had blamed the sire for yielding nothing: they had now got a son who would yield every thing. He seemed to be sent to them by Providence, to teach them the folly of concussing the conscience."

Mr. Cunningham carries his history down to the period of the memorable disruption of the Free Kirk, in 1843. He has thus embraced, in one comprehensive view, the rise and progress of Christianity from the earliest times down to the days in which we live; and on the whole, a more fair and impartial narrative is not to be desired. The perusal of his pages forces on us the reflection that Scotland lost as much as she gained by her boasted uniformity of worship and discipline. Presbyterianism was a yoke heavier to bear in Scotland than ever Prelacy was in England; liberty of conscience and the rights of private judgment was a plant of slower growth north of the Tweed than in Erastian England. It is curious it should be so: the one church was Monarchical, the other Republican, and yet the Republican Church was the more illiberal and intolerant of the two. Synodical action is the desire of the Anglican churchman now-a-days—and yet this same synodical action has caused all the schisms and heresies of the Scotch Church since the Reformation. A Church Council makes the meat it feeds upon: it first taints a doctrine with heresy, and then destroys it as tainted. The existence of our National Church in England would depend then (if there is any teaching in history) on its non-synodical action. It was the lot of the Levites to be divided in Jacob and scattered in Israel, and so long as our Anglican Levites are so kept separated from each other, and mixed with the mass of the community over the land, their existence as the national clerisy may be maintained; but if they are given one rallying point, whether in London, Edinburgh, or Dublin, to which to repair and legislate in a body, their synods will end, as all other synods have done, in a struggle for power,

and finally in one party ejecting the other. Men may differ about the desirability or not of a national clerisy; but if it is to exist at all, it must be on terms of comprehension much broader than High Presbyterianism or High Anglicanism usually allow. Whether Mr. Cunningham meant to impress this lesson on his readers, we cannot say; but certain it is, that we rise with this conviction from the perusal of the struggles of Independence against Church authority in Scotland.

THE interest excited by Mr. Atkinson's relation of his adventurous journeys in the valleys of the Amoor sinks in comparison with the importance of his account of the marvellous acquisitions of Russia in the East.* The steady extension of the Russian territories cannot but be regarded with anxiety by the other European Powers. Quietly and gradually her influence is creeping on into the plains of Central Asia. Her agents are scattered among the various tribes wherever they can obtain a footing, availing themselves zealously of every opportunity of extending her sway. They pay court to the chiefs of the tribes, decorate them with medals, present them with swords, gold-laced coats, or cocked hats, give them the dangerous privilege of attending councils, where they become as it were parties to binding their own tribes with laws, which gradually rivet still faster the fetters with which they and their people are being bound. The silly chief returns from these councils to his aoul "dressed in a little brief authority," and unsuspecting of the net in which he has been caught. He brings with him a young Russian, familiar with the language of the tribe, who becomes his secretary, worms himself into his secrets, translates all official documents, and indites his replies. The chief affixes his seal to the despatches thus prepared, without comprehending one word of them. The Russian spy reports regularly to his head all that he observes of the chief and of those who visit him. In time Russia obtains real power in the district, and

* *Travels in the Regions of the Upper and Lower Amoor, and the Russian Acquisitions on the Coastlines of India and China.* By Thomas Wiliam Atkinson, F.R.G.S., Author of "*Oriental and Western Siberia.*" London: Hurst and Blackett. 1860.

then she exacts both men and money from the nomades. Thus she has extended her territories even to the confines of the lands under Chinese sway.

For many years the Cossacks had, with varying success, endeavoured to grasp from the Chinese Empire the immense tracts of country on the north of the great river Amoor. After several attempts to penetrate into these regions it was decided to effect a settlement on its banks; and in 1650 a body of Cossacks, under Khabaroff, selected Albazin as the best situation for a fortress. On its completion a town was built in its vicinity by the numerous hunters who follow the Cossacks. The plunders of these men aroused the indignation of the tribes, who were, however, powerless to dislodge them. Gaining courage, in time they carried their depredations beyond the Amoor, and even attacked the Chinese outposts. After remonstrating in vain, the Celestials sent an army in 1657 to besiege Albazin, which after two years' siege, they razed to the ground. Many efforts were subsequently made to regain a footing on the Amoor. The Cossacks and hunters rebuilt Albazin, which was again inhabited by still larger numbers. In 1685 the Chinese anew invested the town, determined to dislodge the Muscovites from their territory. After a long resistance the Cossacks were overpowered by numbers, and the town once more levelled to the ground. A succession of encroachments ensued, and treaties were concluded in 1689 and 1728 between the Russians and Chinese, clearly showing that the latter, up to this time, maintained the pre-eminence. The Russians abandoned all claim to the countries in dispute, and boundaries were defined at the dictation of the Chinese. At this period Russia was unable to cope with the Celestials, who subjected them to many indignities, and dealt with them as with vassals. What a contrast to the present position of the parties!

We have been speaking of the countries to the north of the Amoor. The vast tracts to the eastward were still a *terra incognita* to the Russians. From time to time, glowing descriptions of the value of this fur-producing country were received. A Russian convict, who had escaped from Siberia, confirmed these reports. He passed the Chinese posts, and, surmounting great

difficulties, succeeded in reaching the mouth of the Amoor. Here he was frustrated in his efforts at escape, and forced to return. He joined a party of sable hunters, and with them had an opportunity of seeing the wealth of the country. Having reached one of the fairs resorted to by the Cossacks, he was recognised and brought back to the mines. His chief considered the information he brought back so important, that he procured a remission of his sentence, on condition of his taking another journey in search of more accurate information. Other accounts having confirmed his reports, in 1848 an expedition of an officer and four Cossacks was sent to explore the river. They were fully accoutred for the enterprise, and instructed to avoid any collision with the natives; but the party never returned, nor were they ever heard of afterwards. In 1854 a wonderful change took place in the relative position of the Russians and Chinese. Hitherto the Celestials had been able to keep back the Cossacks, and maintain their supremacy in the countries extending from the great wall of China to the north of the river Amoor. But in that year an expedition on a large scale was fitted out by the Governor-General of Oriental Siberia, to obtain possession of the north bank of the river. Mr. Atkinson narrates, that in less than six weeks the whole of this vast region, including the country between the Amoor and the Russian frontier to the north of the Yablonoi, had changed masters. General Mouravioff had seized on all the points necessary for the security of the new acquisition, and before the end of the year, the entire Chinese army could not have dislodged the small body of Cossacks placed in position.

Russia has thus seized upon a territory extending about 6,000 miles in length over more than two-thirds of her Southern Siberian frontier, commencing on the Caspian in 44° latitude N., and 51° longitude E., and ending in 53° latitude N., and 142° longitude E. The great water-course, through which alone access can be had from the Pacific to the vast plains of Central Asia, is in her hands. For 2,200 miles the river extends into the eastern portion of the country. The Amoor is navigable for a great distance from the sea. Admiral Pou-

teatine ascended it in a steamer in 1855 as far as Maloi Nadejda, situate 124° longitude E. The Russians have erected martello towers in Cape Tebak and Cape Pronge, to guard the mouth of the river, and the telegraph will soon connect the Amoor with St. Petersburg. The opposite island of Saghalien must ere long be added to the dominions of the Czar. The large beds of coal on this island will supply the Russian steam navy in this quarter.

It is of this unknown region that Mr. Atkinson treats. He travelled through its entire length. Starting from Semipalatinsk on the frontier between Siberia and the Kirghis Steppe in the west, he worked his way through dangers and difficulties to the debouchement of the Amoor into the Sea of Japan in the East. He crossed the desert and encountered adventures of absorbing interest to the traveller and the sportsman. Endowed with great powers of observation, Mr. Atkinson's remarks on the formation of the country afford material for speculation to the geologist, the botanist, and all scientific students. In an appendix are given lists of mammalia, birds, and trees of the various countries visited. He has opened up a new field of commerce to the merchant, pointing out the products of the land, as well as the manufactured articles required by the natives. Numerous emigrants have settled in these regions, introducing agriculture and other branches of industry. Mr. Atkinson considers that no man can better adapt himself to circumstances than the Russian peasant.

"He is ingenious, can turn his hand to any occupation; indeed, by the aid of his axe and saw alone he can build his dwelling, and be his own cabinetmaker. He is his own tailor and shoemaker, grows his flax, and his wife and children spin and weave their linen. In short, there are few necessaries which these people cannot prepare. Generally he is a good hunter, and understands the use of his rifle; he can thus procure food wherever game is found. This gives him confidence in his new position, and makes him formidable to an enemy if molested. When once made a free agent, his natural capabilities will be developed, and then he will not be behind any European, either in genius or industry."

We adduce the following account

of our author's visit to a cavern, situated in the gorge of the Ac-sou, to the eastward of Ropal, in Chinese Tartary, as proof that we have but done justice to his powers of description:—

"What a terrific scene burst upon me! I was standing before the portal these wild people say leads into the regions of Tartarus. In front, a dark jutting precipice almost closed the chasm: it rose nearly perpendicular, not less than 1,800 feet. A few small bushes were growing in the crevices near its summit, with scattered plants on the upper ledges, and in this Cyclopean mass was the terrible cavern swallowing up the river. All were silent with astonishment, and we stood watching the torrent rush on into the fearful abyss, producing a sound that created such a feeling of dread, I ceased to wonder at the convictions of the Kirghis.

"The entrance to this cavern is formed by a vast and rugged archway, about fifty feet wide, and seventy feet high. The various coloured mosses on the dark rocks give them a bronzed and metallic appearance, quite in character with the scene. Through this dismal opening the river passed in a channel thirty feet wide, and apparently ten feet deep. A stony ledge, about twelve feet wide, formed a terrace along the edge of the stream, just above the level of the water, and extended into the cave till lost in darkness.

"When my amazement had somewhat subsided, I prepared to explore the cavern, by placing my packet of baggage and my rifle on the rocks, and the two Cossacks followed my example. The guide watched these proceedings with great interest; but when he beheld us entering the gloomy cave, he was horrified.

"Having proceeded about twenty paces, the noise caused by the falling water became fearful, and a damp chilling blast met us. Beyond this point the cavern extended both in width and height, but I could form no idea of its dimensions. We cautiously groped our way on; and as my eyes gradually became more accustomed to the gloom, I could distinguish the broken floor and the rushing water. Having gone about eighty yards from the entrance, we could see the river bound into a terrific abyss, 'black as Erebus,' while some white vapour came wreathing up, giving the spot a most supernatural appearance.

"It was an awful place, and few persons could stand on the brink of this gulf without a shudder, while the roaring of the water was appalling, as it resounded in the lofty dome over our heads.

It was utterly impossible to hear a word spoken, nor could this scene be contemplated long; there was something too fearful for the strongest nerves, when trying to peer into these horrible depths."

The narrative is enlivened with native legends, curious and original. Even among these wild tribes romance is to be found. We refer our fair readers to chapters twelve and thirteen, for the story of the elopement of Souk, son of Sultan Timour, with Ai-Khanym,

the charming daughter of Djan-ghir Khan, and her tragic end. In all respects the volume is a fitting companion to the author's valuable work, "*Oriental and Western Siberia*." It is illustrated by a map, and numerous landscapes, engraved from his own drawings. We regret we cannot further follow Mr. Atkinson in his explorations, albeit they would lead us into scenery which for vastness and wildness cannot be surpassed.

WANDERINGS IN IRELAND.

NO. II.

NORTH-WEST BY NORTH.

WE were sorry to leave the wild rocks and solitary glens of Donegal: its great mountains, and its magnificent cliff scenery, and the cordial and courteous hospitality we had received from kind friends in that rough region. And it may make our reader smile when we assert, that our regret at parting assumed something of a sentimental hue, owing, we suppose—since the physical man affects the mental—to the antipathetic and lowering nature of our daily dietary; for beef in that unbucolical country being at discount, and mutton rarely seen, we had consequently become regular fish eaters—ichthyophagi—and prandial consumers each day of salmon, turbot, and lobster, eked out with strawberries and cream; delicate and ambrosial food it must be confessed, and probably producing in us a commensurate and appropriate degree of sentimental regret and softness, which seemed to be shared in by the elements, or as Moore calls them, "our own weeping skies," as they poured potles-full on us the whole way from Roxborough to Killybegs, while we sat on our car, half-smothered beneath the united weight of our emotions, and our mackintoshes, and waved a fond farewell to the land of red salmon and rare scenery; the land of lakes and lobsters; crabs and cataracts; turbots and tarns; cliffs, glens, caves, crosses, cromlechs, strawberries, and trout.

We were sorry not to have seen the curious mountain of Leahan, at Ma-

linbeg—the word signifies "broad"—which the mountain is at the summit, and likewise very barren; sloping steeply and roundly down at all sides for 1,000 feet, and then suddenly ending in a precipitous mural face of rock, which descends or drops down 400 sheer feet to the sea. The total height of Leahan in the Ordnance Survey Map, is 1,418 feet. A gorge yawns dismally between this mountain and Slieve League. Malinbeg, or as it is called on the map, Teelin Head, is 1,500 feet high, and has a tower on its summit. From these mountain cliffs can be seen on a fine day the misty headlands of Mayo, and the stags of Broadhaven; while near, and at their feet, is lovely Trabane, or the White Strand. Here the cliffs are not high, but very picturesque, and covered in many places with verdure, including ivy and wild flowers. The strand is shut in, and of a crescent shape; and is an illustration of prettiness in contrast with grandeur, Malinbeg soaring beside it, and a curious natural bridge connecting its rocks with a promontory called "The Doon." From near this there is a backward view of the "Slia League," the cliffs in the distance appear bathed in a purple hue. From the Doon you look upon the White Strand. There is a deep hole near the tower on Malinbeg, which sinks through the heart of the cliff, and is supposed to reach the sea, something like MacSwine's Gun at Horn Head. We had a longing to have gone from Glen to Ardara,

through the savage gorge of Glengash—the very name is the condensation of three volumes of romance and horrors contained in one word!—but nothing stirred our spirit to its depths more than a description given us by Mr. Wilson, of the wondrous coast scenery running for eleven miles from Tormore and Pol-an-uisgé up to Loughrus Beg, and its “curious bay,” and Maghera; passing the great isolated rock of Tormore, already mentioned; and Toralaydan, the former over 400, and the latter 350 feet high, and both presenting sheer cliffs on all sides: passing, too, the ranges of Glenlough and Slieve-Altoney, which rise from the sea more than 1,000 feet; with another elevation topping their mural precipices of 600 feet of additional altitude, and crowned by a beautiful outline of long rocky ridges and eminences: passing another range of precipices, which for two miles frown over the tides of Loughrus Bay: passing the green slopes broken by rocks and ravines of mountain after mountain, which succeed the sea cliffs, and rise abruptly from the water, forming a wilderness of lofty and most grotesque mountains, in the depths of whose solitudes, amidst dark ledges and shadows, sleeps the wild Lough Nalughran.

There are marvels all along this coast as yet totally unknown; and caves under the cliffs unvisited by living creature, save the seal or the gull, or perhaps some roving Viking centuries ago.

All this fine scenery is more accessible from Ardara than from Glen, and there is a very good road to the former from Donegal by Glenties; and post cars all the way to Ardara, where there is an inn of small repute, but where an ardent tourist might very well rough it, for the sake of the outward charms of nature in this place, which are peculiar, original, and suggestive—woods, mountains, sea, and strath, all combining to make up the landscape which smiles around lovely Ardara.

While on the subject of directions as to roads and inns, we would advise all tourists who wish to visit the Slieve League cliffs, or go down into Glencolumbkille, to take up their quarters at the new inn at Carrick, built by Mr. Conolly, the county member; a bright little hostel, lying

about three miles beyond Kilcar, and ten northward from Killybegs; and should they scale the summit of the “Slieve Lia,” let them not forget to look out there for the ruins of a monastery, presided over in the sixth century by St. Carthach, after whom the village has its designation of Kilcar, or Carthach’s Church.

In that most unaccountably unpopular book, “Lewis’ Topographical Dictionary,” it is said that “there is not a single tree in this parish.” We can testify to the inaccuracy of this statement. There are leafy beauty and pleasant arboreal shades at Roxborough, and no doubt elsewhere, there being so much shelter for shrub and tree amidst the rocks and valleys.

After all our scramblings and excitement, we were glad to pass a quiet day at Killybegs, sitting at the window of Rogers’ hotel, with as charming a *bit* of sea scenery, set in its green frame of grassy hills, as ever Vernet painted, or Cooper described. And there we sat notching down our remembrances as they rose to our mind.

We had breakfasted with Mr. Wilson, who, we said in our former paper, is the active and intelligent agent of Mr. Stewart Murray, the proprietor of a princely estate in this country. This gentleman represents the Murrays of Broughton, in Wigtonshire, an ancient Scottish family; his pre-nomen of Stewart he derives from his connexion with the noble house of Galloway, being great grandson of the sixth earl of that name. His Donegal property he holds by his descent from “Lady Broughton,” who in 1610 was the “original patentee” for at least 3,000 acres in this wild land from James I. Pynnar says, “in the patent roll these lands were given to George Murray de Broughton,” one of the gentlemen of the Queen’s bedchamber. The lady was probably the wealthy widow of one of the Broughtons, an ancient northern family, of whom Sir Thomas Broughton, of Broughton, in Westmoreland was attainted for high treason in the matter of Perkin Warbeck, and died temp. Henry VII. “in hiding at Withersack, in the same county, where his tomb is to be seen at this day;” so says old Camden, writing in 1615. In the “Survey of Donegal,” by Dr. M^{rs}Parlane, a “Lady Brombe” has 2,000 acres, and John

Murray 14,000 acres, in Boylagh and Bannagh barony. The first is probably a misprint for Broughton. The second handsome acreage, it is likely, fell to some of "the Murrays," all of whom were in high favour with King James I., because their noble chief, the second Earl of Athol, and his cousin, Lord Stormont, had personally rescued his Majesty's "most sacred person" from the murderous hands of the Ruthvens, at Gowrie Castle; and Mr. Murray Stewart of the present day bears in his coat of arms the hereditary mullets or spur rowels, which Walter Scott calls in his "Lady of the Lake," "the Murray's silver stars." Probably, George Murray de Broughton and his dame were both courtiers, and moving in the circle of royalty and high fashion; and it is an amusing speculation to inquire if they ever had seen their Irish grant, or ventured on so bold a journey as a visit to their Ulster wilds. Two hundred and fifty years ago it must have been a thorough wilderness, when even now it is so rugged and impervious; probably, then, it was only accessible by wild sheep-walks, or straggling boreens—

"Where the hunter of deer, or the warrior trode

To his hills which encompass the sea."

To the geologist all this district is full of matter for curious speculation and study; for even to our uninitiated eyes, the variety of the layers of rocks, and the diversity in the formations of sea cliffs lying close to each other, were striking and apparent. The botanist also would find clusters of wild flowers among the sheltered rocks and rocky glens. Rare and splendid ferns wave thickly by the sides of the gullies down which the hill-side torrents flash, "making their banks one emerald" with ceaseless sprinkling. Amidst the green crevices of the cliffs, samphire grows abundantly; and also the curious rose root, or *rodia*, whose fleshy tuber, on being bruised, exhales a perfume like that of a garden rose.

Altogether, Glencolumbkille is an attractive place to the lover of scenery, who delights to hold

"Converse with Nature's charms,
And view her stores unrolled."

Like all other mountaineers, the inhabitants of this region are enthusiastically attached to these re-

mote lines where their lot has fallen, and rather pride themselves on their position, and the very inconveniences it produces. We recollect, during a journey which we effected from Glen to Kilear in a certain springless cart, asking our driver, who was bumping most furiously opposite to us during the agonies of a trot down the mountain, "Is there no car with springs to be had in Glen?" to which he responded, "Het man, to be sure there are, *but the cart's a deal handier.*" And one of Mr. Griffith's servants, a regular Glencolumbkille, when taken lately to a gentleman's place some distance from home, was disappointed on getting inside the gates of the demesne, and seeing nothing but trees, and green lawns, and pleasure grounds, he turned round to his master on the car, and in a voice of pity exclaimed, "Well, well, but this is wild!"

We had a most disagreeably agreeable drive in the Killybegs van to Donegal—that is, the views, and air, and sky, and sea, were all bright and refreshing, but the van was densely packed, and a wall of rumbling, lumbering trunks, baskets, bags, and portmanteaus, loosely corded, soared and nodded at our back, and threatened us with the doom of *Æschylus* at every jolt on the road—"imminet horrendus scopulus"—which being translated, means, a trunk had nearly fallen on our head; it was an emigrant's box, and, verily, was the size of an oat-bin. We parted with our agreeable friends, the rector of Kilear and his kind lady, on getting off the van in the street of Ballyshannon, where chaos seemed to have come again, and where we narrowly escaped the fate of *Orestes* among the candidate carmen, who strove to secure our person and portmanteau for Bundoran, whither we were bound. At last we were prevailed on to "sit up" on a vehicle with "a studdy horse," and in a few seconds we were toiling up the high and hilly street of Ballyshannon. It is a very dismal and dirty town, with the river Erne running strong and fierce, and at wintry times broad, and black, and deep under its old bridge, hastening furiously to the rocky precipice just below the town, over which it flings itself like a maniac, and is lost in the sea. It is a noble stream all the way down from Belleek, at which

little village it separates itself from its parent lake, and makes its escape amidst the obstruction of gigantic boulders, and broad brown rocks, around and over which it whirls and foams, and falls in melodious roar, till a few yards more it reaches its stony and rugged bed, along which, between high and wooded banks, it rolls along rough and swiftly, till it falls into Donegal harbour. It is a splendid river for salmon fishing, and much frequented by anglers. On a broken ledgy cliff, near Ballyshannon, and over the sea, hang the ruins of Kilbarron Castle. In the thirteenth century here were schools of learning held by the O'Clerys, who were hereditary *Ollaves* or historians to the O'Donels. These O'Clerys—Anglice, Clerks—were Galwegians by race, and of an ancient family. They had had much property, which was forfeited partly in the troubles of the seventeenth century, and afterwards under the infamous penal laws of the British government. Their name has an honourable association with the "Annals of the Four Masters,"* which the O'Clerys wrote about 1632, partly in the monastery of Donegal, and partly, we believe, in this very Castle of Kilbarron. Their lineal descendant, John O'Clery, still lives, and though in humble life, has the family taste for poetry and literature, and though poor, can show a pedigree as long as that of a Welsh prince or Highland chieftain.

The smell of the sea comes on you as you approach Bundoran. We had a long hill to mount, and had leisure to take cognizance of our car and its political cushions, as well as to observe the "studdy horse." The poor animal's hind-quarter was all crimped and streaked with longitudinal lines; and on asking the driver the cause of this appearance, he told me that "the beast had been twice fired to cure his hep (hip), which was out of joint." A more singular remedy for reducing a dislocation we never had heard of; and we thought it as barbarous as it was extraordinary. We lunched at Bundoran with some friends, at a large house built by Mr. Hamilton, the hotel-keeper, and overlooking the

sea; a wide-roomed, airy, cool, unfurnished, clean kind of mansion, with back and side windows looking to the waves, that come in so pleasantly and smilingly always at Bundoran, which is a thoroughly enjoyable little watering place, redolent of sea-weed, oil silk, bonnets *de la mer*, and blue bathing dresses; and commanding grand but generally misty views of Teelin Head, and its Glencolumbkille giant brothers, which loom proudly but indistinctly across the broad water of Donegal bay, towering in the distance; and to an enthusiastic lover of mountains, which we profess to be, looking most tempting in all they conceal and in all they suggest.

We had a great desire to see something of the unknown beauties of Lough Melvyn, which separates the counties of Leitrim and Fermanagh, and gladly accepted an invitation from the master of Kinlough house, which is two miles from Bundoran, on the way to Glengade and Manorhamilton. A prettier or a more romantic grouping of scenery could nowhere be found than at this place, and its pendants of landscape present: the small embowered village, the leaf-crowned church, the extremely handsome house, a finished specimen of graceful architecture, surrounded by its lawns and gardens, and belted with its immense holly trees, and dark forest timber. On the right soars the longitudinal mountain of Dartree, "*dorsum immane*," with its green slopes to the lake, and its high angular scarp to the west. Before the hall-door, the eye, looking over the long green lawn, is detained by the ruins of a church girt with trees, and then passes on to where, like a silver shield, and glittering in light, Lough Melvyn reposes with its green islands, steep banks, and calm waters. On the right of the house, and towards its rear, through rifts in the trees, are to be seen glimpses of the line of mountains which trend to the sea on the Sligo road, and all exhibiting the sharp rectangular scarp so common in the limestone formation. Here are Benbulbin, or the King's Mountain, Benduff, and Benwhiskey, with its sharp mural precipice beetling over the ocean. We had a lovely drive the morning

* Michael, Cucogry, and Conary O'Clery were the chief writers. The work has been translated by Dr. O'Donovan, and published by Messrs. Hodges, Smith, and Co., Dublin, in seven volumes, forming a splendid work.

after our arrival through these highlands, starting, like Dr. Syntax, in search of the picturesque, on our kind host's jaunting-car, and, accompanied by two gentle friends, with a liberal and highly recherché luncheon stowed in the *well* of the car, which term we will translate for the benefit of our English friends, as a rectangular excavated lignean receptacle, for the preservation of edibles and drinkables during excursions, prosecuted for the investigation of the picturesque. Now here is a definition which no one ought to object to, being done *à la* Doctor Johnson, sonorous, accurate, and graphic. The day was lovely, and our road lay at the base of these mountains, down whose sides, like oblong seams, run a vast number of almost parallel gullies, the natural drains made and used by mountain torrents. I never saw so curious a line of apexes as this range exhibits: some are conical, like the Cap of Liberty; some long and flattish, like the top of a huge pie; all of them presenting breaks, or landslips, or gaps: or being abrupt and scarped, like Benwhiskey, whose lofty top resembles the flat head dress and falling leaf worn by the modern female peasantry of Rome. We saw Lough Glenade, and drove through the valley, a beautiful, soft, sylvan scene, with woods on either side of the road, and gentle streams making music—the Bonet and the Ballagh rivers flowing and murmuring through sweet Glenade. Our point of termination was the village of Manorhamilton, where we had laid out to lunch, and rest ourselves amidst the picturesque ruins of the old castle, which gives a name and an interest to the village over which it stands lofty and pre-eminent. The moment we arrived and beheld the ancient keep rearing itself in the bright day and pure air; and much more when standing under its “grey but leafy walls, where Ruin greenly dwells,” and where, from the depth of his ivy, the winking owl looks at the continued flight of swallows, hurrying round the buttresses, or clinging to the stone mullions of the windows—the picture of the Thane’s house in “Macbeth” came vividly before us—

“This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses. This guest of summer,
The temple-loving martlet, does approve,

By his loved mansionry, that the heaven’s breath
Smells wooingly here. No jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed and procreant
cradle.

Where they most breed and haunt I have observed

The air is delicate.”

Manorhamilton is the property of the Earl of Leitrim. It looks a thoroughly neglected and unswept village, full of dust, and straws, and stones, and lounging idleness; the corners of the streets exhibiting a knot of gapers, and the inn windows crowded with the same. We were glad to escape and ensconce ourselves on the soft and smooth green sward of the old castle courtyard, where, having climbed some of the towers, and gone round the ruins, we sat down just where the line of shadow cast by the walls met the sunshine which fell like a shower of gold on the sod; and thus, “half in light and half in shade,” we awaited our luncheon. But alas, for all sublunary expectations! for on the approach of our liveried friend, he told us that the basket had been forgotten! actually and substantially left behind! The shock to our nervous system, especially on the ganglionic node, was tremendous. “Sad Philomel thus”—but we forbear to intrude our soul-harrowing grief on a sensitive poet, or disclose the nature of the substitute for our lost luncheon—horror of horrors! a dry biscuit and a musty bun! The Grecian painter drew a veil across the grief he could not portray, and we will follow his example.

These ruins are extremely interesting. They are well preserved, and thickly mantled with ivy. The original castle was a stately and splendid edifice, nearly one hundred feet square and forty feet in height, richly carved, and coigned with cut stone, walled all round, with four irregular bastions at the corners, and exhibiting a grand entrance. It was built by Sir Frederick Hamilton, in 1641—a troublous era—and was reputed as the strongest and handsomest castle in Ulster. The country all around is rich, undulating, varied, and beautiful; and the mountain of Benbo, 1,400 feet in altitude, rises opposite the castle and over the village, which is watered by the river Owenmore.

This Sir Frederick Hamilton was of the noble houses of Hamilton and

Abercorn. He was grandson to the second Earl of Arran, Regent of Scotland; he had also the ancient blood of Seton in his veins; he had charged against the Imperialists at Leipsig and Lutzen, and had heard the glorious war-cry of the Swedes, "Immanuel, God with us," and fought under the conquering banner of the greatest and best monarch-soldier of all times—Gustavus Adolphus. On his death he appears to have come to England, when, marrying the heiress of Sir John Vaughan, a Donegal settler, and Governor of Londonderry, he became Governor of Ulster, and built this magnificent fortalice. His son Gustavus—probably named after the King of Sweden, his father's old general—was an officer of rank, and fought at Londonderry and the Boyne with William, from whom he received large grants of escheated lands. He was a Privy Councillor, as well as a Brigadier-General—"tam Marti quam Mercurio;" had a peerage from George I., A.D. 1717, as Viscount Boyne, and married a daughter of Sir Henry Brooke, of Brookborough, county Fermanagh. He was *not* the famous Governor of Enniskillen in 1689. *He*, too, was Gustavus Hamilton, and of a noble stock, being nephew to Hugh Hamilton, created Lord Glenawly, 1660. This nobleman was son to Archibald Hamilton, who was Archbishop of Cashel, A.D. 1630, and was forced to fly to Sweden in the troubles of 1641. Here he married, and had two sons, viz., Lord Glenawly, and Colonel Ludowick Hamilton, father, by a Swedish lady of rank, of Gustavus Hamilton, the Governor of Enniskillen. This family descended from Sir Claude Hamilton, of Cochonogh, in the Lennox, as the district was called of old. It would now be described as Cochno, in the parish of Old Kilpatrick, and shire of Dumbarton.

It is a singular coincidence that there should have been two Gustavus Hamiltons, both living at the same time, serving the same cause; both soldiers, both nobly born, both governors, both living in the one county, leaders in the same army; both their fathers having been officers of rank and personal friends to Gustavus Adolphus, both serving in Sweden, both calling their sons after their great leader, and yet both these sons

perfectly and individually distinct, save possibly in some very remote Scotch relationship.

From Manorhamilton till we gained the shores of Lough Melvyn, the country presents nothing remarkable in the way of scenery. The road then, keeping on the south bank of the lake, ascends and descends in many undulations; it is cut out of the side of the mountain of Aghabohad, which springs from the shores of the lough to an elevation of 1,346 feet. To our left soared the sides of the steep upland; on our right, the sloping spurs of the mountain descended to the lake, fissured with many a green, and deep, and rocky gully, where, in winter, torrents rave, and leap, and foam; and, in summer, rivulets bubble and tinkle. Opposite to us, on the north side of Lough Melvyn, we saw the town of Garrison, glancing with white houses and walls, and looking very pure and clean in the evening sun. Here the Roogagh, with all its tributaries and feeders, discharges a heavy mass of waters into the lake. The islands lie more towards Kinlough. We counted four, viz., Innischin, Inniskeen, Innistemple, and Innismean. We saw nothing strikingly wild or racy about Lough Melvyn. It is a fine sheet of water, seven miles long; and its southern bank must look beautiful from the opposite side, with its views of upland, glen, wood, and waterfall.

The old castle of Dartree, or Rosalagher, is a ruin in one of the islands of Lough Melvyn. The Clancy family were chiefs of Dartree, but lost their property by confiscation in 1641.

We left Kinlough very early in the morning, having taken leave of our kind friends on the preceding evening. We were bound for Castle Caldwell, county Fermanagh. On the car with us we had a most agreeable companion—eloquent, though mute, highly instructive, though not uttering a word—viz., "The Schools and Schoolmasters" of poor Hugh Miller. One who, we thought, if so delightful in the silent companionship of his books, must have been utterly charming in his oral intimacy as a living being: a rare man and mind indeed; one who could not walk thirty yards on moor, or plain, or ocean-strand, or mountain side, but he would gather instruction, as a child would gather shells or wild

flowers, and adorning all he culled with the stored beauty of his own mind, and the picturesque simplicity of his own language, give them forth in his many books to delight and instruct his fellow-creatures.

We reached Belleek through Ballyshannon. The River Erne connects the two places, forming a beautiful cord of wild, raving, rushing, foaming water from the village to the town. The bridge of Belleek spans the river a few yards below where it bursts from Lough Erne. I have already noticed these splendid rapids, but no words could do justice to the water picture over which you look, when standing at the battlements of the bridge. Underneath you is a deep rocky channel bed sloping steeply from the lake, and all full of immense boulders, and jagged ledges, and precipitous rocks; rushing madly and heavily into these hollows, a mighty volume of water is precipitated in foam and thunder, as it falls from the lake, presenting not one, but a hundred cascades; with a continuous roar that lulls the senses while it excites the mind. The mass of water thus discharged we are sure must amount to many thousand tons every minute: and the water-power, even when the lake is low after a long drought, is immense, and always to be relied on. We saw it after long and heavy rains, and we felt that we never had seen grander or more striking rapids. And we thought of these lines—

"The roar of waters! rapid as the light,
The flashing mass foams, shaking the abyss.
The hell of waters, where they howl, and hiss,
And boil in endless torture, while the sweat
Of their great agony wrung out from this
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet
Which gird the gulf around in pitiless horror set."

It is very hard to turn your eyes from the Falls of Belleek, and lose the admiration with which this pulse-quickenning, spirit-stirring picture of "the noise and anger of great waters" fills your mind. The roar of the rapids is musical, delightful, and sublime. Turning round, you walk across the bridge, and survey the river as it emerges in wild hurry and rush from under the opposite arches, sweeping along its rude and stony bed, till lost to sight by the curve of intervening banks. Yet all along the road you

may trace its current by its voice, and mad exhilarating song, as it breasts and leaps over, or whirls round a thousand dark opposing boulders, which strew its bed, and check but cannot stay its course.

We said it was hard to turn from the survey of this exciting scene. Yet here, on the very spot—the torrent's actual brink—is a striking work of most elaborate and finished excellence. Amidst the roar of the rapids of old Erne, Nature and Art are seen side by side, as if assisting and utilizing each other; for here by the bridge is the new china factory, erected under the auspices of Mr. John Caldwell Bloomfield, who is lord of the soil.

The history of this factory is remarkable. By a mere accident Mr. Bloomfield discovered that he had large masses of a beautiful white felspar lying in the mountains of his estate. This he knew to be a substratum for the manufacture of china of the best kind; and feeling that he possessed at Belleek a water-power second to none in the United Kingdom for vast and sustained supply, his mind naturally reverted to the desire of benefiting his tenantry and estate, and opening the resources of his native county by the erection of a building for the grinding of the mineral, and the manufacture of it into china. In this position of affairs he found ready aid in the sympathy and enterprise of Mr. M'Birney, of the Dublin firm of "M'Birney, Collis, and Co.," who entered into all Mr. Bloomfield's views approvingly, and has erected the factory at Belleek at a large cost, aided by the great ability and zeal of the acting and resident partner, Mr. Armstrong, whose architectural taste is well displayed in the fine building which now adds a further charm to the vision of beauty presented to the tourist, as he stands amidst the thunder of the water, on the bridge of Belleek.

This very fine description of felspar is found in vast abundance on the Castle Caldwell property; and should the manufactory prosper, of which there can be but little doubt, its success will create quite a social revolution in Irish commerce; and thus all true-hearted lovers of the dear old soil of Green Erin must wish it well, and say—God prosper the cause and the work!

Although the advantage of water carriage into the very works themselves is enjoyed by the factory, yet so unmanageable is the great inland sea which constitutes Lough Erne, that to develop fully the many facilities which, in conjunction with the abundance of raw material, exists in this district, the certain and rapid communication insured by a railroad is required; and this want being seen and felt, is about to be supplied by another manifestation of the enterprise of our fellow-citizen, Mr. M'Birney.

Castle Caldwell, according to Mr. Fraser, is "the most beautifully situated of all the seats on Lough Erne," nor is there probably any place in the kingdom more happily circumstanced in regard of lake scenery. As we drove up the avenue, we marked the old dark church on the left, with its belt of trees bending in the breeze above it, like the black plumes over a hearse; on the left was a line of great firs sentineling the road; before us, and on either side, were glintings and shimmerings of the lake between the natural vistas of the trees, and the quivering and rustling of their myriad leaves: and patches of bright water contrasting with the green, soft, woodland. The house stands on an eminence or bank, which slopes steeply down to the lake strand. It is a very old and castellated mansion, and flanked by two square towers pierced for musketry, one of which was used as a belfry; on its right side, facing the lake, there are the remains of a stone terrace; opening on this antique causeway are three or four cells, with niches in them apparently for statues; these are now used as cow and fowl houses, and oxen low—"mugiant boxes"—and hens cackle, where once nuns told their beads, and breathed their aves. The building was originally monastic, though I cannot find it in Dugdale, and Archdale is silent on it.

The castle presents a broad frontage, with high Italian windows. At the door are two busts, one on either side. They are female heads, with their hair settled à l'*Imperatrice*, very ancient and much soiled by long exposure to the weather. The hall is large,

and high, and airy, and leads to a corridor, where, in a thrice noble room for size and light, is "the museum." Here are some things very beautiful, such as the royal robes of emperors and mandarins, brought by Mr. Bloomfield from China; some things very curious, such as King Charles the First's dressing-box; old *revolving* fire-arms, which ignore Colonel Colt as an original inventor; and some extremely ancient things, and of rare value, such as whole boxes of antique Roman coins, brought from Italy by Sir James Caldwell, who appears to have been a numismatologist, as well as a courtier and a soldier. Indeed the house is rich in works of art; some few good paintings, but a countless number of rare and valuable prints; so that there is not wallage—if we may be allowed to coin a word—to permit of their being hung up; as there is not room in the library for all the dusty tomes, which stand three deep from front to back on the shelves of the book-cases. Among these we discovered a folio containing the first number of the *Freeman's Journal*, the leading article breathing the purest liberty, and full of fine fire, good writing, and romantic sentiment, indicative of the very mind and style of its original editor, Henry Brooke, the author of "The Fool of Quality."*

After passing the museum, you turn into what was originally the hall, and from which the reception rooms go off, and the great staircase ascends; this is lit by a large window of rich stained glass, in small squares or compartments, some of them displaying great beauty of workmanship, and rare vividness of colouring; the staircase walls are tapestried, partly with old gobelin web, and partly covered with prints and pictures, some excellent, and all old-fashioned. The house is warm and dry; yet too old not to require the hand of resuscitation; the wood is heart of oak; the bedrooms airy and spacious, commanding from their windows lovely green landscapes, silvered and spotted with gleaming and glancing patches of the lake, and backed by the long and lofty line of the empurpled cliffs of Poolaphooka.

A calm gray morning; the sun

* See Gilbert's "History of Dublin," vol. iii., p. 336.

behind thin clouds ; small openings of blue sky ; not an air breathing, nor a leaf stirring. We are standing at the hall-door, looking out over the lawn, when a gamekeeper ascends the bank. He has a large bag in his hand containing a badger which had been caught in the woods that morning by a foxtrap. The animal was unhurt, but half dead with the fright produced by the novelty of his situation. We shook him out of his bag, and the gray, rough, thick-legged, flat-backed, fat-sided, low-headed, old fellow waddled and hobbled, and then ran for his life across the lawn, pursued by our whole party, children, "little dogs, and all," in full cry, till we saw him safely ensconced in the jungle of an old garden to the left of the house. His herbivorous qualities saved his life. Had it been an otter, a fish devourer, he had died the death which such lake pirates are ever awarded, and well and richly deserve in the estimation of all fishermen.

Now we are out upon the lake in our long white boat, two old peasants pulling the oars through the deep water as calm as glass. We are bent on rowing round the green headlands, visiting the dark bays, and then landing for luncheon on some of the round and mounded islands. We started from North Bay, and pulling round the Point of Rosegale, our host there hooked and killed a four-pound trout. After this piscatory feat we landed on Buck Island, so called from its having been a nursery and breeding place for deer in old times. It is a round high spot, gray looking and solitary, covered with gigantic whin bushes, trees, sand, and grass ; the rarely disturbed resort of countless wild duck from the water, and rabbits on the land. Here we had our insular repast, stretched on the green sward, which carpets the very crown of the island. Thence re-embarking, we pulled close to the Eagle Island ; and now we had a view of the lake in its great breadth and expanse, resembling more an inland sea, while to the right, and topping the long range of woods, appeared the scarped and richly-tinted precipices of Pool-aphooka, stretching away for many a mile, and bounding the prospect. Now we are coasting along the shores of the Stone Park Promontory, which, richly wooded, shoots for two miles

into the lough : the longest point in a fresh-water lake in the United Kingdom, or, perhaps, in Europe. Trees grow thickly here, amidst its rocky structure, which descends into the water in sharp stone ledges, beneath which the otter lurks and swims ; in the woods there are many badgers. Here along the shore the lake is black and deep, and the fish leap from the water of Rossmore Bay when a cloud darkens the sky.

Erect and tall, clad in velvet jacket and Spanish sombrero, with fishing-rod grasped in both hands, and a single gut line, bristling with many a hook, running out from the boat's stern, stands our good Castellan, a regular disciple of Isaac Walton, and intent on sport. Hark, a sudden splash, and the line runs out, after a jerking somerset to the surface has been perceived—a fish—a large fish has taken the bait, and all that patience and skill can do is summoned to enable our fisherman to secure him. Now he strains at the gut, and the tall lithe rod bends to its handle under the pull. Now the line is paid out from the reel in yards—now again wound cautiously up, as the animal's efforts become more faint. Hark ! another plunge and stronger pull—he has darted under the boat. "Back water, boys, he is making for the sedges by Rossmore Point, and we shall lose him. Now gently pull out into the lake, and we will slowly wind him up." Ha ! another desperate dart, and he is in deep water, and racing up the bay, and the line flies from the reel as the men pull oars after him ; and this subaqueous battle goes on for nearly half an hour, amidst hope and fear, and tremendous excitement, in which, we confess our weakness, we ourselves could not but participate, till at length the animal's strength seems spent, and slowly and carefully our fisherman winds up his reel, drawing his prey on to the boat's stern ; we all, especially the ladies, bending forward to see what had been captured, and the gentle lady of the castle having her landing net well in hand—presently there is a yellowing to the surface—black back, large head, white belly—a tremendous splash, a writhing somerset, and the gentle lady dextrously puts her net under the struggling savage, and lifts into the boat a

huge pike fully ten pounds in weight. "Oh, the villain," exclaims one of the boatmen; "Oh, the robber," re-echoes the other, for all true fishermen mortally hate a pike, probably on the common principle that two of a trade never agree; for the animal is only a fisherman in an aggravated and irregular form: and the man, viewing him piscatorially, is only a human pike, a little less voracious, and without the dorsal fin.

Slowly now, and "homeward bound," we pulled across the lake's dark water, rounding the three points of Mule Park, on one of which old Sir James Caldwell had a beautiful summer-house; and passing the bays of Birch and Killeen, and rowing round the Castle bay, where flights of water-fowl rose from the sedges at the noise of our oars in their rullocks, we landed at the boat-house on Rose-gole, just as a flood of evening sunshine fell on lake, and lawn, and leaves, investing the latter in an intensest green, gilding the gray walls of the castle with a smile of amber light, and suffusing the mural cliffs of Poolaphooka with a blush of misty purple, which hung upon them from their wooded base to their bald gray summits.

The great charm of this place is its utter quietude: the very leaves, in their shelter under the banks which slope to the lake, appear to hang motionless; the castle has a look of heavy and senile repose upon its gray brow; a weary worn weight of antiquity: it is like a giant recumbent amidst green banks and calm waters. Here is old Art decaying amidst young Nature; man's work ever tending to decadency, and God's work ever renewed and renewing its freshness, like the glorious sun when he comes glittering up each morning from his bath in the eastern wave.

The Castle Caldwell estate was originally called Rosberg. I cannot find that name in Pynnar's "Survey of Fermanagh," though there is Rose-guire, which probably is the Point of Rosegole, on which the house now stands. The original patentees were the Flowerdews, and Sir E. and J. Blennerhasset: part of the property is now called "Manorhasset." From this family Mr. Bloomfield's maternal ancestors, the Caldwells, purchased the lands, or had them in exchange,

A.D. circiter 1640. In the patent of nobility from Maria Theresa to Sir James Caldwell, constituting him and his descendants Counts of Milan, we find the first Caldwell who settled in Ireland was a man of noble Scottish race, and came to England with James I. Sir James Caldwell, the first baronet, married a daughter of his neighbour, Sir John Hume, of Castle Hume, now the residence of the Marquess of Ely; and fourth in descent from him came another Sir James, who in 1749 was created Count of Milan, and was in the service of the Empress Queen: three of Sir James's brothers were eminent soldiers. Colonel Hume Caldwell was in the Austrian service. We shall speak more of him presently.

Colonel Henry was a commandant at Quebec; and his brother, Charles, was aide-de-camp to the great General Wolfe. In 1759 Sir James raised, at his own expense, a regiment of light horse for the defence of the government, which he commanded for many years. He appears to have been a splendid old Irish gentleman, driving his coach-and-four, and exhibiting much state, which was the custom of the times; and we think it is Arthur Young who tells us in his "Travels," how he spent some pleasant days at Castle Caldwell, and how Sir James entertained him royally, and sent him up to Enniskillen afterwards in his own barge, manned by six watermen, in the Caldwell liveries, with silver badges on their sleeves, and colours flying, and with a full band of music in the stern, &c., &c.

Mr. Bloomfield, the present owner of the property, derives his right from his mother, who, with her sister, the late Lady Hort, were daughters and coheires of Sir John Caldwell, the fifth baronet.

En avant for Enniskillen. We have said adieu to Castle Caldwell, to its leafy haunts, and land-locked bays, and still views; and above all, to its gentle and kind hearts; and we are paddling across an arm of the lake in a punt with our portmanteau at our feet; and now we are driving in the Bundoran van, between the valleyed roots of Poolaphooka and the lake, Castle Archdall sitting like a queen amidst her woods over the water; and now we are rolling along a first-rate road which runs through the

Ely estate, and to our mind a more beautifully cared for property we have never seen—quoad appearance; and we would challenge the most recherché shire in England to produce trimmer hedges, neater farm-houses, cleaner, brighter husbandry; nicer foot-paths, gates, lodges, walls, &c., than we passed by in our rapid drive to Enniskillen.

The marquess is a young lad of eleven years of age; but his splendid estate is under the happy management of Mr. Maurice Maude, brother to the Crimean heroes of that name, and son to the late estimable Rector of Enniskillen.

We caught a glimpse of Portora Castle, now in ruins, its mouldering walls standing on the shores of Lough Erne, once a stronghold of the M'Guire, a fierce sept; and for centuries the reguli of Fermanagh: behind the castle and topping the hill, is Portora schoolhouse, nobly endowed, and eminent for educational success. From this the drive into Enniskillen is striking and handsome.

We love to visit this brave, noble, old town, and breathe its pure and loyal air. History has made it illustrious; and its sons still preserve the spirit of energy, courage, and self-possession, which made them so famous nearly two centuries ago. From thence we had a pleasant drive to Florence Court, the seat of the Earl of Enniskillen, and the representative of an historical name and an honoured family. This is a bright and princely place, and situated amidst charming scenery. On its left soars Ben Aghlin, further to the south the line of Knockninny mountains trend towards Sligo. Behind the house the deer-park rises, a lofty and precipitous upland, beautifully planted, and disclosing crag, and lawn, and verdant steep, where the herd wander in indolent security, and find pasture, and shade, and shelter, as their need may be. More to the left still, and on the road to Manorhamilton, is Cuileagh mountain. Opposite the house, but at a considerable distance, the rectory stands, commanding most lovely views of fair Florence Court, and its splendid background of green woods, rock, and mountain. The park is a noble enclosure, thoroughly well kept, and full of fine timber of great growth. The ground undulates, and the views are

varied and rich; the great trees are of a remarkable straightness, having been originally planted with much judgment; the house is an extremely handsome and noble mansion. Mr. Inglis, the traveller, says, that "it is every way worthy of the grounds which surround it." And he adds, that "Florence Court wants water only to make it a paradise." This want, we suppose, could be easily supplied, as, no doubt, there are numberless springs in the mountain chain which soars behind the place. We confess that we were too much charmed with Florence Court to recognise any want: it is so fresh and young-looking. Inside as well as outside of the mansion we would say *brightness* is its characteristic. The house is full of light and colour; the staircase airy and well-proportioned; the front throws out two wings, each terminating in a large and cupolaed apartment, that on the left as you approach the hall-door is the earl's museum. Here is a magnificent Irish elk, a perfect and gigantic skeleton—among dead things the king of the room. There are rare and most curious specimens of palæontology here; and it is admitted by men of science, that the noble owner's collection of fossil fishes in this museum is the finest in Europe, if not in the world. The earl, unlike many country gentlemen, loves books, and has a good library, well selected, and comprising many fine works on antiquarian matters, and on physical science, principally geology and zoology. There are some good pictures in the house, among which, perhaps, the most striking, are two grand Rembrandts in the dining-room, looking sombre, and dark, and shadowy, amidst a number of handsome and heroic Coles, frank and fearless faces, the family pictures of an extremely well-looking race: among which that of General Sir Lowry Cole, G.C.B., with his sheathed sabre carried over his shoulder, engages the eye: while near the fireplace is a softer study, the canvas "counterfeit" of a very fair woman, the beautiful Florence Wrey, daughter of Sir Bouchier Wrey, M.P. for Devonshire, a Cornish baronet of old blood, and a colonel in King William's army. This lady, in the middle of the seventeenth century, was wooed and won by John Cole, M.P. for Enniskillen, and father to Lord Mount

Florence, the first peer of the family; and on becoming his wife, brought the blood of the Courtenays of Powderham, the Chichesters, the Bourchiers, Earls of Bath, and the Rolles, all noble houses, into the Enniskillen family. Report says, too, that she was richly dowered, and that the house of Florence Court was indebted for its graceful title and its handsome structure to the pretty Christian name and just taste of its noble mistress. The family are so mixed up with Irish history, and with a consistent line of politics, that their pictures awakened many an association in our mind. They have a royal descent through a lineal ancestor, Sir John Cole, knight, of Nythway, in Devonshire, who married Anne, daughter of Sir Nicholas Bodrugan, about 1350, a wealthy Cornish knight, who traced his line up to Henry III., through John, Duke of Lancaster, and the Earls of Salisbury, Westmoreland, Surrey, Oxford, &c. Sir William Cole, the first settler in Ireland, represented Fermanagh in 1639; he was a person of abilities, and steady principles of loyalty, and in high trust with the government of the day, to whom he gave the first information of the plot of 1641, it being disclosed to him by his foster brother—Sir William himself having had a narrow escape of being murdered, along with many others of his party, while at dinner with Captain Maguire of Crevenish. He afterwards commanded a regiment of 500 foot, and did good service to the government, and was made Governor of Enniskillen; and in a time of want of food, in 1643, he spent £300 in purchasing from his own purse corn for his soldiers. His second son, Sir John, was likewise an eminent and valiant soldier, and Governor of Enniskillen, and *his* son was created Lord Ranelagh.

It may be asked what part the Cole family took in the transactions of 1688. They were then children, and living in England for education, and their house in Enniskillen, only occupied by servants, was seized on in a friendly way, and appropriated to Governor Hamilton's use.

We were charmed, on the morning after our arrival, to hear, that a picnic was to be perpetrated to explore the Cuilcagh mountain, and see the wonders of the Marble Arch, and the

romantic glen which leads to it. Cuilcagh is 2,188 feet high. It is a limestone mountain, and like all of a similar formation, exhibits a rugged and broken surface, and abounds in caves, land-slips, and subterranean hollows. Near its base are large deposits of ironstone, veins of which may be traced in the neighbouring streams. Mines were once opened here, and the ore was worked as long as the woods supplied timber for smelting; but when the necessary fuel failed, the mines were closed.

We had a very enjoyable day on Cuilcagh; the weather was most propitious, as we emerged—a large party—from the avenue gate. Our road went past the pretty church of Florence Court. On the right, in the distance, are gleamings of Lough Macnean, while nearer are bright farm-houses and pretty gardens, indicative of a thriving tenantry, and civilized habits. We drove over the bridge that spans the Claddagh, a river which descends from the Cuilcagh mountain, issuing from the earth at the Marble Arch; and proceeded till we were opposite to Gortanowell, which is a huge knob, or rounded cliff, rising from the soil, we should say, fully 600 feet. It is a very remarkable bluff, and is an object to all the country round. Returning to the Claddagh river, we left our vehicles at a farm-house, and turning into a gate, found ourselves in a beautiful narrow glen, up which a steep path ascended. All to the left was rich woodland and grass; to the right the Claddagh foamed and raved adown its rugged bed, along which lay a number of huge boulders, worn round by the action and fretting of the water. Opposite were high banks, some thickly wooded, some presenting precipitous and lofty escarpments of dove-coloured limestone, nearly sixty feet high. A more lovely and romantic glen could nowhere be seen. Presently we came to a fall of water rushing down among the woods on the left, and emptying itself into the Claddagh. This was the Owenbrain stream, which, rising in the mountain, is lost, and emerging again, swells the main river at this place. A little more mounting and walking brought us to the Marble Arch, which is so peculiar as to make it difficult to describe. It is an irregular cavern,

formed of and full of great masses of limestone, loosely heaped, and exhibiting chinks and chambers, produced by the vast size of these giant boulders, and their lying so irregularly one over the other. An adventurous foot can descend into these natural rooms, and their extent is, we believe, unascertained. Through the span of the arch two subterranean rivers unitedly flow, and forming the Claddagh, fall into the stony bed at the bottom of the glen. These rivers are the Aughanran and the Sacrappagh; both spring from the one lake, Loughatona, which lies high and cold amidst the untrod and solitary uplands of Cuilcagh; and their course from their source to where they appear mingling their waters at the Marble Arch, is most singular, for both sink into the splits of the mountain at different places, and, forming a meeting of the waters under ground, glide along through a dark and tortuous channel in the bowels of great Cuilcagh, when they force their passage into day once more, descending through the rifts, and rocks, and caverns of the Marble Arch. Higher up we came to a resting place, Lugna Braghy, or "rough hollow." Opposite to us, and above the glen foliage soared the bare hill of Coghnan. Looking back, the narrow valley we had traversed, appeared, like a dark cleft in the hills, filled up with leafy verdure; beyond, the great mountain of Belmore, pierced with a thousand caves, and 1,315 feet high, soared in the horizon. The view was bright, varied, and lovely; and we could not help awarding the palm of excellency to "The Alt," as this Fermanagh glen is called, in preference to our better known Dargle—"detur pulchriori, et fiat justitia." We are sure this would be the award, if a jury of landscape painters were impanelled to try this question of relative picturesque.

In a cavity of Lugna Braghy the servants had made a fire, and were broiling some dozens of troutlings, caught in the Claddagh; other followers flitted about on the rock or amidst the trees: it was a gipsy scene. The wood, the torrent, the girdling mountains, the deep glen, the blue

sky between the leaves, the fire crackling and blazing, the figures moving round it, the smoke eddying among the trees—all mingled and enhanced the interest of the landscape. We lunched in an arched chamber partly artificial, the happy voices of the children making pleasant music at the feast. At the door sat, with upright form and placid face, Willie Blair, a very old tenant on the estate; his house is not far from this, and he has accompanied every pic-nic party from Florence Court to the Marble Arch for time unmeasured.

After luncheon we ascended to the top of the wooded rock; and there, reposing amidst the heather, we admired the scene where—

"Rock, river, cavern, mountain, all abound,
With bluest tints to harmonise the whole."

And here two of the ladies of the party wakened the glen by a lovely gush of song; and our late host in Donegal, the Rector of Kilcar, sang with great taste an old melody of other days, which made us all sad with its sweetness.

But we must arise, for we have not seen half the wonders of Cuilcagh as yet. So we set forward through a dense wood, and cross a mountain stream, and soon we arrive at the uplands: and here, on the left, is a deep abrupt ravine, full of rocks and trees; and at its bottom is a great limestone cave. This is the "Cradle Hole," in Irish, *Pultona cleawaughan**—a mellifluous Celticism, with the etymology of which we profess ourselves to be unacquainted. We all clambered, or rather slid down this steep ravine; some few descended into the hole, but the majority were contented to peep into its gloom: and having *done* Pultona, &c., &c., as we all had scrambled down, so we now all scrambled back again, and went further up the mountain, till, a little to the left, we reached the "Rattling Hole." This is certainly a most singular affair. It is a deep, narrow shaft or funnel, which is driven down by the hand of nature through the heart of the mountain, and communicates with a subterranean river, which is lost from the surface about a mile

* *Pulton* is "a hole," or "perforated;" *cleawaughan*—properly *cliabhan*—is a "cradle" or "basket."

further up the mountain. And now, to prove all this, a huge stone must be sent down the orifice; and our noble host, who seemed to enjoy his mountain ramble with as much gusto as the youngest child in the party, volunteers himself to be the living catapult to discharge the missile. Presently he is seen advancing, poising a huge boulder on his shoulder, and hurling it down the "Rattling Hole." We all listen breathlessly, and distinctly hear its fall from ledge to ledge; then a thud; then a pause; then another rebound; then fall after fall; and lastly, a wild, yet dull and heavy splash into water, sounding hollow and far from the bottom of the funnel. In a short time afterwards, we came upon the top of a precipice, down whose mural face, from cleft and rift, trees were springing and green ivy dwelling. Here were the white thorn and the sweet briar growing out of the cliff, as the arbutus springs from the bare rock at Killarney. At the bottom of this lofty wall of limestone, the Aughanran loses itself in "The Cat's Hole," and, uniting underground with the Sacrappagh, which also sinks near this place, they both reappear at the Marble Arch, and becoming the Claddagh, flow through the glen we had ascended. The bore of the hole is evidently too small for the river; and in winter time, they told us that the hollow basin through which the Aughanran comes down to where it is stopped by the cliff, is half-way up full of water, like a large bath some thirty or forty feet deep, the water below slowly trickling and, as it were, filtering through the narrow "Cat's Hole." The Irish name for this strange place is "Monaster-boullee."

Verily it is a strange place—wild, original, secluded, lovely—the great massive mural cliff, with the green trees hanging from its rifts and clefts, "like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's brow;" and the river running towards its broad face, and then at once sinking and disappearing through the caverns with which its base is honeycombed. The basin, which opens on either side of the stream, is a green hollow, full of grass, and rushes, and trees. On the right is a long series of high dark rocks, overgrown with brambles and rich

ivy, with longitudinal fissures all through them leading to cave after cave. Many of our party disappeared through one opening, and in a short time reappeared many yards further down through a different outlet, revisiting the glimpses of the moon, but not like their former immaculate selves, having picked up mud, cobwebs, and dust, as trophies of adventure, in their scramblings through the caverns. At the end of the basin, the channel of the Aughanran narrows between low cliffs, and is dark with the foliage of bramble, and shrub, and tall fern, and alder, and salix, trees that love the water. Much higher up on the mountain lies Lough-a-tona, or "The Sluggish Lake," from whose lonely bed both the subterranean rivers issue.

We would recommend all tourists to visit Cuilcagh, its views are so varied and grand—its glen so musical with the brawl of its torrent and the leap of its cascades—its Marble Arch so wonderful, a noble cavern—its uplands so heathery, fresh, and lifesome—its caves, and funnels, and fissures so frequent and so peculiar—its rivers, now sinking into darkness, now flashing into day, appearing and disappearing, and re-issuing again, like the ancient "Sacer Alpheus," so strange and exciting—its mountain hollows full of soft grass and huge house-shaped blocks of limestone, with the ivy glittering up their sides, and the rowan, and even the yew, growing there in their beauty and solitariness, with no one to admire their verdure or enjoy their shade—so many and so diversified are the points of interest which great Cuilcagh presents. And if any one should feel dubious on the matter, or rest an argument of unbelief on the fact that these mountain wonders are too little known and too rarely visited to possess the high measure of scenic merit which we so cordially ascribe to them, we would answer, *Go up to Fermanagh, and see Cuilcagh*; you will not be disappointed. And, in the meantime, take the testimony of old Dr. Gerard Boate, who wrote the "Natural History of Ireland" more than a century ago. You will find the following letter at page 150 of his well-known work:—

"An extract of a letter from Francis

Nevil, Esq., to the Lord Bishop of Clogher, F.R.S., concerning a quarry of marble discovered by him in the county of Fermanagh, in Ireland :—

“Belturbet, October 14, 1712.

“MY LORD,

“Mr. Cole and I were lately in the mountains, where I had discovered a marble quarry. The country wherein it lyes is so strange for the natural wonders in it that 'twould make a little history to describe all that is to be seen. It lies on the north side of Calcagh, in the parish of Kilashen, and county of Fermanagh. There are marble rocks, whose perpendicular height is fifty or sixty feet, discovered by subterraneous rivers, which, by degrees, have washed away the earth and loose stones, and discovered these mighty rocks. There are many great pits fahn in on the sides of the great mountain, several of them in a small compass of ground, so that it is dangerous travelling near them. There are many caves formed, some very large, the sides and arches of marble, some of a liver colour, varied with white in many little figures, some of a light blue varied with white, but I could find no entire white or black among them.”

We were sorry to say farewell to lovely Florence Court. We shall not soon forget the great enjoyment we had within its pleasant walls, or the kindness we received from its inmates. Brightness is the epithet which best suits a description of this place, partly owing to the care which is expended on the conservation of its grounds, and walks, and gardens, and partly, we do believe, to the moral influence of a constantly resident landlord. For long, long years the territorial head has ever remained with its members here; there has been no separation or decapitation by the axe of absenteeism. “The Lord of Enniskillen,” as he is called by the poor, is, as his father was before him, still “adstrictus glebæ,” living among his people as their friend, their helper, and their head. It is no wonder that the country wears a smile around Florence Court, and that the bold, independent, and most respectable yeomanry who form the bulk of the tenantry should exhibit, in their territorial holdings as well as in their houses and their very persons, such

an appearance as has called forth the admiration of English travellers and dictionary writers,* and of all who pass by and observe. Many of Lord Enniskillen's farm tenants are lineal descendants of old English settlers, who came over with his family. Among these are plenty of Willises, Walmsleys, Friths, Latimers, and Bulls; and many of these names hold the same farms which their ancestors received from the Cole family in the days of Queen Elizabeth.

We drove into Enniskillen from Florence Court in the mail-car. Our charioteer was full of local information, and seemed acquainted with all the lore and legend of the country side. He spoke of the deep caverns of Belmore mountain, and narrated thereon a tale of murder which had happened a very long time ago. One of the deepest of these fissures is called “Noon's Hole.” This man had been a Whiteboy, and was suspected of treachery by his associates in guilt. They decided, therefore, on his destruction, and having lured him out to Belmore mountain through the medium of a young woman to whom he was attached (a miniature copy of the old Turgesius love-treachery affair in Meath), he found at the appointed trysting-place not his gentle mistress, but a band of angry ruffians, who at once seizing him in their arms, all white with dismay, and shrieking for mercy, bore him to the edge of the blackest and deepest hole on the mountain side, where they hurled him down head foremost, and “broke him all to pieces.”

Such dark events, from their very great rarity in this fine and peaceful county, make the more lasting impression, and are preserved vividly in the mind of the people.

We were very anxious to sail down Lough Erne—westward ho! and see the beautiful cluster of islands—the Polynesia of the lake, which awakened the enthusiasm of Mr. Inglis to such a white heat of warmth that he asserts Lough Erne to be the most beautiful lake in the three kingdoms; and if it only had Alpine scenery, to be fully equal to Lough Leman in loveliness.

* See “Lewis' Topographical Work;” “Inglis' Tour,” &c., &c.

We left Enniskillen in company with Mr. Dawson, the manager of the Dublin and Derry line of railroad, and an English gentleman, also a railroad manager, both of them most agreeable and intelligent men. We had to pull in a punt to the steamer, which lay about a quarter of a mile from the town, under the walls of Portora Castle, where the water is deepest. She is a smart craft, measuring 100 feet in length, and her screw works under the pressure of 100 horse-power. We believe she draws too much water for the navigation of the Erne. She is named "The Countess of Milan," after the Austrian title which is in the family at Castle Caldwell. Her timbers are heart of oak, out of the green bonny woods of that place. We proceeded down the lake in good style, and soon breasted the most interesting of all the islands, Devenish or Ox Island. We suppose the island is indebted to the excellence of the pasture for its bucolic title. We profess not to understand Celtic hagiology, but we believe that the church and the very beautiful round tower of Devenish were in the service of St. Molaise or Molush, in the sixth century. Now the gallant little steamer is rapidly cleaving the still lake; now we fly by the Islands of Magurk and Trasná, Car Island, and Ferney, and the White Island. On the far right is the beautiful Rossfadd, commanding all the glories of the lake, while on the opposite shore are the waving plantations of Ely Lodge.

Thence we reach, and leave behind the two Paris Islands, then on to Innisdivelin, Innisdoney, the Island of Garre, and Innismacsaint, with its ruined church, and its thousand graves; but here the waves began to curl and whiten, and there is a black scud of wind in that large dark cloud over Castle Archdall, and now the rain descends, punching great gimlet holes in the watery floor of the lake, and we assume our mackintosh, and take refuge in the small neat cabin of the steamer; and drawing from our pocket a pamphlet, or book, of a nature most apropos to where we are bound, we proceed to read the life of Colonel Hume Caldwell. This gallant young gentleman was born in the year 1735,

on the banks of Lough Erne, and was well and classically educated; but his brother, Sir James, holding a command in the service of Maria Theresa, then in alliance with England, he procured from the Empress an offer that Hume should serve in her army; however, being giddy and extravagant, he spent all his money before reaching Vienna, when he entered the Austrian service as a volunteer: and rising rapidly by his courage, abilities, and conduct, he was soon recognised, and served many campaigns against the King of Prussia—fighting under Mareschal Daun and Laudohn; he distinguished himself by his eminent daring in the field of Lignitz, where the Imperialists were broken; and finally, at the siege of Schweidnitz he was killed by a musket ball, in the twenty-seventh year of his age, A.D. 1762.

There is a most singular story told in this biography, which throws light on the position of affairs in the country parts of Ireland about the year 1752. It appears that young Caldwell, when studying at Prague, and reading in his bed at night, had set fire to the curtains of the room, and destroyed the furniture.

"For this damage he was answerable to the people of the house, who applied to have half his pay sequestered till it was made good. His distress upon this occasion was very great; however, he acquiesced without complaint. But as such an event could not be long a secret, it came to the knowledge of a large convent of Irish Franciscans, who were established at Prague. It happened that one of the good fathers had known Sir John Caldwell, the young gentleman's father, in Ireland, of whom he gave this account to the fraternity: 'Sir John,' said he, 'though a stanch Protestant, always treated the Roman Catholics with humanity and tenderness. In particular, one stormy day, when it rained very hard, he discovered a priest with his congregation at mass under a hedge; and instead of taking that opportunity of blaming them for their meeting so near his house, he ordered his cows to be driven out of a neighbouring cow-house, and signified to the priest and the people, that they might there take shelter from the weather, and finish their devotion in peace. 'It ill becomes us, therefore,' said he, 'brethren, to see the son of Sir John Caldwell distressed in a strange country, remote from all

his friends, without affording him assistance."

The Franciscans, when they had heard this account, contrived by mutual consent to have the debt paid unknown to the young gentleman, and took off the sequestration upon his pay. In a short time afterwards he was advanced to a company, and he then presented the Franciscans with treble the sum; he also sent back his brother's letter of credit, as he had declared he would, as soon as it was in his power, when he received it of him.

An anecdote which reflects credit on all parties concerned.

In this volume we found the patent of nobility from the Empress creating Sir James Caldwell and his descendants Counts of Milan. There is likewise a curious petition from his great-grandfather to William III., asking for the forfeited Bagnall estate to requite his services and heavy losses in the king's cause; and that in consideration thereof, His Majesty was pleased to grant to Sir James Caldwell, bart., *in custodiam*, for seven years, the whole Bagnall estate—now set at £8,000 a-year, at the end of which time it was restored to the Bagnall family, and Sir James was otherwise gratified.

Here, too, is mention made of Elizabeth Caldwell, Sir James's daughter—a heroine, who conveyed several barrels of gunpowder to Belleek and Enniskillen, "at the hazard of her life." This lady was gentle and accomplished, had a talent for music, and sang sweetly. King William pensioned her, and she died in London in the prime of life.

As we raced through this curious volume, our skipper came down to tell us that the shower had ceased, and on our ascending to the deck we found that the steamer had reached the breadth of the lake. Castle Archdall, with all its green and glorious woods, was far behind on the right; and on our starboard bow were Boo or Boa, the largest of the Lough Erne islands, Pastoral, in name and nature, with its little insular lake of Lough Doon, and its satellites—Lusty More and Lusty Beg, Craninish, Hare Island, and the Long Rock; far running to the west, on the left-hand shore, appeared the lovely range of the Poolaphooka

cliffs—blue, gray, and green with rock, and slate, and foliage all weeping from the shower, yet smiling and glittering in the coming sunshine. These precipices terminate abruptly to the eastward in a bold bluff or escarpment. Before us, opening every minute more vividly, waved the woods of Castle Caldwell—the old keep standing among them like an aged Robin Hood amidst his green foresters. Now we pass island after island: here is an *Ægean* Sea in miniature, a Lake Archipelago, and the Cyclades and the Sporades are Eagle Island; and Gravelly Island, and Buck, and Cochran, and the Isle of Swallows, all standing in the black water, generally rotund in form, and thickly wooded, from the very edge of the lake to their globular summits. As we passed Rossmore Point and approached the castle, the lake assumed a smoothness resembling oil; the woods put on a deeper green, and dipped their branches in the water; the trout leaped up at the skimming fly; the wild-ducks rose from their sedges: then appeared the old stone quay, standing under the gray buttresses of the castle, trees growing amidst the dark wet stones, the water black in their shadow, peeps of a vivid green lawn from the bank above coming down through boughs and leaves, and the ringing laugh of happy children welcoming the graceful little "Countess of Milan," as she blows off her steam, and casts out her grappling hook, and rides trimly alongside the old quay in the lake, on whose green banks grew the oaks which fashioned her and gave her being.

There cannot be a more delightful trip than a sail from Enniskillen to Castle Caldwell—safe, pleasant, and cheap. Large parties take advantage of it, and during our stay, on one occasion, the little steamer brought an immense excursion party, whose white dresses and bonnets, and wide-awake hats, glancing through the trees as they ascended the bank to the house, made the old place look quite gay and vivacious. On this occasion the party were permitted to see the museum and its treasures, which are really worth taking a journey to examine; and on all occasions the family at the castle are equally kind in opening their place, with all its beautiful

wood-walks, to the inspection and gratification of the public.

Fermanagh shares, in common with many parts of our dear Green Isle, the possession of many beauties, rich and rare, but hitherto neglected, or only partially visited; and it is a fact, painful and curious, that the preponderance of tourists who come so far north as the Lakes of Fermanagh, or the wild sea-cliffs of Donegal, are more of English race than our country's own sons of the soil. We always hail the advent of the former nation to our shores with true delight. They are our brethren, and united to us by a thousand inseparable bonds. Their coming does us good, and we do them good, and each nation learns to love each other better, by contact and by communion: *Esto perpetua!* But still we are jealous that our own family of Erin should not love the dear mother better; and we hope and

pray that as railroads, and lake and river steamers increase throughout the plains and the waters of this fast improving country, that the *Amor Patriæ* may have a commensurate growth, and that Irishmen and Irishwomen may begin to inquire about the scenic treasures of their own country, and learn to admire them, by becoming acquainted with them, and visiting them personally.

We fear not for the result. From this a vein of patriotism, the purest of any, would be opened and kept flowing; and the Green Isle, in her developing resources and improvements, as well as in all her lovely natural but neglected landscape, would become to her children—

“More dear in her wildness, her clouds, and
her showers,
Than the whole world else in its sunniest
hours.”

BLOWN OFF LAND.

FOUR summers ago I was storm-stayed at midnight on a barren islet off the coast of Antrim. Our place of refuge was sublimely grand: towering above and round our fire loomed gigantic masses of columnar basalt. Along the cliff's face, white seabirds glimmered like scattered stars. High aloft, the rugged edge of the sheer precipice lifted its outline clear against the yellowish glare of the drifting sky. Below, toward the south, the pale cliffs of the mainland hung over the black tumult of waters that rolled against them. Eastward, down the channel, white-crested ridges ran high in the stormy moonlight, hiding at times from our sight the high land of Cantire and the revolving light on Sanda.

My companions did not share in my admiration of the wild, and then to me most novel scene. They sat around the blazing logs of driftwood, thankful for our timely escape, and patiently waiting the calm. Occasionally the eldest of the group glanced upward to the flying clouds and out to sea, then silently resumed his gaze into the eddying flames and smoke, while the others furtively scanned his face to read the chances of better weather—but never did they turn their

own eyes out to sea: no northern fisher willingly looks upon a storm. After long silence, the youngest of the party abruptly exclaimed—

“Lads! that's a heavy scud on the carry overhead; it'll not calm these twa days, I think.”

“You're wrang, Charles,” replied the senior; “the shores will fa' wi' the next tide. I should ken, I should ken; wha better? Ay, 'twas bitter bought, this weather-skill. All day I have it on my heart. It is the very day: it was sic a night as this. Sit closer, boys: come here, young gentleman, and hear an auld fisher's wae-some story he ne'er thought to come over to mortal ears again.”

We gathered round the old man. He sat full in the firelight, with his back against the base of the cliff—a striking figure in such a spot. Evidently once a man of large and robust mould, he was shrunken and wan with age or care; his thin massive hands were spread, broad and nervous, on either knee; his hair was long and thick, and raven black, while his beard and whiskers were white as the foam at our feet. Looking into his dark, stern, wrinkled face, his deep, restless eyes burning with the memo-

ries of his grief, I listened almost with awe as he began :

"Our banks are scarce of fish by what I mind. Fourscore years ago, there was plenty, and to spare. The cod and graylond were among the shore tides and about this very isle; but it didna last: the people grew wicked and thankless for God's bounty, and the fish nigh left the coast. There was big distress then in many a house where waste and misrule had run furious; and mony a strong heart broke down wi' trouble for his wife and weans; and mony a desperate ane took to spoiling o' the king's revenue, at peril of his life and fame. I was gratefu' it was na sae in my house. Three sons and a winsome girl I had then living wi' my wife and me, besidethe White Well o' Camplay. They were braw men, and bonny; naebody ere saw them daunted to do the right and scorn the wrang; never their mither nor I had to check them for idleness or folly; the auld minister loved them well, and often blessed their labours as they cast loose frae shore; and I was proud, too proud o' my strength and wealth stored in their hands and hearta. But oh, it was hard for a father to be less than proud of them the hale country praised; for when the great ship frae India was wrecked on Ilanlean, and nane wad launch to save the drowning crowd, they manned their boat, and I steered wi' them thro' the ragin' waves again and over again, till all were safe on shore; and the hale parish saw it, and cheered them hame, and the women cried wi' love o' them, and wished our bairns were theirs; and the auld master came frae the castle, in the rain and storm, and took their hands ane after ither in his, and said, wi' big tears in his eyes, and swore that nane o' our blood and name should want a freend and a hame while he and his held Camplay grund.

"Atty, the youngest, was blate and shy, and turned awa' his head, while he gripped his hand; and Jamie, he laughed right out, and said—

"'It's naethin' to speak o', laird; but thank ye kindly for your good wish.'

"But my eldest, frank and fearless Bryan, took the laird's twa sma' white hands in his broad big anes, and said, loud enough, I trow—

"'Not for your promise, but for

your manhood, laird, I gi'e my hand ye'll never want a loyal freend and four good oars in time o' need while we can serve ye.'

"But where was I? Aye, the sair summer. At first we didna feel it much; but what wi' helping those about in outer need, we soon felt pinched wi' the general want. I saw my boys try hard to hide their hunger and trouble frae their sister and mither and me; and oft, at dead o' mirk night, I missed them, and found they had slipped out to try the barren sea for a morsel for the morn. At last the distress lay so sternly over us, that we needs must part, or find some speedy sustenance. Ae evening Bryan stood at my bed-stock, and spoke, wi' a low voice deep in his breast—

"'Father, dinna think ill if we're late hame; we are boun' for the outer bank; it may be He will relieve us there.'

"It was a fatal and an eyresome place, the outer bank. Men feared to speak of the crews lost and the things seen there. I tried to turn them: they went. At next evening, late, they brought wi' glee a load o' fish into the port; but I couldna join their mirth; fear was over me like a cloud. They went again. They bade the neighbours come to the new place, but hunger and bitter want could tempt nane to go sae far and high to sea.

"At last I went myself. Many warnings I saw, and heeded not. I kent they would suffer, but I would suffer wi' them, whate'er it might be. Cheerless, I took the helm; and coldly and dull the kind words of neighbourly cheer fell on me. The wind blew frae the east softly, the sea was like a lough, and I steered full upon the setting sun. It was an awesome sign to steer by; but for that month it alane led straight out to the bank. I hadna lain lang upon our course, when three black lines passed slowly o'er the face of the sun. I kent it boded ill; but never a word I spake; whatever was to be, would be. I feared and trembled, and steered on.

"The lads were trimming their lines, and heeded nothing; but wae was me! I saw each ane, ever and anon, secretly to his brither, dip his hand into the salt sea, and wet his

lips. Then I knew that evil must befall the voyage; but I said nought—I steered still out into the broad sea upon the setting sun.

“Just as the last red light lay on the water, and the boat was nigh the fishing ground, the lads bade me look back upon the land. It seemed far down below us, dim and golden in the light; the shores mixed wi’ the mountains and the inland fields; some white homesteads flecked it like first specks o’ early snow; but o’er our ain hame, alack! there lay a wreath o’ dark red mist, fixed and alane, like an isle o’ clouds anchored on the sea. I kent it was a sign; I hoped it might be me wha ne’er wad see the hame-walls again.

“I heard the thoughtless boys speak merrily.

“‘See ye that speck o’ white on Liminea, Atty?’ speered Bryan; ‘d’ye ken wha lives there!’

“And Atty’s face burned red, and he held down his modest face aboon the lines. Then kindly Jamie laughed, and said—

“‘Dinna be cast down, laddie; times will mend, and Elsie will be the bonniest wife upon the green grass o’ Camplay.’

“And the pair lad, for answer, looked up and smiled; but in a while he looked o’er the gunwale on that wee white speck, and big tears ran drapping frae his young cheeks into the salt sea: the want and her proud freends had sundered them; but she was leal as oak, and kept her plighted word to my pair boy. I felt twa bitter tears stealing doon my rough face—it was because I kent weel there wad soon be greater breach between him and her than human hands could make. I saw it in his face and running tears; and I thought I could spare a’ but him.

“Soon it made me tremble to hear the loud laughs of the other two; not as they used, but long and recklessly they laughed, and mad bursts o’ merriment rang frae their lips out into the waste o’ air and sea. It had an awesome sound. I kent, then, my three bonny sons, who sat beside me on that lonely place, far frae mortal help, were doomed men to dee. I prayed; but it was the prayer of angry despair, and not o’ simple faith. I felt my life breaking up within me, like a wreck burst wi’ a wave; but

I didna speak or stir, but steered on into the nor’-west, where the burning crown of the sinking sun glowed in the shining sea.

“By dawn, the boat was laden deep wi’ fish; the sun rose, large and fiery, behind Cantire; a broad track o’ pleasant light poured o’er a’ the world; east and west, north and south, it shone and played, but no sunbeam fell on our boat. Around, the air looked warm, but we were chill and cheerless. Darkness and sorrow were appointed us. I kent it; but I never spake. They stepped the mast and spread the sails. Awhile, a saft hameward breeze hovered, angel-like, around us: it fell near stern and bow, yet it couldna reach us, for the spell o’ fate was strongest. We floated in a calm, like where’ oil floats in summer pools; and the good breeze, wi’ a moan, went slowly from us to the land. I then was sure we were given o’er to some sair distress.

“It came. Like a rock drapt frae heaven, the wind fell on us, fierce and heavy; it laid the good boat o’er, maist under the hissing sea; it shook the sails, and drove them out wi’ fearfu’ gusts; it swooped us out like a thistle down, and drove us like a cursed beast pursued by raging hounds. Our lives were on the sails. I watched them warily, and kept her fair before it. I had no hope; but I was calm, and resolved to fight for their dear lives to the last.

“But anon I did despair. They said, ‘The storm is due south, father.’ Clearer than if writ with lightning, I saw then the manner o’ the doom we should suffer. I could not speak; but down in my soul’s wrath I said, ‘Is this His mercy! His mercy?’

“‘Ireland is clean gane,’ they said. I heard; but I dare not look at them, for anguish.

“‘Isle is like a mist—’tis gane!’ I heard, and spoke not. I clenched my teeth, and with a rebellious heart I steered among the rising waves into the north—all day into the north. The sun went down, smouldering angrily amid stormy clouds. All night the wind slackened not, and some waves washed clear away every thing but ourselves from out the boat. Under a leech of the foressail, we still ran northward through the darkness. Toward morning it lulled, and at break o’ day the gale was wholly gone, and

nought remained to be feared but the sullen wash of the raised sea. We watched for sunrise with hearts maist wild wi' hope and fear. It rose, as they had never seen, out of the open sea. No land in sight—nothing like any other day—but the red sun glowering over the big waves that thronged to meet him with bloody fronts.

"All that day we rolled helplessly amid the swells. The oars were gone; the load of fish clean swept forth; worst of all, the lines were lost; we had eaten nothing since we left home; we could only look down into the hungry waves, and fight the burning pangs o' cauld and hunger. The sail hung straight amidships frae the gaff. The clouds stood under us, steady as some far islands, deep in the calm water, like fairy pictures spread over the ocean's floor. And night came. Like a ghost, the moon glinted under us, through the dark waves: and one by one, as passing hopes, the stars disappeared under the keel. Nane o' us spoke; words could not soften our distress: it was better to guess, than hear what every tone would tell. But when the night was at the midst, I looked on my three sons. The cauld grip o' hunger clenched my heart, and trouble burned into my very brain; but it was nought when I saw their fair young faces pinched and thraved, and their eyes glowering sae dull and bloodshot in the moonlight. Nearer I saw the dreadful hour.

"I was their father. It was my duty, I thought, to cheer them; but my lips belied my godless, rebellious heart.

"Trust in God, children dear; He may deliver us; His will is gracious."

"Ay, ay!" they said. "He is gracious. His will be done."

"Awfu' thoughts filled my mind. Hours I lay, and heard them praying for pardon and heaven. I could not pray for any thing but their lives. Bitterly I besought mercy! mercy! Home! home!

"Early in the morning light, I saw Bryan squeeze ae drap o' water frae his handkerchief upon Atty's lips, whispering, 'Take it, Atty, dear;' and when he did not heed, he shook his arm and called his name; and Atty ope'd his calm blue eyes, and said, with his soft, low voice—

"Whisht, Bryan; dinna wake our father. I'm deeing; naething can

save me now. Come closer, brither. It's on my breast—the token she gied to me lang syne. Tell her 'tis to lie on my heart in the grave, for I loved her dearest at the last. Tell mither to love her for my sake; bid sister Alie be thoughtfu' o' Elsie's love for me. God bless them a'. His will be done. Amen, amen."

"I took ae hand, his brithers had the ither. Ae gentle smile and loving look he gied us each—and he was dead.

"They stretched him out, and spread the mainsail ower him; and silently we sat, looking at the spot. I couldna weep or pray; but they were riven wi' grief; and they looked up, pleading, oft and oft, to heaven.

"Another morn rose, like the yester' morn. Not a word o' complaint was spoken; they made nae moan; they showed nae fear. Under my brows I watched them. Nearer it came, and nearer. It was writ in Jamie's cheek—it shone like a warning beacon in his eyes. Bryan stole o'er to bathe his hands and wet his brow wi' the salt water; and he moved his wan lips weakly wi' a flicker o' a smile. We covered him frae the sun that burned aboon our heads—but it availed not. As sunset drew nigh, he sank lower and lower. Ere the sun touched the water, he signed to raise him up. He aye loved to look on it going down in its grandeur; and in the sangs and verses he made, he said it was the best and loveliest sight man's eye can see on earth. He watched it lang; and his face lighted up as the sea rippled against its lowermost edge. Then he smiled his bonny smile, as it sank deeper; and the golden light glowed broader, as he said, with his auld clear, ringing voice, that went far out and high up frae us like music—

"And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign for ever and ever."

"As he ended the words, the sun went doon, and the water lay dark and calm on the sky's far edge. We looked into his face: he was dead.

"We laid him side by side wi' Atty, beneath the sail. It would have rent our hearts to speak. Our hands were weak. It was a long task to place him rightly; but it was com-

forting to do it: any thing in that dolefu' time o' our misery. When a' was done, night came on. I dare not look upon my only son. I could not bide the thought of ill to him. I could not say 'amen' to such a stroke. I said fiercely within myself, 'It will not, it must not, it shall not be.'

"'Father,' said his voice; 'father, be a man; be strong; think of God, and bow your heart. I am going, too. I ne'er shall see an earthly morn. Father, forgi'e my mony rash words and thoughtless ways that vexed ye oft. Tell mither, tell Alie, God will provide. O try and say, teach them to say, "Thy will be done." I come, Attie—Jamie; yes. Amen.'

"When light fell out o' heaven, it touched my dead son's face, reddening his broad brows, and shining in the coils of his glossy hair; it played o'er his hands, and lay warm upon the cold white skin of his open breast. It couldna waken him: he was dead. I was now alane on the cruel sea, keeping watch o'er my sons. I felt no hunger then, or thirst or pain. I shut my eyes, but could still see my three sons cold and stark under the sail. I would have dee'd, but I couldna leave them. At mid-day I looked forth. All was the same: naething, save the sun in the sky, and the few far-up thin clouds; and on the sea, no sail or sign of living thing. But as I looked, I saw underneath the keel a dark shadow passing to and fro, from bow to stern and stern to bow, keeping its awfu' watch for me and mine. At times it raised it's shapeless head close by, and looked into my face, and lay in the hot sun, gloating and waiting wi' a fearfu' patience and a savage gleam o' cruel joy in its glassy een. I thought it was the fiend o' my distress; I thought it came to seize the bodies o' them whose souls it couldna tempt to murmur or doubt in God. At last, then, I bowed my soul. I prayed wi' faith, and wi' long, earnest sighs bursting frae my heart. I slept. It was evening when I awoke. The boat was running fair before a north-west wind.

I had no strength to move. I kept the helm steady under my arm: the boat ran on—I knew not where. I looked behind. The great black shadow still followed, wi' its hungry eyes. I strove to fly faster and faster frae its awfu' company—in vain.

"In the gloamin (of what day I canna tell, as in a dream, I found myself passing the out-rocks o' our port. I came straight to the beach. Dimly I saw faces around. They tried to lift me frae the helm, but I turned round to see if the fiendish shadow followed still to take away my sons; but it was gone. I cried, 'They are saved! Thank God. His will be done.'

"They told me, long after, my sons were buried; and they brought me to their graves in the auld churchyard. But I missed other faces than theirs. Their mither and their sister, where were they? Too soon I kent it a'. My daughter lay in the same grave wi' her three brithers; my wife, at sight o' their dead faces, was ta'en distracted, and dee'd lang syne, calling their names o'er and o'er till the last.

"A stranger woman, wi' white hair and grief-stricken face, broke it to me, bit by bit. One name she couldna bear to speak or hear. At last, I told her of her Atty and mine—his dying love, and last words for her. She has kept wi' me since; one kind, good daughter given when a' the dear anes were lost to me on earth. But I wait. His will be done. Bairns, be humble in a' your thoughts and ways; drive far awa' all selfish, sinfu' pride; gi'e yoursels quite into His hands wi' patience, till the course is run and the anchor cast for ever. And, lads, dinna speak to me o' these waeifu' things again; it's mair than my broken heart can thole."

Ere morning, it calmed sufficiently to permit our return. Our voyage home was in silence; but as we touched the shore, one of the young fishers caught my eye, and looking toward old Alick, whispered softly and sadly into my ear, "God pity him."

IMOGEN—IN WALES.

I.

AT noon she left her dusky cell,
 And stood beneath its rushy shed,
 Where from the wide gray willow fell
 The pining leaves ; and overhead
 The scattered cloud and scarfing haze
 Blew drily. By the yellow road
 Floated the sifting Autumn rays
 In slumb'rous stillness toward the flood :
 But not a vessel marked the sea,
 But not a single sail was there
 To comfort those sad eyes of care
 That southward strained tearfully :
 There dumbly moving in the blast
 That shook the thickets by the shore,
 She sate her down, and pondered o'er
 Her old love life, her vanished past ;
 But through the day of light and grey,
 As the heart of the wanderer sadly pined,
 The bee hummed over the withering flowers,
 And the thistle-down went on the wind.

II.

From morn till noon the silent sky
 Had shown a huff'd and hazy look ;
 The low hills brooded rain ; anigh
 In the wet wind the sand-grass shook :
 Across the doleful moorland brown
 The solitary river flowed
 In glimmering curves ; the lonely road
 Wound bleakly toward the inland town ;
 And from the forest twilight came
 The woodman's song and hatchet stroke,
 At times upon the air that broke
 In vague dry gleams of passing flame ;
 Then warming in the brooding heat,
 The seering foliage wavered bright,
 The distance smiled from height to height,
 And sang the blue stream faint and sweet :
 But all the day as hope made play
 With fancy in her silent mind,
 The bee hummed over the withering flowers,
 And the thistle-down went on the wind.

III.

Onward, as in a vacant dream
 She sought the river bank anigh :
 The pale noon sun looked from the stream
 A blot of white flame to the eye ;
 And past the low wind idly crept
 Through seering reed and turban'd rush,
 And whitening through each willow bush
 In melancholy dirges swept
 The inland, where the crane was heard
 Clanging his marshy call, and where
 The scattering crowflock swarmed the air ;
 The restless swallow crossed and skirred :

But as in heart-thought loneliness
 She wandered, humming memory drowned
 With voices dear all other sound
 Save of the dim cold spacing sea.
 Still through the day of light and grey,
 As the breast of the wanderer sadly pined,
 The bee hummed over the withering flowers,
 And the thistle-down went on the wind.

IV.

Asouth, beneath the ashen sky
 The sullen wind seemed brooding wrath
 For storm ; the bleak sea marge anigh
 Lay slubbered o'er with shivering froth.
 Anon the clouds broke overhead,
 And sunlight poured around her there,
 And passed from peak to peak, and spread
 Warm silence through the wide gray air :
 Anon, a mist crept o'er the flood,
 And blurred the flying mountain beam ;
 The weedy scent of the rank wet wood
 Breathed down the coldly flowing stream ;
 And stone-still lay the grey inland,
 And nought was heard on the dismal shore
 Save the wash of the waves on the foggy strand
 And the scream of the curlew passing o'er.
 Still, as throughout the desolate hours
 Her empty soul with sorrow pined,
 The bee hummed over the withering flowers,
 And the thistle-down went on the wind.

V.

But when the evening fell, there came
 A dewy lustre from the west ;
 And as she clasped her palms and blessed
 In mournful prayer her lover's name,
 Across the clear gold ocean's flow
 Whereon the land wind faintly stirred,
 Remotest thunder grand and low
 Beyond the purple clouds was heard,
 The while, upon the air of night,
 Odours, as from the thymy drought
 Of terraced gardens in the south,
 Came breathing from the fading light ;
 And as she prayed—upon the rim
 Of moonlit waters faint and pale
 A little speck,—a silent sail
 Glimmered a space, and all was dim :
 Thus through the day as hope made play
 With fancy in her lonely mind,
 The bee hummed over the withering flowers,
 And the thistle-down went on the wind.

T. IRWIN.

AMERICAN AGRICULTURE.

LAST year a statistical view of American agriculture, its home resources and foreign markets, was published in the form of an Address to the National Statistical Society, by John Jay, esq., chairman of the section of this important department of knowledge. The object of his publication is to mark the progress, capabilities, and profits of agricultural labour in the United States, especially with the view of discovering where and to what extent, the arable soil of the country is deteriorating in fertility under existing modes of cultivation.

Our main design in noticing the attention newly given in the New World to the question how far her fertility has diminished, is to divert our reader's eyes from the New to the Old World, and ask him to reflect—if cultivation for a single century has impoverished rich plains in the lately virgin valley of the Mississippi—how the fields of Ireland, Great Britain, and France have been exhausted by millions of ploughs at work for a thousand years.

Mr. Jay's valuable "Address," calling attention to facts as respects this exhaustive effect of agriculture across the Atlantic, has evoked two articles in one of the reviews across the channel, where deterioration of the soil is, for various reasons, more acutely felt than elsewhere; and his labours having been used by a writer in the *Révue Contemporaine*, without acknowledgment, we propose to take a few passages from both author and borrower, thanking the latter for some original views of what he himself saw in America.

Much has been said of late years of a gradual deterioration of the soil in the older States, as evidenced by the decreasing ratio of crops to the acre, as compared with the ratio in former years and with the usual ratio in other countries.

Mr. Morrill, M.C., of Vermont, by whom a bill has been introduced into the House of Representatives designed to grant to the several States some ten millions of acres, to be divided amongst them in proportion to the number of senators and representa-

tives they send to Washington, with the view of promoting agricultural education and science by the establishment of a special college in each State, has made some startling statements upon this subject. He affirms that agriculture is rapidly declining in every State of the Union; that the quantity of food produced bears each year a smaller proportion to the number of acres under cultivation; and that over a very wide area some of the most useful crops bid fair to become extinct.

A writer in the "Year Book of Agriculture, for 1855," on the "Alarming Deterioration of the Soil," refers to various statistics in connexion with this subject. Some of them regard Massachusetts, where the hay crop declined twelve per cent. from 1840 to 1850, notwithstanding the addition of 90,000 acres to its mowing lands, and the grain crop absolutely depreciated 6,000 bushels, although the tillage lands had been increased by the addition of 60,000 acres. In Indiana the river bottoms, which used to produce an average crop of sixty bushels of corn to the acre, now produce but forty. In Wisconsin, which is younger still, it is estimated that only one-half the bushels of wheat are now raised to the acre that were raised twelve years ago; and the writer declares, as the conclusion of the whole matter, "that the soils of New England, after all the admonitions we have received, are annually growing poorer, and that even the virgin lands of the great West are rapidly becoming exhausted." He refers to the large falling off of the wheat and potato crops in New England, which have, however, been replaced by Indian corn; and also to the falling off of wheat in Tennessee, Kentucky, Georgia, and Alabama, to the extent of sixty per cent. from 1840 to 1850, and assumes that the agricultural statistics of each State tell the same sad story.

Commenting on this statement, the judicious author of the "Address" considers, from a comparison, not of wheat and potatoes alone, but of the total products of the soil, especially

of Indian corn, in 1840, with that of the same crops in 1850, that Mr. Morrill is mistaken; but he admits that, as productiveness of crops and destructiveness of soil are said to be the two most prominent features of American agriculture, the large harvests in the young States ought not to blind landowners to the fact that the fertility of those portions of the elder States, which once yielded so abundantly, seems to have been steadily diminishing for a long course of years. This fact is exhibited, he acknowledges, not only in the wheat lands of New England, and other parts of the North, but on the tobacco fields of Virginia, and the cotton plantations of the South; and he suggests that the subject deserves most careful investigation.

The vital question of insufficiency of food, in consequence of exhaustion of the soil, is almost as old as the hills. Want of manure, a term originally implying manual care, laid waste the oliveyards and vineyards of Canaan, and dried up sources which once enabled her to sustain a chosen and mighty people.

Pliny moots the question, "*Quænam ergo tantæ ubertatis causa erat?*" an agricultural mystery of evil analogous to the modern "difficulty" as to the poverty of Ireland. Yet, as Roman agriculture proceeded on the assumption that tillage alone would enable land to supply corn continually, *i. e.*, that all productions might be sold off without importing and supplying equivalents, we can perceive that the Latian soil was subjected to a treatment such as is experienced by the drawfarm of England, namely, Ireland, whose veins are sucked by the cupping-glasses of a thousand exporters of corn and cattle. Between the time of Varro and that of Columella, the yield of the Roman fields fell from thirty-two bushels per acre to about twelve. Tull's system was founded on the same erroneous theory, that reproduction would continue full by culture, but without sustenance. Now, the best farming is carried on under the conviction that land is not self-sustaining.

The art of manuring land depends chiefly upon two considerations: first, a knowledge of the inorganic constituents of the crop intended to be grown; and, secondly, of the consti-

tuents of the soil, or, in other words, the soil must be able to supply the crop with mineral food, sufficient in kind and quantity to enable it to arrive at maturity. A soil may be rendered sterile even for weeds, by carrying off crops every year, and returning nothing in the shape of manure. Treatment like this would even forbid the growth of "the big thistle" to which, according to the legend, a blind settler of Cromwell's time, in Kerry, shrewdly desired his leader to tie his horse, preparatory to choosing a deep-soiled, and therefore eligible location. This grasping system was the one adopted by the first emigrants to the United States, who, finding the soil extremely fertile from its ammoniacal salts and decaying vegetable matter, expected to reap every year the same harvest as at first. The "corn-earth," as mould is called in our country, may suffice for two successive crops of a potash or a lime plant, and for three or four crops of a silica plant; after which the mineral substances removed from the field in the form of fruit, herbs, or straw, must be restored in the form of manure, or the land will lose its fertility. In general, land contains a good store of inorganic food, so that the deterioration is often a very slow process. In the hands of successive generations a field may become comparatively sterile; yet the rental may have increased with the gradual rise of rents, although the product of the field has insensibly diminished. Such slow changes have been seldom recorded; and hence the practical man is occasionally led to despise the clearest theoretical principles, because he has not happened to see them verified in his own limited experience, and to neglect, therefore, the suggestions and the wise precautions which these principles lay before him.

In the older slave States of North America—Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina—an illustration of this fact, writes Liebig, is most evident. These States, once rich and fertile, by a long-continued system of forced culture, have become generally unproductive, and vast tracts have been abandoned to hopeless sterility. From every acre of this land, it is calculated by the great German chemist, were removed in the course of a century, 12,000 lbs. of alkalis in

leaves, grain, and straw: it became unfruitful, because it was deprived of every particle of alkali fit for the food of the crops, and because that which was rendered soluble, while the land was left fallow for a year, was not sufficient to satisfy the demands of the plants. Such land it is possible to reclaim, but at what an expense of time, labour, manure, and skilful management!

They manage these things better in Great Britain, as we shall by-and-by endeavour to explain; but do not arrange them satisfactorily in France, as appears by the following paragraph in the above-cited *Révue* of last August:—

“There is not enough for the people to eat, in spite of all the efforts made by the French Government to insure supplies. With a good harvest, the country will produce ninety-seven millions of hectolitres of corn, which affords nourishment to thirty-two millions of inhabitants; there is, therefore, four millions of our country folk who do not eat bread. It is, perhaps, from this defect, that the gradual decrease of the national stature is to be attributed. Three times since 1789 the general height demanded for conscripts had to be lowered. In Spain the state of culture is deplorable, vast tracts of land are either uncultivated, or covered with heather. The population of Prussia, Austria, Belgium, Holland, and Bavaria augments, and the quantity of corn-cultivated lands diminishes. Russia is an exception. This vast empire, which forms in Europe, Asia, and America the sixteenth part of the whole world, with regard to this topic, presents a certain analogy with the United States: but as it is not sufficient alone to supply the deficiency of other European countries in the present state of its means of communication, and as, also, the consignments for France, England, and Spain, are about as long, and as expensive from Russia as the United States, it is this latter country which will, one day, be called upon to furnish alimentation to a large portion of our continent. We shall, then, soon ascertain whether her interior resources place her in a position to accomplish this mission.”

This question, whether America shall be to Europe what Sicily was to Rome, an inexhaustible granary, is, probably, one of the most important of the day. Fortunately, if some of her soil diminishes in fertility, her sons are making daily conquests in the prairie and forest.

The number of square miles con-

tained in the United States in 1783 was 1,170,000. Now, since the purchase of Louisiana and Florida, the annexation of Texas, and the treaties of Oregon and Mexico, it is within a fraction of three millions (2,936,165), nearly double the area of all Europe, excepting Russia. The aggregate population has increased from about four millions in 1790 to thirty millions at this present time. According to this ratio of increase, the population would be in forty years, 107,000,000. The population of the whole world being estimated at 1,283,000,000 souls, that of the United States would form the forty-secondth portion. The density of the population throughout all the Republic is about seventeen inhabitants to the square mile, or more than double the density of 1850. The density of France would make it 500,000,000, of Great Britain 660,000,000, while that of Belgium, supposing it possible to support such a population, would give it 1,150,000,000. A large portion of the territory of the United States being sterile and unproductive, such a population as the last named, would, therefore, be an impossibility.

The Americans have remained until now an agricultural nation. Of a population of 5,400,000 of males above fifteen years, who dwelt in the Union in 1850, we find forty-five per cent. minded country affairs, while commerce, manufactures, mines, and trades, occupied only thirty per cent.; the navy two per cent.; the army one per thousand. It can easily be seen how strikingly these proportions differ from what the statistics of Europe present: thus, in England, the agriculturists are only fifteen per cent. of the general population, the same in France and in Belgium.

It is estimated that £1,040,000,000 is the capital employed in agriculture in the United States, and only £200,000,000 in other branches. Agriculture adds annually £3,320,000 to the riches of the country. In New York, putting the metropolis out of the question, it fully pays four-fifths of the taxes. The total value of the exportations of the United States in 1857 was £72,000,000; the agricultural productions made two-thirds of this sum, and cotton alone more than the other one-third. In a word, the value of these exportations had in-

creased in ten years seventy per cent.

Cotton culture thus supplying the largest item of export, must, therefore, be considered the staple of North American trade. And there seems little reason for supposing that this special supply will be superseded by sufficient cultivation of the cotton plant in other countries. At present so much of the bread eaten in England comes from across the Atlantic, and so much of the material which enables her artisans to earn their bread, her eyes are directed anxiously to the condition of a people who have become almost necessary to her existence. A large party in the transatlantic Republic, however, inclining to look to France for additional demands in time of peace, and for support in case of any rupture with England, is agitating to procure freer admission of corn and cotton to that Empire; and among the arguments used, we may be sure that smart comments on Britishers are not absent. One of its leaders, W. B. Lawrence, of Rhode Island, published last April a pamphlet, in both the English and French languages, for distribution in Paris, where it attracted considerable attention, especially the paragraphs declaring that his compatriots had fought side by side with Frenchmen in resisting the domination claimed by Britain over the ocean; that the United States possess a greater commercial navy than any other country; and that, with the best sailors in the world, nothing is wanting but the will to become the first maritime power. The pamphleteer's acerbity is not disguised when alluding to abolitionists, and to the sympathy they receive from England. Nor does he refrain from hinting that the condition of some classes in that country and in our own is hardly superior to that of slaves in Virginia. The ensuing paragraph on this question is interesting:—

"The greatest quantity of severe work, which is most like that of the Southern States, is done in the Free States by workmen born in the British Isles. All the planters have also a motive for using them. In order to have the work of the Irish it is not requisite to have considerable capital, which is necessary for the purchase of slaves. Experience has been gained more than once in employing

them as workers upon the plantations. A fearful mortality was the only result, but they were employed as servants in the Southern States in order to keep the important work of the negroes for the plantations."

We also gather the following statistics from that brochure:—According to an official document, in 1852 there were 39,200,000 acres fit for the growth of cotton in the meridional regions of the Union, and only 6,300,000 acres of broken-up land, cultivated by few short of 800,000 slaves. The actual number of slaves amounts to more than four millions; and although the cotton workers are greatly augmented since that time, and negroes are always necessary for rice, sugar, and other productions—the work of labour which would be too much for white men, but has no effect upon the negroes—there exist in the States, where it is possible to substitute, for the labour of slaves, natives of Germany, and other white planters—reserves in sufficient quantity to answer the demands of a continually advancing civilization. The benefit of this will, it is calculated, be to give to millions of human beings who inhabit the globe cotton clothes at a low price, stuffs suitable to all climates, and for all classes. The last growth increases American hope for the future. In 1857 there were only three million bales of cotton; in 1859, according to the last accounts, they had increased to four and a-half millions.

Mr. Jay, an ardent statistician, appeals to all civilized nations to gather returns, without which broad and grand views of the actual state of those nations cannot be taken. The science of statistics has been so appreciated and greatly promoted by our government, that England is styled by foreigners "the cradle of political arithmetic," of which the horn-book may be declared to be Domesday Book, the most ancient and complete monument of that science in existence. No Norman conqueror of the New World parcelled out her prairies, and chronicled their value; even her present government, the least paternal of all forms of rule, has not collected statistics such as would reveal the gradual deterioration of her cultivated soil, since the difficulties in gathering them would far exceed the well-known obstacles towards obtaining similar

returns in Great Britain. In our own country, the example has been first set of amassing agricultural statistics, and it is to be hoped it will spread. Generally viewed, statistics are, it has been well said, to politics and the art of governing, what anatomy is to physiology in the study of the human body, and observation of the stars to astronomy. Viewed through the returns obtained by the instrumentality of our constabulary, we see the valuable revolution now effecting in the agriculture of this island, which nature unmistakably adapts more for pasture and green crops than for corn, since the prevailing wind, the south-west, brings first to her shores the collected vapours of the Atlantic, and these, attracted downwards by her mountains, and congealing in the colder atmosphere which covers the land, are precipitated in the form of copious rain. Mr. Jay's work is replete with useful tables, not only of American, but of European statistics, bearing on the important question of the supplies the New World sends to the Old. Space does not, of course, allow us to quote but two or three of these statements; yet we cannot pass over the graceful compliment he pays, in the following paragraph, to Lord Stanley, the son and heir of one of England's greatest politicians, and whose rising fame, earned by the noble manner in which he has educated himself to succeed to his illustrious heritage of worth and renown, is already spread wherever the English name is held in honour:—

"Another of our foreign associates (in the Statistical Society), Lord Stanley, early prominent among British statesmen, and who, I may say in passing, has vindicated his ancestral claim to greatness, not simply by his wisdom and industry in Parliament, but by the earnest and philosophic spirit he has exhibited in scientific and philanthropic efforts, gave, not long since, an admirable exposition before the London Statistical Society, of the nature and objects of statistical science. Regarding it as dealing with man in the aggregate, and developing results that can be calculated with mathematical precision, and thus leading us step by step to the knowledge of the laws that govern the social system, Lord Stanley remarked, 'When, therefore, in discussing social questions, we apply the statistical test, we are really doing no-

thing more than appealing from imagination to fact, from conjecture to certainty, from an imperfect to a perfect method of observation.'

No doubt, the rule of eyesight is as serviceable to a skilful farmer as the rule of thumb to a carpenter, and may enable him, without the aid of either the statistical or chemical sciences, to know whether his crops have lacked muck, or lime, or marl, or other manures. We rank muck first and foremost, very deservedly, since the difference between its power and that of other appliances is as great as the interval Horace describes as existing between Jupiter and the lesser Olympic divinities. Farm-yard dung is the true crop compeller, not for one year only, but for a five or six year's rotation. Certainly a hat-full of guano is as strong for producing two or three tons of turnips as a cart-load from the straw-yard; but the supply of the one is limited, small, and costly, in comparison with the abundant and incessant production of the other. Upon this item of manure, insignificant as it may seem to the unreflecting mind, depends the continuous prosperity of our country. It is the secret of England's agricultural wealth.

Mr. Webster, the Republican President, in his Sketch of English Agriculture, quoted the extraordinary fact, stated by M^r Queen, "that the value of the animal manure annually applied to the crops in England, at current prices, surpasses in value the whole amount of its foreign commerce;" and he added, "there is no doubt that it greatly exceeds it."

Why is it, that a thick sward, of dark green hue, attests the superior fertility of our suburban meadows and pastures, technically called town-parks? Why, that farms round our sea-coast, upon which the bounty of nature annually casts a fringe of glutinous sea-wore, pay a high rent? Because they receive the extra manuring which these situations supply. The green fields wearing such rich aspects babble and prate of the whereabouts whence they derived their emerald-tinted velvet carpets, and would scorn comparison with the stunted grass of inland arables, where repeated corn-crops have eaten up whatever vegetable matter once fertilized the soil. Manifestly the earth

must contain decaying substances to provide the gases requisite for remunerative production of corn. The fact that pasture land is also liable to exhaustion has been experienced in Cheshire and Gloucestershire, where continual abstraction of the components of butter and cheese, without any equivalent return of phosphates to the soil, led to a decrease in the annual produce, which astonished the dairy farmers of those counties, because they were ignorant of the cause. In the former shire, the deterioration was remedied by application of bones as top-dressing to grass; and the effects of this beneficial restoration are said to have raised many a struggling, hard-working farmer from poverty to comparative independence. Of yore, the Welsh giants threatened to grind Englishmen's bones to make bread: but here we see horse bones converted into butter. Yet the John Bulls of those dairy counties neither saw nor smelt out the use of a pulverized bone until science put it under their very noses.

Let us now see why land is more exhausted in America and France than in Great Britain. Plainly, because in the former countries it is owned by the cultivators, who, doing what they will with their own, sometimes reduce the producer of the staff of life to a *caput mortuum*. In the latter country, on the contrary, land being usually let, the owners stipulate that the occupiers shall not diminish its productive value. Our island, occupying a mean between the provident provision of her sister island, and the wasteful practice of America, suffers in proportion as the occupiers are not compelled to retain the soil at its average rate of fertility. With regard to the transatlantic practice, our author writes:—

“The deterioration of our soil is doubtless owing, in a great part, to a careless system of cultivation, common to new countries where land is cheap and labour is dear, and the soil is naturally productive, and the individual cultivator is intent upon large immediate returns, thoughtless of the permanent fertility of his farm, careless of the interests of his successors, and regardless of the prosperity of the community at large. It has been suggested that every agricultural people runs the same race of exhausting culture, shallow ploughing, a continuous course of impoverishing, with

neither rest, rotation, nor sufficient manure; and that necessity alone can convince them that duty and interest both demand that land should be so tilled as to increase rather than diminish in fruitfulness.”

Charles Dickens, in his “American Notes for General Circulation,” remarks, travelling from Fredericksburgh to Richmond, that the tract of country through which the railway takes its course was once productive; but that the soil had been exhausted by the system of employing a great amount of slave labour in forcing crops, without strengthening the land: and it is now little better than a sandy desert, overgrown with trees. Although M. Dormoy, the writer in the aforementioned *Révue*, wears many of Mr. Jay's literary feathers without acknowledgment, he is to be thanked for the following eye-witnessing account of immigration to the far West:—

“It is interesting to see how part of these immense wilds, still primeval forests, which reach to the north, *via* Canada, to Hudson's Bay, become gradually inhabited. Emigrants are recruited by special companies in Europe, and principally in Ireland, Germany, Switzerland, and different parts of Austria; upon their arrival in the United States they come before a special office, called the land-office, and receive ‘patents,’ which give them the right to the proprietorship of portions of land situated in localities they have chosen, generally on the borders of lakes and rivers.

“Friendly parties and countrymen group together, and upon their arrival at the appointed place, halt before a primitive forest, where the trees marked with the federal hammer serve for sign posts and boundaries. Their first care, before proceeding to break up the soil, is generally to burn the briars and trees on all sides, without which precaution the wooden houses they construct would run the risk themselves of being consumed by some conflagration. They then fell trunks of trees, and commence sowing corn and other seeds, without uprooting the stumps, which often remain for many years, whilst the surrounding cultivation is improving, and thus exhibit their tops blackened by flame among the corn and vegetables. Emigrants have plenty to do, but necessity inspires them. Fresh neighbours arrive rapidly, and the population develops with an astonishing rapidity in these new-born towns, to which, in default of local traditions, the inhabitants themselves give names in remembrance of their country or of history. It

is thus, that in traversing the different States of the Union, the towns of London, Paris, Amsterdam, Frankfort, Rome, Sparta, &c., are to be met with. I was present in 1856 at the birth of one of these cities; it then only consisted of a few detached huts in a wood of firs, upon the borders of the River Detroit, between Lakes Huron and Erie. Although the clearings had not yet been commenced, an electric telegraph was established; a railway passed at a few miles distance, and the steam-boat which had brought us waited for the passengers near a pier. Notices nailed on large fir trees announced beforehand the situation of the two principal streets, Washington and Union street; the town had not yet been named, but appeared about to be called Wyondotte. The foundation was decided by no decree. Now, most probably, it contains several churches, and many thousand inhabitants.

"In these conditions, emigrants, who are courageous and accustomed to privations, generally prosper, and succeed well with their new property. After some years of work and fatigue they are nearly certain to enjoy more material wealth than three-quarters of the inhabitants of Europe. The number of immigrants also increases each year, and this is one of the best proofs that can be furnished of the progress of agriculture. In 1859 the land office issued 160,000 patents, surveyed fifteen millions of acres, and sold, or rather conceded seventeen and a-half millions. Nevertheless it is astonishing, in presence of the notable misery into which a large portion of the inhabitants of Europe are plunged, that the emigration movement is not more decided; but in human life all do not reduce themselves to mathematical calculations, or even to material pleasures; in spite of themselves they are attached to home, to friends, even to strangers who speak the same language. To quit one's country is half to die!"

In France, despite the efforts of government to secure for the people sufficiency of food, the scientific researches of M. Payen, of the French Institute, on the public alimentation, confirm the inferences drawn by M. de Lavergne from the condition of the French peasantry. The nation, it is said, have not enough to eat, even to supply the natural wants of the human frame.

M. Payen has calculated that the whole amount of animal food consumed annually in France, including meat, fowls, fish, eggs, cheese, &c., is 980,000,000 of kilogrammes (the kilogramme is two pounds three ounces),

which, divided among the population of the Empire, gives twenty-eight kilogrammes per annum, or only seventy-six grammes, about one-sixth of a pound per diem, or less than half of what it ought to be. It is curious to remark, in this connexion, that the consumption of meat by the English navvies employed on the Rouen railway, was six hundred and sixty grammes, or one pound and a quarter per diem, which an English reviewer regards as an enormous allowance, although we believe it is the usual daily ration in the British army, with one pound of bread, &c. The usual army ration on the Continent is, one pound of beef, one and a half pounds of bread, one pint of wine, &c. The daily ration in the United States' navy is about fourteen ounces of bread, half a pound of beef, six ounces of pork, three ounces of rice, three ounces of peas, one ounce of cheese, with sugar, tea, and molasses. The common allowance of food in the prisons of the United States is equivalent to one pound of meat, one pound of bread, and one pound of vegetables per day. A statistical inquiry into the amount of vegetable and animal food consumed by the American people, with reference to a comparison of their condition with that of other nations, would not be without interest.

The increase of population in the west of Europe, beyond the capability of production, is investing the question of food in this age with tremendous significance, and the growing demands for bread from America, give a world-wide interest to the statistics of her agriculture. In the British Islands, and on the Western Continent, consumption has overtaken production, and henceforth, in England, France, Holland, Belgium, and a great part of Germany, the food question will be the question that must take precedence of all others, as the regulator of commerce, and entitled to the first attention and the wisest treatment on the part of governments. In England, the turning point at which consumption overtook production, is said to have been in 1824. She had intermittently imported corn during some previous period. Malthus, in 1803, speaks of England as having been an importing nation for twenty or thirty years; and remarked:—

"In spite even of the peculiar advan-

tages of England, it seems to me clear, that if she continue yearly to increase her importations of corn, she cannot ultimately escape the decline which seems to be the natural and necessary consequence of excessive commercial wealth. I am not now speaking of the next twenty or thirty years, but of the next two or three hundred."

Since 1824, when demand exceeded home supply, two causes are held to have been constantly increasing the disproportion. The first, enlarged consumption of breadstuffs by the increased population; the second, enlarged demand for animal food, which caused large breadths of arable land to be turned to pasture and to production of green crops. Our American author observes:—

"Upon the political importance of the Bread Question in Europe it is not necessary to enlarge. It is a matter within the personal knowledge of the present generation. The famine of 1847, which in Ireland alone was attended by the loss of half a million of lives, and the succeeding revolution and rebellion throughout Europe in 1848, are fresh in our memories. To the existence and power of the French Government, as one of their own writers has remarked, the mildew on an ear of corn, or the *oidium* on a bunch of grapes, are of more vital consequence than the splendour of the Imperial jewels, or the marvels of a thousand handicrafts. Whatever in our day cuts off the small profits of the industrial classes in Europe, or threatens multitudes with starvation, strikes at the stability of the political institutions of the land, and wields a mighty influence whether for evil or for good. The very existence of thrones may be affected, indeed some think their existence has been determined by causes apparently insignificant as the rot in the potato, or the weevil in a grain of wheat."

It is not too much to say that the potato failure produced the last French Revolution, since the repeated loss of the crop caused not only starvation, but general monetary derangement, and consequently want of employment. The English people, far less dependent than either the French or the Irish on that root, suffered little by its failure, and have been vastly benefited by the check given to its spread, which threatened to reduce the lower labouring classes to the Irish and Continental level of diet.

"Westward the course of empire tends," prophesied the poet, who, however, was not inspired. It

seems more likely that Palestine will be reinhabited by the Jews, and restored to somewhat of its pristine fertility, before the Transatlantic Republic rises to the predominance of an empire. Certes, the character of her present government is not imperious at home, being hardly capable of fulfilling the first duty of a government, that of enforcing the law. Linked as she is to England by commercial interests and common blood, vulnerable as she is along her sea-board, and anxious as her respectable classes are to maintain peace, there is more to hope than to fear from her in case we were at war with other powers. A rupture with her would throw her innumerable mercantile marine into the jaws of our cruisers, and by stopping her exports of corn and cotton, cause perilous distress in her very vitals. It would be the fabled quarrel between the belly and the members. Rather she will continue to take our surplus population and capital, and send us what commodities she has to spare. May it be long before we have need of alliance with our American brethren; but many a cause combines to make us feel sure they would not fail us at need.

The eminent political economist, Mill, has suggested that a portion of the capital now employed in the States in manufacturing articles for home consumption will in future be transferred to the production of corn for British use.

"One fact is clear," says the *Mark-lane Express*, "that it is to Western America we must in future look for the largest amount of cereal produce." Much of the eastern soil is worn out. The census of New York for 1855 shows that her wheat crop, once so famous, is decreasing, principally by gradual diminution of fertility. Indian corn is now raised where Ceres' classic, golden harvest used to be gathered; just as in France, *sarrasin*, or buck-wheat, grows where true wheat formerly gave white bread; and as in Ireland, where, though better than a black cake rewards the farmer, rye and bere are too often grown where capital would produce wheat and barley. If we have laid too much stress upon exhaustion of the soil in America, our ruling idea is to direct attention to this deterioration in our own country, since the

immense loss it occasions yearly, of probably eight or nine millions sterling, can only be remedied by care on the part of owners, and stock on that of occupiers. But, on the other hand, as England looks chiefly to Western America for foreign grain, so she may rejoice in the fact of the vast capacity of that country to afford a supply. While she counts her age by centuries, North America is yet in its infancy; and while she can only reckon her square miles by thousands, that great continent counts them by millions. When the *grand monarque* of France caused the terrestrial globe, which occupies two rooms in the Bibliothèque Impériale, to be made, he ruled over

a region across the Atlantic so considerable, that the settlement since swollen into the United States makes no figure in comparison on the map. Part of the territory, Louisiana, has been absorbed by the Republic; but Lower Canada, the "few acres of snow," which the French pretended not to care for, now form, with Upper Canada and other British possessions, an area of 3,050,398 square miles, being 114,232 square miles larger than the area of the United States. Here is, verily, both an outlet for the more enterprising of our population, and a granary and forest for all who remain at home.

	Square Miles.
The area of the United States at the Peace of 1783 was	820,680
The purchase of Louisiana, 1819, added about	899,579
Acquisition of Florida, 1819,	66,900
Annexation of Texas,	318,000
Oregon Treaty,	308,052
Treaty with Mexico,	522,955
	<hr/>
	2,936,166

We must not expect too much, in calculating the industrial mission of the United States to produce food for consumption. A dense population, capable of exporting, is impossible throughout her vast central plain, which is a barren waste, unfit for tillage; and the space from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific must, with

the exception of the rich but narrow belt along the ocean, be also regarded as a wilderness unfitted for the use of the husbandman. With regard to physical geography, the following table shows the area of each slope, and its ratio to the whole area of the United States:—

Territory.	Area in Square Miles.	Ratio of Slope to total Area of the United States.
Pacific slope,	786,002	26·09
Atlantic slope, proper,	514,416	17·52
Northern Lake region,	112,649	3·83
Gulf region,	325,537	11·09
Mississippi Valley, drained by the Mississippi and its tributaries,	1,217,562	41·47
Total,	<hr/> 2,956,166	<hr/> 100·00

Thus, more than two-fifths of the national territory is drained by the mighty Mississippi. Of the entire area of the States, only about one-thirteenth is improved; about one-eighth more is occupied but not improved. The entire number of acres occupied is some 300,000,000, or nearly one-sixth part of the national territory. Yet not only does the unoccupied portion comprise the two huge sterile districts already alluded to, but there is still greater loss by reason of the condition of improvable parts, for primeval forests generally cover the face of the earth, and thus exclude man from applying it to rearing the

multitudinous flocks and herds which might otherwise, as in Australia, serve to enrich the world.

The old theory, that the best soil was the first occupied by the pioneers of civilization, is now refuted, and the fair conclusion is drawn, that, among the unoccupied portions of the States, there remains soil of greater fertility and ultimate value, than is to be found in the thirteenth portion actually under cultivation. Many millions of rich lands in North Carolina, capable of yielding immense returns to labour, only await the growth of population and wealth; and the same may be said of Georgia, Florida, and Alabama.

Looking at the aggregate exports of the country for the past year, 1857, to learn the proportion due to culture of the soil, we find them to be as follows :—

	Dollars.
The Sea,	3,739,644
Forest,	14,699,711
Agriculture, . . .	75,722,096
Tobacco,	20,260,772
Cotton,	131,575,859
Raw produce, . . .	2,103,103
Manufactures, . . .	30,805,126
Specie and Bullion, .	60,078,352

Total value of Exports, 338,785,065

Of which there was due to the culture of the soil (agriculture, tobacco, and cotton), 230,000,000 (229,661,832) or more than two-thirds of the sum total. These statistics establish the truth that agriculture is by far the largest national interest of the American Republic: the other interests of industry, and of home and foreign commerce, group round this column of the State like pillars in a cluster: the largest, agriculture, in the centre, supporting the fabric. If it is the Doric, not the Corinthian column, of the Republic, and does not vie with English agriculture in that beauty of natural productions which measures the degree of civilization, it excels in artificial means for supplying the void of manual labour, its machinery being characterized for inventive adaptability to the necessities of a vast but half-peopled country. Yet though most men and things are rough in the backward parts of that new continent, nature is on the grandest scale, and men's minds grow, like her, gigantic. And there is grandeur in the idea that, while her children glory in her growing greatness, this is much due to her rôle of feeding and clothing half the Old World.

It may be said of America as it has been said of Great Britain, that she has a relative as well as an absolute existence, and this truth becomes very striking in this connexion, when we

look at her, not alone as the bountiful supplier of her own fast-increasing population, but as destined to become, in all human probability, above and beyond their wants, the greatest grain market in the world; ready to assist Europe on the one hand and Asia on the other. It grows more apparent when we consider not simply the large extent of her area, and the small density of her population, but the diversity of her climate, the fertility of her western prairies, her Mississippi Valley, her Atlantic and Pacific slopes, and regard, at the same time, the intelligence and energy of her farmers, her public schools, her agricultural associations, and her free press, the expanding influences of her institutions, and her commanding central position. Our discourse cannot be concluded better than by quoting the words of our excellent American authority, who, full of gratitude for the gifts poured on his country, ends his Address to his countrymen with sentiments such as might find place in the songs of angels :—

“ We close with the thought suggestive of thankfulness and good will, that all these agencies are at work for the benefit of our universal brotherhood, to lighten the primeval curse, and to compel from our common mother, for the benefit of the children of a common Father, more varied and abundant harvests, with greater certainty and with lessened toil. Let us also reverently remember, gentlemen, in our study of the laws of political economy by the guiding light of statistics, that the truths which we seek to discover, are a part of that universal law whose seat is the bosom of God, and whose voice the harmony of the world. Nor let us ever forget, in the contemplation of our unparalleled blessings, that the happiness and prosperity of a nation depend infinitely less on their material wealth, than upon the observance of those great rights and duties which our fathers solemnly recognised when we took our place in the family of nations.”

THE WORK-A-DAY WORLD OF FRANCE.

CHAPTER IV.

WE part from the work-a-day world of Flemish France to direct our attention to Normandy. But, in parting with the heavy, often sottish, unimpressionable Flemings, we must record our belief, that M. Audiganne sums them up as a government official rather than as an independent thinker. He declares that because they have succumbed easily and tamely to the consequences of the second of December, they are more alive to enlightened ideas than their vivacious countrymen of Lyons, and other turbulent industrial centres. In other words, M. Audiganne excuses and applauds the impunity which the Flemings gave the government of Louis Napoleon, when he destroyed their associations, and dispersed them, each to work for himself, and to keep his interests aloof from those of his neighbour. Enlightened ideas then, according to M. Audiganne, are those which his government puts forth, and only these. The principle of association is, to him, a dream from Utopia. At any rate it is a principle, the application of which is dangerous to a government that lives by inspiring terror and suppressing the expression of free thought. Banded in vast bodies by a strong common interest, the working classes are powerful, and compel their government to pay them attention; but isolated, they can do little or nothing. Bonapartists understand this; and in France workmen may not meet *en masse* to discuss even the most peaceful questions. Even schoolmasters may not lecture to their pupils without having submitted their lectures to the authorities.

The industry of Normandy is divided into two distinct sections. Here we find two great communities, one working away from home in great factories, and the other still labouring in the native village, at home, with wife and children. Here, then, the effects of home and out-door work may be studied with advantage. M. Jules Simon may take facts hence to fortify his already eloquent appeals in

behalf of home, and the virtues which belong to, and are inseparable from, home. He may take them, and still he may preach; but not in Normandy may be found the proof that it is possible, with advantage to the modern exigencies of commerce, to break up great factories employing 1,500 hands, and return these hands back, men re-individualized, to their homes—there to win bread for wife and bairns.

In the Seine-Inférieure and the Department of Eure great agglomerated industries exist, while the remaining part of Normandy is described by M. Audiganne as "the classic ground of home-work." The staple manufacture of the Seine-Inférieure is cotton; and the centre of this busy department is Old Rouen, that looks as little like a manufacturing town as Salisbury or Oxford. The old Norman city remains picturesque as ever, while the French cotton lords build their spinning establishments, their weaving sheds, and their dyeing works, round about her, belting her with cotton. In these factories from two to five hundred hands are employed in each. This district has large woollen manufactures, but these are inferior in importance to the cotton. Elbœuf is the centre of the woollen trade. Then there is Louviers, a great woollen manufactory, with its picturesquely-situated factories. The Seine-Inférieure includes also great metal manufactures, as at Romilly, and in the *arrondissement* of Evreux. The manufacturing industry of this department (if we except that of Louviers) hardly dates beyond half a century. The working classes, whose labour supports this great and increasing centre of industry, consist of men who have strong opinions on the duties and rights of employers and employed. Did they not, at Rouen, in the Revolution of 1848, lead two manufacturers through the streets, barefooted, and with a rope about their neck?

The rapid development of manufactures in this department, the increasing competition of manufacturers that

tended to lower wages, and the improvements in machinery that appeared at first to the excited and uneducated minds of the workmen, to put human labour at a discount; led to successive crises in the neighbourhood of Rouen, as these eras in the progress of manufacturing enterprise led to crises in England. But at the present time there are influences at work at Rouen and thereabouts, which have already had a salutary effect upon the character of the working population. The religious schools have been active, sanitary officers have been worked efficiently in places like Martinville (long the disgrace of Rouen), and manufacturers have been busy in the right direction. Nor have the artisans been idle. They have instituted and supported mutual benefit societies, and these have been helped by the general council of the department. But the ignorance which has spread misery in England among members of mutual benefit societies, has created disasters at Rouen. The artisans of this busy town have disregarded the tables of actuaries, and have promised more, for given subscriptions, than the chances of human life would enable them to pay. Bankruptcy was the inevitable result. But the evil brought a compensating good with it. Men saw their error, and made wise provision for the prevention of its recurrence. They amalgamated their little societies under one wise, general guidance. But some of these societies remained apart from the general alliance. The Society of Christian Emulation is not merely a provident society: it has a religious complexion. It appeals to the Christian spirit of its members; and gathers them together solemnly, and affords them moral lessons. While other societies have failed, this, the most numerous of all the provident societies, has held together; and its success, in the midst of failures, is an honour to the artisans who belong to it.

The associative principle has taken other than provident forms. Workmen feeling their weakness when separated, will, in spite of the strictest laws, discover a means of making their power felt. The law protects their children, the law restricts the hours of labour, but artisans have a hun-

dred other rights to protect, and they will discover the readiest means of protecting them. In the spinning-mills among the valleys about Rouen, the regulations of the mill, upon which master and man are agreed, are carried out by a *curé*. There is a *curé*, who is the oldest workman, to each room; and when the room is very large, he is assisted in the performance of his functions, by a vicar. This chief has authority given to him by his fellow-workmen to maintain order, and to watch the execution of the agreed regulations of the mill. He has power to punish (usually by a small fine) the infraction of any regulation. But the *curé* has a severer punishment than a fine. He may sentence a refractory artisan to Coventry, or, to use the French slang phrase, to a punishment known as *couper le ventre*. The artisan under this sentence is avoided in the streets—in the mill no fellow-workman will speak to, or help him.

When differences arise in the mill, in which the interests of all the hands are concerned, delegates are appointed to confer with the employer: the *curé* is not necessarily chosen. He is *curé* by right of seniority; but when a debate on the interests of the hands impends—when labour is to face capital—the clearest heads and most facile and convincing tongues must be chosen, and are chosen accordingly. The delegates selected are thus the ablest men among their companions; and they manage to obtain justice, not as individual workmen, but by the power which their representative character gives them. By these admirable arrangements, the artisans of Rouen have protected their interests from the unfair encroachments of capital, and have given a magisterial authority to their elders to regulate their workshops. The remarks which apply to the manufacturing capital of Normandy apply also to Elbeuf, the centre of the French cloth manufactures. Here the introduction of the Jacquard machine created troubles, by bringing new workmen from Lyons and elsewhere, to compete with the unskilled native population. But time has smoothed the difficulties which marked the inevitable introduction of this wonderful machine (now threatened by the subtle application of electricity); and the Elbeuf population

is busy and quiet. They are, however, jealous and suspicious. They will take advantage of no idea that is originated and carried out by their employers. They suspect even the capitalist who seeks to help them in dear times. A manufacturer, in a time of scarcity, bought a large quantity of rice at Havre, intending to sell it at cost price to the artisans. But, although this concession would have given their children cheap food, they turned their backs upon it, and declared that the manufacturer was trading upon their necessities. A profound mistrust characterizes the population; and this mistrust, acting upon demoralized minds, creates a dangerous element in an industrial town. According to M. Audiganne, the manners of the working population of Elbœuf are lower than those of the sottish Lillois. Some improvements have been accomplished since this author described the industrial regions of the north; but his picture of large rooms, in which forty beds, containing promiscuous groups of men, women, and children; and of the low lodgings where the country population, drawn from their villages to the factories (returning only on Wednesday and Saturday nights), rested their tired limbs, represents a social condition so debased that it is hardly possible to find a parallel for it. Here, and at Louviers, infanticide is almost unknown; because the fallen woman has not a blush left to cast upon her fall.

It is difficult to penetrate this vice and ignorance, because the workingmen are strongly prejudiced against their clergy, and it is through the clergy only that they have a hope of being educated. There is a widespread fear of the priestly influence; and, consequently, religious schools are not extensively patronized. The Norman artisan who works in factories is a shrewd fellow at a bargain. His mind is concentrated upon his own individual interests. He is perpetually on the watch lest somebody should take advantage of him. He has no individual character. Massed among thousands who lodge, and feed, and work as he lodges, feeds, and works—an atom floating with other atoms upon an even current of vice and debauchery—he loses the peculiarities that were his when he worked

in his native village upon his father's fields. Home destroyed, he is that unhappy creature—a man with dulled affections and blunted sensibilities. Could he re-create his home to himself—could he hold back wife and children from the contamination that is everywhere thick about them—could he rear an innocent race, apart from the vicious and the debauched, he might, with the education that is within his reach, recover the purity of the village life, and give to it, moreover, a grace that it had not in the olden time. But the steam pants—the great mills yawn for labour; he must bow and enter, and be one of the thousand, and on a level with the thousand.

As we have already observed, there are still Norman districts where manufacturing work is done at home; and where, consequently, the individuality of the individual is maintained, and the home is compact and free from contamination. Of these districts, Flers, Caen, and l'Aigle are the centres. The district round about Flers, comprehending the western part of the Department of the Orne, and including Vire, Condé-sur-Noireau, and Ferté-Macé, is the great workshop of about thirty thousand toilers, who spin and weave cotton and wool, but chiefly cotton. These thirty thousand offer a favourable contrast to the artisans of Rouen. The cottages are musical with the rattle of the loom; and herein father, mother, and children together, under the roof of home, work harmoniously. The life is tranquil; the father is supreme director and master of the common interests. It is his ambition, and it is that of his family, to earn money to buy a field that shall belong to them, and that shall bring fruits enough for old age to live upon. The Norman peasantry are passionately fond of the soil; to it they give all the labour they can spare from the loom or the spinning-wheel. If they have no agricultural implements wherewith to turn up and plant their little patch of land, they borrow them from a neighbouring farmer, and repay him by helping him to get his harvest in. The daughters and sons of small farmers also work at the staple manufacture, when there is no out-door work. Throughout this district, in short, the population live

both by the cultivation of land and the manufacture of cotton. Whether this kind of mixed labour can hold its ground against the competition of the great factory system, time alone will prove; but that it brings comfort where it does exist is incontestable. Through the crisis of 1847 and 1848, this district felt only faintly the evil effects of a panic. There was the soil when the cotton failed—the soil always grateful under the hand of man. Home being intact, children are open to the good influences of Christian teachers: fathers send their children to school. Education has not reached a high point among the population of Flers, because the strong interest of parents tempts them to withdraw their children from the schoolroom directly their labour may be utilized. But to the child who has to win its bread by the labour of its hands, labour is good and sound education. The child should, of course, have its mind cultivated as highly as it can be cultivated without neglecting the culture of a habit of industry. To give the child of the poor man a habit and a love of labour, is to teach him that which will be his best friend and his strongest safeguard, through life.

The workmen of Flers are water-drinkers through the week, and drunkards on Sundays. They solemnly and deliberately set apart the seventh day for boozing bouts in the wine-shops. This custom has become fixed, and it would appear unassailable; so that people regard it as something as natural as attendance at mass. M. Audiganne has given an illustration of the feeling with which women regard the drunken Sundays of Flers. A girl was engaged to be married to a young man who was distinguished as a Sabbath roysterer. She was asked whether she was not rather afraid of the youth's intemperate habits. "Oh! no," was the reply, "he gets drunk only on Sundays." This hebdomadal intemperance is the only vice of the Norman spinners and weavers who work at home. They are a moral race, because they have a home in which the legitimate influences of home have free play. Only here and there, where factories have been set up in one of these rural districts; scandalous stories, unknown until

men, women, and children were cast pell-mell into one building, have grown up.

Passing from Flers to Caen, Bayeux, and the district stretching to Cherbourg, we find home-work still keeping the family together. But in these districts women and girls are the principal workers, for here are the headquarters of the French lace manufacturers. Sitting on summer days before their cottage doors, mothers and daughters may be seen weaving the black lace of Chantilly, and the frail, white, French blondes. These groups of industrious homes are in happy contrast with the crowds of laughing, unsexily boys and girls who pour out of the great Rouen factories. At Cherbourg and Bayeux there are establishments conducted by the Sisters of the Providence of Rouen, where children are taught at once the means of earning their livelihood, and the proper conduct of life. Industrial schools, presided over by religious teachers, bring up a steady and honest race of wives. Hereabouts, in these lace districts, every member of every family works. The females manufacture lace, while the men dare the perils of the sea in fishing smacks, or till the soil. The consequence is a thriving, quiet population, among which every new-born infant is a new-born blessing. Not less than 70,000 women are employed in lace manufacture about Caen and Bayeux.

Let us note a wide difference in morals between this district and Rouen. Fallen woman has no shame in the cotton districts of Rouen—her frailty is that of all her neighbours. But about Caen the lace-makers working at home, practise virtue as a rule, and the sister who falls generally leaves the country in disgrace. She has been accustomed to work with sister and mother over the same lamp, and now she cannot meet their eyes. She can no longer be part of the winter-evening gatherings to work the delicate lace in the warm stables, where cousins and sisters meet, because a fire in the sitting-room might soil the fragile fabric of their fingers. She will no longer be a welcome visitor with her neighbours at the gay annual pilgrimage to Notre Dame de la Délivrande, where she has

prayed and feasted once in every year from her earliest childhood.

In the Aigle district we find the seats of various manufactures huddled together: 12,000 women are employed fashioning gloves. Many families are busy about Rugles and Verneuil making pins; and in the canton of Ereteuil men labour at hardware. In this population, diversely employed, and very near great factories, the individuality of the individual is less marked than among the populations of Flers and Caen. The work is hard, and of long duration. The smiths light their forges long before sunrise; the pin-makers must work fourteen or fifteen hours, for the pay is very small. The employers pay about sixpence for the adjustment of 12,000 pins' heads, and between twopence halfpenny and threepence for arranging the same number of pins upon papers. But all members of a family, from the youngest to the eldest, can be useful in pin-manufacture; and the little gains of each cast into a common fund, enable the housewife to compass the frugal wants of her family. The family influence perceptible at Flers and Caen is also perceptible in the Aigle district. The men have their boozes at the *cabaret* on Sundays; and they have their great, riotous, annual *fête* of St. Eloi; but they have a love of home and simple habits, which the factory system has not yet stolen from them.

Home-work has its sinister side as well as its bright side. It keeps a race moral, but it retards also, very often, intellectual development. The factory operative is a quick-witted fellow. The necessity he feels for watching his interests, cultivates his cunning, and multiplies his intellectual resources. He obtains a broad view of commerce: the laws of supply and demand, of association and competition, are dimly perceived and comprehended by him. He is able to talk and to argue. Morally, he is a very questionable gentleman. He has small respect for female honour—he hardly frowns when his daughter falls; but he is intelligent—he is accomplished in the ways by which his worldly interests may be fortified to repel successfully the encroachments of capital. "Ac-

complishments," to quote Hone, "upon vice are as beautiful colours on a venomous reptile." Reading and writing are weapons that may be turned to good or to evil purposes; and, when all home influences are destroyed—when the bed-chamber is a foul cellar, where young and old of both sexes are styed—the sharp-witted are likely to become monsters of evil. We are inclined to believe in the Freezeland proverb:—"Far from home is near to harm." We watch, then, with a sad interest, the home-workers of Normandy—the united family manufacturing pins or working lace; because it is clear to us that presently factories will arise about Caen and Flers that will absorb these happy families; and that the chubby children of happy villages are in danger of becoming the pale inhabitants of dirty artisan slums. The misery which afflicts Lille and Rouen, and other great industrial centres, may be alleviated, it is true. There is no reason why factory boys and girls should not become honest and virtuous men and women. The spread of education, and of moral precept and example, may, by degrees, recreate the blessings of pure homes in French manufacturing districts, and constant advocacy of temperance may disseminate its practice; but, up to this time, little has been done—less in France than in England or Scotland.

The reason of this may be that the French artisans are jealous of the influence of the priests; and that they lack mechanics' institutes. The French Government declines to permit meetings of working men; for how shall the authorities know whether artisans, met ostensibly to learn arithmetic, are not plotting the overthrow of the Bonaparte! Education can move but slowly ahead while repressive laws meet the working classes at every turn, and restrict their activity. A policeman confronts them at the corner of every street. The ministry of public instruction, or a De la Guéronnière, snatches up every book intended for their benefit. The social reformer may not argue freely; nor propagate untrammelled his honest convictions. A masterly little book lies before us; it has been crowned by the French Academy. It was

written in 1848-9; and its chapters were read, successively, to the members of a mutual benefit society established at Morlaix:—a little, busy town in Brittany. It is a wise and temperate volume, written by a clear-headed, practical, and justly thinking, man. It is, in short, an admirable book to sow broadcast over an industrial district. It teaches by example; and its morals are pointed humbly, as morals should be pointed by every fallible creature. It has been translated into German, and has had an immense popularity round about Cologne, and all Rhenish Germany. The French edition of 1858 is before us; but it is an edition Bonapartized.* The author, Hippolyte Violleau, has "consented" to suppress the chapters in which he discussed communistic and socialist doctrines. His tongue is tied; he may not speak all his thoughts to his countrymen, although these thoughts have been crowned by the approbation of the most learned body in his country. Priests and prelates interpose themselves between him and his audience; and his audience becomes sullen, and saunters off to the wine shop.

Yet in M. Violleau's clipped book there is matter enough to do great good. His examples are drawn from the classes to which he appeals. He seeks to teach a love of work, by showing the great successes of patient industry. He is the apostle of temperance; the eloquent advocate of economy; the denouncer of the evil effects of the Saint Monday; the inculcator of all the virtues that make that safeguard of man—home. His anecdotes are culled from wide fields; but they are all apt and good. He teaches how the slothful should be punished, from Amsterdam; and how intemperance should be assailed, from the example of Father Matthew, in England. And then he appeals to his fellow-workmen to look abroad upon the universal condemnation to labour,

and to accept their share of the sentence, bravely and cheerfully.

"How many services have been rendered to humanity," he exclaims, in the peroration of his first lecture, "by men who have remained unknown, save to a few *savants*! Mention the names of those corporations of workmen who covered Europe with architectural wonders. Where are the names of the sons of artisans and labourers who, as unknown soldiers, have fallen upon the battle-field; of the intrepid sailors who have been swallowed up by the sea, or massacred by savages; of the monks, the Franciscans, who saved popular liberty under their habits; and while they protected the humble, admonished the great—who crowded to meet death at the bedside of the pestilential sick? These workmen, these artists, these soldiers, these sailors, these monks, faithfully accomplished their task; and the generic name of men of the people, has sufficed to the cravings of their ambition. Their day's work done, they have left us their labour and their example as a sublime inheritance: assured that we should receive this legacy as authentic, without giving them the trouble to sign it.

"Let us, then, each according to his strength and his ability, accept loyally and courageously, the legacy of our ancestors. Let us love work as they loved it; let us seek in it, as they sought in it before us—the accomplishment of a religious duty, the employment of our intellectual faculties, the glory of our country, and the prosperity of our families! . . . May the day come speedily when, man loving work, public prosperity shall be sufficient to yield work to all! Modern Utopists promise us universal wealth in the future. Vainglorious theorists!—in the midst of the calamities which they create, let them just find the secret of providing work for all—bread for all, and we will cry 'quits!' for the rest."

* Soirées de l'Ouvrier. Lectures à une Société de Secours Mutuels. Par Hippolyte Violleau. Quatrième édition. Ambroise Bray: Paris.

A LEGEND OF FAHAN.

At Fahan House, when the wind blows high, there is heard a sound as of a lady playing on the harp—mournfully but sweetly. This is accounted for in the following ballad. There is near the house a holy well, much celebrated in the country for its power of working miraculous cures. Two old towers are there also, but whether they have any relation to the incidents mentioned in the ballad, has not been ascertained. There is also a sward of grass, on which are circular impressions, believed to be those of fairy feet.

I.

THE fair moonlight shines cold and bright,
And hush'd is the thunder's roar:
The sea-birds rest on the ocean's breast,
For the tempest's rage is o'er.

II.

Lough Swilly's sea sleeps tranquilly,
And near its silent tide,
The elves that dwell by the Holy Well
In fairy mazes glide.

III.

Tho' all is still on dale and hill,
At midnight's lonely hour,
A harp's wild note is heard to float
From lovely Emma's bower.

IV.

Why roves her eye so anxiously
The tranquil waters o'er?
Past rock and cliff, her lover's skiff
Glides swiftly to the shore.

V.

He has scaled the tower to Emma's bower,
He has kist her throbbing brow,
Tho' well he knows his direst foes
Watch for his coming now.

.

VI.

The whirlwinds sweep o'er the raging deep,
And loud is the sea-birds' wail;
The sailors seek the shelter'd creek,
And furl the dripping sail.

VII.

One lonely bark o'er the waters dark
Sweeps on while the thunders roar,
'Midst the raging storm fair Emma's form
Is seen on the sounding shore.

VIII.

In the lightning's glare her yellow hair
Gleams forth like a meteor's ray ;
And the tresses that veil her cheek so pale
Are wet with the ocean's spray.

IX.

Her hand she flings o'er the moistened strings
Of the harp (for the bark she knew),
Tho' sad and low its murmurs flow,
And wildly the sea-breeze blew.

X.

O can he reach the surf-toss'd beach !
Will heaven her lover save ?
The maid is prest to that lover's breast,
He has 'scaped from the boiling wave.

XI.

In vain to thee, sweet maid, the sea
Thy lover safe has given ;
Vain every prayer, vain all thy care,
And murmur'd thanks to heaven.

XII.

For now appear with sword and spear,
Thy father's armed band ;
Thy tears are vain, thy lover slain,
Lies bleeding on the sand.

XIII.

Poor Emma's shriek each bay and creek
Re-echoes 'midst the storm :
In death's cold grasp her fair arms clasp
Her lover's lifeless form.

XIV.

Their lowly grave the billows lave,
And, gazing o'er the deep,
The passers-by with tearful eye
For lovely Emma weep.

XV.

And now no more on the cold bleak shore,
As of old do the fairies dwell :
Nor is seen on the ground the fairy round
Of the dance by the Holy Well.

XVI.

But oft is heard when the midnight bird
Shrieks shrilly thro' the skies,
A harp's sad wail, in the raging gale,
'Bove the roar of the tempest rise.

H. N.

OUR POLITICAL CHORUS.

THE office of Chorus, a time-honoured part in Shakspeare's plays as well as in the Greek drama, and filled, as respects the doings of the world, by the journals of the British Press, obliged them, so soon as the curtains of the Legislative Theatres in Westminster dropped, to give epilogues on the several presented pieces, with views of the various plots, some criticism on the merits or demerits of the successful and the condemned, and comments on the principal actors. Although we were not such frequent spectators of those stages as were our daily contemporaries, nor such constant commentators on the changeful scene, the parts performed were so interesting and so world-wide in their effects, we raise our voices in the general chorus, if merely for the sake of substituting a little applause in some parts where others struck harsh notes of censure.

The British Parliament seems to be regarded by differing men in a hundred different lights. One idea of the institution is, that it should, each session, pass a great number of Acts. This notion, measuring its utility as one would that of the block-machinery in Portsmouth dockyard, by the number of things it makes, seems erroneous, since it surely is to be valued as much for its function of sifting-out and discarding bad matter as for passing good. Strangely enough, even our most influential journalists vie with the *Moniteur* in showing, say they, "how few measures have passed," though they do not go the length of the French organ in contrasting the British Parliament unfavourably with the efficiency of the Paris legislative body. The business of the latter assembly is to examine and sanction the imperial requirements laid before it, and every one knows why obsequious unanimity prevails. No Briton can wish to see approaches to the French process, save in one particular, viz., the elaborate manner in which legislative measures are prepared before they are submitted to the consideration of the Senate and Corps Législatif. When will our statesmen recognise the necessity of instituting

a state department, the special business of which shall be the preparation of bills to be laid before Parliament? It is not necessary to point to cases of failure consequent on the want of sufficient preparation, as this want is a matter of notoriety; but we will allude to the main obstacle to the establishment of an office manifestly so requisite, viz., the repugnance of the public to increase of the civil department, an antipathy carried to an injurious extreme. An English Minister, who could readily obtain millions sterling for additional militia, or for a dozen more line-of-battle ships, dare not ask for thousands to expend on perfecting the legislative machinery of the country. If this machinery is inadequate, no wonder it does its work inefficiently. Legislation is the capital work of the day, and should be proceeded with systematically and by competent hands. Yet the country pre-eminent for the perfection of its material mechanism, is terribly backward in its legislative. Not only is the majority on the ministerial side of the House too scanty a force to conduct legislative business on the part of Government, but there is no adequate provision for preparing measures. The legislation of the country is prepared eleemosynarily, without assigned assistance. Any one may bring in a bill; and even the present Government introduced a Reform Bill, calculated to effect an organic revolution in the political constitution of the country, but framed on imperfect statistics!

In proof of our premises as to the hostile feeling against the civil service, there was, towards the close of the session, a strong effort made in the Lower House to get rid of the office of Lord Privy Seal, on the grounds of its being a sinecure. This attempt was rebuffed by the answer that the Ministry requires for its aid one or two members in the Cabinet, who have not to undergo the drudgery of departmental duty. The facts are, the Prime Minister is, as First Lord of the Treasury, only a chief departmental officer; not an independent,

unattached Premier, like the Emperor of the French's Minister of State; and his office, if uninterrupted like the French one, would kill any man in a few years, unless, like the late Lord Melbourne, his aim were not to do anything. As it is, his office of leader of his party in the House of Commons requires a giant's energy and corresponding industry. This explains in part the grievance that Parliament is inadequate to its business; but it is not the whole explanation, which must, for the most part, be found in the inadequacy of the upper departments of the civil service, and especially in the want to which we have referred, namely, of a permanent Legislative Committee. The members of the proposed Commission would, necessarily, be mostly distinguished retired lawyers and statesmen; and their control would be exercised over whatever staff might be put at their disposal for framing new measures and consolidating old. An institution of this nature seems to us inevitable; and we may return some day to a fuller consideration of what appears to us as needful to a State as an engineer corps or a general's staff to an army.

British political organization is ancient and unwieldy in comparison with French; and though the Gothic walls of Westminster Palace include numerous committee rooms, we see none appropriated, like those in the *Bureau du Conseil d'Etat* in Paris, to the preparation of legislative measures. Popular, ill-judging dislike to enlarge offices of state in measure with increase of the British Empire is the sole difficulty—an antipathy once notably opposed to the creation of Vice-Chancellorships, although, in the well-known anecdote, a London solicitor's firm declared it would be worth their while to pay the salary of an additional Vice-Chancellor, for the sake of expedition in business.

Manifestly, whatever is the shortcoming of Parliament in the matter of passing bills, too much is put upon the House of Commons as respects their preparation; and, moreover, they do not reach the House of Lords in time for adequate deliberation. The manufacture of statutes is not, however, the sole business of these Chambers: the rejection of projected enactments is quite as valuable and

solemn a duty; and, again, a thousand matters of world-wide importance come under the cognizance of the British Senate. Supervision of current State expenditure; discussions, almost every evening, upon a score or more of topics; questions put by members, and careful replies by ministers; and, not least, expressions of opinion uttered in both Houses on existing phases of foreign politics. It is in this last particular, in its function of supervising doings all over the globe, that the British Assembly is superior to that of any other nation. An Englishman, accustomed to give little regard to what the honourable member for Little Piddlington may say as to, for instance, the annexation of Savoy, or the political claims of Austria, finds, when on the Continent, prominence given to such speeches in all the newspaper prints, and sees that the comments elicited from Cabinet Ministers are regarded with the moment due to them. No such elucidation as to the views of foreign powers, no such exposition of the sentiments of the representatives of other nations are to be had. The intentions of despotic monarchs are seldom discovered until, diplomacy baffled and at fault, they become apparent by the steps openly taken for putting them in execution. Such secrecy and suddenness, valuable as they are in schemes of war and conquest, were the weapons of crafty and savage ages, unsuited, or, at least unworthy, of the present enlightened time. The publicity of parliamentary debates would compel the most ambitious British Minister to maintain at least an appearance of respect to the rights of other countries. It requires and gives time before rushing headlong into war; and though there may be loss in some ways, such as of time, opportunity, and secrecy, there is incalculable gain on the side of forethought, forbearance, and justice, such as a mighty people should exhibit.

There is a story of an old Indian general officer, who, on returning to London after thirty years' residence in a country of half-martial, despotic law, being invited to go and hear the debates in the House of Commons, merely said, with a sneer, "Why! is that sort of thing going on here still?" But it is, perhaps, the best boast of

Great Britain that she is self-governed by representatives whose duties, as Peers and Commons, are not less onerous and honourable in their country homes than in their legislative assemblies, whose deportment in conducting the business of the state is ever open to public comment, and is almost invariably marked with a decency, dignity, and independence superior to what exists in the councils of other nations.

Among the good legislative results of the session, are amalgamation of the Indian troops with the Queen's army, which promises securer hold of Hindostan, and gives command of the general services of forces adequate for garrisoning the British empire at home and abroad. The passing of a Landlord and Tenant Act for this country cannot but be viewed with gratification, as an evidence of the solicitude of the Legislature to do all that laws can accomplish towards improving the relation of owner and occupier of land in this country; and though we are of those who deprecate exceptional legislation for property in this kingdom, we conceive it is the duty and interest of both landlords and tenants to give the new statute a fair trial, by co-operating to use its provisions so far as they may be applicable and advantageous. True it is that—

“The laws live only where the law doth
breed
Obedience to the works it binds us to.”

Yet there will be few dissentients, we conceive, from our position, that to carry out the law as far as possible is a principal loyal obligation, especially in Ireland. Having thanked our Government for this piece of tentative legislation towards perfecting the relationship of Irish landlords and tenants, let us congratulate the present Ministry on their triumph in the matter of the National Defences, and then proceed to the grievance that, while Ireland will have to pay her quota of the consequent taxation, the projected outlay in fortifications here seems quite inadequate.

The idea that our country might again become what she has often been, the point for attacking English power, is so horrible, no Irishman can see without apprehension the inadequacy of the provision for mak-

ing a guarded, well-defended stand against an invader. Whether such fears are well founded forms a moot and delicate question. For the present, the assurances of the Emperor of France and his Ministers have gone some way towards remedying the distrust his warlike and aggrandizing career of last year occasioned. But the measures taken to place England in a moderately defensible state are based on considerations wider than the policy of any particular French ruler. She has for years been singularly and dangerously defenceless, and no nation which respects herself, and intends others to respect her, would tolerate a continuance of that condition. It is with much pain we allude to the parties within her precincts who constitute part of her political weakness, namely, the ultra-peace promoters, and some unhappy malcontents in our own country. Of the two factions, the former is far the most dangerous, because its leaders, who would preach peace until there would be no peace, wear the semblance of those mild animals, to resemble which, says the French proverb, is sure to attract the wolves. The Irish disloyalists are quite unmistakable. These latter, having marked themselves as separate, must incur the consequences of the self-sought separation; and for the former, even one of their spokesmen, Mr. Cobden, acknowledges, that when France builds a line-of-battle ship, England should build two. The truth is, both factions are honest at bottom, but are a little silly and a little over-zealous; and there is no doubt how all of them, save perhaps a few misguided or eccentric men, would act in case of such an emergency as is thus suggested by the Chorus in “Henry VI.”:—

“Wer’t not a shame, that while you live at
jar,
The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,
Should make a start o’er seas, and vanquish
you?”

The ultra peace-mongers of Manchester, and the separatists of our own country, form too small a fraction of the population of the United Kingdom to be a real cause of uneasiness; and the volunteer movement, which has so largely developed itself during the late session, has re-assured

the public mind at home, and immensely increased the respect with which Great Britain is regarded abroad. One of the happiest features of the movement is, that the French perfectly understand no menace is intended; yet, at the same time, comprehend that the chivalry of this armament is as resolute as in the age when, in the first scene of the second act of "Henry the Fifth," enter "Chorus," announcing:—

"Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies."

There is every promise that proficiency in the use of the rifle will become as general in England and Scotland as in Switzerland; and that our volunteer army will ripen into a permanent and valuable institution. The recent review at Knowsley has shown what a splendid body of men a single county can turn out, and also the patriotic and generous feelings of the noble lord who represents one of our illustriously historic families, and is the chief of one of the two great parties which alternately govern the country. The thirteenth Earl of Derby receiving 11,000 volunteers-in-arms in his ancient park, was a spectacle such as no other nation has ever exhibited. Some princely houses subject to the Emperors of Austria and Russia may surpass the British nobility in wealth and magnificence, yet not, we conceive, excel them in the attachment of their humbler neighbours, and have certainly never seen such a muster of armed volunteers around any one of their castles. Noblemen such as are the pillars of the British State and ornaments of our great Queen's court are, unfortunately, rare upon the Continent. Last spring, some wretched cases of financial robbery by men in high places in Austria tempted our democratic press to hold them up as instances of aristocratic vice, though it was plain that the plunderers had

recently purchased nobilitation; and though it is almost equally clear that, where men possess large private fortunes combined with hereditary reputation, their integrity will probably be superior to that of needy, rising, adventurers; still nothing can be more advantageous for our aristocracy than that they should be subject to the jealous comments of an opposition press, since such strictures, or liability to them, act, as the Duke of Wellington said of the bow-window in White's Club-house, in keeping gentlemen in order.

One of the political phenomena during the latter part of the session was the unusually virulent abuse of all parties by the newspapers kept by Messrs. Bright, Cobden, and Co., excepting, of course, this party, and the Radical clique supporting it; for those journals were just as fulsomely laudatory of their keepers as they were odiously abusive of Whig and Conservative statesmen. Though more dependent than the general press, these democratic papers claim special independence, and exhibit, as their worst feature, an abominable, intolerant antipathy to the really independent press. The rise of these penny prints is well known to have been occasioned by the surprise of some leaders of the Anti-Corn Law League, that, after the success of that agitation, the leading newspapers were quite ready to oppose some further radical schemes: so these agitators, finding they could not command the existing press, set up a rival one, which would do as they bid it. Hence the insolence with which the leading journals are treated in platform harangues, and hence the attempt to increase the sale of the penny prints by taking the duty off paper. The following statistics have been given us as a representation of the increased sale of journals since the last five years:—

	1855.	1860.
Whole circulation of daily papers, .	70,000	330,000
The <i>Times</i> newspaper,	50,000	50,000
Proportion of the <i>Times</i> ,	$\frac{1}{4}$ ths of whole.	Not $\frac{1}{4}$ th of whole.

If those figures may be relied on, competition against the leading journal of the age has prevented an increased circulation, which its proprietors might fairly have counted on.

Ready as the radical school is at assault, it is, of course, open to retaliatory remarks. To take a weapon from their own arsenal, an author sincerely devoted to just views of the

democratic form of government, the late M. de Tocqueville, may be cited as having drawn the following notable contrast between political leaders of the manufacturing and of the landed class :—

“ Not only are the rich manufacturers not united solidly among themselves, but one may say there is no real tie between the poor and the rich. They are not fixed in perpetuity near each other; interest is continually drawing them together, or separating them. The workman generally depends on the masters, but not on a certain master. These two men meet each other at the factory, and do not know each other elsewhere; and while they are joined on one point they remain extremely distant on all others. The manufacturer asks nothing from the workman but his labour, and the workman expects nothing from him but his wages. The one is not engaged to protect, nor the other to defend, and they are not bound together in a permanent manner by either habit or duty. The aristocracy which owes its birth to commerce rarely, if ever, fixes itself amongst the industrial population which it directs; its aim is not to govern this class, but to make use of it.

“ An aristocracy so constituted could never have a great hold on those which it employs; and if it succeeds in seizing them for a moment, they are not long in escaping. It has no will and no power to act. The territorial aristocracy of ancient times was obliged by law, or considered itself obliged by custom, to succour its servitors and relieve their distresses; but the manufacturing aristocracy of our day, after having impoverished and degraded the men it makes use of, gives them up to public charity in times of difficulty. This results naturally from what precedes. Between the workman and the master the relations are frequent, but there is no real association. I believe that, to take it all in all, the manufacturing aristocracy that we see growing up under our eyes is one of the harshest that has yet appeared upon the earth.”

Without subscribing fully to this severe picture of the employer class, there can be no question but that it is true in its principal and general features, since the relationship between manufacturer and operative is not of a nature to produce permanent and attached ties. Human nature, however, particularly in England, has in many cases triumphed over the egoistic, narrow, and antagonistic character of the compact between manu-

facturing wealth and manual labour; for the instances are not few in which duties have been recognised, as respective from each to each, such as by no means appear on the surface of the mere wages contract. Most valuable are these cases, because, in times of depression and danger, the needy will recollect that the stern and short measure of a commercial compact was not the only one dealt to them in days of prosperity. Regarding the position of the political leaders of this class in whatever approaches they may present to the parts of patriots and statesmen, it is in these lights we deprecate over-reliance on men who, making wealth by foreign trade, are tempted to seek for peace by dangerous concessions; and, their wealth being exposed to risk in case of tumults, are less independent than landed proprietors. Sir Walter Scott observes, in the life of Bonaparte :—

“ While law and order continue, property has always the superior influence over those who may be desirous of infringing the public peace; but when law is in a great measure destroyed, the wealthy are too much disposed to seek in submission or change of party, the means of securing themselves and their fortune. The property which, in ordinary times, renders its owners bold, becomes, in those of imminent danger, the cause of their selfish cowardice.”

This remark, however true of possessors of floating wealth, is not nearly so true of owners of fixed property or land, which is not so liable to spoliation; and, accordingly, governmental powers have been largely invested in this last class, because of its conservative and determined disposition. These great powers confided to the landed proprietor are too various and complicated to notice, save to observe that they embrace the preservation of law and order throughout the country, as well as including, through the instrumentality of the representative system, preponderance in the House of Commons. How the former power has been exercised over a people who would not submit to its abuse, the face of England shows, shining as it does with the calmness and brightness of law and order. The latter is less visible, and, it is to be apprehended, less well-known to the multitude, darkened as their vision too of-

ten is by a jealous and malignant press.

Let us take one point alone, the dealings of Parliament with the artisan class. The whole tendency of British legislation since the Peace has been to relieve, instruct, and elevate the poorer part of the three united nations:—one financier after another has, in the matter of adjustment of taxation, increased the burdens on property and reduced those which touch the income of the *prolétaire*; grants, gradually swollen from thousands to millions, are annually made for the education of the poor; parliamentary interposition has reduced the maximum of daily labour in the great manufacturing branches of industry from fourteen hours to ten; and if there be a matter in which the Legislature has failed in its duty towards the lower orders, it is in the weak indulgence which has left the foolish and the wicked among them free to destroy, by combination and intimidation, the liberty of the lowest workman and the maintenance of the industrious; thus suffering a licence not permitted by the governments of the Continent. Yet in democratic harangues, we hear talk and complaints of “class legislation!” and of “the monopoly of power by a single class,” the territorial aristocracy, of whom the demagogues are so jealous, if only because the working class, when in dispute with their employers, usually select umpires from that class. Hitherto, whatever questions susceptible of legislation existed between operative and employer, landlord and tenant, advocacy of the just cause of manually-labouring men has been anxiously listened to, and many measures have passed in their favour. These, however, do not satisfy the demagogue, who would transfer parliamentary power to artisans, expecting to rise to power on their shoulders. Thinking that, if measures like the late Reform Bill, with further extensions of the suffrage, passed, he and a comrade or two would become potent Tribunes of the People, he looks forward to displacing the landed aristocracy, and wielding the authority acquired by the people, yet so adroitly as to direct the storm, not bend under it. But when the House of Commons should become the scene of frequent and fierce disputes between the

artisan class and their employers, the loss of uninterested, impartial legislators would soon be apparent, yet too late.

Were almost every borough dominated by manual labourers, the kind of class monopoly of power would exist which is certain to produce class legislation and class tyranny. A ruling multitude has objects almost necessary to the life of its leading members, and sees a small class above it, from which it may hope to gain more or less, but sees none around it which it feels bound to regard;—a ruling few are always under restraint, from the very paucity of their numbers, and are amenable to public opinion, while a democracy cares little for any opinion but its own. There is no actual dominancy of any one class by the present constitution of Parliament; but the supremacy of the rich and educated is assuredly better for all classes than ascendancy of the needy and ignorant.

Lord John Russell's fourth Reform Bill has been the disgrace of the Ministry and the ridicule of the session. It pleased no party, not even its author. Hurried into the world before its time, without sufficient previous calculation, the abortion died of want of nourishment, a lingering, yet certain death. Whatever motives may induce statesmen for the future to propose a Reform Bill—and we look forward anxiously to see the number of respectable electors largely increased—we trust that the idea of securing temporary popularity will not be included among them.

In France, the constant employment of the working classes at remunerating wages constitutes the chief solicitude of her government. They have no other property but their labour; and unless they can live in tolerable comfort by it, having no refuge in a poor-law, distress maddens them into turbulence. Within the last month, the Emperor—the second of a dynasty placed on the throne by the effects of inattention to the state of the work-people of the capital—has ordained free admission of bread-stuffs for one year, to guard against any ill-result from continued inclement weather. In cases of extremity, there is no doubt that public funds would be employed to lay up vast stores of grain. Existing provisions

for keeping the price of bread down in the metropolis are well known. In short, the Bonaparte government does what no other French government did, viz., consider the wants of the people. We may depend on it, this virtue, on which the popularity of his reign rests, was the actuating motive in signing the Commercial Treaty of January, 1860. An opposite school of economists has long had too much weight with our rulers—the school, not of Abel, but of Cain, with, for its motto, “Am I my brother’s keeper?” denying that government has much concern in what may befall the sons and daughters of toil. But what is the use of government, unless to extend protection in the best senses of the term? The *salus populi* ought to be the supreme law. Look at the French government as we will, we cannot disregard the admirable proofs it often gives of earnest solicitude for the welfare of the lower orders. On the other side of the Channel, we have long seen with regret the growth of less patriotic principles, fostered by that over-free school of economists, promoted by a coterie of manufacturers of a special commodity—calico—and flourishing on the smiles of the idle classes, who, living on fixed incomes, benefit by competition, and therefore eagerly advocate any system which would give them the most goods for the least money. Hence, cotton lords on the one hand, and fundholders and annuitants on the other, have joined in applauding the commercial treaty with France, which promises increased export of Manchester goods and import of French wines, brandy, and a hundred other articles of luxury, at reduced prices. The latter economic class desire to buy in the foreign market because it is cheaper than our own—cheaper by all the difference in taxation and the standard of dietary. The First Napoleon used to say that this school of political economy would pulverize into dust a government of adamant; and the conduct of his nephew shows that he entertains the same opinion. Since he obtained the presidential chair and the imperial throne of France, the welfare of the working classes has been the chief object of his care. He has provided them with occupation; and when corn has been exception-

ally high, he has kept the prices of bread on a level with their wages. For this he has been reproved by the frigid philosophers to whom we have referred; but has, in reply to his censors, pointed to the immense material progress of France during his reign, and to the stability of his throne.

Where would he have been had the people of Paris wanted food? Knowing that *le travail calme et apaise*, he has availed himself of all disposable means, such as formation of railways and metropolitan improvements, to pour wealth into the capital, where, though the necessities of life are dear, wages are proportionally high. He has studied the causes of the French Revolution too deeply to be the dupe of shallow theorists. He knows famine in the faubourgs must be prevented by artificial means suited to the exigencies of the French, a people who would not bear a poor law, and will not relieve their condition by emigration, but who luxuriate in the mere idea of an equal social state, the poor of which are supported by alms-giving, or, in extreme cases, by a special tax on property, instead of, as among the British, a continual rate. He therefore approves the Gaulic principle of gaveling distribution of the wealth of families, knowing that the permanent grandeur of kingdoms does not depend on the accumulation of money in few hands, but on the possession of comfort and independence by as many million persons as possible. It was with these convictions that he initiated the treaty of commerce, by which he secured, for his metropolitan subjects especially, the market of the United Kingdom, still retaining for them that of France. Yet, at the same time, he has not wounded the interests of manufacturing employers under his sway too severely, but gives them time to set their business in order, and prepare for perhaps closer competition with our traders. His domestic policy seems based on the principle of providing, as far as possible, for the wants of the many, whose support he counts on to maintain that government, truly styled democratic despotism, which offers so remarkable a contrast to the English form, aristocratic self-government. Probably, the material condition of France, as well as the moral

and intellectual character of her people, has precluded her up to this day from enjoying a mode of rule adapted to the differing circumstances of England in these respects, since the general comparative poverty of her soil, the remoteness of her outer departments, and the want of good roads and railways, have doubtless acted in hindering local and metropolitan self-government quite as much as her division into factions, the religious subserviency of her people, the secluded, selfish character of her noblesse, and poverty of the great mass of her people. The late commercial Treaty with her, whatever beneficial results it may develop in the future, carries at present the dangerous aspect of an extreme concession to the democratic party in England, coupled as it was with a Reform Bill, which proposed to transfer representative power from the middle class in a hundred boroughs to the manually labouring class, the prospective effect of which would assuredly be to increase existing burdens on property by the perpetuation of the income tax at an excessive rate. As matters now stand, the middle class in England is very much more numerous and wealthy than in France, and possesses the actual power of controlling the government; while, at the same time, the lower class, dependent on manual hired labour, is also very much more numerous; and being only sustained in its comparatively superior condition to that of the similar class on the Continent by a highly artificial state of things, any real augmentation of its political power might, in case of temporary depression in trade, be used with most disastrous consequences. God forbid that there should be grounds for imagining that a revolution could occur in the United Kingdom such as tore and shattered France, and from the results of which she may take centuries to recover; but we cannot dismiss our apprehensions when we hear the harangues of leaders among the manufacturing class, and see them disseminating the very doctrines that produced that revolution. Happily, our leading aristocracy, against whom bitter reproaches are levelled, stand nobly above them; and there is no parallel between French rulers of old and the august and virtuous Queen who rules

the hearts of our people; so that the falseness of the grievances advanced is perhaps more the true cause of any soreness such speeches produce than any fear they could occasion.

The existing and prospective state of things in Italy cannot be regarded without fears for the peace of Europe. The extraordinary successes Garibaldi has enjoyed, his glowing patriotism and restless disposition, lead to the belief that he will never desist from his onward course so long as any portion of Italian soil remains in the hands of a stranger. Two bulwarks of enormous strength oppose themselves to such progress—the famous Quadrilateral, supported by the Austrian empire, and the sanctity of the See of Rome, supported by the French empire. It is confidently reported that the successful leader's intention is to attack Austria in the only Italian province left her, and, by a second Solferino, to wrench Venetia from her hands. In such case, the Piedmontese Government will hardly avoid being brought in direct collision with the power which may, perhaps, seek to regain by the sword, in 1860, that which she lost in 1859. She will surely not surrender that province without a struggle. Hitherto the progress of events in the Latin Peninsula has been painfully felt by Austria, both through the agonies of defeat in war and of loss of a fair province, and in seeing one by one of her old allies, the rulers of Central Italy, despoiled of their possessions and deprived of their thrones. She has seen the Sardinian frontier extend almost to the gates of Rome, and the loss of Sicily by her ally. She is probably doomed to see and suffer more. But she will probably lose the least the longer she waits, especially if she employs the interval in domestic reforms. Last year she forfeited sympathy by premature provocation of the conflict, having become an aggressor in a struggle in which she should have been content with an honourable defence. There is always sympathy with the side that is assailed, unless its cause be that of flagrant wrong and injustice. Meanwhile she has the rights accruing from possession in Venetia, and the best use of them would be the best reason for resisting the plea of entire Italian independence. In point of *matériel*

and organization, her army is superior to any Garibaldi could lead against her redoubts.

Whether and when Rome will be annexed by Victor Emmanuel rests much with the Emperor of the French, who, like a clever master, when he pointed out what, and what only, he would defend, cut out the work the King of Sardinia is now doing.

Should the future bring about a sufficiently secure and promising development of Italian nationality, it may become a diplomatic or a military question whether the natives of Venetia are entitled to join the new and grand confederacy. Two years ago the idea of Italian unity was hardly admitted, being generally considered at home as almost hopeless, and abroad as chimerical. It will take some time before the question of what city should be the capital can be decided; and this question is pregnant with consequences in a Peninsula of prolonged length, not provided with railways, and subdivided by various local jealousies.

In the statesmanlike words of Lord John Russell, "With regard to the people of Italy, we have no other policy than to leave them to decide for themselves on their own fate; and if their decision should be such as to lead to the independence and happiness of that country, we shall not only rejoice—we who value liberty confine its power within no narrow bounds—but we shall hail it in the conviction that for the maintenance of the balance of power in Europe—that term often abused, but which has a clear and significant meaning, *there can be no greater security than the independence of Italy.*"

In union of the scattered States of Italy into one powerful and compact nation lies the sole hope of real independence for her, and of peace and security for Southern Europe. The rich plains and cities of the Latin Peninsula have been for centuries the battle-ground of the Continent in the

South, as those of Flanders were the battle-fields in the North; and they have been so too long. It is a fortunate circumstance that at the present time the interests of some great powers coincide with the instinctive longings of the Italian race to rid them of the presence of either Austrian or French domination; and while all the great powers stand at bay, as it were, Garibaldi seizes the happy moment. There need be no foreign intervention, if this great man will further evince his magnificent heroism by putting a restraint on himself and his troops after his success in Naples has become complete. For the present, his noble boldness and force of arms have accomplished marvels; and for the future, diplomacy should be given a fair trial. It could hardly be well for Italy that the great powers, England included, should be dragged into war on her account. Great Britain is doing all in her power to stave off war, in continuation of her humane policy before it broke out. She is undergoing immense sacrifices, and her present attitude is well understood by the French, who see that in her rivalry and superiority in armaments, she is carrying on, in their own untranslatable expression, *une guerre sourde*. Her treasury is quite as solvent as that of France, and her sons quite as determined not to lose influence *par l'imprévu*. We shall hardly see either a prince of the Bonaparte or the Murat family established in Italy, or a French force permanently occupying Syria and Egypt as well as Rome, so long as we have a fleet capable of bombarding Toulon. In fact, the Emperor of the French, potent as he is on land, virtually lowers his flag to us at sea, and has recently given hostages for his pacific intentions towards us by sending fifty thousand men so far away as China and Syria. Our alliance with him is costly; but dear friendship in peace is preferable to an expensive war.

DR. HINCKS' REPLY TO DR. BALLANTYNE.

*The Government College, Benares,
June 8, 1860.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY
MAGAZINE.

SIR,—I claim insertion in your Magazine for a few lines to expose a thoughtless and mischievous misrepresentation, which occurs at page 406 of your April number, in the following terms:—"Dr. Ballantyne has recently published Sanskrit Sûtras, inculcating Christianity, or what he considers to be Christianity:—Christianity *minus* the name of Jesus, and the crucifixion, resurrection, ascension, and sacraments of Christ!" This is, in the first place, simply *not true*. At page 7 of the work referred to, viz., "Christianity Contrasted with Hindû Philosophy," you will find the following words:—"First, the truthfulness of the Old Testament is proved by the testimony of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, incarnate in human form, and one with God. That Jesus Christ possessed the character just stated is proved by the words of the New Testament. That the New Testament declares what is true is proved by the testimony of the disciples of Jesus, who could not have been mistaken, and who could have had no reason for asserting what was not true." What reason your contributor, the Rev. Dr. Hincks, had "for asserting what was not true," I do not know, nor do I greatly care to inquire. But bear with me while I quote further from the book which he thus recklessly brands as inculcating "Christianity *minus* the name of Jesus"—that name which occurs three times in the course of the foregoing ten very short lines of large type. Those ten lines were followed by the intimation that "this point will be discussed more fully in Book II.:" and if you turn to Book II., you will find, at page 21, the following short paragraph:—"The miracles performed by Christ, in order to establish the fact that he was sent by God, are such as these: His giving, by a word merely, eyes to the blind and life to the dead; and His Himself rising again alive on the third day after he had been put to death." Had the Rev. Dr. Hincks

read this passage before declaring of Dr. Ballantyne that "what he considers Christianity" is *minus* the crucifixion and the resurrection, as well as the name, of Jesus? If he had not, then the recklessness of his libel is obvious. If, on the other hand, he had, what is it that he *means*? Is it possible that his grave charge of heresy—grave and guilty charge, though made so jauntily—is, after all, founded on a verbal quibble? To some this may seem incredible, yet it would not at all surprise me to learn that the Rev. Dr. Hincks does not accept the expression "His Himself rising again alive on the third day" as equivalent to the Resurrection. If this conjecture is correct, then, of course, he cannot be expected to be content with the mention of Christ's having been "put to death," when I am inviting the attention of Sanskrit Brahmans to a line of argument in connexion with which the peculiar form of execution (for which there is no Sanskrit word) is irrelevant. And probably at the bottom of all this quibbling verbal fastidiousness lies a morbid apprehension that the employment of the term "Christ" is designed to exclude the personality of "the man Christ Jesus." The quotation which I have given would (if the rev. doctor had read before judging) have sufficed to cut away all ground for suspecting me of inclining to the simply infidel Christianity of Strauss. And this is the malign tendency (for I acquit Dr. Hincks of all malign intention) in this hasty and inexpressibly foolish misrepresentation. The tendency is to make all readers of your Magazine imagine that the Government Sanskrit College at Benares is in the charge of a Principal who, professing to inculcate Christianity, ignores the crucifixion, the resurrection, and even the name, of Jesus. The insinuation is infamous. And it is not only a libel on myself, but it is, in its tendency, an injury to the cause of Jesus Christ—a cause which I contend is very lamely advocated by its professional advocates in India. If Dr. Hincks had read my book with any attention at all—to say nothing

of the attention which common honesty demanded of him before publishing a judgment on it—he would have learned that my book, of which he writes so falsely and so flippantly, is one link in a chain of argument for Christianity—that it offers expressly “A *partial* exposition of Christian doctrine”—the declared purpose of the section being to furnish occasion for, and nothing but to furnish occasion for, the refutation of antagonist doctrines in the three great schools of Hindû philosophy. He would have learned, further, that this link in the chain of demonstration was attached to a preceding link which (in the shape of the Sanskrit and English “Synopsis of Science,” printed as a text-book for the College) rivets itself upon the established and accepted truths which are found in the Hindû philosophy; and, finally, he would have learned that the “*partial* exposition of Christian doctrine,” which winds up with the injunction, “Search the Scriptures,” is preparatory to an edition of those Scriptures *in extenso*, with a designedly exhaustive commentary. Of this work (in parallel columns of Sanskrit and English) the first fasciculus is in the press, and will be out shortly. A copy of it, with its introductory dissertation on the subject of Hindû conversion, shall be sent to you, so that Dr. Hincks may have an opportunity of judging *it* also, on the not exclusively Irish principle of judging first, and not reading afterwards.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

JAMES R. BALLANTYNE.

When the author of a work differs as to its merits from a critic, it is very natural and very easy for him to accuse the critic of judging without inquiry and of being influenced by improper motives. Such charges have seldom been made with less reason than by the writer of the foregoing letter. Dr. Hincks was one of those, probably very few in number, who had both purchased and carefully read Dr. Ballantyne's “Christianity Contrasted with Hindû Philosophy.” While he considered this work to possess very great merit in a literary point of view, he believed it to be in a religious point of view extremely objectionable. Dr. Ballan-

tyne condemns the system on which missionary exertions have been carried on in India. He is for securing the swarm by catching, if he can, the queen bee. “When those who are educated shall come to be won over, the uneducated masses will follow. The baptism of a Clovis entails that of armies and of crowds.” In reply to the objection that our blessed Lord preached the gospel to the poor, he says that He did so in connexion with his miracles, and therefore is not to be imitated by those who can work no miracles. “When our missionaries,” he says, “can raise the dead, or give sight to the blind, then they may hopefully attempt the conversion of a nation by the non-natural process of leavening the lowest first.” It appeared to Dr. Hincks that the views here expressed were as different as could well be imagined from those expressed by the Apostle Paul in the first and second chapters of his first epistle to the Corinthians; and he thought he could trace the same reliance *on man's wisdom*, instead of *on the power of God*, in the Sanskrit treatise which Dr. Ballantyne incorporated in his work, in which he undertook to introduce Christianity to the learned Hindû, in contrast with his philosophy. St. Paul preached to the idolators at Corinth “*Jesus Christ, and him crucified*.” In Dr. Ballantyne's Sanskrit treatise, though he has had the effrontery to deny the fact, the name of *Jesus* is ignored, as well as his death *on the cross*. Dr. Hincks believed that these, and all his other omissions of Christian truths, which no missionary would think of omitting in his preaching of Christianity, were the effects of his desire to render Christianity less repugnant to the learned Hindû than it would be if presented to him in its fulness. He did not suppose that he disbelieved the suppressed truths himself, or that he would omit to teach them to a Hindû who should come to him for instruction in Christianity; but he did suppose that he considered it prudent to keep back *in the first instance* what would be a *stumbling-block or foolishness* to the educated Hindû who had not yet become a catechumen. But, whatever might be the cause of the omissions, *seeing that they did exist*, Dr. Hincks, having had occasion to mention Dr. Bal-

lantyne's Sanskrit treatise, could not, as a clergyman who knew that his name would be attached to his article, allow his readers to suppose that he considered what was exhibited to the learned Hindû in that treatise as Christianity to be *real* Christianity.

But Dr. Ballantyne denies that the name which is above every name, and at which every knee shall bow, is ignored in his treatise; and he attempts to sustain this denial by a quotation from his work. He quotes from an English paraphrase of the Sanskrit treatise which is printed over against it. It is quite true, that in pages 7 and 8 the Sanskrit words which literally signify "of him who came down (*avatīrmasya*) with a human body . . . Christ"—are paraphrased by "of *Jesus* Christ, incarnate in human form;" that in the next line, he prefixes in his paraphrase "*Jesus*" to the "*Christ*," which stands alone in the Sanskrit; and that a few lines after, he substitutes in his paraphrase "*Jesus*" for "*Christ*." Dr. Hincks was quite aware that the paraphrase in this passage was materially different from the Sanskrit; but was he to pass unnoticed an omission in the Sanskrit, of which alone he was speaking, because Dr. Ballantyne had supplied it in his English paraphrase? What Dr. Hincks stated as to the name of *Jesus* being *never once used* in the Sanskrit treatise is *true*; and Dr. Ballantyne knew that it was so when he wrote the passage in the foregoing letter pronouncing it to be "*simply not true*," and when he quoted his own falsified paraphrase as a proof that it was not true!

It may occur to some that this difference as to a name is of very little importance. Dr. Ballantyne has not ventured to plead this; and there is no Christian who can regard it as unimportant that the name which sounds so sweet in his ears should be systematically excluded from a treatise on Christianity.

But there is a something to be taken into account which renders the mode of designating the Saviour, adopted by Dr. Ballantyne, peculiarly objectionable in a work intended for Hindûs. Among the doctrines of Christianity, mentioned in this treatise, the most prominent is that of "the Incarnation," as it is called in English. In Sanskrit this is always ex-

pressed by Dr. Ballantyne by words derived from the root *tri*, "to pass or move," preceded by the preposition *ava*, "down." The orthodox dogma of our Blessed Saviour being "man of the substance of His mother," is never once presented to the Hindû reader; but he is led to suppose that Christ brought His body from heaven, as Vishnu did in his several *Avatâras*. In page 79, the alleged "incarnations" (*descents*) of Vishnu and of Christ are spoken of as being of the same nature, so that he who acknowledges the former, can find no absurdity in acknowledging the latter; and the only question open to him, it is said, is whether the Hindû Scriptures, which testify of the one, or the Christian Scriptures, which testify of the other, are most to be believed. The offensive term *Khrishāvātāra*, formed on the model of *matsyāvātāra*, "the descent in the form of a fish," and of similar terms referring to Vishnu's other descents, has been invented by Dr. Ballantyne, to express "the Incarnation of *Jesus*;" and the former part of this word, which, by its lingual consonants and peculiar trill, could scarcely fail to suggest to a Hindû reader the name of *Krishna*, is exclusively used by him to designate the Saviour. Is this a matter of no moment, or of little moment? It is well-known that this *Krishna* is one of the principal objects of Hindû worship;—that the *Krishnāvātāra* is regarded by the Hindûs, as the chief of all the *Avatâras*;—and, more than this, that the Hindûs believe that the Christians have taken the name of the founder of their religion from this god of theirs; and that some European infidels have argued from this supposed fact against the *personality* of Christ. Even if there were no evil intention, there is certainly an evil tendency here; and, at the very best, Dr. Ballantyne displays a lamentable want of judgment.

Now, as to the omission of the *cross* of Christ, in connexion with his death, Dr. Ballantyne pleads that there was no Sanskrit word for "crucifixion." Dr. Ballantyne has introduced hundreds of new words into the Sanskrit languages. He has invented intelligible Sanskrit names for all the chemical elements that did not possess them before, and for all their compounds, as well as for the peculiar

terms of many other sciences. No one knows better than he does the capabilities of the Sanskrit language; and yet he would have his readers believe that he could find no term to express crucifixion! The notion is utterly absurd. But his argument in p. 21, was one "with which the peculiar form of execution (undergone by Christ) was irrelevant." Granted. But was this the only place in his treatise in which the death of Christ was referred to? Is the learned Hindû told nothing more than that Christ, "in order to establish the fact that he was sent by God, rose again alive on the third day after he had been put to death." If this were the only allusion to Christ's death in the treatise, it would deserve a yet more severe censure than Dr. Hincks passed upon it. He had forgotten *this* passage when he wrote, or he would have modified what he said of the resurrection; but he well recollected another passage, which Dr. Ballantyne takes good care not to allude to. It occurs in pages 80 and 81, and treats of "the mystery of the atonement." It is there explained how Christ was given by His Heavenly Father to be a sacrifice for the sins of men; but no intimation is given, that this sacrifice took place on the cross, or that any thing followed the death of the victim. The notion of "sacrifice" was familiar to the Hindû, and would not shock his prejudices; but "Christ crucified" would be "foolishness" to him; and, therefore, the fact that He was so, is held back. *Here*, too, was the place in which the Resurrection should have been put prominently forward. It is not to be classed with our Lord's other miracles. It is a proof that His sacrifice was accepted; and it led to His ascension, and to His heavenly priesthood. Speaking of the Christian's grounds of confidence, St. Paul wrote, "It is Christ that died, *yea* rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who

also maketh intercession for us." But the Hindû, whose knowledge of Christianity was derived from this treatise, would naturally suppose that Christ was sacrificed by priests, and would probably overlook the statement that He rose again, which is only mentioned sixty pages before, and in a totally different connexion.

But Dr. Ballantyne dwells on an alleged statement of his, that his work was only "a partial exposition of Christian doctrine," which, he represents it, as highly improper that Dr. Hincks should have overlooked. In the first place, there is no such statement made at all. It is the first of the five books into which the treatise is divided, which has the above words for its heading. The other four have different headings, and no one that saw them together in the table of contents could imagine that the entire treatise contained only "a partial statement." In the second place, if this description had been intended for the whole work, it is only presented to the English reader. There is nothing to this effect in the Sanskrit; and if there had been, the words could not fairly be supposed to mean more than that the Christian religion was not exhibited in all its details; they could not be supposed to imply that some of its principal features were kept out of sight; much less could they justify such a course of proceeding.

And now to conclude. Not content with having sent the foregoing letter to the Editor of this Magazine, Dr. Ballantyne has thought proper to publish an advertisement in *The Saturday Review*, in which he accuses Dr. Hincks of "dishonesty," and speaks of having "exposed his iniquity," in this letter, which he announces that he has written. Let the letter be read in conjunction with this reply; and let those who read them then judge where the dishonesty and iniquity lie.

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THE VICE OF OUR CURRENT LITERATURE.

WHAT'S in a name? is a question, to which other answers than that given by a great poet of yore will sometimes be found advisable in these days. Doubtless, "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet" to all nostrils of normal sharpness; but what some years ago would have been the probable issue of Louis Napoleon's treason, had not a saving glory still hovered round the name of his dead uncle? Has Lord John Russell found no virtue in the name that keeps alive the memory of more than one nobler patriot than he? Lord Palmerston may have openly worshipped, and privately exchanged winks of friendship with the hero of the 2nd December; but has he not a name above all Englishmen, for asserting the cause of national freedom both at home and abroad? What but his name as a comic actor, could account for the ready laughter of pit and gallery at every look, word, or gesture, on the part of Mr. Buckstone? The sufferings of the English army in the Crimea were at once set down to the vices of our military system; while, for the heavier and more continuous losses of our French allies, any other cause was assigned than the weakness of a system, whose name stood so high for excellence of every sort.

What's in a name?—ask the champions of anonymous journalism—feeling, rightly enough, that good wine needs no bush; and that no essay or leading article was ever made intrin-

sically one whit the worse, or the better, for any name appended thereto. A student of the *Moniteur*, however, would know by a glance at the signature, how much official credit belonged to each article in that mysterious organ of French impertinence. Even in England it begins to be deemed good policy to magnify the christening of a new serial by blazoning forth the names of its choicest sponsors, or calmly hinting them from behind the editorial curtain. It seems, or is supposed to be, a rule with many readers, that a few pages, dashed off by the pen of a famous writer, must therefore be better worth buying than an essay carefully put together by an able, but anonymous hand. There is a rage, too, for the humblest scraps and weakest studies of writers and artists, to whose fame such things can render no possible service, alive or dead; while to the general reader they may do a positive harm. As a speculation, they will, doubtless, have their charm in the eyes of those who only measure value by money-payments; and live in an age remarkable for its devotion to outside show. There are other ways of turning a good name to unworthy uses than the lending of it to an unknown author, after the example of M. Dumas; or the stealing of it, to raise the price of a very modern painting, done for a few shillings, to mislead the unwary customers of some artful picture-dealer.

How many a name of mark is often but the last crumbling relic—the mere ghostly shell of what something was, and still pretends to be, until a breath of wind blows it away, or a touch scatters it all to pieces! How long did the Roman Empire hang together by force of its olden fame? Many a year did the old French Monarchy survive all but its nominal greatness. Our system of ruling India by its own Sepoys, fell, as if by magic, at the first whisper of an organized outbreak. Great is the power of Mr. Bright among us, just as long as we choose to deem it great. Excellent in many eyes was the glory of Sir J. Paul, until his crowning blunder turned the beautiful vision into smoke. If knowledge is power, so also is a name; and this seems often most powerful when it rests on the slightest ground-work of intrinsic merit, and owes most to the ignorance of one class, or the blind contentedness of another.

“Nos te,
Nos facimus, Fortuna, Deam, cæloque locamus.”

Most of our popular writers seem bent on showing the world how much there may be in a name, and how very far it can be made to go. With a certain stock of talent, and an average amount of luck, no modern author need fear starvation, who has once gained a certain foothold on some part of the great reading world. A new poem by Mr. Tennyson, or a new novel by Mr. Thackeray, is even less sure of a ready sale than a new volume of Apocalyptic sketches by Dr. Cumming. No matter how turbid the poetry, or how flat the prose, that invites our custom, if only it bears the mark we love so well. “Lovel, the Widower” and “Poems before Congress,” were coined in the same mint as “Vanity Fair” and “The Rhyme of the Duchess May.” It is the fashion of to-day to worship success, and to be very patient of the freaks played off by any established idol. Honey will stick as well as dirt. The incense of flattery will keep rising from altars to gods whom the clearer-sighted few have long been driven to disown, or remove, at least, to a lower pedestal. Once give an author a good name, and, unless he has very strict notions of his duty, he may turn it to as large account, with as little trouble, as an unscrupulous

spendthrift does the estate which he has already mortgaged beyond its utmost value. Whatever he chooses to send to market, be it full measure, or very short lengths, is pretty sure to find a noisy welcome, alike from many of those who seem to guide, and from nearly all those who virtually determine, the popular taste. The author of “Pickwick” and “Martin Chuzzlewit” appeals from unkind critics to the “unprecedented success” of “Little Dorrit.” His greatest rival seems bent on sliding down with equal calmness towards an issue not more agreeable to his truest friends. Among writers of special mark, how few seem anxious even to keep abreast of their own achievements. The honest painstaking of Sir E. B. Lytton; the unhasting reticence of poor Charlotte Brontë; the artistic self-respect of Mr. Tennyson, are virtues nearly as rare in this age as trees on the road from Cairo to Suez. To have written one fair book seems to be accounted a fit reason for writing many bad ones afterwards. Just as some painters, who have once hit the public fancy with a particular style of picture, go on repeating the same set of scenes or characters over and over again; so an author, who has once acquired for himself some sterling value in his publisher's eyes, will soon get tired of showing off his best paces, and settle down into a lazy jog-trot, which the bulk of his admirers shall be too dull, careless, or good-natured, to decry. For it is wonderful how many of those who are slowest to believe in a new idol will keep on clinging to that belief long after their inmost hearts have ordered them to let it go; while others, who have no time to think for themselves, or little power to think rightly, are content to repeat for ever the creed they happened to adopt in their younger days.

With some of us, indeed, the forbearance thus shown to a favourite writer, springs, in part at least, from a desire to make amends for certain shortcomings on our own side. If he has taken unfair advantage of our trustfulness, have not we too beguiled him further from the right way, in our eagerness to hear him speak at the shortest intervals, no matter how little he really had to say? Had we better brooked a longer silence, might

not his mouth have opened itself to better purpose? In slaking our thirst for something new from the pen of a successful author, we have forgotten to show that jealous concern for his fair fame, which might have cooled the fire of a distempered vanity, or curbed the promptings of an undue regard for self. And so we still keep listening, or feigning to listen, to some voice, whose later utterances only disappoint us each time more and more.

"*Vita brevis, ars longa*," is a maxim either too much slighted in these days, or else too commonly read backwards. If "art is long, and time is fleeting," let the former go hang, we say to ourselves, so long as we can turn the latter to any immediate gain. Life, with too many of us, means only time for making money; and art, which needs some little time for picking and choosing her simplest phrases, has naturally dropped out of her right sphere, into a sort of threadbare dependence on the chance bounties of her prosperous rival. Displaced by a showy half-truth from her olden lordship over nature's realms, she has been doomed to hear her best virtues set down as faults, and her refined idealism accused of downright enmity to the truths revealed in every aspect of our daily life. Because she has sometimes spoken in language too conventional, we have forbidden her to speak at all; save in language fit only for Nature's mudlarks. In this age of unlimited pebble-counting, a writer is nothing, unless he is minutely descriptive and unfalteringly "real." Be the facts he dwells on never so superfluous, the topics he drags in never so misplaced, the whole performance never so small and inartistic; still he has given us, we say, a finished likeness of a new-plucked onion, or a full-blown cabbage; a perfect photograph of a ploughboy's shirt-sleeves, or the wart on Cromwell's nose. If, on the other hand, he has neither stooped to moralise over a dead leaf, nor cared to represent the exact number of blossoms on a foxglove, nor ascertained the true price of periwigs in the days of "good Queen Anne," nor found thoughts, too deep for tears, in the creaking of a cart-wheel; his truthfulness is straightway called in question; his artistic reticence becomes a sign of moral or intellectual weakness; he has no

depth of feeling, no range of fancy; he writes without an edifying purpose; without an effort to grasp one of the thousand mysteries that bubble up in the ever-seething cauldron of modern life. In the fields of modern literature it is of no use to walk upright, and look calmly out before and around you; you must peer about with hammer and magnifying glass, and resolutely crawl your way to fame.

That this extravagant realism was at first a wholesome reaction from the cold conventionalism of a more artificial age, we are not, for a moment, going to dispute. For a movement, which gave us Scott and Byron, Crabbe and Cowper, Keats, and Coleridge, and Shelley, instead of stilted travesties of Pope and Dryden, England had some reason to be thankful thirty or forty years ago. But since then the movement has been carried much too far. Even the great poet of "Childe Harold" lent it a hand for mischief, in the erratic brilliance of "Don Juan." Yet even Byron fell into disrepute with a generation that delighted in Christopher North, and clamoured for a complete reversal of the judgment once passed on the Bard of Rydal. Miss Austen's realism went, at least, far enough for artistic purposes; but even her finest touches would, doubtless, seem coarse and conventional to the microscopic gravers of our own day. We are wandering further and further from that happy mean, which finds in art the purest expression of nature. Scouting all past rules and standards, with no eye for judging distance, no ear for general harmony, not much feeling for grand forms and large prospects, we cram our wallets with the strangest medley of weeds and wild flowers, only to offer them just as they are, unpicked and unassorted, to the gaze and custom of admiring by-standers. The fruits of our labour are seldom rich or rare; but our own hands have plucked them out of the corners where they really grew.

In one form or another this ultra-realistic spirit taints nearly all the popular writing of our day, from Macaulay's "History" to "Adam Bede." Many an author of the highest name, or the fairest promise, seems to write as if all excellence lay in being over minute. Either the subject, or his treatment of it, or both

together, are very small. It is not in painting alone that so-called pre-Raphaelite principles have become the rage—confounding small things with great, and outraging all rules of fitness, unity, and right perspective. The muse of history seems to delight in wielding the brush of Teniers, alternately with that of Mr. Millais. She requires four thick octavo volumes to condense some ten years of a nation's life. Biographers are yet more merciless, devoting their two or three volumes to the life of somebody, whose epitaph would have told us all we care to know. Our modern books of travel abound in graphic touches regarding the travellers themselves; their personal habits; the time they took on their journey; the hotels they liked or disliked; and the company they met therein. But it is mainly in the field of fiction that our rage for everyday trifles and low life runs clearly wildest. To judge, indeed, from most of our favourite novels, nothing thought, said, or done, by the smallest child, or the poorest old dullard, can be too mean for our instruction; too trifling for artistic effect. It is no longer our children only who sit down and write little stories, detailing every thing that happens from hour to hour; what they had for breakfast; how often the governess scolded them; how many sugar-plums they were allowed to eat in the afternoon. Grown up men and women are not ashamed to address their grown-up readers in a style more carefully childish, than Miss Edgeworth would have used to address the boys and girls of her own day. We have exchanged the manly fare which satisfied our forefathers, for the small-beer of "*Framley Parsonage*," and the water-gruel of the "*Daisy Chain*." Even the low life, which might furnish some startling lights and shades to a powerful artist, is generally drawn with such accurate tameness, as only to arouse, in a sceptical reader, the notion that it must be exceedingly dull, if not inevitably brutish.

In spite of George Eliot's great talents and growing influence, her own writings warn us against the unsoundness of that stooping realism, that taste for small things merely as small, which, in her last novel, she has deliberately set herself to uphold. It is idle to tell us that ruined huts

on the Rhone are not less worthy of our notice than ruined castles on the Rhine. Our hearts and eyes will teach us the contrary, as surely as they bid us turn from yonder dunghill to those far blue hills behind. Wordsworth may, in a certain sense, be considered true to nature; but is not Byron, or Shakspeare, far truer? If poetry be, as we think, but the highest expression of all truth, can we doubt that he is the best poet—in other words, the most skilful artist—who, combining the largest range of emotional insight with the keenest humour for characteristic trifles, can work out a harmonious suggestive whole, by dint of a few well-placed touches, and a careful selection of the most telling details? Art should neither soar too high above our common nature, nor creep too far among its lowermost recesses. If man be indeed the measure of all things, let us, at least, be careful by what standards we measure himself. We may do full justice to all parts of God's creation, without lowering Gulliver to a pigmy, or raising him into a giant. By too much poring over mere trifles, the keenest eyesight will grow dim to the plainest bearings and most prominent virtues of larger things. He who is always stooping, comes, in time, to lose the power of walking upright. It is all very well to say, that human life is made up of trifles, or that great events spring from trivial causes; but art is not life, only the essence or general sum of it; and there is after all a difference, which thousands of us can feel, if only hundreds can understand, between a fruit-piece, painted never so skilfully, by Mr. W. Hunt, and a landscape glorified by Turner; between a picture of Dutch boors making merry, and Guido's picture of Jesus bearing the Cross.

We are told, indeed, by the most prosaic of modern poets, that there is nothing great or small. Whatever grains of truth there may be in such a dictum, it is enough to reply, that men are not all entomologists; nor is human knowledge synonymous with omniscience. Our highest stand-points rise but a few feet above the surrounding levels; our farthest horizon ranges but a few miles beyond ourselves. Within these limits we are aware of marked differences which escape alike the experience of a mole, and

the eyes of a traveller on the top of a very high mountain, or lost to sight in a balloon beyond the clouds. In the eyes of all but mere entomologists or over zealous disciples of Mr. Ruskin, there are certain clear degrees of comparison, which express the difference between certain things. By some hidden law of natural selection, we usually think of an elephant as being, what science also proves him, a nobler animal than a flea. Men were in the habit of feeling, long before science had pointed out to them, their inborn superiority over the beasts of the field. There may be a world of minute marvels in a wee patch of green sward, or a few drops of dirty water; but for purposes of art we prefer a striking landscape or an expressive human face. The careful inspection of a single stone may send Mr. Ruskin into an ecstasy of delight; but most of us would much rather look at Tintern Abbey, or the Rock of Gibraltar. Few of us would be inclined to hold, that a Newton or a Shakspeare ranked no higher in the scale of humanity, than a heavy-witted clodhopper, or even a hard-hitting Tom Sayers.

"The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,

Observe degree, priority, and place."

And the poet's wisdom merely points out the goal to which all natural science seems inevitably rising. The true artist ignores no rules of right perspective, nor chooses his theme without some regard to its general fitness, some skill in seizing on the most effective point of view. With all nature lying round him, whence to choose, he will not overlook the beauty that haunts his steps on all sides, for the ugliness that lurks in foul alleys, and peers out from untrodden by-ways. Too truthful to alter nature as she really shows herself from any given point at any given moment, he will not paint a tree in the far background as distinctly as one immediately before him; nor will he seek to draw our attention too much from the central figures to the elaborate finish of accessory details. In looking at his work, we shall not be puzzled to guess its apparent meaning; to tell what things are near, and what far; to distinguish between essentials and adjuncts, hollows and projections, lights and shades. In striving to be real, such a worker

never ceases to be natural; loves not to paint a dwarf in preference to a man of fair size; or a monster of ugliness rather than a shape of average beauty.

Genius can weave a halo round the simplest characters and the homeliest scenes. At her command, we grieve for the trials of worthy Dr. Primrose; or look kindly on the loves of Joseph Andrews and rustic Fanny. Dobbin's unswerving constancy and quiet manliness choke down the remembrance of his ungainly figure, and William Waife keeps his hold on our hearts, even while rumour prates her loudest against his fair fame. We admire the simple grandeur of Tregarva, and enjoy a good-humoured laugh at the intense absurdities of Mrs. Nickleby. But in all such cases the effect produced arises mainly from a careful reticence, a quiet slurring of the homelier details, or a skilful heightening of the more characteristic. In real life the odds are, that Fanny would have been less beautiful, Mrs. Nickleby much less amusingly absurd, than they appear in print. Yet few will deny, we think, that such portraits gain, in graphic interest, more than they lose in photographic literalness. With all his masterly workmanship, Mr. Thackeray has won but a barren triumph in his delineation of "Amelia." There are many readers who would have liked the "Vicar of Wakefield" just as well, had his sermon not been given in full. A like objection might be raised against the sermons printed in "My Novel" and "Adam Bede." Insufferably dull, to our thinking, are some of those passages in George Eliot's novels, which her numerous admirers of the fair sex are wont to cry up for their special truthfulness. We laugh at Mrs. Nickleby, but can only yawn over Mrs. Poyser. The latter may be drawn more outwardly true to life; but what good or pleasure can the reader gain from studying her small ways, and listening ever so patiently to her small talk? If Milton sometimes crawls, and Scott's fancy droops with over-work, poets and novelists of less undoubted genius have no such plea as theirs for failing to give us our due share of mental amusement. Instead of boring us themselves, it is their first business to supply us with an agreeable relief from the bores of our actual everyday

life. The fault, which almost becomes a beauty, in the pages of a Thackeray or a Dickens, is simply a nuisance, when it pervades the works of second or third rate authors. What rational being really cares to see the everyday talk of a set of commonplace people, high or low, repeated, word for word, with all its gushing pettiness of thought, and poorness of language, in works ostensibly designed to interest and amuse us? Or what class of readers can it be, that delights in following the characters of a story through every inch of their moral development; over every molehill of outward circumstance, even to the slightest motives for their doing this, or the pettiest scruples that turn them against something else; the doing or neglecting of which is alike unimportant both to reader and plot?

If the author of "Adam Bede" is too fond of simple Dutch painting, there are some of her fellow-novelists who combine the same fault with a taste for narrow religionism and "goody" prosing, from which she herself is entirely free. With every wish to know more of Miss Yonge, we must own to repeated failures in the attempts we have made to explore the secret of her popularity. Human patience can go very far, but even Job found himself fairly beaten when his best friends began to preach, and scold, and use commonplaces beside the mark. A didactic novel is always an offence against art, and a trial of our good temper, even when Mr. Thackeray has coated the pill for us with the honey of his own alluring style. We can forgive much, however, even to the dogmatism of Mr. Charles Reade, while the torrent of Mr. Kingsley's eloquence drowns for a while the voice of our choking reason. But a religious novel, especially one that breathes throughout the narrow formalism of a sect that hopes to be saved by its observance of saints' days, its adoration of white surplices, and its studied preference for all exploded symbols, is perhaps the worst of all those literary blunders which the daring spirit of an ambitious age has succeeded in making popular. If modern writers must load their novels with a given quantity of special meanings, let these be gathered at least from any other field than the noisome hunting ground of religious trifle-

mongers. Whatever else we may be tricked into learning from the pages of a seeming romance, the rubbish of theological small talk had better be shot elsewhere.

If theological stories are hateful things, novels with a purpose are nuisances of a wider prevalence and a more inveterate dye. In these days no work of fiction will quite pass muster, unless it hangs out a heavy moral or two at the masthead by way of pacifying the mild religionists, who look on light literature as an over-zealous schoolmaster looks upon a half holiday. Once on a time the literary workman aimed first of all at making up an artistic story, leaving the moral, as it seemed, to take care of itself. In the plays of Shakespeare, the poems of Milton, the novels of Fielding and Walter Scott, the reader is left at perfect liberty to discover for himself—

"According as his humours lead,
A meaning suited to his mind."

But the current literature has not much to say to such "liberal applications." Next to minuteness, we are all expected to love a moral. Let it be never so paltry, never so prominent, never so ill-contrived, still the moral must have its place of honour, must show itself in characters legible even by the dullest brain. The old Greek chorus lives again, with few if any of the old redeeming merits, in the pages of many a popular novel. Mr. Trollope regales us with easy lessons worthy of a place in some revised edition of Mavor's Spelling Book. "Westward Ho!" is an elaborate answer to the moral teaching of "The Heir of Redclyffe." Messrs. Reade and Dickens range with rather more noise than wisdom over large fields of political and social philosophy. Even Mr. Thackeray has contrived to sicken us with endless sermons on the holowness of all things under the sun.

It is curious, indeed, to mark how generally the novel has been turned of late into a common sewer for all kinds of intellectual garbage. Not only are we forbidden to study for ourselves the meanings that crop out here and there, as if by chance, over the surface of a well-written tale of human life, but at every step we take forward, the author, or one of his shadows, breaks the current of our

thoughts with some trite remark—some flimsy paradox—some crude reflexion on quite irrelevant things. Like some talkative old guide to a favourite haunt of modern pilgrimage, he is determined to have his say, no matter who listens or what the burden of his discourse may be worth. Mr. Trollope, for instance, has a knack of pleasant writing and a power of drawing what he sees, which only make us the more resentful of his repeated sins against the simplest articles of a novel-reader's faith. If his earliest and best writings are too much interlarded with small details and heaps of foreign matter, the mere stuffing of a literary workshop, what shall we say of "Framley Parsonage?" However anxious he may be to show off his microscopic knowledge, and air his pet theories on every subject, he may be sure that no lasting fame can be won by stooping to pour out page on page of the prosing goodness, that makes his last story read almost like an essay from the pen of Mrs. Nickleby.

The same causes that widen the field of a novelist's ingenuity impart something of a doubtful flavour to many other samples of modern literature. Poetry, history, biography, travels, all seem to run into and change places with each other in some mysterious way. In seeking to realize the life of a particular age, nation, or man, a modern author seems at first glance to combine in one person nearly all the qualities which *Rasselas* thought necessary to make up a true poet. At any rate, the bare result is that we seldom get any thing like an artistic work in any of the departments aforementioned. The affectation of fulness, itself arising out of our excessive realism, has been carried to so absurd a length, that a new book seldom is what it purports to be. Instead of a succinct yet finished biography, we have the "Life and Times" of some dead celebrity, whose personal existence, itself perhaps eked out by many pages of shadowy conjecture, is swallowed up in the mass of coeval history like a needle in a truss of hay; or else it is a mere reprint of private journals and letters of all kinds, tagged together by a few lines of editorial comment, from which we learn but little that

we sought, and more than we like to know. If we take up a history, the chances are that it reads like a series of essays, political, antiquarian, philosophical, touched up with moral common places, and relieved by a somewhat picturesque setting of very small and sometimes fanciful details; or else we are treated to a running fire of grimly humorous sarcasms and quaintly-worded apostrophes, playing round and round a small body of meagre incidents, supported here and there by some scene of stirring interest, some form of special dignity which the author has painted with a force and fulness not always warranted by his facts. In the one case history wears a poetic, in the other a magazine-writer's garb. Our poetry is often little better than rhymed or rhythmical—sometimes hardly rhythmical—essays on leading topics of the hour; or else it is a mere bundle of disjointed utterances, oracular in sound and rich enough in ornament, but remarkably slight of texture, and obscure, strained, or crude of meaning. As the Britons appealed to Rome to save them from choosing between the tender mercies of the barbarians and the sea, we too in these days are glad to fall back on Tennyson as a refuge alike from the poetic rhapsodies of Alexander Smith, and the unpoetic indigestible hodge-podge of "Aurora Leigh."

This latter poem is a woful instance of blind rebellion against good old rules of poetic art. In it the greatest poetess of our day has wasted her time and strength in tackling wind-mills under conditions the most fitted to insure her defeat. Fired by a lofty ambition to achieve a triumph in fields from which the greatest poet of our day has more wisely kept aloof, endowed with no small share of poetic insight and picturesque word-power, aided by a very masculine culture and ripe experience, she has striven, in the roughest of rough verse, and the queerest mixture of incongruous styles, to show forth a new, true, and comprehensive picture of the things that most strike her beneath the surface of our modern life. In working out a moral akin to that of Mr. Tennyson's beautiful medley, "The Princess," Mrs. Browning has only succeeded in proving that marriage has not improved her heroine's poetry.

The effort to strike out something new and worthy of the present age has ended for the most part in outrageously forced conceits, in similes run to death, in passages overcrowded with petty details, and blown out with half-childish talk, in pages of ill-timed or wholly needless compilation, from leading articles, police reports, and letters to the *Times*. Even the parts that most remind us of her former self are marred by the coarse and extravagant wordiness of her later style. In a certain sense, not wholly agreeable perhaps to her own desires, she has really given us a full epitome of the more peculiar aspects of an age impatient of olden usages, and proud, as clever boys are, of its own superior knowledge; an age conscious of its power to do great things, yet hardly knowing how to do them, and puzzled by the choice of so many things to do; an age of universal rushing to and fro, of eager groping after small results, of child-like interest in every thing done or spoken any where from day to day. But to those who ask for some true poem that shall reflect the spirit of their age in its full height and breadth, in its purer moments and its stronger efforts, in its truest relations with the future and the past, we should recommend perhaps "The Princess," or "In Memoriam;" certainly not "Aurora Leigh."

Above all other faults, what most offends us in writers of this and many another school, is their excessive redundancy both of words and matter. To give too much indeed of every thing but the best is the foremost vice of our latest literature. For a silent nation, we English are absurdly talkative in print. We think as it were aloud in the weakest and crudest way, shooting however wildly at every topic that springs up for the nonce before us, and wasting much powder on seeming pheasants only to bring down perhaps a paltry crow. The happiest thoughts are spun out into the slenderest tissues, beautiful sometimes as the rainbow, but commonly quite as frail. Instead of showing final results, we travel wearily through intermediate processes, like simple old countryfolk, who can only tell you a story in their own roundabout way. Words, words, words, preached or printed, in season

or out of season, right or wrong, are the daily breath of our nostrils. The press and the lecture-room have become as dustholes, into which the waste energies of any one who thinks he may have something to say are continually thrown. We write and speak as if language were only meant to cover the want of thought, as if tares and poppies were the things to pray for rather than the wheat they overrun. In our unreasoning worship of pure nature, it seems to be forgotten that nature alone will never clear our gardens of weeds, or avert the usual results of a bad soil or careless husbandry.

Much, indeed, of this epidemic wordflow may be the natural fruits not only of our realistic tendencies, but of all those material aids which modern science has held forth to the social and intellectual cravings of a civilised people, and through which those very tendencies may have taken a more decided shape. In these days everybody learns to read, and books are written to please everybody. Babes in polite learning and mental culture require teachers of another sort than stronger men. No one would seek in the *London Journal* or the *Family Herald* for fine samples of close reasoning or careful English. Lecturers like Dr. Cumming, and philosophers like Mr. Tupper, appeal to a class of intellects not yet ripe for more substantial food. Macaulay has a larger public than Carlyle or Hallam, and Tennyson counts, or did count, fewer readers than Longfellow. The penny-a-liner's account of a dreadful accident or a mysterious occurrence, has its charm for many who would be slow to appreciate the beauties of a leading article in the *Times*. In the latter again there are faults such as would naturally be expected in writings got up from day to day at the shortest notice to tickle the palates of a busy, curious, and not very Athenian crowd. For one who appreciates the logical closeness of an essay by Mr. Mill, or the original yet classic grace of a sermon by the late Mr. Robertson, there are twenty who enjoy the vague grandiloquence of Dr. Cumming, and a hundred who draw their chief nourishment from the slipshod prolixities of Mr. Sala, and his colleagues of the funny school. Differences of taste

and mental calibre there always are and must be; but in this grand era of sloppy literature authors of every kind and shade of excellence seem bent on writing down to one uniform level of redundant smartness and impertinent small-talk. To spin out a given thought or topic to a most outrageous length has certainly become the rule. Matter enough for a short tale or a single essay is commonly spread over one or more octavo volumes. Few even of our best writers seem able to assimilate their food, or know exactly when to have done, or what to leave out. It is not in parliament alone that the patriot is prone to lose himself in the placeman. Whatever amount of self-discipline and stern allegiance to his art an author may show at first, he is almost sure to succumb in due time to the temptations held out by pressing publishers, a contented public, and over-lenient critics. He is expected to fill up a certain number of sheets with so many lines of printed matter, which his readers rush to contemplate with eyes yet dimmed by the lustre of his former achievements. Criticism cries aloud at the finer passages, and for fear of being called too critical, keeps a reverent silence over the many blots. Only if these should be very glaring or very numerous, will it have courage to whisper a faint prayer for some small improvement next time.

Our current literature shows all the rankness of a wild Indian garden compared with the harmonious, if elaborate, trimness of the eighteenth century. In many respects the literary glories of that period have yet to be surpassed. Swift, and Bolingbroke, and Addison, still hold their ground. Many of us are prone enough to sneer at Pope's unceasing glitter and Johnson's laboured antitheses; but the polished strength of the one and the sturdy sense of the other might offer a useful lesson to most of our favourite writers, whether in verse or prose. Had Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Dickens written less and written more carefully, they might have left but few laurels on the brows of Fielding and Defoe; but the author of "*Barnaby Rudge*" has never realized the promise of a genius more varied than Defoe's,

while for sustained closeness of thought and artistic completeness, "*Joseph Andrews*" and "*Jonathan Wild*" must still rank above "*Barry Lyndon*" or "*Vanity Fair*." Burke and Gibbon still keep their distance from Lord Macaulay and Mr. Ruskin; modern historians have utterly failed in superseding Hume; and our latest critics may still despair of rivalling the rich music and clear meanings of Dryden's prose. If we have our special beauties, they are more than balanced by our special faults. Large fields of literary enterprise have been opened out to us, but like the first immigrants into a new "diggins," the workers are very numerous, ill-trained, eager only for immediate success. There are floating, perhaps, in the life of this age, more elements of the highest poetry than ever were dreamed of by the contemporaries of Dryden or Pope: stray thoughts of exquisite beauty keep ringing out of the hubbub of myriad daily songs; and yet in respect of artistic form, conciseness, and coherence, we can hardly point to one recent poem comparable either with "*Alexander's Feast*" or "*The Rape of the Lock*." Novels in rhyme and versified pamphlets, or commonplace books, turned all standing into so-called epics, are feats of cleverness quite peculiar to the present age.

True art in things literary insists on a large reserve of silence, on leaving much to the reader's intellect, and more perhaps to his imagination. But with us every thing must be explained or illustrated until we have lost sight of the original meaning, or have lost all inducement to think it over for ourselves. The simplest statement is followed by a long train of evident reasons, or clothed in a haze of needless imagery, through which a curious reader is often hard put to make out the central idea. The happiest touch is weakened by additional touches. In "*Aurora Leigh*," for instance, are some pretty lines about a baby who calls the heroine "*Alola*." This, if small, is at least telling. But, as if to undo her own work, the writer insists on searching out the most fantastic reason where none at all was required, for a name so altered, the little creature being drawn as—

"Stripping off
The rs like thorns, to make it smooth
enough
To take between his dainty milk-fed lips."

In another passage we find the earth described as shut up by Adam "like a fakir in a box left too long buried," and there remaining "stiff and dry" till Christ the Lord came down—

"Unlocked the doors, forced open the blank
eyes,
And used his kingly chrism to straighten
out
The leathery tongue turned back into the
throat."

A little before the same writer had worked out the notion of a town seething "in this Medæan boilpot of the sun," by telling us how

"The patient hills are bubbling round
As if a prick would leave them flat."

A fancy which, letting alone its downright coarseness, could only have been suggested by the image of a "boilpot," not by the natural appearance of a hill under the hottest sun. Here we have the fault of needless illustration heightened by a conceit as vulgar as it is unnatural; while the graphic particulars accompanying the image of the dead fakir have no plea of necessity to warrant the excess of that coarse repulsiveness, which so often obtrudes itself on us throughout the poem.

Mr. Thackeray's illustrations are never so nasty, but often quite as overdone. We had something too much of them even in "Vanity Fair," and now we have greatly too much of them in "The Virginians." Fine-spun sentiment, clothed in language such as he alone can weave, is to him as fatal an attraction as were to Harry Warrington "those elderly orbs," into which he once loved to gaze. The much quoted passage wherein Maria's eyes are likened to "two fish-pools irradiated by a pair of stars," dazzles the mind with a swift succession of graphic images, each in itself appropriate to the main idea, but all together forming a confused, weak, and monotonous rhapsody on a theme not over-new, nor very fruitful of varied illustration. On the other hand, for all its clearness of method and neatness of expression, Macaulay's style is weakened not only by the excess of small details, but yet more by the

wordiness that comes of too great a zeal for clear writing. Sparing enough of illustration, he is lavish in the use of recurring words and phrases, where other writers would employ a simple pronoun; while the care he takes for our mental comfort is always blinding him to the fact, that an average reader has no more need to be taken at every moment through the earlier stages of some obvious argument, than a fair scholar has need to parse every word in an ordinary Latin sentence, or than a fair soldier has to go through his facings every time he turns out for exercise parade.

In one form or another, this plague of words is almost sure to greet us at every turn. In Macaulay showing its logical, in Thackeray its illustrative side, it becomes grotesquely passionate in Carlyle; peeps out, in excessive tears or laughter, from the pages of Dickens. Turning to Bulwer-Lytton, we find it there in the shape of endless fine writing; in each new volume of Mr. Ruskin's, it spreads more and more fatally, under the cloak of a sentimental realism. It breaks out even through the manly utterances of Mr. Kingsley; and lessens our enjoyment of the later works of Mr. Hawthorne and Miss Mulock. With all their artistic excellence, the two writers last named are somewhat too fond of sentimental trifling. In "Transformation" this weakness becomes painfully glaring. It lends to many of the author's imaginings a most artificial and sickly hue; as if his thoughts had really been stretched on the rack, and this was all he could get out of them; as if, in straining to be original, he had forgotten to be natural, fresh, and true. In reading Dickens, we continually meet with expressions so happy that we wonder they never flashed on us before. But Hawthorne seldom hits the central mark of our healthier humours. Too often are we fain to admire his sentiments and similes, rather for their cleverness than their essential truth. In what mind, for instance, of moderately healthy tone, would the "ponderous durability" of a pile of huge immemorial buildings, now nearly, if not quite, tenantless, awaken distress: not because they have outlasted their olden inmates, but because they suggest "the idea, that they never can fall—never crum-

ble away—never be less fit than now for human habitation?" Sometimes a happy thought is beaten out much too thin, or hung round with a fringe of Brummagem conceits or strained deductions. At other times, a dyspeptic fancy leads the writer into a philosophical mare's-nest, or a moral unlikelihood. Hilda and Kenyon are supposed to be two rational, thoughtful, art-loving, American Protestants; and yet, when Kenyon puts forth a right, but rather old, suggestion about sin being, "like sorrow, merely an element of human education, through which we struggle to a higher and purer state than we could otherwise have attained," the pure-hearted Christian maiden starts back, with a horror shared by her lover himself, from a theory on which one-half, at least, of all Christian philosophy practically turns. And again we find this lonely, self-contained, young Puritan so tortured with the knowledge of a crime done, or rather sanctioned, by her old friend Miriam, that she cannot walk round St. Peter's without pouring her fearful secret into the ears of an unknown English priest, only a minute before her own lover comes back to her side. But, in truth, the book itself, beautifully written as it is throughout, and strikingly beautiful in its pictures of Roman scenery, is altogether a mistake in art—an ill-connected jumble of travellers' notes and poets' day-dreams; in short, an unflattering sample of the extent to which our modern modes of book-making can tamper with the innate nobleness of a true genius.

In "A Life for a Life," on the other hand, the sentiment, if sometimes maudlin, is never wholly diseased. It seems to flow at times, indeed, too largely from a heart of loving earnestness and instinctive truth. The author of "John Halifax" delights to stir our souls to honest emotion in behalf of all good and noble qualities. Still, whether from her natural bent, or the stern requirements of the circulating library, she is sometimes apt to give us too much of a good thing. In her latest work, the sentiment is laid on always carefully, indeed, but oftentimes much too thick; while there is more irrelevant matter blended therewith, than so good an artist should have deigned to introduce. The very plan of working out a story by means

of two private journals, seems of itself to entail the insertion of many thoughts and particulars, which even the most minute of feminine self-confessors would never have troubled herself to jot down. How many of his own sex would have sat down, like Dr. Urquhart, to discuss in their commonplace books the question, how small an income should suffice for a single gentleman? Or would any young woman, however deep in love, and drunk with the knowledge of being loved again, sit up into the small-hours, to pen such a sentence as this:—"And yet—oh me! it is not wrong, though it makes my cheek burn and my hand tremble—this poor little hand." Why, "poor little hand!" Again, Dr. Urquhart having resolved to tell all his secrets to the owner of said hand by word of mouth, not only intrusts them beforehand to his all-containing diary, but even wanders away from his theme into three pages of mere sentiment, touching St. Andrew's, its cloisters, its sea, and its sweethearts. At another time the Doctor pens a minute account of what he did and thought on receipt of an urgent message from Theodora, to come at once and see her father, who "has met with a severe accident." Instead of flying to her aid, he stops to contemplate the lady's handwriting, and maunders through several lines about the firm heart guiding the shaky hand. Then only, he thinks of questioning the messenger himself. Finding his lady-love to be unhurt, he "goes into his bedroom to settle with himself what was best to be done." Shall he send the assistant-surgeon? It is settled, in nine lines, that his junior is not just the right man for a sick lady, to wit, Theodora's sister, who has also been hurt. And then, after all, "she had called on *me*, trusted *me*." So he means to go himself, after questioning Jack again, and otherwise dallying through half a page. But first he has to unlock his desk, put *her* letter into the secret drawer, and so on, and so on, through another half page. Then comes a whole page of just, but mistimed, reflections, showing that doctors need not be materialists. And lastly, our bursting patience is held down on the rack through yet another page, while the Doctor describes his feelings during the dark ride "in that strange,

wild, night," and the things that strike him on first stepping inside the hall-door—such as the old man's stick in its wonted corner, and the young ladies' hats hanging up on the branching staghorns. And all this while, the poor old man is lying senseless in one room, his eldest daughter, badly hurt, in another; Theodora herself being left alone to direct the frightened household, and listen, sick with suspense, and faint with watching, for the sound of approaching hoofs.

What is all this, we ask the candid reader, but so much stuffing, to make out the needful girth of a reading-room novel? This is the sort of light French fare on which myriads of readers rush to dine; and which scores of critics deem more nourishing than the roast-beef and plum-pudding of former days. Such solid joints as "*Ivanhoe*" and "*Old Mortality*" would be eked out by our present cooks into half a dozen separate dishes, soured in varying quantities of microscopic painting, and flavoured with any amount of crude philosophy. Miss Mulock is no mean artist, and has painted on our memory some noble scenes; but the passages we have just been dissecting, epitomize not only her peculiar weaknesses, but those too, which especially belong to writers of a very different school. They illustrate less, indeed, her own manner, than that of the age she adorns; and, therefore, have we noticed so prominently the wrinkles on a countenance otherwise fair. Even in her case, that which now seems a comparative blemish, may turn, as elsewhere, into a wasting and incurable disease.

Condensed and truly graphic as he can sometimes be, Carlyle himself has a tiresome trick of harping on some pet idea, of bringing out again and again some trifling trait of personal character, of launching forth on the faintest pretext into a sea of high-sounding phraseology not very much deeper than the "froth ocean of printed speech" in which his neighbours are so sadly weltering. With him Robespierre is always "sea-green" or "atrabilious;" Frederick William is always polishing up the stanzas of his great poem—the Prussian army; the history of Frederick the Great is nearly half taken up with the deeds of his forefathers, and with outrageous rhapsodies about the drunken tyrant

whose cruelty had nearly robbed Prussia of her greatest sovereign and Maria Theresa of her most dangerous enemy. His later writings teem ever more and more with mere froth and idle splutterings, through which the genius that inspired his word-picture of "*The French Revolution*" gleams ever weaker and more fitful. He has latterly become the slave of a cant as wearisome as any against which he has so loudly protested; while his love of the picturesque seems to have led him into trivialities worthy of the Dryasclusts at whom he has often sneered. Time and flattery have wrought with his natural fondness for things irregular to cloud the utterances of a powerful intellect and weaken the movements of a skilful pen. And the worst of it is, that writers of less mark are ready enough to eke out their own dilated sentences with mild infusions of his weakest mannerisms, much as a set of youths at school or college are wont to imitate the tone or manner of him who by force of character or worldly advantage happens to sway the rest. One of the most determined sinners in this way seems to be the author of "*Modern Painters*," whose natural style, however weak and otherwise faulty, needs no such questionable patching with garments stolen from a very different kind of wardrobe. Other writers, such as Messrs. Lewes and Kingsley, may have caught the fever for a while, but Mr. Ruskin stands nearly alone in his unwillingness to shake it off. Wordy affectation and highly-coloured no-meaning are trials enough for a discreet admirer, but what shall we say to such mere mock-bird utterances as these?

"Sir Joshua sees partially, slightly, tenderly—catches the flying lights of things, the momentary glooms: paints also partially, tenderly, never with half his strength; content with uncertain visions, insecure delights; the truth not precious nor significant to him, only pleasing; falsehood also pleasurable, even useful on occasion—must, however, be discreetly touched, just enough to make all men noble, all women lovely.

"He also [to wit, Holbein] could feel his strength coming from white snows far off in heaven. He also bore upon him the purple stain of the earth sorrow. A grave man knowing what steps of men keep time to the chanting of Death.

Having grave friends also;—the same singing heard far off, it seems to me, or perhaps even low in the room, by that family of Sir Thomas More. . . . Nay, that same soft Death-music is on the lips even of Holbein's Madonna. Who, among many, is the Virgin you had best compare with the one before whose image we have stood so long."

What Sheridan said of Whitbread's famous phoenix being a poulterer's description of that legendary bird, may be applied in spirit to those minute descriptions of things alive or dead which fill so large a space in books of every kind. We are always looking at all things with other smaller eyes than those of the patient all-combining artist. Instead of true pictures and rounded poems, we have no lack of picturesque inventories, antiquarian rambles, guide-books of local scenery, showmen's summaries of curious facts, tabular statistics of matters physical or metaphysical. Our popular historians aim at rivalling the light drawing-room gossip of Horace Walpole or the instructive paragraphs of the Registrar-General. Instead of Byron's graphic boldness and Scott's dramatic breadth, we get mainly revised editions of Crabbe and Wordsworth, relieved by paltry episodes of modern travel and garnished with the newest theories of Craniology or the latest discoveries in Social Science. Comic versions of serious facts seem to alternate with serious rhapsodies on things comparatively small or wholly laughable. Mr. Ruskin fills a page with fervent criticism of the sentiment evolved from a painted onion or a well-drawn flower-stalk. Mr. Thackeray seems to think that we cannot realize for ourselves the times and character of George I. without previously wading through long details about the royal household, from the First Lord in Waiting down to the meanest scullion. Half, at least, of Mr. Kingsley's fame as a novelist is owing to the length and number of those descriptive passages which prove, at least, his skill in reproducing not only the scenes of his own travels, but those, too, of which he can only have written at second-hand. How much capital has Mr. Dickens not made by his humorous treatment of subjects once reserved for the illustrative genius of a George Robins? In how many novels of the day are

we not worried at every turn with virtual catalogues of mere upholstery, and samples of landscape painting done in the spirit of a botanist or a land surveyor? One biographer revels in long-drawn speculations on what Milton may have thought, done, or suffered in some particular spot during some period of which the accounts remaining to us are particularly few and vague. Under the plea of writing about Hogarth and his times, another gentleman works up a harlequin arrangement of shreds and patches taken from almost every topic under the sun, and hardly more pertinent to the life of our great English painter than they would be to the history of the Cannibal Islands. It is wonderful, indeed, to consider how many paragraphs of idle smartness an able writer can succeed in hanging on so slight a peg, as the early childhood of some Englishman whose real history begins perhaps with his middle age. As poulterers of a certain class fatten their fowls for market with a pair of bellows, so clever manufacturers of popular biographies stuff out their wares with anything that comes to hand—with imaginary conversations, needless descriptions of things better described before, sentences of easy satire or flippant egotism suggested by nothing said before, nor suggesting aught that may come after. Clever in its own way is the mixture of flippant knowingness and calm assurance with which a practised writer will lead you, under biographical pretences, into a mere lumber-room of things old and new, piled together without the faintest reference to price or fitness; the few facts of any real moment hopelessly overlaid by heaps of rubbish that glitters only because it is new.

But the faults on which we have been thus enlarging are but small matters for genial criticism. Perhaps, they are; yet, no truly genial critic will count them trifles because they are so small. The little spot on a man's cheek may be developed into a wasting cancer. Most of us may have found, by watching our neighbours, how easily a single act of weakness grows and hardens into an all-powerful habit. If a great writer forgets his duty, or seems like to wander out of the right path to fame, is it the part of an honest critic to shut his

eyes, and wish the truant God-speed ? If a crowd of smaller talents turn aside to follow their erring leader, has genial criticism no other duty than quietly to let them go ? Faults, which threaten to degrade all our literature into Chinese pictures of commonplace life, penny-a-lining travesties of current history, or unsifted gatherings from literary lumber-rooms, demand something more than a passing shrug, or a careless whisper, from all who are thoroughly alive to their hurtful tendencies. How hurtful those tendencies often are, the dealers in sentimental criticism, and the readers, who test an author's merits by the sale of his works or the loudness of his supporters, will alike be slow to understand. But to those who consider how habits grow ; how much of the outward manner reflects and reacts upon the inward self ; and how far the influence of one popular writer extends outward and downward to classes greatly outnumbering his actual readers, no criticism will appear unjust or trifling which aims at dealing honestly with the tokens of a wide-spread and seemingly dangerous disease. As some fashion of dress or language gradually finds its way, with more or less exaggeration, from the upper crust to the lowermost layers of modern society, so is the style of a successful author taken up and reflected in all its grosser and faultier features, by twenty different pens, each addressing itself to a different class of brains and social circumstances. *Delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi*. The growing mannerisms of Mr. Carlyle have seriously marred the natural eloquence of Mr. Ruskin ; while the hazy brilliance of "Modern Painters," has started, in its turn, an endless flood of picturesque wordiness, in the shape of Letters to the *Times*, Tours in various parts of the world, Novels of real life, and Sermons. Dickens' worst manner finds no lack of eager caricaturists ; and dozens of writers strain to reproduce for us all they can of Thackeray but his mind. A whole world of funny literature has sprung up in rank repulsiveness, since the first appearance of *Punch* and *Pickwick*. Wherever we turn, the

fruits of our pleasant vices come out to leer or scowl upon the parents to whom their distorted lineaments suggest a likeness more marked than flattering.

In short, the plague of words, from whatever source arising, has spread already so fast and far, that unless it soon take a more measured turn, we are like to lose sight for ever of the few landmarks that still remind us of a healthier and more reticent age. Among living writers of any mark, can any one think of half a dozen, whose faithfulness to the higher aims and conceptions of their art can make us more hopeful of the future ? How many modern novels or histories are there, to which Sidney Smith's plan of blotting out every other word might not be applied with remarkable success ? How many poems save, perhaps, those of Tennyson, will be read and treasured by our great-grandchildren, should the taste of their day rise above that of ours ? Of course, there is such a thing as too much compression, but that, unless it be found in the works of Dean Milman, is no vice of the present day. It is the reverse of that, against which a modern critic should cry out longest and loudest. In an essay on faults, we have naturally been sparing of our praise ; but a little censure honestly bestowed will not, perhaps, be an unpleasant relief to ears long sated with undiscerning flattery. Literature, on the whole, has derived but doubtful benefit from the affected geniality of that new school of criticism that disowns the severer system applied by the helpmates of Jeffrey and Gifford. A timely warning may check the growth of that rage for long-drawn sentiment, petty sermonizing, and superfluous details, which has already eaten much too far into the life of our best literature. No one, who has any real concern for the national influence of such writers as Carlyle or Thackeray, can help being stirred to warn them, however vainly, against the foolishness of pandering to those popular tastes which their own superior genius was given them to cultivate and control.

INAUGURATION OF IRISH CHIEFS.

To inaugurate is to admit to office, and invest with functions, by certain ceremonies which are of the nature of good omens and solemn rites. The term derives, as is well known, from the Pagan custom of foretelling by observing the actions of birds. Augury was a favourite practice of the Irish druids. Special auguries, of very antique origin, were in use in the installation of the Celtic kings of this country; and it is notable how, by degrees, the clergy revolutionized the modes of election and induction of Irish chieftains.

All nations have agreed in celebrating the installation of their kings by various ceremonials, and the Gaelic races observed an unusual number of rites and forms, some of which are interesting to read of, owing to their Oriental origin and pleasing significance. Indeed, the link between our Gael and the Asiatics of the Holy Land—and, hence, the most ancient nations of Europe—may be riveted by research into their usages in this regard. Thus, a notable similarity occurs between the inaugural ceremonies practised in this country and in Carinthia, where the first Dukes of Austria were installed, so remarkably close in its details, that we shall present some of them to the reader's notice. Not being in possession of all the circumstances attending the installation of rulers in other Continental countries, we can only say that, one particular, the custom of seating a king upon a stone, seems to have obtained throughout Europe. The monarchs of Sweden were seated upon a stone placed in the centre of twelve lesser ones, and the kings of Denmark were crowned in a similar kind of circle. In reference to the huge size of the stones composing this last-mentioned monument, which appear to rival the stupendous granite pillars of Brittany and the great monoliths of Stonehenge, Monsieur Mallet ironically remarks, in his "Northern Antiquities," that

"Men in all ages have been persuaded that they could not pay greater honour to the Deity than in executing prodigies of labour; and the Goths, whose bodily

strength was all their riches, showed their zeal by rolling enormous rocks to the summits of hills."

Yet this sarcastic antiquary might, on referring to Scripture, have perceived, first, that the construction of the first memorable magnificent temple of worship was a work favourably viewed by Heaven; and, secondly, that the sentiment of reverence naturally inspired by the primeval aspect of a massive granite rock, standing upright as if placed erect by the hand of the Creator, was felt and utilized by the earliest mankind of whom we have any account.

The use of the "Inaugural Stone" is of Canaanitish origin. Abimelech, the first elected king of the Israelites, slew seventy men of an opposing faction upon one stone, and, all his followers gathering together, was made king by the plain of the pillar in Shechem. And when Jehoshaphat was anointed, he "stood by the pillar, as the manner was." Among the Gael, "the standing-stone" was traditionally considered a supernatural sacred witness of any solemn covenant, and especially of that between an elected king and his people. When Jack Cade had touched with his weapon that ancient piece of mystery, "London Stone," he felt that his title was good. "Now!" exclaimed he, "now is Mortimer lord of London city!"

Let us, therefore, without minuteness or prolixity, view the various ceremonies performed on the inauguration of ancient Irish kings.

Agreeably with an excellent authority in our archæologic matters, Dr. O'Donovan, who has closely investigated the curious subject of inauguration, seven conditions were requisite to constitute a legitimate instalment of an Irish chieftain. The Doctor's conclusions are given in his edition of the "Customs of Hy-Fiachrach," but we propose to modify them, by the aid of another article, on the same theme, in the *Ulster Journal of Archaeology*; and also to give some comments and additional information. The first condition was—That the king-elect should be a senior in

line and in birth, of the paternal blood of the original acquirer of the clan territory; free from personal defects, and fit, by age and character, to lead the clan in war, and govern it in peace. His claim depended so much on the seniority of his pedigree, that, when elected, he was styled *The Senior*, equivalent to the old French *seigneur*, the German *alderman* still in use, and the grand *signior* of Asiatic tribes.

Secondly: That the majority of his sub-chiefs and freeholders should declare in his favour.

It is somewhat apart from our theme to dilate on this point, which, nevertheless, was the most important preliminary to installation. Our annals teem with stories of the feuds consequent on the elective constitution of kingships. In early ages a majority of sword and spear suffrages carried the contest against any weaker faction; in later times, a preponderance of battle-axe-bearing galloglasses carried the day, or the weaker faction's battalion was overborne by a sort of ballot by brand and bullet. Oddly enough, contested elections were more orderly in Connaught than elsewhere, the kingship of that region not being considered confirmed unless twelve of the hierarchy and twelve subordinate chiefs consented to and assisted at the investiture.

In the sixteenth century, when the clergy had acquired much authority, their voices and presence were indispensable. Viceroy Sydney writes that Sir Hugh O'Donnell was elected chief "by the bishops and other landlords of the country." Whatever may then have been the unanimity of these spiritual and temporal influences in the selection of kings, it has certainly not been manifested in modern elections of members of Parliament.

Thirdly: That the inauguration should be celebrated in the usual place, where there was a stone with the impression of two feet, believed to be the size of the feet of the patriarch chieftain who first acquired the territory. Every great tribe had its installation stone, and other specialities, such as sacred trees, and rath-hills, or entrenched places of meeting, dedicated to the inaugural rite.

How customary was this use of a gigantic stone in Canaan, we have

seen; and from a passage in Herodotus it seems that the practice of carving the impression of the feet of mighty heroes on huge stones was older than his time, since he mentions that the Scythians showed the mark of the foot of Hercules upon a rock. In fact, such an impress was the very stamp, the act and deed by which the conqueror of a new country took seisin, and recorded his title for the benefit of his *clann*, or children. The poet Spenser writes, in his curious particulars of the ceremonies usual at the installations of "Chief Lords or Captains," that the clan

"Placed him that shall be their captain upon a stone always reserved for that purpose, commonly upon a hill, in some of which I have seen formed and ingraven a foot, which they say was the measure of their first captain's foot, whereon he, standing, receiveth an oath to preserve all the former customs of the country inviolable."

This coronation oath was quite requisite in Ireland, where almost each of the sixty clan countries into which she was divided, had its peculiar customs, which were by no means printed, and not always registered by the brehons, or judges, in their vellum rolls: so that it was well to bind the king, or law enforcer, to keep the laws inviolate. In 1602, O'Neillmore, Earl of Tyrone, observed to the Queen that no law was known in his country but traditional custom.

Fourthly: That, the king-elect's shoes being taken off, and his feet being placed in the said impressions, the hereditary chronicler of the clan should read to him the heads of the law relating to his conduct; and that he should swear to observe those laws, and maintain the customs of the clan country inviolable.

Edmund Spenser, who witnessed the ceremony of inauguration, says that the oath included that the seigneur-elect should deliver up the succession peaceably to his tanist, or secondary. This precautionary covenant was made in case the clansmen should determine, owing to superannuation, or other causes, on the part of the chief, on deposing him, when immediately his tanist, who was elected at this time of installation, was entitled to succeed him.

Fifthly: The king-elect, after taking his installation oath, laid aside his

sword and other battle equipments, upon which the officer whose function it hereditarily was, such as the chieftain of the eldest subordinate sept of the entire tribe, or principal bard, or chronicler, handed the king a rod or straight white wand, as a sceptre and an emblem of rectitude, to indicate that his people were to be so obedient that he would require no other weapon to rule them.

The "giving the rod," as this form of seisin was termed, manifestly derives from the Asiatic custom of symbolizing seigniorial sway by a wand or rod, which was the primeval sceptre; and having been borne by each of the heads of the twelve tribes of Israel, is still in use in the Court of St. James's, as borne by the "Usher of the Black Rod."

Unless this primitive emblem of authority was handed to the senior-elect, and that, too, by the proper officer, the dignity was not deemed to have been legally conferred. In 1598, there being a fierce rivalry among the leaders of the clan Carthy as to who should be named M'Carthy, the controversy remained undecided; for O'Sullivanmore, chief of the O'Sullivan sept, a branch of the great clan Carthy, and whose privilege it was to give the rod, or emblem of sovereignty, to the new king of the general tribe, refused to perform his office. The clansmen's choice in this case had fallen on the famous Florence M'Carthy, a man of rare talents, and a giant in stature, who, having eloped with the heiress of the reigning king, the first and last Earl of Clancarthy, and being generally beloved, was considered, after the Earl's death, his legitimate successor. There is a curious letter of the Bishop of Cork's, dated 1593, describing the manner in which the infant son of the popular Lord Florence was treated as a young prince, being carried about the country in care of three nurses and six horsemen, attended by bards, who sang songs of rejoicing, and in praise of the father of the child, who, it was arranged, was to be sent for fosterage by the best houses in Munster, month by month.

Another usage, which followed the acceptance of the inaugural rod, proves that the fact of obtaining this symbol of power gave seisin of the clan seignury. This custom, which continued

in force down to the seventeenth century, was the privilege, exercised by every newly-installed king, of taking a cow from every tenant under him, under the name of "rod money." The chieftain was thus set up, as we may say, in a large herd of cattle, and by a method that, doubtless, originated in spontaneous generosity of clansmen to their new ruler.

Sixthly: After receiving the rod, the king's shoes were taken off, and he placed his feet in the impress in the stone of his ancestor's feet; then, stepping forward, the sub-chieftain placed sandals on his chief's feet, in token of obedience, retained one of the royal shoes as an honourable perquisite, and threw the other over the king's head as an augury of good luck.

These curious ceremonies quite connect our country with ancient Asia, where the flinging down of a sandal upon a territory was a symbol of taking possession. "Upon the land of Edom do I cast my shoe," says the Psalmist. And this was a signal of subjection to the Edomites; for to loose the latchet of another man's shoe was the office of a servant. In Egyptian paintings we see slaves carrying their master's slippers, and sometimes on the soles the representation of captives, whom the wearer had the gratification of pictorially treading under foot. We know not what is meant by throwing the bride's shoe after a newly-married couple, but suspect it does not so much imply that they have been put in possession of felicity as that they have lost their liberty. However, there can be little doubt the custom refers to service in some shape, just as a poor Irishwoman of the present day expresses her gratitude by declaring her readiness "to put her hands under the soles of his honour's feet!"

Several curious anecdotes related by our old annalists show the superstitious sentiment attached to the ceremony of putting on a shoe, such as of a crafty, would-be chief of the Macguires, who, ambitious of the office, yet fearing to confront a more powerful faction, contrived to outreach his rival by marching at night to Lisnakea, the place of installation, and leaving his slipper there, as a token that he had claimed and taken possession. Similarly, when, about the year 1520,

O'Connor of Ofaly, a popular and powerful king, rode at the head of his horsemen to the Hill of Tara, and braving the rage of the Englishry and their Viceroy's vengeance, caused his horse to be shod on the site where the old monarchs of the land were crowned, he evidently intended the act as a symbol that he aspired to revive that ancient, but long-discontinued dynasty.

Lastly: After the foregoing ceremonies were performed, the officiating sub-chieftain named the new chief, by pronouncing his title or surname, without the Christian name, in a loud voice, thus: "O'NEILL!" or "MAC-MAHON!" that is to say, "This is the senior grandson and successor of the patriarch Neill or of Mahon!" for to be so styled was proof of title. His right to this name was thus recognised by his second in power, after whom it was pronounced in succession by the clergy according to their dignity, and by his sub-chiefs and freeholders according to their respective ranks. The general recognition over, the king, descending from the stone, turned round thrice forward and thrice backwards, in honour of the most holy Trinity, and to view his people and territory in every direction, which being done, he was the legitimate Chief of his Name.

Reference to Moore's "History of Ireland," vol. i., p. 42, will show that, though this form of turning round might have assumed a Christian signification, it originally was a Pagan rite.

So requisite was the function of naming by the special sub-chief, if this vassal would not perform it, the election was null and void. In August, 1594, when the Dublin government were apprehensive lest Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, should assume chieftaincy over his formidable clan, according to ancient, but prohibited custom, it was recommended that—

"O'Cathan should be restrained from calling or appointing any one to be O'NEILL, for should any man take the title without O'Cathan's appointment, the people would not obey him."

From various passages in our native annalists, it appears that there were ancient trees at all the places where Irish kings were inaugurated.

Thus, it is chronicled, that in the tenth century the great tree at the meeting-place of Moyre, in Clare, under the branches of which the O'Briens were installed, was hewn down and uprooted by a jealous rival sovereign. The original Pictish dynasts of Ulster were inaugurated under *Craebh-Tulcha*, i.e., "the wide-spreading tree of the hill," on the site of Crewe, in Antrim; but this primitive symbol of sway was cut down in the year 1099, by the newly dominant clan, O'Neill. Some time after, in vengeance, the outraged Piets marched to Tullaghoge, where the chiefs of the inimical tribe were customarily installed, and there cut down the old inaugural trees. Probably all these trees were ancient oaks, and relics of sacred druidic groves, such as those mentioned in Scripture as peculiar to "the prophets of the groves."

Vanquishers of the Piets of the north and of other hordes of the same race throughout Ireland, the valiant Scotie race of O'Neill seated one branch of their line on the master-throne of Tara, and long sustained two toparchs of their name, O'Neill the Great, in central Ulster, and the Yellow O'Neill, in the country around Belfast.

The inauguration chair of O'Neillmore stood in the remarkable circular rath of Tullaghoge, near Dungannon, and was called *Leac na Riogh*, i.e., "the Stone of the Kings;" or, by those who spoke our tongue, "O'Neill's Chair." This primitive throne is figured in an old map in the State Paper Office as formed of three huge stones. Its site is indicated on another chart, of 1571, by this inscription:—"Y^e Stone where O'Neale is chose." The earliest mention of this place of performing inaugural ceremonies is a very early one, so much so as A.D. 908, the apparent date of "The Book of Rights," in which this "green tumulus," or artificially entrenched camp is spoken of as "the proud place where the sovereignty is assumed."

Doubtless, these circular trenches often saw the grandest display Ireland exhibited during the many ages when her northern chiefs, the most warlike and puissant of her provincial kings, were enthroned here amid the shouts of their clansmen. At the epoch when Strongbow's invasion shook and weak-

ened the native dynasty in Ulster, its sovereign could bring about 3,000 warriors into the field; and as it was the majority of these supporters who placed him in power, we may be sure that their quota of cavaliers, being the noblemen of the tribe, caparisoned in Parthian fashion, rough riders without saddles, yet unsurpassed at a charge, were not wanting; nor their swordsmen on foot, the fierce kerns, or inferior vassals; nor whatever number of galloglasses, or hired Scots, they were able to keep in wages. At what period the clergy superseded such secular and sturdy members of the clan as nominators of its king, or rather, at what time ecclesiastics, native or foreign, arrogated this power, does not appear, further than that, according to the following entry in the registry of an English Archbishop of Armagh, of the fifteenth century, the authority in question was asserted by him. By a provision, prudent in times when might usually gave right, the ruler of a country could be deposed whenever he became incapacitated by age or infirmities, and, in the year 1455, these disqualifications having fallen on the reigning King of the Northern Gael, a memorandum was made by the prelate—that, on the 4th August, Owen O'Neill, perceiving his bodily strength to fail, so that it was necessary that another should succeed to his care and lordship, his first-born, Henry, being elected as chieftain and principal of his nation, in the presence of the Primate, in the hall of the Archbishopal residence in Armagh abbey, stating that his institution, as pertaining to his temporal lordship, belonged to his lord the Primate, and petitioning to be confirmed therein, the Primate, believing the Chief-elect to be a good man, and useful for his church and for the people of Ulster, ratified the said person, so elected, as the O'Neill, principal of his nation, before all there assembled, as well clerics as laics, in very great numbers, the said former O'Neill offering no opposition. The document further records: on the 14th November of the same year, an agreement between the Primate and Henry O'Neill, captain of his nation, for himself and subjects, by the intervention of certain persons, one of whom was Arthur M'Cathmayll, brehon or judge to this chieftain, to the effect that the said O'Neill,

in consideration of an annual pension, to be paid in shillings by the Primate, shall have for himself six yards of good and noble cloth for his vesture, and three yards of the same to make a tunic for his wife; and moreover a certain measure of coarse cloth. In consideration of this pension, the said O'Neill swore faithful service to the Primate and his church, his officers, ministers, natives, tenants, servants, and clerks; and also to observe the following articles:—1st, to preserve the church in all liberty; 2nd, to levy the Primate's rents for him; 3rd, to impose no slavery on the clergy or tenants.

This plain, working contract between clerk and chief, by which the former secured the latter as his secular power, reveals some remarkable proofs of the backward state of things in central Ulster four centuries ago, when, it seems, the native king could impose slavery on the tenants of the Primatial See, and even on its clergymen. Perhaps his acceptance of a stipend is less an evidence of his poverty than in observance of a national custom, analogous to feudal tenure, by which vassals were bound to their suzerains by a yearly fee, whether of sterling shillings, such as were stipulated for in this instance, or by a gift, made Asiatic fashion, implying their subserviency. As for the good cloth presented to the new chief, English kings had, directly after the Conquest, sought to gratify the half-subjugated lords of Erin by offerings, made consistently with the aforesaid Gaelic usage, of pieces of cloth, the which, notably enough, were usually red, perhaps showing this colour to have been, even at that early epoch, nationally English. So recently as the year 1550, Edward the Sixth was advised to provide "some remembrances, either of scarlet cloth or pieces of plate," and send them to several chieftains who were powerful for mischief, for disloyalty or for loyalty, such as O'Donnell and O'Reilly, in order that, says the State Paper, "they should be more diligently inclined to serve the king."

This service, however, was the very one their clansmen were most jealous of, because any warrior of a Celtic royal family might hope to attain the kingship, whereas, if a king, succumbing to the Crown of England, surren-

dered his imperium in imperio, he might defeat the claim of others than his descendants to succeed to the governance and demesne lands of the clan. It was the independence of the Great O'Neill that, of course, both gave and proved his power; and since so long as he and his successors took the installation oath of preserving Gaelic customs inviolable, and kept it, there was no prospect of introducing the English laws and authority. The little kings on this side St. George's Channel were not viewed with complacency by a queen so great as Elizabeth. Towards the close of the sixteenth century, the Government viewed with marked jealousy the forms and ceremonies investing O'Neill more with the virtual sovereignty of the north of Ireland. After the defeat and destruction of that formidable dynasty, "John the Ambitious," an Act of Parliament was passed, rendering it treason to assume the title of O'Neill. This rigorous law only affected this special title, for a mere fine of 100 marks was the penalty provided to punish the assumption of other chieftainries, which proves the high political importance attached to the name thus abolished. Meanwhile "O'Neill's Chair" still stood, a noble relic of ancient Gaelic grandeur; and on it, in 1569, Sir Turlough Luineach O'Neill was inaugurated, "with," writes the Viceroy of the day, in angry and spiteful style, "the brutish ceremonies incident to the same."

Why his Excellency used this opprobrious adjective is not clear, since Spenser, the poet, who was not partial to Irish usages, and seems to have seen a chieftain installed, does not describe any thing deserving such an epithet. Perhaps the ceremonials in crowning O'Neill were peculiar, and resembled those which Cambrensis was told took place at the inauguration of O'Donnell, to which we shall refer by-and-by.

During the quiet rule of Sir Turlough, a youth grew up, Hugh O'Neill, whose claims to the earldom of Tyrone and to the ancient chieftaincy combined so to excite his ardent and ambitious temper, that he became the most formidable enemy the Crown had ever seen in Ireland. Brought up at court, and trained to arms in its service, he afterwards employed

all his knowledge against it, in the mad endeavour to re-erect the rude independent sway his forefathers had exercised in their country. In vain the old chief, Sir Turlough, warned Queen Elizabeth that she was nourishing a young whelp, who, when grown to full strength, would not easily be put down. On the supposed sudden death of the knightly ruler of Ulster, the young lord, who had been admitted to the title of earl, having prepared every thing to enable him to assume the forbidden chieftaincy, quitted the colonial metropolis, and hastened down to demand the suffrages of his already admiring clansmen. The Viceroy writes, 14th September, 1593, to Lord Burghley—

"Tyrone is gone down into Ulster to have himself called O'Neill, upon some ceremony used, and has given charge to all his forces to meet him on the 15th, in two hosts."

A subsequent viceregal despatch concludes with this significant admonition:—

"Tyrone will not be content with less than absolute command, like a prince of Ulster."

On the actual death, in 1595, of O'Neill, the great chieftain-Earl lost no time in assuming the ancient title of king of his nation, a title which his contemporaries declare he "prized more than to be intitled Cæsar." And, verily, he might naturally aspire to and rejoice in it, for his claims and high position sprang thence. At mere courts, whether in Dublin Castle or at Westminster, he was but an earl, one of many, and one, too, who was regarded as rich only in the hearts and hands of numerous wild Irish rebels. But on his native hills, and especially at the proud moment when he planted his foot on the rock imprinted with the mark of his ancestors' sovereignty, his name was O'Neillmore, the great O'Neill, and a thousand swords flashed out, the welkin ringing with the acclamations of his devoted people. Probably the ceremony of inauguration was never performed there before a larger concourse.

These verses, from a poem describing his inauguration, paint the scene pleasingly even to us, who do not partake of the ultra-national sentiments that inspired their author:—

"Unsandalled he stands on the foot-dinted rock,
Like a pillar-stone fixed against every shock;
Round, round is the rath on a far-seeing hill,
Like his blemishless honour, and vigilant will.
The grey-beards are telling how chiefs, by the score,
Have been crowned on 'The Stone of the Kings' heretofore;
While, crowded, yet ordered, within its green ring,
Are the dynasts and priests round The True Irish King!

"The chronicler read him the laws of the clan,
And pledged him to bide by their blessing and ban;
His skien and his sword are unbuckled to show
That they only were meant for a foreigner foe;
A white willow wand has been put in his hand—
A type of pure, upright, and gentle command—
While hierarchs are blessing, the slipper they fling,
And O'Cathain proclaims him A True Irish King!"

These nervous verses, worthy of the poet who penned "The Lord of the Isles," charm us by their vigorous and descriptive talent, yet create a feeling mixed with regret that their author, the late Thomas Davis, did not view the past of his country with the loyal mind and wise intent the Scottish poet saw, in retrospective second-sight, the noble and romantic of his, and applied it to good loving uses, by, instead of extracting stinging poison from the flowers of antiquity, taking their honey, for distillation, in his magical alembic, into a sweet spirit, the very essence of the Gaelic mead and metheglin of his poetry and romances. To us, no aconite-bearing moss nor hellebore grows on an Irish inauguration stone: sufficient that we can discern, with Edmund Spenser, the moral features in antiquities which warmly interested him: and can, placing ourselves for an instant in the position occupied by the young and sanguine Tyrone, fancy what the scene was that surrounded his antique throne, and comprehend the passions that filled his heart, and the ideas that crowded into his brain. Perched on that unlawful eminence, and about to call to his race to arise or be for ever fallen, he was like a hawk trained in the mews at Westminster, but, having

scorned the lure, turned haggard, and towering in his pride of place, preparatory to being lured by Spain and Rome, and flown at his former falconer. It took many years to recover him, after a protracted contest. Morryson, secretary to Viceroy Mountjoy, has this entry in his printed diary of military operations:—

"August, 1602. The Lord Deputie spent some five days about Tulloughoge, where the O'Neills were of old custom created, and there he spoiled all the corn of the country, and brake down the chair wherein the O'Neills were wont to be created, being of stone, seated in the open field."

Having named the localities where several Gaelic clans inaugurated their signiors, to mention others will gratify those of our readers whose veins are warm with the blood of Irish kings. The Prince of Thomond and Governor of the O'Briens was installed at Maghadhor, in the county of Clare, by his chief vassal, Macnamara; and we read that he was attended by two subordinate *duine-uassala*, and by his marshal, his judge, poet, and chroniclers. The chief of the clan Carthy, who was lord over numerous other septs of his tribe, such as the Sullivans, Donoughoes, and Macawleys, was elected at the fort of Lisbanagher, in Kerry; and maybe the pomp exhibited on the occasion were so splendid to the Irish eye, as to have given rise to the proverbial saying as to the difficulty of surpassing Banagher. Probably the last time the installatory ceremony was performed here was when the great Earl of Tyrone, assuming a sort of dictatorship over all the Irish, conferred the title of MacCarthyismore upon the famous conspirator, Florence.

Turning to the south-east, we find that the King of the Kavanaghs was created MacMurrough on a mount named the Hill of the Ghosts (*Knock-anbhogha*), which seems to be an elevation at the foot of the fine hill called Croghan-Ceannshala; that O'Nolan, the principal vassal, *oir-righ*, or sub-king, had his lord's horse and dress given him as his fee for performing the inaugural function; and that O'Doran, his brehon, and McEochoe, now Kehoe, his poet, were customarily present. When the MacMurrough, who was titular King of Lein-

ster, or more properly, Seignior of the Gael of this province, died, about the year 1550, his successor elect prudently declined to assume the dangerous dignity; and subsequently a distinguished leader of the clan, becoming loyal, exchanged his independent, regal name, for that of Baron of St. Mullyns, and founded the present wealthy house of Barris. The regalia of the Kavanagh dynasty are preserved in the museum of Trinity College.

The O'Conors of the West, who retained the kingship of Connaught by treaty with Henry II., and who, from their remote position, long defied the feudal power, were crowned in the *carne* called Fraoigh, near Tusk. A short account of the ceremony, as performed in 1315, remains on record. The MacGuire was inaugurated at Lisnakea, near Enniskillen, as king of the tribe which inhabited around the beautiful lakes of that neighbourhood; and the McMahon was installed at Tullyvea, in the county Monaghan.

Singularly enough, the ceremonies used in naming a chief were practised by a Norman-Irish family, the Bourkes of Mayo, later than by any indigenous race. At an early period the head of the De Burghs was known to the natives of Connaught, not by his feudal title of Earl of Ulster, but as *MacWilliam*; and on the extinction of his descendants in the male line, a feud broke out between the Mayo and the Galway, or Clanricarde, branch, as to which of their chiefs should be considered senior of the entire surname. A century or so of fighting not having decided the question, the western Bourkes established the regular Celtic ceremonies in their country, in order to invest their elected "*MacWilliam*" with all possible dignity and solemnity, although they had no more to do with such auguries than with the wailings of the *banshee*. Not to be behind, the Clanricardines set up an opposition form, and seated their king on a stone throne, called by them "*MacWilliam's Seat*," but by the rival faction, "*Clanricarde's Chair*." In process of time their leader was created a peer, and the Mayo clan were forbidden to elect a chief. Yet as these latter knew no other form of government than the antique form of seigneurship, they

presently sent up a petition to Dublin Castle, that tanistry, or the law of elective succession, might be restored, and that they "might have a *MacWilliam*." The answer they received was, that the newly-established sheriff would execute the Queen's law, and her soldiers enforce it. During a subsequent insurrection, however, these malcontent clansmen, who were more savage and proud than the wildest O'Flaherty, felt themselves so much at a loss for a head, they inaugurated one William Bourke, commonly called the "*Blind Abbot*," with, says the record, all the accustomed ceremonies.

In the Hebrides, the Lords of the Isles were crowned seated on a stone. Surpassing all those rude thrones in interest is the Coronation Stone of London, the history of which is well told in an essay by Mr. W. S. Gibson. This venerable relic, the *Leac-Fail*, or "*Stone of Destiny*," part of which, it is believed, rests under the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey, still preserves its virtue in the public mind. This famous national memorial is, in our opinion, a relic of a Scandinavian idol-stone, carried by Irish Scandinavian Scots from this country to Iona, and thence, accompanying the conquering progress of the Scotie race, transferred to Scone. The elective nature of ancient kingship in Scotland, and the mode of installation, did not escape the notice of Shakspeare, who makes one Scotch chief say—"Tis most like the sovereignty *will fall upon Macbeth*," to which another replies, "He is already *named*, and gone to Scone to be invested." Robert Bruce, the day after his coronation, 1306, sat "*super montem de Scone*." Rapin, after alluding to the intention of Edward I. to unite the two kingdoms of England and Scotland, and his removal into his own country of the Scottish regalia, together with "the famous stone on which the inauguration of their kings was performed," proceeds thus:—"The people of Scotland had all along placed in that stone a kind of fatality. They fancied that while it remained in their country the State would be unshaken, but the moment it should be elsewhere removed great revolutions would ensue. For this reason, Edward carried it away, to create in the Scots a belief that the

time of the dissolution of their monarchy was come." Nothing, indeed, can show the importance attached to the possession of this stone in a more forcible point of view than the circumstance of its having been made, not only the subject of an express article in a treaty of peace, but also of a political conference between Edward III. and David II., King of Scotland.

Reverting to our allusion to the strange account quoted by Cambrensis, Bishop of St. David's, and King John's secretary, of the mode of creating the king of Tyreconnel, let us try and explain the well known, unpleasant particular, as to the chieftain, seated in a bath, eating a boiled white heifer in public with his people, with some other usages, which we will omit, less from incapacity to give a rational explanation of that punning bishop's mistakes on these points than from respect to the proverb, "whoever tells every thing tires everybody."

Camden, in his topographic work, mentions the spot "where," says he, "O'Neill, the haughty tyrant of Ulster, used to be crowned in the barbarous manner of his country;" and we have seen that Viceroy Sydney termed the ceremonies "brutish." Now, though it is easy to explain away the disagreeable features in the bishop's hearsay, garbled account, we believe there really was some curious inaugural display of pastoral animals, which were afterwards eaten by the assembled multitude.

The odious part of the prelate's story, viz., the statements respecting the boiling of a "beast of burden," the bath prepared for the king in the same water, and the subsequent strange scene of eating and drinking, are quite capable of reasonable explanation. It is probable, that a white heifer, having been introduced in augury of plentifulness of cattle, was killed and feasted upon; and since there is no doubt that taking a bath was one of the rites of investiture, it is likely that the cauldron in which the meat was seethed was also used to heat water for the royal bath. Doubtless, also, the chieftain partook of the sodden flesh and broth in company with his clansmen; and it further seems, that in order that their equality with him

in matter of property should be insisted on, he was not permitted to use any implement for either eating or drinking.

Whatever were the forms observed at Irish inaugural feasts, there is no doubt that the ceremony closed by a great and public consumption of viands, of which there are no particulars, save those recorded by Prince John's secretary, and a notice in the book of "Restrictions and Prerogatives of Kings" (a work of the eleventh century), of "the feast of the flesh of the bull," a banquet special to the north of Ireland. Probably it was customary there to bring forward, as was done in Carinthian Austria, a white cow, or heifer, or bull, and to allow this emblematic animal to be seethed and devoured by the mob of clansmen. Such a custom was not nearly so barbarous as the practice which, until lately, obtained in England, at the elections of members of parliament and mayors of towns, of baiting a bull to death, and roasting him whole. When, in 1310, Felim O'Connor was created King of Connaught at Carnfree, he was installed, say the Annals, "with as great solemnity, ceremonies, and other customs as any one of his ancestors," and among these there was one much honoured in the observance, viz., "a magnificent feast, with the assembly and presence of all the nobility, such as none of his predecessors was heard or read in books to have made." Famous as this conviviality was, its renown wanes before that of the crowning banquet given by Sir Brian O'Rourke, and celebrated in Dean Swift's translation of the original ode, declaring—

"O'Rourke's noble feast shall ne'er be forgot
By those who were there, or those who were not."

Without contending that those festivities did not exhibit considerable contention and barbarity, we at the same time take credit to ourselves for having vindicated the Irish rites of inauguration from the very barbarous character ascribed to them by Cambrensis; and certes, if our petty pride is mere antiquarian pedantry, it is harmless in comparison with the ultra-patriotic passion that would use archæologic research to spread the gall of national bitterness. But away with such "National" nonsense,

The Highlanders of 1745 produced the Highlanders of our day; and it augured well for victory at Waterloo when they and the Connaught Rangers stood shoulder to shoulder.

Besides the ceremonies constituting the solemn rite of inauguration, there was another which, regarded in its antique and simple, but significantly augural character, was a highly interesting part of the general display. We read in Camden's description of the "Antient Manners of the Irish," that it was the custom in towns "when any man enters upon a public office, for women in the streets and girls from the windows to sprinkle him and his attendants with wheat and salt;" and the Earl of Totness, in his "*Pacata Hibernia*," mentions that this usage was observed in Anglo-Irish cities, where, says he, "upon the election of new mayors and officers, wheat and salt are thrown over them as a prediction of future peace and plenty;" and he instances the practice of this old custom on the occasion of the young Earl of Desmond's first entry into a town. Doubtless, since the earls of this semi-Celtic house were latterly deemed, like Celtic kings, elective, this graceful and pleasing observance, so full of poetry and meaning, was practised at the induction of Irish chieftains. It served as an augury that plenty, typified by bread corn, and by the ingredient used for preserving meat and butter, would attend the reign of the new sovereign.

In conclusion, here is a translation of the account given by Auban, of the inaugural rite as formerly practised in Carinthia, an original province of Austria, between the Tyrol and Istria:—

"In Carinthia, as often as a new prince of the republic enters upon the government, they observe a solemnity no where else heard of. In the open fields, stands erect a marble stone, which, when the duke is about to be created, a certain countryman, to whom through his race the succession to that office hereditarily belongs, ascends, having on his right hand a black heifer in calf, while on his left is placed a working mare, remarkable for leanness. The people of the country assemble around in a vast crowd; then the duke about to be invested with the purple moves thither surrounded by a multitude, the ensigns of the principality preceding him; and the entire company

are richly appalled, except the future duke. He, in the common dress of the country, wearing a hair cap, carrying shoes and a pastoral staff, acts the herdsman more than the prince. As he is approaching, he who has possession of the stone, on beholding him, exclaims in the Illyrian language, 'who is this who comes on so proudly?' The surrounding multitude reply, 'He that is to become the prince of the country.' Then he asks whether he is a just judge? Does he desire the welfare of the country? Is he of free birth? Is he worthy of the honour? A cultivator and defender of Christian piety? It is exclaimed, he is indeed, and will be. Again, the same man says, 'I ask by what law will he remove me from this seat?' The master of the ducal hall replies, 'This place is bought from thee for sixty pence; these cattle shall be thine, pointing with his hand to the heifer and the mare; you shall have the dress which the duke will put off; and you, with all your house, shall be free from tribute.' Which being said, the countryman strikes the cheek of the duke, the blow being lightly struck, and commands him to be an equitable judge, and cedes up the place, leading away the price. Then the prince takes possession of the stone, turns himself round to every part, brandishing a naked sword, addresses the people, and promises to be an equitable judge. They bring water, and it is offered to him to drink in the cup of the country as an argument to future sobriety, &c. Thus the princes of Austria obtain the empire, and are called Archdukes."

The reader will remark the similarity between these observances and those anciently in use in Ireland—usages even closer in their moral signification than in their material appearance; for in both cases the original equality of the chief with his clansmen was insisted on, and his humility typified in various forms. In both, the pastoral, nomad character of the people was marked by the two species of cattle brought forward when electing an officer, who was primitively no more than a king of herdsmen; and it is notable that all the omens were respective, not of his welfare, but of that of the community. In later ages the Emperors of Austria have not emulated to return to the conditions which placed their ducal predecessors on that rude Carinthian throne; while in Ireland and Scotland, process of time rendered chiefs almost absolute. Society altered its character in the three countries; yet, through

all changes, from the day of King Abimelech to the day of Queen Victoria, the inaugural superstition attaching to a coronation stone has held hold of the popular mind. Assuredly there is significance in marking the footfall of a conqueror or of a mighty sovereign indelibly on his territory. And as there is meaning in the pillars raised to commemorate the landing of William III. and George IV. in this island, so is there more meaning in that singular, small, rude, fragmental, stone still couched under the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey, since, whenever our Prince of Wales is placed upon it—and may the day be distant—the people of Edward VII. will recognise that act as the assertion of a monarchy worthy to receive the homage of the represent-

atives of British, Scottish, and Irish, kings.

Some persons may object that this time, when Marshal M'Mahon has recently been presented with an Irish sword, is no time for reviving ideas about ancient Irish kings; but unless the objectors are elderly ladies, from whom it would be impolite to differ, we quite disagree with them, considering it a good augury that, on the contrary—loyalty being so general and strong, that never did the British crown stand more firmly on the rock of affection in Ireland—there is freedom to write about such matters, since liberty in this respect is part of that full freedom of the Press which is the moral crown of our government.

VONVED THE DANE—COUNT OF ELSINORE.

CHAPTER XXV.

AN INTERPRETATION OF A LITTLE BIRD'S SONG.

HEARKEN to what a very knowing Little Bird sings—that identical mysterious Little Bird which reveals, anywhere and everywhere, every thing to everybody who will open his ears discreetly and sapiently.

Once upon a time—(remember it is the responsible Little Bird who singeth—the irresponsible writer merely interprets its voice):—

Once upon a time King Frederick, being then Prince Frederick, young and hot-blooded, fell desperately in love (an accident to which born princes are said to be as liable as born peasants), with a certain noble Spanish lady, who happened to be sojourning at Copenhagen. The result was a left-handed marriage—or at any rate an union of some sort, sufficient to overcome the scruples of the not reluctant dame, who for two fleeting years lived happily enough with the prince at one of his country palaces, until she was accidentally killed when taking an airing in her carriage, from which she flung herself in affright, on the horses running away.

This hapless Spanish lady left a little girl, one year old, whom her father committed to the care of a

country woman and friend of the deceased mother, and sent them to the latter's native country, that the infant might be there brought up. The child was thus reared and educated in Spain, where she remained until she attained her eighteenth year, when the Crown Prince, receiving glowing accounts of her beauty, amiability, and accomplishments, recalled her to Denmark, but for divers weighty motives did not let her reside at his capital, but placed her in the family of a nobleman who lived in Holstein. It so happened, that Colonel Erik Valdemar, uncle of Lars Vonved, and youngest son of Knut Vonved, Count of Elsinore, was then stationed in the vicinity, and had opportunities of becoming acquainted with the lovely Spanish-Danish girl. He loved her, and was himself beloved. They mutually were certain that the bitter personal antipathy of their respective fathers rendered it hopeless to seek their consent to a union, so, impelled by a passion as rash as it was violent, the lady eloped to Hamburg, and was speedily joined there by Erik, who had obtained a lengthened leave of absence from his military duties.

They were married in Altena (the chief town of Holstein, and consequently belonging to Denmark), which is quite contiguous to the famous "free city" of Hamburg, with such secrecy and precaution that they had reason to hope the fact would not transpire for years—if ever.

The unfortunate nobleman who had been intrusted with the temporary guardianship of the Crown Prince's daughter, was so frightened at her flight (the motive of which he too clearly comprehended), that to escape the anticipated wrath of Frederick, he in turn fled to a foreign land, and died a voluntary exile.

After his marriage, Erik continued stationed a number of years in Holstein and Slesvig, and contrived that his unacknowledged wife always resided in mysterious seclusion at no great distance from wherever he was quartered. It was, nevertheless, impossible to so deftly manage matters as to altogether escape suspicion on the part of prying people. The result was accurately described by Lars Vonved in the story of his own life which he narrated to his wife. The great old Count of Elsinore, indeed, heard from various sources strange and conflicting rumours respecting his son Erik; but although these reports agreed that Erik was either secretly married, or had formed an improper connexion with a lady, they never assumed any very positive shape, nor did they ever hint that the lady was the daughter of the Crown Prince and Regent of Denmark. The simple fact that she *was* the daughter of Frederick, alone prevented Erik from confessing the real truth to his angry father—for he dared not do so. The lamentable estrangement, solely in consequence of this unavoidable reticence on the part of Erik, which then ensued between the father and son, has already been described by the mouth of Lars Vonved, who truly told Amalia that Erik did not reveal the fact of his suspected marriage even unto his beloved brother, Valdemar.

Erik was mortally wounded when fighting nobly in defence of Copenhagen, during its cruel bombardment in 1807, and when dying, as also related by Lars Vonved, he obtained the forgiveness and blessing of his glorious old father, to whom he then

confided the long cherished secret of his marriage, and with *whom*.

What followed, so far as the mighty old Count was concerned, was told in a few sentences by Lars Vonved, in the twelfth chapter of this narrative, and may be emphatically repeated here:—

"Count Vonved rigidly kept the secret confided to him by his dying son, whatever that secret might be; but his friends well knew that not only was his stern heart softened by the death of Erik, but that he proudly and thankfully acknowledged that Erik had not disgraced him in the manner he had so long suspected and feared. Moreover, he employed confidential agents in a mission of inquiry and search for the foreign lady and her children, his object being, it was supposed, to acknowledge and adopt the latter. No trace of them could be discovered, and the mystery of their disappearance was an additional shock and grief to Count Vonved."

The reason why the old Count of Elsinore was baffled in his endeavours to discover the widow and children of his dead son, admits of ready explanation. Erik had been summoned from Slesvig to fight in defence of the capital, so suddenly and unexpectedly, that he was unable to make any arrangement for the future of his family, in case he should fall. The news of his death was a fatal blow to his hapless widow. She fell into premature labour, and in a few hours the mother and infant were both dead. Two orphan children remained—the eldest a girl. Erik having been for years entirely dependent on his soldier's pay, had been unable to provide for his children, and left scarcely any property. One or two brother officers, who yet knew not whether the orphans left in Slesvig were or were not Erik's legitimate offspring, generously did what little they could for their benefit. The personal property was sold on their behoof, and respectable persons were found who undertook charge of them. The boy was sent to the vicinity of Randers, in Jutland; the girl was adopted by a gentleman and his wife, who had no family of their own, and who were about to immediately proceed to one of the Danish West India Islands where the gentleman had a plantation.

Thus it came to pass that the agents

of Knut Vonved never succeeded in tracing his grandchildren. The future lives of those children were indeed remarkable. The boy's Christian name was Bertel, and owing to the uncertainty of his legal claim to a particular surname, his protectors bestowed on him their own, which was Rovsing. As Bertel Rovsing he was henceforward known. He grew up shy, proud, highly-gifted, naturally amiable and lofty-minded, but withal, a passionate, melancholy boy. The older he grew the more he was disgusted with the obscurity and ungeniality of his lot in life, and ere he had attained his fifteenth year he fiercely cast off all restraint, and determined to seek his fortune, solely dependent on his own talent as a painter, which was already extraordinary for one so young. So, forth he wandered, a self-exiled youth. No one but himself knew where or how he spent his years until he settled down as a painter—a poor unknown solitary man of genius—at the ruined Castle of Svendborg.

The life of his sister (considerably older than himself) was quite as extraordinary, although less mysterious, and eventually far happier. The kind lady who had adopted her, died of yellow fever a few months after their arrival in the West Indies, and a year or two subsequently the gentleman was completely ruined by the British cruisers capturing the vessels conveying the produce of his plantation to Europe. All he could now do for the doubly-orphaned Gunhild was to obtain for her a passage back to Denmark. She duly reached that part of her native land where her mother died, and where she and her infant brother had been separated, but her former friends were no longer there. Some compassionate people gave the poor girl—yet a child—trifling aid, and advised her to endeavour to find her way northward, and seek for her brother in Jutland, in the hope that those who befriended him might extend their protection to her. Nobody, however, could tell her the exact locality in the great peninsula of Jutland whither her brother had been taken, nor even the name of the family by whom he had been received. How, then, was poor Gunhild to find him? Yet, more; how could she, with only a few rix-dalers in her

pocket, traverse the immense wild tract of country that intervened? A strange, yet good friend, turned up in the person of a blind old man, a veteran soldier, who had lost his eyesight at the battle of the Baltic in 1801, and who then traversed the country as a wandering, homeless fiddler. He offered to permit her to accompany him on his way to Jutland, promising to take every possible care of her, and to assist her to the utmost of his power to find her brother. In return she was to sing when he played, and to render him such help as she could. After a weary time they reached Jutland, but the generality of the people were so poor, and so thinly scattered, that little indeed could their combined exertions earn. Still they wandered on, to and fro, everywhere inquiring in vain for the residence of Bertel. The old fiddler proved a most trustworthy friend and companion. He was intelligent, kind, and naturally pious. The greater part of his life had been spent amid scenes of strife and bloodshed, yet his heart was untainted. The singular pair were reduced to the last extremity of want, when, in mid-winter, they happened to meet on the highway the very child of whom they were in search, and he gave them his cake, as so truthfully and affectingly pictured by Bertel himself in after years. Of course they knew him not, and to and fro they continued to wander; the old man, for intelligent reasons, quite right and praiseworthy on his part, calling himself her grandfather. At length Providence brought them to the little out-o'-the-way town of Viborg, where the old man played national tunes on his fiddle, and Gunhild accompanied him with her voice.

Now, so it was, that poor blind veteran had wonderful skill with the fiddle-bow, and the young girl had an amazingly sweet voice, and one of remarkable compass. An itinerant theatrical company happened to be at Viborg, and the manager heard the old man and his supposed grandchild in the streets thereof. The manager, a man of taste and judgment, was exceedingly struck by the very great talent evinced by the girl, and engaged both her and the blind fiddler to perform on his stage. So successful were they that he re-engaged them

to proceed with him southward to Copenhagen. At the capital, Gunhild attracted very considerable notice, and the director of the Italian Opera there eventually secured her services for a term of years. His company belonged to Vienna, being at Copenhagen only for a single season on speculation, and to Vienna they accordingly soon returned. It was a pleasing trait in Gunhild's character that she would not sign the agreement which bound her to her new master, until the latter had guaranteed a small pension to the aged fiddler who had so well befriended her.

Aided by first-rate tuition, Gunhild rapidly attained a most distinguished rank in her profession, and under an assumed name had a brilliant career in the principal European capitals. Whilst at St. Petersburg she won the heart and hand of Baron Kœmperhimmel, who happened to be there as an envoy extraordinary from the Court of Denmark. The Baron was too wealthy, too powerful, and too high in the favour of his sovereign, to care for the sneers and scoffs excited by his alliance with a public singer of unknown origin. He was thoroughly convinced that Gunhild was not merely a beautiful and gifted, but a pure and good woman, worthy to be his wife, the guardian of his honour, and the fountain of his hap-

piness. Nobly did she justify his generous and wise appreciation of her rare and lofty qualities.

Thus far the Little Bird has sung, and very dull and dry is the unworthy scribe's interpretation of its eloquent warble.

When King Frederick mercilessly refused to pardon Lars Vonved, Baron Kœmperhimmel and his friends held a consultation that same evening at the house of the former. The Baroness and Bertel Røvsing were both present, and some allusion was made to the marvellous incident of the picture he had painted, and which had secured him the patronage and friendship of the Baroness, and the intercession of her husband for Vonved. This led to a confidential conversation on both sides, with a result that will be readily imagined. The Baroness recognised in Bertel her long-lost, but never forgotten brother; and that such was, indeed, their relationship, and that they were the legitimate children of Erik Valdemar, was speedily proved by evidence which not even Lord Eldon himself would have doubted.

This discovery delighted the Baron, but he felt it would be impolitic to make it known to the King, whilst the latter was so terribly incensed against all who were of the blood of Valdemar.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE LAST HOURS OF A VALDEMAR.

TWENTY-FOUR hours after Lars Vonved awoke from his death-like trance, he was as well and strong as ever he had been in his life. He remembered vividly all that had passed, and was already prepared to cordially hail Bertel Røvsing—or, properly, Valdemar—as a kinsman; for Amalia had informed him, on her last visit to his dungeon, not only of the death of Knut Vonved, but of the newly-discovered affinity of the Baroness Gunhild and Bertel, and of their relationship to himself. But neither to Bertel, nor even to Amalia, did he now communicate his future intentions. He intimated that no one must question him on that head; but his wife learnt, with terror, that his hostility to King Frederick was now deadly.

It had been privately arranged that the Baroness Kœmperhimmel should, immediately after Vonved's escape from Citadellet Frederikshavn, proceed to the little island of Beløe, off the coast of Holstein, and there await an interview with her brother, and with her cousin, Lars Vonved himself, if he could venture to land. The islet in question was the property of her husband, who had built a charming marine villa upon it. The few servants attached to this occasional residence, and two or three fishermen's families, formed the sole permanent population. The Baroness was to sail thither in her husband's pleasure jøgt. Lars Vonved approved of this idea, and with all due caution his vessels sailed direct for Beløe,

taking special care to arrive off the islet after nightfall. He forthwith landed his wife and boy, and Bertel Valdemar. The latter had, within a day or two, become exceedingly ill. The great mental excitement he had of late undergone, had reacted on his naturally nervous and morbid temperament, and, in conjunction with a bodily predisposition to disease, had prostrated him in such a manner that his friends grew most seriously alarmed.

The Baroness was ready to receive them; but Lars Vonved himself, after an interview of only a few minutes with her, decided to return aboard the *Skildpadde*, promising to land again on the morrow, if possible. Soon after daybreak he kept his word, and learnt that his cousin Bertel had grown rapidly worse, was partially insensible, and in mortal danger. In this emergency (the Baron's jeet having been prudently sent away), Vonved proposed to despatch his Little Amalia to Kiel, the chief town of Holstein, and not above a score of miles from Beløe, to procure medical aid. The Baroness wrote a letter to an eminent physician of Kiel (who had once come from thence to attend her at Beløe), requesting him to immediately return with the bearer. Herr Lundt, in the Little Amalia, fearlessly undertook this mission, and before sunset he had landed the physician. For three days the latter continued in constant attendance on the patient, before he could give a decided opinion respecting his condition. Then, however, he reluctantly pronounced there was no longer a gleam of hope for his recovery.

Bertel himself was now perfectly sensible, and received the fatal announcement with incomparably greater calmness than his relatives. He was quite resigned, expressed himself as little caring to live and willing to die, such being his Maker's will. He spoke much to his sister about his betrothed, Olüfina Ström, and implored that she might be informed that he was dying, and that he longed to see her for the last time upon earth.

Olüfina happened, as Bertel knew, to be at this time on a visit to her only brother, who managed their father's branch mercantile establishment at Kiel. The Baroness was so moved by her brother's touching desire that she at once determined to

go herself to Kiel, and endeavour to induce young Herr Ström to permit his sister to return with her. She was successful; for the brother, who was already his sister's confidante concerning her betrothal, instantly consented to intrust her to the care of the Baroness.

On arriving at Beløe, Olüfina was introduced to the room whence Bertel was destined never to be removed alive, and the Baroness left the ill-fated pair alone.

Terrible was this, their last earthly interview. With a wild cry of anguish and despair, Olüfina threw herself in Bertel's arms, and for a while did nothing but weep and ejaculate, like one bereft of all hope.

"Oh!" at length wildly sobbed the heart-broken girl; "and must thou die thus, in the prime of young manhood? Oh, must he die, and I so near, and cannot spare him one pang!"

"My child! my poor Olüfina!" tremulously murmured Bertel, tenderly caressing her head as it lay on his bosom. "Do not rebel against God. He is all-wise, all-good, all-merciful."

"Oh, that he would spare thy life, and take mine! Ah, Himmel! that I could die for thee!"

"One has already died for me!" softly murmured Bertel, with a radiant smile.

"Bertel, my brain is reeling! Thy life is my life. If thou diest, I die!"

"Olüfina!"

"The black clouds have dispersed—the sun shines clear through the blue sky; and yet, now golden Happiness is before us, and proffers her brimming rainbow cup, thou must—die!"

"Olüfina! for the love of God!"

"Love! Why did God permit me to love thee to the verge of idolatry, if thou art to be torn from me now?"

"It may be to punish us both for that very mutual sin of loving the creature more than the Creator!"

Bertel folded her to his bosom as strongly as he could, and murmured to himself—

"This is worse than all I dreaded—worse than the bitterness of death itself!"

Then in language awfully impressive under the circumstances, he strove to convince her of the heinous sin of yielding to a spirit of despairing re-

bellion against the will of God. At first she listened with frenzied wailings—next with sullen stupor—but finally with something akin to Christian resignation.

It really seemed as though Bertel and Olüfina had exchanged natures. Formerly he was morbid and despairing; now, in the hour of death, he was resigned and hopeful, his soul purified, his intellect clear, his judgment sound—the very qualities which, in a minor degree, used to distinguish Olüfina, and of which she now seemed temporarily deprived. In truth, she was essentially of a less spiritual nature than Bertel. With all her innocence, goodness, and piety, she was at heart more worldly—more of the earth, earthly.

One or two remarks which Bertel made to Olüfina, when she grew more pacified, not to say exhausted, indicated how keenly he understood both his own character and hers.

"It is all for the best," said he. "God foresaw what we selfishly refused to believe. I was not of a disposition to be ever long happy myself in this world, and I fear I should not have rendered thee very happy had I lived to become thy husband. Far better to die still loving thee than to have outlived that love. But thou!—yes thou hast a natural capacity for earthly happiness, and thou wilt yet enjoy it. I do not forbid thee to mourn awhile for me, when I am no more; but then thou must, and thou wilt cease to grieve—thou wilt bless God for all things, and thankfully partake of the happiness He has in store for thee. Long mayst thou live—happy as long be thy life!"

Olüfina protested bitterly against these prophetic opinions of Bertel; but time proved how right he was. She lived to be a happy wife and an honoured mother.

Bertel felt he could not long endure this last interview. He made a preconcerted signal, and his sister and Amalia both entered, accompanied by Wilhelm. Bertel told Olüfina they must now part; but nothing could persuade her to quit him until he consented she should see him again at the expiration of an hour, by which time he felt he should be no more. One last, clinging embrace—a heart-warm blessing from Bertel—and she suffered herself to be conducted to a distant

room by the Baroness. When the latter returned, her brother observed that he had only one more thing to do on earth—one last effort to make—one last prayer to be realized. Gunhild and Amalia exchanged mournful glances of deep import, for well did they understand him. He desired Amalia to bring unto him her husband, who was nigh at hand, awaiting the expected summons.

When Amalia returned with her husband, and they stood by the bed, Bertel spake to each in turn, making a few last requests, and fervently blessing them all.

He had yet to do the "one thing" to which he had alluded, and he obviously prepared to make a great effort to accomplish his last work on earth. Vonved perceived something weighty was on Bertel's mind, and spake to that effect.

"Count Vonved," said Bertel, up-raising himself by a mighty effort, and speaking with solemn energy, "if you would have me die peacefully—if you would fulfil my last wish on earth—if you would have me sink to rest on my Saviour's bosom happy and smiling, grant me one last prayer!"

"What would you?"

For a minute Bertel replied not, nor did Vonved speak. They gazed with piercing earnestness at each other, and the preternaturally lustrous eyes of the dying man were yearningly fixed on the countenance of Vonved, with mingled hope and misgiving, and the Count himself was secretly uneasy as to the import of the yet unuttered request.

"Wilt thou grant my last wish—my last prayer?" plaintively repeated Bertel.

"Name it."

"But wilt thou grant it?"

"There are few things thou canst demand of me at this moment which I will not grant;" was the deliberate answer.

Bertel sighed heavily. He was not satisfied by such a cautious and evasive response, which certainly betokened or implied a special mental reserve of no ordinary kind. He felt his strength ebbing fast away—eternity loomed hugely near.

"Count Vonved! my dear cousin! hear, then, my dying prayer; and oh! as you would have my spirit pass in

peace—as you would yourself yet live a long and happy life—do not deny it!”

“Speak!” murmured Vonved.

“Forgive King Frederick the wrongs he has inflicted on our race and on thee—renounce thy desperate warfare against thy sovereign—and seek the pardon he will even yet grant!”

Lars Vonved recoiled a step from the bed, and a flush of bitterest anger crimsoned his lofty brow.

“Never!” burst from his lips with a deepness of tone that caused the morbid air of the room to vibrate.

“Oh, Count Vonved!” ejaculated his dying kinsman, involuntarily clasping his hands in anguished supplication, “I beseech thee to recall that fatal word! O, by all thine hope of happiness here and forgiveness hereafter”——

“Say no more: my heart is wrung by thy words!” exclaimed Vonved, with an imperative gesture that caused his wife to shrink and sob—so powerfully did it express unalterable resolution. “Thou art dying, Bertel, and preferrest the only prayer I cannot grant. Forgive King Frederick! Were I to do that, the spirits of our mighty ancestors would haunt and mock me on earth and scornfully refuse to admit my companionship in Heaven! Forgive King Frederick! I never will forgive him—I never will cease to wage a just warfare against him—I never will ask a pardon he would not grant.”

“He would!” vehemently cried Bertel. “Yea, by my parting soul I swear he would! I am dying fast—ye all know that. The thick veil which hangs atween life and death, time and eternity, becomes as gossamer when God says, ‘This night shall thy soul be summoned to my footstool.’ I now see through that veil, and as surely as my soul liveth do I know that our King will ultimately pardon thee if thou wilt but seek his forgiveness.”

“Curse the King and his forgiveness! I neither seek nor will I accept it!” fiercely responded Lars Vonved.

A great cry burst from the women, and the Baroness passionately conjured Vonved by all that he held sacred to abjure such a heathenish resolve.

“My brother is dying! He is even now hovering between this life and that which is to be for ever and ever—he pierces the veil—he sees what we cannot see, he knows what we cannot know. Oh, be not so awfully obdurate! Do not stop your ears to a voice from the verge of the tomb! Do not enshroud yourself in the iron panoply of your proud soul! Oh, Vonved, Vonved!”

“What wouldst thou?”

“I would have your adamant heart soften to the will of your omnipotent Maker! I would have you first forgive your earthly King all that he has”——

“Did he forgive me when ye all sought his mercy with trembling knees, and with burning tears, and with abject supplications?” asked Vonved, with a haggard smile.

“The more need that thou shouldst prove thy nature superior to his, by being the first to forgive. See! I kneel unto thee; I beseech thee, I implore thee to subdue thy fearful spirit, and grant my brother’s last prayer on earth! Oh, let Bertel enter his Maker’s presence bearing thy forgiveness of all who have trespassed against thee in thought, word, and deed, as an acceptable offering at the foot of the great White Throne!”

The Baroness spoke with sobbing vehemence, and her scalding tears dropped heavily to the ground, as she appealingly looked up at Vonved, with clasped hands.

An awful struggle agitated the indomitable heart of the Count; but, in a cold, displeased, and reprehensive tone, he slowly answered—

“Rise, lady! One of the blood of Valdemar the Great should never kneel but to God in heaven, and to an anointed king on earth. Arise!”

“I would pray never to rise more, rather than sue in vain!”

Ere the last word was uttered, Amalia sank on her knees by the side of the Baroness, and upraised her hands, and uplifted her agonized face in mutely eloquent appeal.

“What! *thou*, my wife!”

“Yes, my husband!”

Vonved laughed savagely and madly.

“For my sake! for the sake of our child!” sighed the pallid lips of Amalia.

“Oh, think,” reiterated the Baron-

ess, "of that tremendous day when you and the King will stand face to face before the judgment seat of Christ!"

"Let God judge between us on that day!" sternly exclaimed Vonved.

"Oh, Count Vonved!" despairingly sobbed the Baroness, "what a fearful spirit is thine! what an awful man art thou!"

"I am as God made me: body, soul, and spirit. Can the Ethiop change his skin, or the leopard his spots?"

"Wilhelm!" suddenly cried Bertel to the wondering boy, who had stood silent as an antique statue during all this fearful scene; "Wilhelm! kneel thou unto thy father. He cannot be deaf to thy prayer. Thou art his only child; thou art the very last of the Valdemars: he loves thee more than all this world contains. Kneel, dear Wilhelm! Dost thou hear my dying words? Kneel! Beseech thy father to forgive his King; and for thy sake, and for thy mother's sake, and for all our sakes, to seek the pardon the King will surely then grant."

Wilhelm paused, apparently irresolute, glancing from the death-dewed features of his friend Bertel to the fearfully stern, yet agitated lineaments of his own father; but at length he slowly sank on his knees by his mother's side; and looking his father yearningly in the face, he raised his little hands, and exclaimed—

"My father! forgive King Frederick, and be his friend! Do, for the

sake of Bertel, of my mother, and of me!"

Lars Vonved covered his face with his hand, and groaned aloud.

"My father!" pleaded Wilhelm, anew, obeying a look of Bertel.

"I hear thee, Wilhelm."

"Yes, my father! make us all very happy!"

"Count Vonved! my cousin! head of our race! thou hast heard thine only child, this boy whom I have loved as though he had been my own. Canst thou, darrest thou refuse *his* prayer?" moaned Bertel, very thickly, and gasping his words slowly and painfully, for his end was nigh at hand.

"Dost thou indeed believe that God speaks to me through the infant lips of my child?" hoarsely demanded Vonved.

"I do! By my soul's salvation, I believe it!" responded Bertel.

"Then I yield; and will do that which thou requirest!" exclaimed Vonved, removing his hands from his face, and looking at his dying cousin with a countenance as ghastly as Bertel's own.

"Thank God! I die happy!" and with these words quivering on his pallid lips, Bertel Valdemar sank back a corpse.

That night, sitting alone by the cold clay of his kinsman, Lars Vonved wrote a long letter to his sovereign—a letter which made King Frederick thrill and tremble, and taught him that he was a man as well as a monarch.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LARS VONVED AND KING FREDERICK STAND FACE TO FACE.

ONE little month ago, Bertel Valdemar, grandson alike of Knut Vonved and of Frederick VI., King of Denmark—the only man in whose veins flowed the mingled blood of two ancient royal lines, and of two irreconcilable enemies—spoke his last words, smiled his last smile, sighed his last sigh, breathed his last breath.

King Frederick was again sojourning at his great country palace of Frederiksborg. The birds were singing their vesper hymns in the luxuriant groves and the grand old avenues

which radiate from the palace, and the last beams of the dying sun flickered pleasantly upon giant boles, and gnarled limbs, and mellow-tinted foliage gently waving in the soft evening breeze.

Amidst these groves, adown these shady avenues, Denmark's old warrior-king was wandering to-and-fro, and for aught he knew, unseen, as it was a standing order rigidly obeyed at Frederiksborg, that no one should presume to intrude in the presence of the King when he indulged—as he

frequently did—in solitary walks in the vast expanse of royal grounds surrounding the palace.

But a human eye was upon him now: every footstep he took was followed by an eagle glance. Was it the eye of friend or foe? Of both? Of neither?

The King, in sad and thoughtful mood, walked with his head bent down, his hands clasped behind him. He turned into a by-path, and sauntered abstractedly onward. As he loitered abreast of an evergreen thicket, its branches were agitated, and a man leapt forth with one great bound, and confronted the King.

That man was Lars Vonved.

Frederick recoiled a step, and uttered an involuntary exclamation of amazement and anger. He recognised Vonved in a moment, for he had oft read accurate personal descriptions and had carefully studied lithographic portraits of the outlaw. He also had received, three weeks before, Vonved's letter, the contents of which had alike astonished and deeply affected him.

For a while they stood, face to face, man to man.

"Who art thou?" demanded the King.

"I am Lars Vonved, Count of *Elsinore*, an outlawed subject of thine."

"Ho, villain! is not the sum of thine iniquities complete? Dost thou wish to add one crowning enormity to thy misdeeds? Why *here*, miscreant, felon, slave?"

The King was lashing himself into fury, self-conscious how deeply he had wronged the race of *Valdemar*, and its representative who stood before him.

"I am here, King Frederick, because I have sought thee."

Vonved spake with calm determination, and fixed his gaze full on the face of his incensed sovereign.

"Sought me! Ha! *Fredlos*!"

"Hear me, sire!"

"Away, slave!"

"King Frederick, you must, and shall hear me," sternly retorted Vonved. "I seek pardon, not for my own sake, but for that of my wife and child; and never would I have sought pardon at your hand, even for them, had not my kinsman—thine own grandson—extorted the promise from me with his dying breath. Frown not, sire! We stand here, unwit-

nessed, sovereign and subject, but also man and man."

Unable any longer to control his wrath, the enraged monarch drew a short double-edged sword he always wore, and vengefully plunged it at the outlaw's breast. Vonved sprang aside at the movement, and the keen blade passed harmlessly between his left arm and body, grazing both.

Swift as thought, Vonved wrenched the sword from the monarch's grasp. Frederick became ghastly pale, doubtless expecting that his sword would be now plunged in his own breast. Not so. Vonved gazed a moment at him with an indescribably eloquent look of mournful reproach, and then, obeying a sublime impulse, sinking on one knee he held the sword by its point and extended the hilt to the King.

"I who never knelt before to mortal man kneel now unto thee. Thou art my king—my sovereign!" cried he; "and for thine ancestors mine have oft fought and died. I am thy outlawed subject: take my life if it seemeth good unto thee."

The King crimsoned with shame and humiliation, and at that supreme moment he felt how little he was in comparison with the great-hearted heroic outlaw at his feet. With a trembling hand he grasped the hilt and returned the sword with a clang to the scabbard.

"Vonved," huskily murmured he, "thou hast conquered!"

"Sire?"

"Thou hast overcome thy King. Arise!"

The outlawed Rover gazed full up to the agitated countenance of his sovereign, but remained immovable.

"Rise, Vonved!" reiterated the King; and he clasped the yet outstretched hand of Vonved between both his own, and looked down on him with a beaming gaze of forgiveness and reconciliation.

"O sire! Do you, indeed, pardon me?"

"I do—from my heart I do! You have spared the life of your king," added he with a tremulous smile; "and it is meet that your king, in his turn, should spare yours!"

Vonved now became pale as death—the blood receded from every vein to fill his bounding heart—and he almost gasped forth the words—

"Sire! repeat to me your royal pardon! Let me hear it once more from your lips!"

"What! still incredulous? Must I again tell thee that from this moment thou art outlaw no longer? Yes, I pardon thee for all thou hast done amiss—pardon thee, freely and unreservedly. Yet more: I feel that thou hast been grievously wronged, and I will make thee such amends as becometh a king. Thy ancestral rights and honours shall be immediately restored, and every possible reparation made. *Now*, wilt thou rise, Count of Elsinore?"

"Not yet, sire."

"Why?" cried Frederick, in surprise. "I cannot accept pardon for myself until I hear that the brave men who have risked all to follow my desperate fortunes are also pardoned."

"I pardon each and all, fully and freely as I pardon thee."

"Sire, there are some among them who had outraged the laws before they joined my crew."

"I understand thee, Vonved. Set thy heart at rest. A king should pardon right royally when he pardons at all. I give thee my word, as an absolute sovereign ruler, that whatsoever offences they have individually and collectively committed against the laws of my realm up to this time, shall be pardoned without reserve."

"Enough, sire! Never spake king more kingly words! My men are mine no longer—henceforth they are thine, and for their future fidelity I will vouch."

"They were marvellously faithful unto Rover Vonved: will they be as faithful unto King Frederick?"

"Sire, they will. And for myself—not by words but by deeds will I evince my gratitude and my devoted loyalty."

"I verily believe thee, Count Vonved," said the King, with emotion; "my navy needs brave and skilful seamen."

"None braver, none more skilful than"—

"Thine! ay, I have had reason enough to know it of late years!" dryly remarked the King. "But they must not be separated from their old captain. I will restore thee to my navy, and the allegiance of thy old crew shall purchase thee the command of the finest ship in my service."

"Sire! dispose of me and mine as thou wilt. Henceforth I have but one great object in life—to testify my devotion to my sovereign and my country. And oh, sire! I have a boy—a noble boy!"—

"I know it!" interrupted the King, with a slight grimace. "By my throne! that child of thine bearded me more daringly than the boldest of thy friends!"

"Ah, sire! pardon the child—he is but an infant."

"Is he your only child?"

"An only child, sire, like his father before him."

"I thought so: lions oft have but one offspring—meaner animals many."

"Sire?"

"Troth! I can almost fancy that the soul of the great founder of the race of Valdemar has transmigrated, and now dwells in the bosom of your boy!"

"Forgive him, sire!"

"Forgive him! why, by my kingly faith, Count Vonved, I secretly longed to snatch that matchless child to my breast, and caress him, when he passionately defied me to my very face! Forgive him! Ah, that God had given me such a glorious boy!"

"O, my King!" ejaculated Vonved, with streaming eyes, clasping the hand of his sovereign; "why have we been so long bitter enemies? Why did we never know each other until now?"

"God willed it."

"My grandsire, Knut Vonved, rejoices in Heaven over our reconciliation!"

"I hope so," said the King, in a smothered voice; "for I did him some wrong on earth."

"Sire, I do believe that the spirits of the departed are permitted to hover around the scenes and the friends they loved on earth, and to rejoice when that comes to pass which would have gladdened them when living."

"It may be so—God grant thou art right!" gloomily sighed Frederick.

"Ah, sire! doubt it not. There is but one drawback to the supreme happiness my sovereign has this hour conferred."

"What is that?"

"Bertel, sire! O, that he could have lived to witness the realization of his last prophetic prayer!"

"Ha! it doth indeed seem that he

died for your sake. Had he not extorted with his dying breath a pledge from you to personally seek my forgiveness, you would never have done so?"

"Never, sire."

For awhile the King was absorbed in melancholy reflections occasioned by this allusion to the death of the grandson he had never seen, but he speedily aroused himself.

"What is done is done. To be happy in this life we must learn to forget as well as forgive. But see! some of my officers draw nigh. Give me your arm, Count Vonved, for good faith! such is your present reputation that I would not answer for your life ten paces from my person!"

Three days have rolled down that swift current of Time which flows into the ocean of Eternity.

The great hall of the colossal palace is brilliantly illuminated, for King Frederick is about to give a species of evening levée, held at stated intervals by the Crown of Denmark, and usually concluded by a supper and a ball. Rumour has asserted that the reception this night will be of extraordinary magnificence—and, for once, rumour is not a liar. Here are assembled hundreds of the noblest, the best, the bravest, the wisest, of ancient Denmark's sons—the loveliest of her daughters. Statesmen and warriors, haughty nobles and calm philosophers, jostle one another on an equal footing. The body of the immense and gorgeous saloon is a sea of flashing splendour. The brilliant uniforms of naval and military officers, the rich dresses and decorations of official men and knights of various orders, mingle with the sumptuous attire, the waving feathers, the glittering jewels of proud and beauteous dames. Groups form everywhere. There is much small talk, gentle prattle of female lips, whispered trifling, little explosions of silvery laughter like the random tinkling of fairy bells.

At the extremity of the hall is a dais seven broad steps above the level of the floor, covered with blue velvet, studded with golden stars, and it supports an unique throne which cunning hands have fashioned entirely of the horns of the narwhal or sea-unicorn, brought from Danish

Greenland. Close to the foot of the dais stand two men very dissimilar in person, character, and present profession—the Bishop of Zealand and General Otto Gam. Occasionally they exchange a few words in an earnest undertone. Many eyes curiously scan the General, for the story of his fierce resignation of his army-rank and high appointment is well known, and people marvel to see him now standing, as it were defiantly, at the footstool of the sovereign he had so daringly bearded. Yet there he is! haughty and grim, savage and scowling. An old battered scabbard is suspended from his belt—but it is empty: a very significant fact, which is duly commented upon. The military men, especially, group together, and whisper and speculate, and ever and anon glance with lively interest at the ex-Military Governor of Copenhagen, the redoubtable General Otto Gam, who, on his part, fails not to return every furtive look with ferocious interest.

The ladies who are not occupied in listening to the light pleasantries of their cavaliers, discuss the approaching entrance of the King of Denmark. They marvel whom he will particularly distinguish by the honour of a direct personal reception—for on an occasion like the present the sovereign only receives the immediate homage of a favoured few, whom he delights to publicly honour. They marvel yet more whether the King will dance at the ball this night, and, if so, what exalted dame will be his partner.

As though by magic there is suddenly a great hush, and the brilliant animated clusters dissolve, and opening up right and left, they form a double line, leaving clear a wide straight passage of tessellated marble, which extends from the entrance to the dais at the end of the superb saloon. Another instant and the great folding doors are thrown wide open with a resonant clang, and gorgeously attired royal officials cross the threshold. "The King!" passes from mouth to mouth with bated breath. Even so. Frederick VI., King of Denmark, enters in grand state, looking what he really is, a great sovereign ruler. The heads of the highest nobles are lowly bent, and the haughtiest dames courtesy to the ground as Denmark's

King slowly passes along the glittering marble pavement towards his throne. Frederick is right royally attired this night, and his thigh sustains a magnificent sword, the hilt and scabbard of which are encrusted with diamonds of priceless value. When he reaches the foot of the dais, he pauses before the two ancient comrades, Otto Gam and the Bishop of Zealand. The latter bows his grand old benevolent head, white with the snows of eighty-five winters; but Otto Gam remains rigid as a marble statue.

"Who are you?" demands the King, in an imperious tone, which, amid the brooding silence, echoed to the remotest corner of the vast saloon.

"I once was a General in the service of King Frederick, and one month ago I was Military Governor of Copenhagen!" answers old Otto Gam, in a voice harsh as the grating of a rusty hinge.

The eye of the King rests on the empty scabbard of his disgraced servant.

"Where is your sword, Otto Gam?"

"My old worn-out sword is broken, like its owner. I am no longer a soldier—I need not a sword."

Otto Gam gulps painfully, although he speaks in an unquavering resolute voice, and looks savagely at all and sundry.

The hands of King Frederick nervously clutch and tug at the golden buckle of his own sword-belt.

"Take off your empty scabbard—off with your belt!—you need them not, Otto Gam, since you tell me you are no longer a soldier. Obey! your King commands."

Old Otto Gam does obey. He flings his belt and scabbard rattling on the floor.

One moment more, and King Frederick has cast loose his own belt, and he buckles it, sword and all, around the body of the aged General.

"Once more you are a soldier, General Otto Gam! Once more you are Military Governor of our capital! Once more you are the trusted honoured servant of your King!"

Frederick takes a parchment commission from his own breast, and thrusts it in the trembling hands of Otto Gam, who clutches it with a mingled growl and sob.

A deep thrill pervades the wondering assembly, and amid it the King, favouring the Bishop of Zealand with a cordial smile as he passes on, ascends the dais, and seats himself on his matchless ancestral throne—the choice spoil of the Arctic Seas.

"What next?" sigh the amazed and excited spectators.

Again the folding doors are flung wide aside, and a deep powerful voice announces—

"THE COUNT OF ELSINORE!"

An electric throb shakes every heart at the sound of that long proscribed illustrious title, and a thousand incredulous eyes behold the colossal figure of Lars Vonved, in the rich full-dress uniform of a post-captain of the Danish Royal Navy, walk with princely dignity up to the dais. One in the plain garb of a civilian closely follows him, and is recognised by all as the Baron Kœmperhimmel. When they reach the dais the latter makes a reverence, and in an audible voice says—

"Sire! Captain Lars Vonved, Count of Elsinore!"

Lars Vonved ascends the dais and bends his proud knee. King Frederick instantly arises from his throne and raises the man who thus does him homage.

"Welcome to our presence, Count of Elsinore! We receive you as our cousin, and present you to our lieges as the first subject of our realm."

King Frederick's voice is not merely firm as he utters these memorable words—it is determined, and almost menacing. Then he takes off the golden Elephant, with a castle on its back, all studded with flashing diamonds, suspended by a sky-blue ribbon on his own breast, and attaches it to that of the Count of Elsinore. As he does this, he glances steadily beyond the Count, and seeks the eyes of his nobles and courtiers, as though he would defy them to presume to question his motives, or to murmur at his royal will and pleasure.

But never were nobles and courtiers less disposed to cavil at an unexpected and unprecedented act of their sovereign, or to envy the object of his munificent royal favour. All present seem to intuitively feel that they are witnesses not merely of the magnanimous reconciliation of a king and his subject, but of a reigning monarch

and the representative of an ancient dynasty his ancestors had displaced. Once more the House of Oldenburgh may reckon on the friendship of the race of Valdemar, and the King spoke truly and wisely when he hailed the Count of Elsinore as the first subject of his realm.

A contagious enthusiasm seizes the assembly, and the hall reverberates prolonged cries of "Long live King

Frederick!" Denmark will ratify those spontaneous cheers, as being the utterance of its national voice.

"Nemo sobrius saltat"—"no man in his senses will dance," saith the sage Cicero. Yet true it is, and of a verity, that King Frederick this night opens the ball with Amalia Vonved, Countess of Elsinore.

A SELF-SEARCHER.

THE name of Maine de Biran is known to students of philosophy chiefly in connexion with a subtle theory of the causal nexus. That theory is, that this conception is a subjective experience projected into the external world. When we take any act, in which the will is brought to bear upon the corporeal organization, we can analyze it into three elements. I will to move my foot; I move it. Here are three *momenta*, (1), the consciousness of an act of volition; (2), the consciousness of a motion produced; (3), the consciousness of a relation between the motion and the volition. But this relation is not simply one of succession; the volition is something more than the chronological antecedent of the motion; it is productive and origivative. Thus, a conception of *cause* is given, which we project by analogy into the external world. This theory is, as we think, exquisitely ingenious rather than solid. It would involve a refinement in tracing out delicate analogies quite foreign to the intellectual capacities of the mass of mankind. The whole soil of language has imbedded into itself words whose derivation proves that the tendency of ordinary thought, as made palpable in language, is to transfer analogies in a direction exactly opposite to that which the present theory would assume: that it draws the material into the mental, rather than pushes out the mental into the material. The terms for every modification of thought in every language are largely materialized. How many in-

stances can be adduced of the transfer of the spiritual to the material? Nor does this theory account for the *universality* and *necessity* which the notion possesses. No number of instances will justify the assertion, not only that each effect, as a matter of fact, *has*, but that as a matter of necessity it *must have*, a cause. But whatever objections may be urged against this celebrated speculation, all competent metaphysicians are agreed as to the ability of its author. By Sir William Hamilton he is styled, "one of the acutest metaphysicians of France;" by Cousin, "the greatest who has adorned France since Malebranche;" by Royer Collard, "our master in every thing." His writings remind every congenial reader of those lines in Wordsworth's Ecclesiastical Sonnets which refer to the schoolmen—

"How patiently the yoke of thought they bear,

How subtly glide its finest threads along."

The little volume under review presents this great metaphysician in a new, and probably a more instructive light. The metaphysician is, to his reader, almost like the mathematician. The rocky masses of his reasoning are irradiated by no sun-gleams of personal feeling. To the mere psychologist human nature is as bare and hard as the tracing of a sea upon a chart. It has been said that the best cure for the hero worship, which we can scarcely resist the temptation of bestowing upon some favourite intellectual leader, is to follow him with perseverance to

some nook of the field of knowledge with which one is really intimate, and to remember that one's idol is in all probability, on the whole, pretty much what we find him to be in that particular department. Philosophical giants frequently dwindle into dwarfs when they are tried by a test like this. They look large in their own terminologies, but are poor enough creatures when they are caught in *puris naturalibus* of the common speech. Metaphysicians, who seemed, like the giant in Rabelais, to sup upon wind-mills, are, like him, choked with pats of butter that are little to an ordinary capacity. The ingenuity that has ploughed the sand with foxes and milked he goats cannot always drive a pair and manage a dairy much better than other folk. The present volume introduces us to a metaphysician off his guard, as he is while he is amassing his materials, not while he is announcing his scientific conclusions. Yet our admiration of the author's subtlety increases in proportion to the thoroughness of the mental exposure which is made. His moral qualities also are of surpassing excellence. Cut these words, as Emerson somewhere says, after Montaigne, and they will bleed. Here is an honest man, who spent his life in thinking, as the politician spends his upon the floor of Westminster; here is a philosopher, whose philosophy was no trick of fence, but a life-battle for the truth. In him, more than in most men, was fulfilled the promise to those who seek for knowledge as silver, and search for understanding as for hid treasures. From the beginning de Biran's philosophy is in motion, and it accomplishes the tremendous voyage from Condillae to the Cross. He commences with an Epicurean theory, of the happiness which consists in corporeal and moral composure: in the equilibrium of the stomach and of the affections. From that sunny but shallow sea he winds his way through the rolling pack of stoicism to the broad ocean of Gospel-truth. At first he is a fashionable guardsman of Louis XVI., tinctured with the *pauvertina philosophia* of Helvetius and Voltaire, speculating from the necessity of his nature; at last, in the maturity of his splendid intellect, we see him writing on a library table, with a Bible, an "Imitation of Christ," and

a volume of Fenelon open beside him. Large deductions from the value of the volume must possibly be made to the theologian, or to the Christian whose mind is fixed in a peculiar mould. The doctrine of the Cross, which virtually rises over the termination of the volume, is nowhere expressed with dogmatic precision. This great thinker yearns for an emancipation from the power of sin—or rather, perhaps, it should be said, from the mutations and re-actions of a most mobile and susceptible physical temperament—more than for the pardon which is sought with passionate supplications in most of the psychologico-religious autobiographies which we have read. The Saviour appears to him as the ideal of holiness, and the satisfaction of our longings, rather than as the bearer of our transgressions. Grace, as he contemplates it, is the beautiful accomplishment of the soul, which saves it from being (as Plato might say) one-sided, and gives it a new eye for majestic prospects; in short, a sentiment rather than a life; a new taste rather than a new birth. Yet after all, it is instructive to read religious experience translated into language which is perfectly remote from the conventional peculiarities of all our contemporary schools. It is beautiful to see a nature so noble and so delicate, clarified by thought, by sickness, and by sorrow. And when the philosopher appears to us to be groping his way in darkness, we must remember that he is groping onward to the great light which shines in the very last sentence of these papers: "The Stoic is alone, or with the consciousness of his own strength, which deceives him; the Christian only walks in the presence of God, and with God, by the *Mediator*, whom he has taken for the guide and companion of his present and future existence."

The life of Maine de Biran is his philosophy, and a general outline of his philosophy is indicated by the present selection from his hitherto unpublished papers. We hope that there may be some of our readers who will feel an interest in a life so gentle and reflective; and in thoughts, which are not commended by glittering eloquence, but by substantial truth and power.

The history of this little volume is

singular enough. As some men keep a diary of the weather, Maine de Biran kept, with something like punctuality, a psychological journal. It was his practice to review, almost every evening, the condition of his inner being during the day. He would probably have agreed with M. Cousin, that all philosophy is contained in psychology; and that even logic is little more than "un retour de la psychologie sur elle même." For many years, at least, he would have assented to the teaching of Hobbes, that "whosoever looketh into himself, and considereth what he doeth, when he does *think, opine, reason, hope, fear*, and upon what grounds, he shall thereby read and know what are the thoughts and passions of all other men upon the like occasions;" and that a man "should read in himself, not this or that particular man, but all mankind, which yet is harder to learn than any language or science." Such, almost to the close of his intellectual career, was his interpretation of the Socratic "*Nosce teipsum*." Advancing years taught him that it was possible that deep and mysterious powers should be coiled in the inner being, wanting but the cunning touch to make them act with energy. He learned to know that there is an inward eye which contemplates God and heavenly things, over which a film has grown in many men even from childhood upward, which needs a process of spiritual awaking; and he confessed that the psychologist, who was wanting in this faculty of perception, must necessarily be in possession of an imperfect and mutilated anthropology. But with convictions exactly answering to the language of Hobbes, and as yet unmodified by spiritual experience, Maine de Biran made it the business of life to observe himself, and to chronicle his observations. It was his opinion that the physiological side of psychology had not been sufficiently studied. His own nature appeared in some respects peculiarly adapted to assist him in this line of study. He was unusually susceptible to meteorological conditions. Hence, the changes of the weather are recorded carefully; and it sometimes seems as if we were reading a game of cross purposes, in which the observations of some chronicler of the aneroid were curiously mixed with the occasional sayings of

a student of Kant and Plato. His soul, in the fine and sunny summers of France, appeared at times to expand mysteriously, as some delicate wines are said to swell and bubble in curious sympathy with the life-gush that is plumping and purpling the species of grape from which they are made. Rain and clouds affected his nature with a proportionate depression. His very intellectual being was in unison with the withered leaf and the sodden rose. Season after season added fresh records to this psychological barometer. A voluminous mass of documents was found by M. Felix de Biran at his father's decease, and by him intrusted to M. Ernest Naville, a Protestant pastor of Geneva, and a profound admirer of the great metaphysician. This volume of *Pensées* is an abridgment and specimen of a vast series of papers. The object is to show, by selected extracts, the progress and variation of the writer's thoughts. And the task was one of the greatest difficulty. In editing, for instance, the posthumous papers of the late Archer Butler, the sole difficulty would be to decipher the handwriting, and to fill up the *lacunæ* of haste and carelessness. This portion of the task being accomplished, there would be little doubt that the sentiment might be taken to represent the writer's opinion; and that we might fairly identify it with his name. But in the case of de Biran's remains a new editorial difficulty arose. The whole mass of writing was, as it were, in constant movement towards an end, which was only just distinctly sighted when death closed the thinker's eye, and froze the writer's hand. It was necessary to preserve the provisional character of the fragments: to show how epoch blended into epoch, not by sharp-cut and trenchant divisions, but softly, and without violation—Epicureanism falling into Stoicism, and Stoicism slowly growing luminous with Christianity. There were difficulties of another, and external kind, connected with the publication of Maine de Biran's papers; and M. Naville himself was not destined to see the completion of the work to which he had clung with such touching fidelity. His son took up the task with filial piety. The handwriting was a tremendous difficulty. The Revolution of 1848 deprived him of the

aid which he had been promised by Government, some of whose members were really anxious to prove that Condillachad been detected by France without the aid of Germany, as well as to turn the world to a new page in the well-worn volume of Christian evidences. The delay was more fortunate than could have been anticipated: a pile of manuscript was discovered at de Biran's country residence, Grateloup, together with "a New Anthropology," opening out some fresh points of view.

Maine de Biran, though forced into positions of importance by the pressure of circumstances, took no other part in affairs than that which was dictated by imperious duty. His peculiar organization has already been described. Never, perhaps, was a life so introverted and self-inspective. The chief external circumstances which he considers worthy of record are the variations of the seasons, but only as they bear on his mind and spirits. An impassioned debate, at some great crisis of national life, is to this singular nature but a study in anthropology. The constant recurrence of sickness brings a characteristic alleviation. If Pascal thought disease the natural estate of a Christian, de Biran almost considered it the favoured season of a philosopher. Nor is it doubtful that this peculiar temperament helped his pursuit of the science to which he was so passionately devoted. Of most psychologists it may with truth be asserted, that they are either purely idealistic or ultra-physical, or that they treat body and soul as mere accidental juxta-positions. The psychology of Scripture, too much overlooked by modern students uses language which implies the close intertwining of the two. "Why do thoughts *ascend* in your hearts?" asks the Saviour of the disciples. And in the parabolic representation of the suffering spirit, the rich man—even in the state of separation—wishes for water to "cool the tip of his tongue," thus showing that human thought is unable to disengage itself from the physical mould in which it has been cast. The constitution of de Biran, perhaps, assisted him to unite the two—to see that there are few facts so purely spiritual or so purely material as they

may appear. In this respect the French metaphysician enjoyed pre-eminent qualifications for the delicate task of analyzing the religious affections. How many pages of journals in religious biographies are morbid, atrabilious, and dyspeptic—the record of images and sensations which belong to the nervous pathologist, rather than to the theologian. The recoil from these meanderings is into the wretched naturalism which sneers at the workings of grace with the human mind as fanatical delusion. It is providential that a great philosopher has for once written a spiritual diary, and exposed his feelings to a rigorous scrutiny. When a psychologist like Maine de Biran can find no solution of certain moods, and of a whole class of thought, but in a living and loving Spirit, external to the human spirit, ordinary men need not blush to confess their belief in the mystery of grace.

M. de Biran entered the Guards in 1785. He was distinguished for his musical taste and the fascinating elegance of his manner. He left the Guards for the Engineers, from which service he retired to his property in the country. The waves of the Revolution swept round him, but left him in security. The spectacle of the downfall of the Royalist party, to which he was so ardently attached, drove him to take refuge in an intense devotion to study. At this period his views of Christianity were of the lowest and most indefinite kind. He incidentally speaks of it in a tone of patronizing respect, but purely with the candour of a philosopher who bestows impartial applause upon the tendencies of Gospel morality. The theories of Helvetius and de Raynal were distasteful to him, chiefly, however, as connected with the doctrines of the Revolution. For a time he turned to natural philosophy with insatiable curiosity, only to come back after a season, with redoubled zest, to the philosophy of mind.

The first effort of his thought was to find the *summum bonum* and a rule of life. He saw that there must be an end to give unity, and a rule to give fixity, to human action. The conclusion of the young philosopher is, that this aim of life must consist in that temperate composure of the physical organization and of the affec-

tions in which happiness is to be realized. This doctrine was Condillacian and sensualistic. Indeed, under the circumstances of the time, it must have been so. Can it stand the wear of time, the tests of agony and death? We shall see.

This recluse thinker now began to take some part in politics. He married happily. His wife appears to have been one of those bright and sunny creatures who have too much of heavenly light about them to linger long on the thresholds of our homes. We hear of the philosopher being crowned by the French Institute for an essay on *Habit*, but the academic laurels are mingled with a wreath of cypress for the desire of his eyes.

Prize essays and prize poems do not seem to be cursed over the water with that blight of mediocrity which has settled upon them in our islands. It is not easy to decide whether the superiority of French prize compositions is to be attributed to the larger premiums, which attract a more numerous competition, to judges of quicker penetration, or to the more excitable disposition, where vanity is stimulated to exertion by the prospect of applause. The years from 1803 to 1812 are studded, in de Biran's life, with the numerous prizes which he obtained from the great Academies of Berlin, Copenhagen, and Paris. These exercises have, we believe, been collected by M. Victor Cousin.

Their author was now breaking with the school of Condillac. Experience of life began to modify his earlier views of the *summum bonum*. If he had not made his election among the 272 opinions which are said to be found in this scholastic philosophy of ethical science, at least he had learned where the chief good could not be. It was not to be found in a theory which placed the happiness of man's soul at the mercy of every wind that blows. An entry in his psychological diary marks the consummation of this first great philosophical change:

"The art of life must consist in weakening incessantly the influence of the spontaneous impressions by which we are immediately happy or unhappy; in paying them no attention; and in placing our enjoyments in the exercise of the faculties, which depend upon ourselves; or in the re-

sults of that exercise. Will must preside over all that we are. Here is *stoicism*. No other system is in such close harmony with our nature."

There was a unity in de Biran's nature. The questionable doctrine of the schools, that the practical reason follows the final dictates of the speculative reason, was true in his instance. Where his intellect led the way, his will urged his heart to follow; when he was a Condillacian, he held the selfish morality of Condillac; when he began to adopt the magnificent philosophy of the will, he took its high and haughty morality. It was under a constraining view of duty that he became a sub-prefect, and worked diligently in legal and political business. The years from 1812 to 1824 were chiefly spent at Paris. The ardent Royalist became a statesman by a stretch of self-denial which it is almost impossible to conceive. It is full of interest to remark that the first citations from the Bible which are to be found in this volume occur during the Hundred Days. Such citations, in the Latin Vulgate version, and occasionally, to British taste, rather wrested from their context, never cease to stud the volume to its last line. God's sharp March winds of revolution and mutation bring up these Bible primroses. When the earth is shaken, the profounder spirits seek for the kingdom which cannot be moved. Whilst the new nature was slowly and painfully rising from the ashes of the old, place and favour sought him out. He underwent them with the spirit of a martyr. To the disruption of those continuous chains of thought, which he made the delight and the business of his existence, must be added an able man's perpetual humiliation in appearing inferior to his reputation. Public speaking was his terror and agony. He rushed into "that dreadful Tribune" with the desperation of a coward. And if he never absolutely broke down, he seems only once or twice to have carried his audience with him. In truth, while habits of abstract thought, up to a certain rather limited point, are not inconsistent with oratorical success, they are an impediment when they go much higher. A statue is not beautiful in the dark, and a speech cannot be eloquent which is obscure to a consider-

able majority of its hearers. Lord John Russell and Mr. Gladstone supply apt illustrations of the influence which is likely to be gained in a popular assembly by the fluent and plausible speaker whose respectable mediocrity is on a level with the mass of his hearers, as compared with the subtle and profound thinker. Even Burke's oratory could not atone for his broad and lofty generalizations, in the general estimation of the House. The portrait-painter learns anatomy enough to give truth and freedom to his figures. If he goes far into anatomical science he becomes hard and technical, a demonstrator rather than an artist. Mental science may be a useful preparatory study for the statesman. Its further developments weary and perplex a popular audience. Affairs deal with *men*, psychology deals with *man*; and the interval between *man* and *men* is almost immeasurable. De Biran's political philosophy dwelt much on repose. Yet he would not have admired the Neapolitan monarchy, of which Joseph de Maistre, when its strength was extolled in his presence, indignantly exclaimed, "Strength! it is a monster of weakness." That he considered to be the best government which gave the most way to intellectual and moral development. Political privileges he maintained to be not an end, but a means. He did not want that tone of melancholy prevision which is so frequently found in philosophic statesman, possessed as they are of principles which are always prophecies. It would be easy to cite pages which represent the present crisis in Europe much more accurately than any equal number of pages in any volume of professed prophetic interpretation.

That keen sensibility to the approaches of old age which all philosophers, since the beautiful remarks of the aged Cephalus, in the opening of Plato's "Republic," have scouted as a weakness, but which nearly all have cherished, was not unknown to Maine de Biran. Like Cephalus, he, perhaps, found the decay of the mere bodily pleasures accompanied by a growth in his appetite for philosophical conversation, and in the pleasures derived from it. But he felt, with nervous susceptibility, the decadence of intellectual power, the decays of memory, and the paling of imagina-

tion. If we are to interpret Aristotle's doctrine of the three lives, the sensual, the political, and the theoretic, as progressive stages in the lives of individuals, it might have seemed to him as if he had entered first upon the third, and was punished by a premature old age in the speculative faculties before the world perceived the faintest indication of intellectual senility. From whatever source this painful sensibility may have arisen, of its existence there can be no doubt. And it must have combined with that conviction of the political instability of society, to which allusion has been already made, to produce the profound religious yearning which breathes in this momentous entry: "April 16, 1814—*The Lord standeth up to plead, and standeth up to judge the people.* He who has not this idea incessantly present in the midst of this general reversal; he who, with a moral sense, is witness of what we see, and who does not think of God, must fall into despair. To save me from despair I will think upon God. I will take refuge in His bosom."

The desirableness of a single work, as a proximate end in life, to determine exertion, and rescue him from the misery of fluctuating thought, became vividly present to de Biran's mind. He had found in his academic competitions what point and animation may be imparted to intellectual exertion by the stimulus of a direct motion; and he wished to devote the remainder of his life to some philosophical work, which might impart unity to his mental existence, and serve as no ignoble memorial of his journey through life. From his journal at this period (1815), we will cite one passage, which we have noted as peculiarly characteristic.

"May 13.—For about eight hours we have been enjoying all the charms of spring. I am happy in the balmy air which I inhale; in the song of birds; in the animated verdure; in the tone of life and festivity which is expressed by every object. My entire soul seemed to have passed into my external senses. I require some effort to reflect and meditate; and I regret the four or five hours which reason and habit require me to devote to my study.

"Each season has not only its own species or order of appropriate external sensations; but further, a certain mode

of the fundamental sentiment of existence which is analogous to it, and which is reproduced with sufficient uniformity upon the return of the same season. I have experienced this, since I have observed myself more closely, and have been able to place myself in a position of tranquillity.

"The soul," says Leibnitz, 'always expresses its body, and that body is always affected in an infinity of variable ways, which often only make one confused impression.' It is certain, that the variations of the sentiment of existence exactly answer to all these variations which take place in the body; which explains, up to a certain point, the varied modifications of the sentiment of existence which correspond to each season. In considering this *ensemble* of obscure perceptions and insensible modifications, it is certain that experimental psychology can only describe the least, indeed, an infinitely circumscribed, portion of the phenomena of the soul. That science commences with clear aperception, at the epoch of distinction between the *ego* and its modifications. But this is only a little portion of the history of the soul. How many things pass there before, during, and after, this first sentiment of the *ego*, which shall never come within the sphere of knowledge.

"I have senses which are extremely variable in their activity or susceptibility to impressions. For instance, there are days when the faintest odours affect me; others, and more numerous, when I perceive nothing. My interior sense, and each of my intellectual faculties, is liable to the same anomaly. If I possessed habitually the penetration and the intellectual capacity which I find in myself some days, or at some happy moments, I should flood the profoundest obscurities of human nature with light, and astonish the scientific world; but the mobility of my thoughts lets every thing escape. I am an undulating being, diverse, and without consistency.

May 17.—I experienced this evening, in a lonely walk, in the loveliest of weather, some momentary flashes of that ineffable enjoyment which I have experienced in other times at this season—that pure pleasure which seems to separate us from every thing earthly—to give us an antepast of heaven. The verdure had a new freshness, and was gilt with the last rays of the setting sun. All objects were animated with a sweet lustre. The trees gently moved their majestic crests; the air was balm; and the nightingales answered one another by amorous sighs, to which succeeded bursts of joy and pleasure. I walked slowly in an alley of young planes. Above all the impressions, and vague,

endless images, which sprung from the presence of these objects, and my own dispositions, hovered that sentiment of the Infinite, which sometimes wafts us to a higher world than the phenomenal—to that world of realities which is bound to God, as the first and sole reality. It appears that in this condition, when all the exterior and interior sensations are calm and happy, there is a sense appropriated to heavenly things; and which, enveloped in the actual world of our existence, is, perhaps, destined to develop itself one day, when the soul shall have quitted its mortal wrapper.

"I was led on, by my psychological meditations of the morning, and of the preceding days, to raise myself above phenomena, to conceive causes. It seemed to me, as if I found at this moment a particular facility—a new charm—in these intellectual abstractions, which separate from the objects of our sensations all that is phenomenal, to seize upon the causes, or productive forces of these phenomena. Here there is a point of view of the universe diametrically opposed to that of ordinary poetry; but which admits a sort of poetry, beyond doubt the loftiest; since it is that which has its source in the sentiment of the Infinite, and which might awake that sentiment, and paint it for the imagination, if human language were furnished with colours of adequate delicacy, or if the Infinite could be represented. The inspiration of genius is a momentary flight towards the regions of the Infinite."

This somewhat lengthened extract gives something like a conception of de Biran's mode of thought. He notes some phenomena of his inward existence, generally connected with some physiological condition, more or less dependent upon the season. He endeavours to seize the psychological law latent in the particular fact; and this law, which Comte, Cabanis, or Hobbes might have travestied into stomachic modification, he frequently proves to be spiritual and divine. The conclusion in this extract, pushed but a little further, is the doctrine of grace, from a psychological point of view. Somewhat later, de Biran found that his habits isolated him too much from the thought of society; that his psychological passion made him too much a solitary being. Hence he entered upon a completer study of the social affections, and of the law of duty. Rigorous self-examination led him to see that the superb haughtiness of Stoicism, which at first he

was inclined to identify with Christian morality, was not for the weak and sinful. His psychological investigations, at the same time, brought him to the conclusion, upon strictly natural and philosophical grounds, that there are moods of mind, thoughts and yearnings, which are perfectly unaccountable, except upon the hypothesis of objective realities to which they correspond, and of a supernatural influence exercised by a Divine Spirit upon the human soul. The last lines of the Journal were written on May 17th, 1824. On the 20th of July de Biran yielded up his spirit to God. His life is written with reserve, but we are told that his death was distinctively Christian.

It is instructive to follow back once more the thread which this great thinker followed, from Condillac to the Cross. His inner life seems, for many years, to have been simply without God; yet he had asked himself one momentous question—Is there a centre of life, and where? The fallacious centre which he at first assumes is shivered beneath him by the cares, sorrows, and sicknesses of life. He undauntedly sets himself once more to solve the problem of life. He arrives at another solution: the good of man's immortal spirit is in the unconquerable will, in virtue, and resolution. But gradually an ideal of virtue rises before the soul, beside which his life is cracked and dimmed. The feebleness of his will needs the prop of some everlasting arm. A cry of agony goes up from this strong man: "Stoicism may do for the strong—I am weak." And a voice is heard, as deep and true as ever rose to the Throne of Grace—"To save me from despair, I will take refuge in my God!" And then the mystery of the soul opens itself before him. Human nature is dense and tangled, but his practiced eye sees that those arrows of silver light come from a sun above, and that those glimpses of heaven are not optical illusions, but peeps at the blue of the everlasting firmament. There is this deep and uncommon interest about this volume of religious psychologizing, that it is perfectly fresh. Our recent volumes of religious journals are generally cut to the same pattern. The conviction of sin is the only *primum mobile*. Men are led to suppose that there is no mode of

conversion but one; as if there were not the gentle voice to the fishermen of Galilee, by the Galilean lake, no less than the more startling accents from Heaven—"Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?" Certainly, to us, de Biran, and men of his stamp, have a something that reminds us of him who said, "Show us the Father, and it sufficeth us." That is, we shall find in Him the rest of our heart's restlessness, the satisfaction of our profound dissatisfaction. What else is the meaning of that momentous sentence, "I shall take refuge in God!"

Important questions sprung before de Biran, right and left, as he moved on in the great pilgrimage towards Calvary. He has marched, as we have seen, from Sensualism to the Stoa. But *can* the will cling to God, or must we have a stronger force than our own? To see duty clearly is not to do it. Resignation, without love and confidence, cannot subdue grief. Yet, ere he closes with the Christian scheme—ere his soul puts forth the hand of prayer, to cling to the Rock of Ages—the self-searcher must satisfy himself on one point. When the heart opens itself, like the cup of a flower, to drink in the dew—when a man rises from his knees as if he had rolled off a great burden, and as if his soul was steeped in sunshine—are the effects natural or spiritual?—is this happiness physiological, or is it grace? In reference to this question, we can but refer to de Biran himself. We can but indicate his theory of three lives—animal, human, and superhuman, of the second of which *effort* is the characteristic, and *love* of the *third*. We will say that, to us at least, he has opened glimpses into the *testimonia animæ naturaliter Christianæ*, before concealed. The existence of faculties proving the existence of objects external to them, as clearly as the eye implies light—the possibility of the action of grace upon the soul of man—the presence of God—find here an abundance of arguments and analogies.

Two deficiencies will doubtless be found. The cry of de Biran is for light and strength rather than for pardon. This arises from his nature and philosophy. He was much more a psychologist than a moralist. Had he started from Kant's majestic view of duty, beyond doubt the sense of

sin would have been more fully developed. The basis of his religion, too, is of the most ultra-subjective character. He states that Pascal, Bossuet, Fenelon, and the profoundest spirits have been attached to Christianity by two links: the speculative need of explaining the great enigma of the world and of human nature; and the practical need of finding a fixed centre to the soul. This is the *subjective* foundation of religious belief. But as to its *objective* foundation, de Biran maintains that reason can never be satisfied. Faith can only spring from sentiment (the felt need of thinking so), from practice, or from grace. This is the way of thinking engendered by the unreal claims of the Romish Church, and which makes thoughtful men first reel off towards unbelief; then, in her very bosom ignore the office of the Church to a degree which can scarcely be paralleled in the most ultra-Protestant sect, and disparage the evidences in

a manner which only befits illiterate fanatics.

In the present day, when the study of philosophy has so wonderfully revived, we can only be thankful for such a book as these *Pensées*. From the home into which earth's kings enter there is nothing to exclude the crowned ones of thought. The allegory of Bunyan is grandly true as far as it goes; only other Christians, by thousands, have had to fight with enemies of whom he never dreamed; and there are paths leading into the narrow road which he never saw. This book indicates some such enemies, and points out one such by-path. In the words of an unpublished poem—

"The city of our God, which lies four square,
Hath avenues to every human heart."

And de Biran has traced one avenue from the heart of the psychologist to the golden streets.

W. A.

THE SEVEN AGES OF ITALY.

THE appearance of this work in two volumes, octavo, without a preface or advertisement, at first took us by surprise; but a study of the table of contents at once explained the reason of this departure from the usual practice of authors. The whole of these two volumes is a kind of preface to the History of Italy from the abdication of Napoleon I. Whatever Mr. Butt's intentions were when he sat down to write the History of Modern Italy, he has found that he could not take up the threads of his narrative with the Treaty of Vienna, without telling the reader through what fortunes Italy has passed from the days of her ancient greatness. The consequence is that all the three unities of time, place, and interest, are destroyed by this piecing together of ancient, mediæval, and modern, history. The story properly begins with the year 1815, but immediately reverts to the days of Odoacer, and the fall of

the Roman Empire. The effect on the reader is the same as that produced by the *Æneid*, in which the first book introduces the hero tossed up and down the Mediterranean, and thrown at last on the shores of Carthage, while the second book takes us back to the siege of Troy, and the causes that thrust the hero out of home and country, and brought him into the situation where the poem properly begins.

Thus, in sailing down the river of time, we must round a great many "reaches" like these; and seem to be sailing up, and not down the stream. In selecting one of these reaches for his starting point, the historian is forced to double back to another higher up the stream; and so many are the bye channels and backwaters, that it is well if he reaches the river's mouth in the end. Through a delta like this Mr. Butt has undertaken to steer the muse of history, and if he

The History of Italy, from the Abdication of Napoleon I., with Introductory References to that of Earlier Times. By Isaac Butt, formerly Professor of Political Economy in the University of Dublin. London: Chapman and Hall.

sights the Pharos of Modern Italian history through the labyrinth of many waters among which his course lies, we shall wish him joy of his success. The history itself must be one of no ordinary dimensions when the preface extends over more than a thousand pages. This introduction to the narrative of forty years of Italian history since the peace, reminds us of a Chinese visiting card, which is a roll of paper almost a load for a porter, and which reaches from the hall-door to the reception-room; on it are written all the titles and honours of the distinguished visitor, who must wait below till the flourish of praises has been unrolled and read. The Chinese want perspicuity in speech, and perspective in drawing. They cannot fore-shorten either their flowers of speech or of porcelain, and like the gigantic bird which hangs like a thunder-cloud over the bridge in the willow pattern plate, are these preludes and prefaces with which they introduce the commonplace courtesies of life. This Chinese fashion is creeping in among us. Though Lord Macaulay was too great an artist not to know how to fore-shorten his picture, there is this fault in his fragment of English history which, alas, he did not live to finish. With this incubus of an introduction, of which we have only a small part as yet, Mr. Buckle's History of Civilization will be completed by a generation of Buckles yet unborn, when the classic New Zealander shall have finished his sketch of the ruins of St. Paul's, towards the end of the third millennium of the Christian era.

Mr. Butt seems to have fallen into the same prevailing error of attempting to cover too much ground. "Art is long, and life is fleeting," is a sentiment much older than Longfellow. The rest of the sentiment, that our hearts, though strong and brave, still "like muffled drums are beating funeral marches to the grave," has been mournfully illustrated in the sudden death of Lord Macaulay in the middle of his unfinished history.

But, *absit omen*, we welcome Mr. Butt as the historian of Modern Italy; and though the introduction appears disproportionate and somewhat digressive, as a Welsh pedigree is wont to be, this is a fault the reader will freely forgive if it serve to refresh his memory with the principal facts of

Italian history from the fall of the Roman Empire down to the abdication of Napoleon. As a compendium alone of the chief features of mediæval and modern Italian history down to the year 1815, these two volumes of Mr. Butt would be read with interest at the present time. It is a clear and well written summary of the leading events; the style is easy, and the narrative flows on, as history ought to do, in an even, deep channel, avoiding, if possible, the shallows of fancy, and the falls of philosophy. History should not be written either in epigrams or in first principles. France has taught us one vicious style, and Germany another; and in the later writings of Mr. Carlyle we have the faults of both. French fancy and German intuition have spoiled the simplicity of our grand old English tongue. History has grown too ambitious to content herself with telling her story in plain prose, she must wield the prophet's divining rod, and put on the poet's laurel wreath. It is easier for her to turn fact into fiction, than it is to make fiction look like fact; and in this our over-philosophical and over-poetical historians have succeeded to perfection. They have travestied history, and their new readings are so unlike the old, that they seem like the saturnalia of ancient Rome, in which the slaves play the part of masters, and masters act the droll part of slaves—the heroes of history change places with their valets—the monsters of wickedness become angels under difficulties; and even Auld Nicky Ben is affectionately advised to change his ways and mend. None of these affectations disfigure the pages of Mr. Butt's Italy. He is content to take the popular version of Hildebrand and Frederick Barbarossa. He does not nickname the one Hellbrand, or pun upon the red beard of the other. If Aristophanes had written the history of the Peloponnesian war, he would have made fun of Cleon and Nicias, and the caricature would have been more lively, no doubt, than the stately narrative of Thucydides. But the comic muse and the muse of history were kept apart in the Greek Parnassus, and so they ought to be in modern practice. If readers want to be amused, by all means let them buy comic albums and annuals; but let us not thrust a Theodore Hook or a Thomas

Hood, *invited* Minerva, into our chairs of history, and show off the wisdom of our ancestors in a display of fireworks, as Chinese temples are exhibited at the Surrey or Cremorne Gardens. If Bacon wished for lead, not feathers, for the wings of philosophy in his day, we may wish the same for history now-a-days. A little gentle dulness—a little matter-of-fact way of narrating events—would be a relief after the lyric fire of the Carlyle, Kingsley, and Froude school. We have had enough of the poetic verve history; suppose we return to the prosaic. That history should be written in prose will be as surprising to some of the new school as it was to M. Jourdain at the same discovery. But, notwithstanding, the one is as true as the other; and, therefore, wishing to give merit its due, we commend Mr. Butt for his old-fashioned views of the prosaic nature of history. He has written two volumes of Italian history without once committing us to the theory, that men are the slaves of circumstances, or to the opposite theory, that the circumstances are the slaves of men. We cannot opine from these pages whether he holds by the Positive method of Comte, or that of Carlyle; whether epochs are marked by general laws, or by heroes who start up to control them. We are in happy ignorance of Mr. Butt's opinion on this moot-point in the philosophy of history. All we know is that Italy has had many masters, and has produced heroes not a few. But whether from Gregory the Great to Garibaldi, her great men made her famous, or she made her great men what they are, the author never stops to inquire. Time, that obliterates current opinions, wipes out these reflections of philosophical historians. The facts remain, though our judgments alter; and so the story of Italy is always the same, though a Frenchman, a German, and an Englishman, will make very different reflections on it.

Of the three nationalities, that is the best to comment on the affairs of Italy which sympathizes most deeply with the Italian. An Italian only has the key to his country's history, because he feels that all her shame and suffering have arisen from subjection to the stranger. In this the German and Gaul can but imperfectly sympathize. They have profited too long

by the divisions of Italy to feel for her degradation, and sigh for her unity. But the Englishman, who has no interest to serve by keeping Italy divided, is not only a dispassionate judge of her past, but also a generous friend of her future fortunes. An Englishman with Italian sympathies is, therefore, the most competent foreigner to write a history of Italy. In some respects he can excel even an Italian. He is less ensnared by provincialism, which no Italian, however patriotic, can quite get rid of. He has also a larger political experience. He has been educated in the only school of constitutional government in Europe; and he can, therefore, turn to Italian affairs with something of the same sense of mastery with which Aristotle analysed the politics of the colonies and republics of Greece and the surrounding states, writing in Athens, the eye of Greece.

Italians know this well, and look up to Englishmen as their masters in political wisdom. Not so much to the Lorenzos and Machiavellis of their own country, as to the Burkes, Pitts, and Peels, of our country, do men like Cavour and Balbo trust for light and direction now. In the art of government we are their models, as in the fine arts they are still ours. And it behoves the English historian of Italy to use his political experience aright: as Italians expect from him a generous appreciation of their past struggles, so Englishmen depend on him for information. Both want to know why Italy has failed to attain that which we enjoy—a consolidated and a constitutional government. Our foreign policy is often shuffling and inconstant, because Englishmen have learned the lessons of history to very little profit. They know neither the causes of their own greatness, nor of the weakness of their continental neighbours. Were our views more definite and decided, then our sympathies would flow in one even channel, and we should not suffer from fits of gallophobia or gallomania—hot fits of liberalism, or cold fits of absolutism—as we alternately do. A Canning would not be called in to undo the work of a Castlereagh, and the alliance of democratic France be courted to counteract the Holy Alliance of the absolute powers. We are glad, then, of any

opportunity which calls us to review Italian history, and to extend information of its affairs among our countrymen. We can recommend Mr. Butt as a safe guide; and though the achromatic glasses of history have yet to be discovered, the light of the past is as little discoloured in passing through Mr. Butt's mind, as through that of any writer we know on Italian history.

In a former article we traced the causes of the divisions of Italy to the disputes of two pretenders to a triple crown. A German Graf aspired to wear the iron crown of Monza, the silver crown of Frankfort, and the golden crown of Rome; and an Italian bishop bound around his episcopal mitre three regal crowns, in token of his own kingship, in the first instance, and afterwards of his supremacy over all other kings. The well-known expression of Hobbes, that the Papacy was the ghost of the Roman Empire sitting crowned on its grave, is equally true of the German Emperor. The successor of Cæsar and the successor of Peter were both pretenders—there were two ghosts in the field disputing the right to sit crowned on the grave of ancient Rome. The patrimony of Peter and the donation of Constantine are notorious fictions, long since detected; but what else was the sounding phrase of the "Holy Roman Empire of the German nation?" Every word in this is a mockery, as the *A E I O U* with which Austria vaunted that she was to be the mistress of the world. Germany was neither holy, nor Roman, nor an empire. And here it was that one shamed to another—one mock nationality was called in to oppress another. "The Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation" was a convenient phrase, under cover of which an aspiring German Graf could cross the Alps and sway Germany and Italy under one sceptre. Names, indeed, are mighty realities in the world's history, when that of Cæsar could charm the two central nations of Europe out of their liberties so long. For centuries divided Germany has held divided Italy in subjection; but there is hope, at last, that both have learned a lesson of wisdom. It was a poor satisfaction for Germans to feel that, if not united themselves, they at least prevented Italy from becoming united. The two nations

have too long been fooled thus by sounding phrases and shadowy forms. But these phrases have lost their power. The ghost of the Roman Empire has been laid as well in Vienna as in Rome, and the Pope and Emperor must hold their own without much help from the mighty names of the Prince of the Apostles and the apostolic Cæsar.

At a meeting of the National Union in Coburg the other day, a Sardinian deputy stood up to recommend the cause of Italian nationality to the sympathies of Germans. He showed that both races were in the same condition and had common interests, and concluded, amid the applause of the assembly, in assuring the meeting that it was not the *Tedeschi*, but their Austrian tyrants, that the Italian people hated; the two nations have in reality one common interest in asserting their independence, and in this Italy was setting Germany the example.

But, to understand the history of Italy it is not enough to know the general fact that, during the Middle Ages, it was torn by the Guelph and Ghibelline factions, and that by this dispute between the Pope and the Emperor Italy remains divided to this day; we must also comprehend the principal epochs into which Italian history is divided—and here it is that all previous historians have left us a mighty maze without a plan. Not to speak of Muratori, her great annalist, or Guicciardini, to read which was once thought to be worse than to be sent to the galleys, even Sismondi is tedious for want of some plan or central idea running through his history. It fatigues the memory to wade through the details of some ten or fifteen independent States loosely strung together under the common name of Italy. We feel we can dismiss the petty tyrants of Italy as the sacred historian dismissed the bad kings of Judah and Israel—"As for the rest of their acts, and how they warred, are they not written in the Book of the Chronicles of the Kings of Israel." It would be no great loss to the historical student if the half or more of Sismondi's details were to share the same fate. What is really wanted is something like an outline of the principal epochs of Italian history. We want some gene-

ralization which shall marshal in one the immense array of facts which Muratori and the annalists have collected. The skeleton of a stag suggested to Owen the idea of the vertebrate system, and this one typical form has brought order into the kingdom of natural history. We want the same idea to understand the political history of Italy, and we have not far to look for it. The Pope and the Emperor have been the two Powers that disputed for supremacy in Italy—the one represents a home, the other a foreign dynasty. It is this which has brought the foreigner into Italy—during fourteen centuries intervention has been the rule and non-intervention the exception. The epochs of Italian history may thus be divided into seven in all, six of which are past, and the seventh is about to begin. They are as follows:—

1. The Lombard.
2. The Frank.
3. The Saxon.
4. The epoch of Republics.
5. The Spaniard.
6. The Austrian.
7. The coming epoch of Independence and Unity.

During five of these six epochs of Italian history Italy has been held under by the foreigner. During one only did she enjoy her independence, and that not owing to her own strength so much as to the weakness of her neighbours. The seventh epoch, which is now dawning upon her, will be one both of liberty and unity. During the fourth epoch Italy owed her independence, not to her own unity, for she was parcelled out among a number of petty republics, waging perpetual wars on each other, but to the lull which followed upon the fall of the Hohenstaufen dynasty, and before the rise of the house of Hapsburg to greatness by its five fortunate marriages.

Italy has never yet been both united and independent until now. If she has been united it has been under the sway of the stranger; if independent, she has not been united. These are the lessons which her past history teaches. All her great writers from Dante to Gioberti and Balbo have seen this, and have recommended some point of unity either in the Pope or the Emperor. This is the theme of Dante's treatise, "*De Monarchiâ*,"

in which he declares himself a Ghibeline, in the hope that an Emperor will staunch the wounds of Italy and heal her divisions. This, in the other extreme, turned Gioberti into a Guelph, in the hope that a patriotic Pope would proclaim a united Italy from the summit of the Quirinal. The solution has come by setting aside both Pope and Emperor and calling up to the supremacy over united Italy the house of Savoy. Victor Emmanuel—"Il nostro re Italianissimo," as the Florentines affectionately call him, is the least Italian by race of all the Italian princes. But the movement towards unity wanted a champion. The King of Sardinia offered himself; and after being tried for years and found loyal to the Statute, as no other Italian prince ever has been, the crown of Italy has been laid at his feet; and, under a constitutional King, she looks forward to that combination of unity and independence which neither Pope, Emperor, nor Republic has hitherto given her. Thus the seventh epoch of her history is the fruit of the experience of the former six. We must read the lessons of the past aright to understand the path upon which Italy is now entering with such a confident step. It is the same as if you had lost your way at the Seven Dials in London, and, after searching down six of the streets, you at once struck into the seventh, sure that this must be the right one. So it is that the six epochs of Italian history—five of unity without independence, and one of independence without unity—have forced her to enter upon the seventh epoch, in the hope of finding unity and independence combined at last.

1. The first is the Lombard epoch. When Odoacer, the chief of the Heruli, deposed the last Augustus, in 476, so little did he prize the title of emperor, that it remained in abeyance during a full century, until the reconquest of Italy by Belisarius and Narses, in the middle of the sixth century. But the Greek Emperor did not long enjoy the undisputed possession of Italy. In 568, the invasion of the Lombards began; and from 568 to 774 twenty-one Lombard kings, during 206 years, succeeded each other in the kingdom of Northern Italy, of which Pavia was the capital. They were far from masters of the

entire of Italy. Rome, and the territories around it, as well as Ravenna and the shores of the Adriatic, were ruled by the exarch or lieutenant of the Emperor of Constantinople. In the South, the Greek municipalities of Naples, Gaeta, and Amalfi, were republics, owning a nominal allegiance to the successors of Constantine; and Venice and Sicily were too poor and too remote to tempt the cupidity of the northern conquerors. But with these exceptions, the rest of Italy acknowledged the Lombard sway. At length the Exarchate of Ravenna yielded to the arms of these conquerors, and nothing remained but the city of Rome, which still held out, tenacious of its independence, on religious as well as political grounds. The Lombards were hated by the Romans, not only as barbarians, but also as heretics. Pride of religion came to the support of pride of race in this resistance to the occupation of the ancient capital of Italy by the Lombard kings. But help could no longer be obtained from Constantinople. The Greek exarch had not been able to hold Ravenna, much less could he garrison Rome. In this extremity, the Popes looked to the west, since all help had failed from the east. One race of barbarians was called in to extirpate another; and, in the cause of orthodoxy and independence, the Franks were invited as deliverers from the oppression of the heretic and hated Lombards. Thus the Bishops of Rome set the example of seeking intervention in the affairs of Italy. The Franks were set-off against the Lombards, and the old fable of the horse asking man to take up his quarrel against the stag, began to be applicable to Italian affairs, as it often has been, down to our own day. The French interposition of last year was only the old game played over again, with this difference, that Sardinia, and not the Pope, headed the patriotic party in the demand for assistance from one foreigner to drive out another. Thus ended the Lombard dynasty in Italy. After an existence of 206 years, it had become Italianized as much as the Saxons were Anglicised at the time of the Norman conquest. They were foreigners only in name; and it is very questionable if patriotic reasons alone

would have induced the Pope to call in the Franks to drive out the Lombards. A theological quarrel was then raging between Rome and Constantinople. The Greek Emperors had taken the side against the use of images, and the Bishops of Rome the side for them. An iconoclast Greek emperor was therefore as hateful to the orthodox party of Rome as a heretic Lombard king. The Frankish kings followed the use of Rome in both these doctrines, and, therefore, upon their heads only could the anointing oil be poured—they only could claim to be kings, reigning in righteousness, according to the conceptions of those days. Thus it was that, on Christmas Day, in the year 800, Pope Leo III. crowned Charlemagne, in Rome, with the crown of the Roman emperor, and Italy passed at once under the supremacy of the Franks.

2. The second epoch contains little to attract our interest. For a century and a-half the descendants of Charles held Italy by the same tenure as Germany and France, as fiefs of the same great empire, once united under the sceptre of Charles the Great. This Carolingian era is the darkest period of the dark ages. Italy suffered much, but suffered only in common with the rest of Europe. The light of one civilization had now quite gone out, and that of another had not yet begun to dawn. The state of war was then the normal condition of Europe. The little learning that remained had fled into the monastery, there to hide and wish for the day. Religion could not pierce through the mists of superstition; it was like a winter's sun, which seems to cause the vapours it cannot disperse. At last order took its rise out of this chaos. The rights of war were the first to be respected. Out of the necessity for self-defence there grew up the feudal system, in which man was united to man, and society linked into a chain-armour for the defence of the weak against the strong. Out of feudalism grew chivalry, respect for women, the claims of the vassals to protection and support; and in the wake of these institutions commerce began to appear—feeble at first, and much hindered by brigandage, but gathering strength with time, and protecting

itself within walls of its own against the barons who took black-mail where and when they could.

This was an era of misrule in church as well as in state. The two centuries from 800 to 1000 are those which the advocates of the Papacy cannot look back to without shame. As the Saviour slept during the storm on the lake of Galilee, so, according to Baronius, the bark of Peter was nigh foundering in those dark ages, "because the Saviour winked at these enormities until the time of vengeance had fully come." Wealth had corrupted Christian Pontiffs, as it had heathen conquerors. As Alexander the Great died in a drunken debauch in Babylon, so Rome became the Pope's Babylon. The Papacy became the highest object of ambition, not to the sacerdotal order only, but to any baron or adventurer who could climb into the chair of Peter. Much for the same reason that Heki, the New Zealander, came to England, and pretended to be civilized, in order that he might carry back with him fire-arms to destroy his enemies, so barons notorious for their robberies, and young libertines, recommended only by the favour of some Roman ladies, not unfrequently filled the pontifical chair. "Thus, Theodora, a woman of noble rank, but who rivals in the annals of Christian Rome the infamy which those of the pagan city attribute to Messalina, acquired influence enough to dispose of the tiara at her pleasure. Her daughters, Theodosia and Marozia, inherited her vices and her power, and an appointment to the Chair of St. Peter was more than once bestowed as the reward, or even the purchase, of a favourite paramour. Laymen of notorious character were elevated to the Papal throne; and at last decency was so far forgotten, that when the death of the Pontiff occurred too soon for the grandson of Theodosia, all canonical rules were violated in favour of the youthful aspirant, and the chair of St. Peter was filled by a boy who had scarcely reached the age of eighteen years."* At last the German Emperors stepped in to put an end to the scandal, to choose among the competitors, and to depose a Pope who put all Christendom to the blush.

Henry III. obliged the people to renounce the right which they had hitherto exercised and so greatly abused, of taking part in the election of the Popes. He named four Popes in succession, whom he chose among the most learned and pious of the clergy of Italy and Germany, and thus powerfully seconded the spirit of reform which began to animate the Church from the eleventh century.

III. The third epoch is that of the German Emperors. In 951, Otho I. of Saxony, King of Germany, forced Berenger II., who then reigned, to acknowledge himself his vassal; and in 961 Otho entered Italy a second time with his Germans, was crowned at Rome with the title of Emperor, and sent Berenger II. to end his days in a fortress in Germany. It was not, however, till the reign of Conrad the Salic that the German emperors established their right to the crown of Italy. The crown of Germany was elective, and generally fell to the chief of one of the great houses of Swabia or Franconia; but how the anomaly arose that the German people should choose an Italian king, is not so easy to trace. It was an anomaly so strange, that it can only be understood by comparison with another—the right of the Bishops of Rome to govern Rome by the pretended donation of Constantine. The fiction that Constantine, in departing from Rome, committed to its Bishops his sceptre and robe of state, his palace of the Lateran, and all other emblems of sovereignty, was devoutly believed during those ages of faith. One fiction thus prepared the way for another. The heir of Constantine's power in Rome was also the successor of Peter, the Prince of the Apostles, and therefore higher than the kings of the earth; he was not only a king himself, in right of the donation of Constantine—he was also the maker of kings. The iconoclastic Emperors of Constantinople had forfeited their title of Augustus on account of their heresy, and Leo III. had solemnly bestowed that title on Charlemagne, in the Church of St. Peter in Rome, on Christmas Day, 800. Thus the elective crown of Germany carried with it an hereditary right to the golden crown of Rome; and Otho the

* Butt's Italy, vol. i., p. 68.

Saxon, in supplanting the Carolingian dynasty, stepped into their place as King of Italy and Emperor of Rome. Thus there grew up the fiction of the Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation, and thus, for three centuries, the elect of certain Teutonic tribes considered himself the rightful king of Italy, and led his armies there to claim submission from the cities of Italy, and to obtain coronation with the iron crown of Lombardy and the golden crown of Rome. Consequently, out of two fictions, a very tremendous reality grew—a feud between the Popes and the Emperors, which lasted two centuries, and ended in the destruction of both. Conradin, the last of the Hohenstaufen, died on a scaffold in Naples, and soon after the Popes expiated their sin of ambition by a seventy years' exile in Avignon.

Into the details of this long feud our space would not permit us to enter here; it is enough to know that it began with the dispute about investitures, between Hildebrand—afterwards Pope Gregory VII.—and the Emperor Henry IV. It was no vulgar ambition on either side. The Emperor conceived that, as the heir of Augustus, he was sovereign, responsible only to God, and that the command to render unto Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's, included at least the right to invest bishops with the temporalities of their see. Hildebrand, on the other hand, who was a monk of Cluny, made the very natural mistake of looking on the world through the gratings of a cloister. As Aristoxenus, the musician, conceived that the world was governed by harmony, so Hildebrand the monk believed it to be governed by the rules of a monastery. In the universe he saw but God, the priest his sole minister, and mankind obedient. He designed that the whole priesthood should be moved by a single will, and should know only one passion—that of converting the world into a theocracy, like the Jewish of old. The Church, he saw, was secular, and therefore no wonder that the State was profane. Like the poor parson in Chaucer—

"And he would add this proverb then thereto:
That if gold rusts, what must iron do?
And if a priest be foul, in whom we trust,
How fares it with a man of lewed lust?"

What St. Bernard had done for the regulars, that he would do for the secular clergy. Celibacy had long been looked on in the West as the only lawful state for the priesthood. Hildebrand resolved to enforce celibacy on all orders of the clergy, and to put an impassable barrier between the clerical body and secular influence. All intervention of the secular power in the distribution of the dignities of the Church was simony;—it was selling the gift of the Holy Ghost for money. Corruption had crept into the See of Peter itself. In 1059 he obtained of the Council of Lateran that the election of Popes should be vested in the Cardinals, and that the right of the people or emperor to a voice in the choice of a bishop should cease.

The supremacy of the Church over the State, and of the Pope over the Church—the centralization of all authority in one man, and that man the Vicar of Christ and God's Vicegerent on earth—had been the ideal of many; but Hildebrand was the first who made it wear the appearance of reality. For a time Hildebrand accomplished the vast revolution he had undertaken. For a time the world appeared transformed into a great Carthusian monastery. His triumph was complete when the only rival that defied his anathemas stood shivering for three days in the gateway of the Castle of Canosa, while the ground was covered with snow, before the successor of Peter would give the successor of Cæsar the absolution he sued for. But tyranny, as the Greek poet says, only rushes up the height to precipitate itself down the steep. From the moment of his unseemly triumph, the power of Hildebrand began to decline. He had put his foot on the neck of anointed kings, and the world was shocked at the presumption. The mass of mankind is seldom carried far away by theories, however individuals may. Returning common sense is shocked by a theory pushed to extravagance. Without the sensible aid of miracles theocracies soon become as secular as other governments. He who would act in the spirit of Elijah, must also act in the power, and keep up the flagging belief of mankind by signs and wonders. The reaction thus was inevitable. Mankind are wearied of

being tutored into good, and even the Vicar of Christ was found to be as secular as other rulers in the government of his own city and province. The priest who defied the Emperor, and who gave away kingdoms, as if those whom he blessed were blessed, and those whom he cursed were cursed, was himself defied by the rude barons of Rome. The Cenci, the ancient family of Crescentius, issued from their stronghold in the mole of Hadrian; the Orsinis had fortified the tomb of Augustus, and the *Servus Servorum Dei* often became a miserable servant of men. Hildebrand then called in the Normans to rescue him from his undutiful lieges, who burnt the city and sold almost all its inhabitants into slavery. Henry IV. died of a broken heart. Gregory VII. died an exile at Salerno. They show his tomb there to this day. It is a striking reflection that Hildebrand, the greatest of the Popes, who created the Cardinalate, who made celibacy imperative, who elevated the priest above the layman, and the Pope over all, has no monument in St. Peter's. That mausoleum of the Popes does not contain his ashes. He died an exile in Naples, and so altered is the spirit of the age, that a French abbé visiting Salerno the other day remarked, that while the relics of some obscure martyr, beheaded before a marble column, are an object of veneration in the Cathedral of Salerno, the tomb of Gregory VII. is hardly noticed.

"I saw," he says, "a pious woman adorn with flowers the marble column which was dyed with the blood of the martyr—but nothing of the kind was ever paid at the tomb of the founder of the absolute dominion of the Papacy. Every hour of the day prayers and vows are offered up in the sombre crypt, but none came to kneel down before the altar of Gregory VII. The Church has made a saint of him and has rightly done so."

The Abbé elsewhere remarks—

"For he sought her glory, and desired that those worldly powers whose pride nothing else could abate, should bow down to her. Doubtless he deceived himself, in wishing to assume for the Papacy a double power, temporal as well as spiritual. This strange confusion, which the men of his age were ready to

admit, and out of which he created the dogma of the Papacy, such as the middle ages understood it, was the fatal cause of his overthrow. It would be for that truth which comes from God, and which is imperishable, a dismal precedent, if error like this would produce good. God has not so constituted those works which proceed from his will. A usurpation of the temporal sword, even with the pretext of the legitimate defence of the Christian commonwealth against the oppression of tyrants, however popular that plea was during the middle ages, could bring no good to the Papacy. We will admit there was in this some political craft—the liberalism perhaps of the age was here working under shelter of the only idea that could counteract brute force. But this was not the true policy of the Gospel—"My kingdom is not of this world;" and when this kingdom shall be visibly realized on earth, the sword which slays shall not need to be drawn under the theocracy; it will have rusted in its scabbard for ages. A new world, new ideas, a power of a new order shall then be raised over the ruins of this world, that still worships force, of those ideas which so obstinately cling to the past, and of that power which wishes to rule by withholding liberty."*

The war of investitures, which lasted more than sixty years, accomplished the dissolution of every tie between the different members of the kingdom of Italy. But out of this war between the Pope and the Emperor the Italian Republics took their rise. Between the contending factions of the Guelph and the Ghibelline liberty and independence made silent advances, by inclining now to one side and now to the other, and by neutralizing the oppression of the Emperor by declaring for the Pope, or *vice versa*. Thus, when Frederick Barbarossa invaded Italy in 1154 the cities of North Italy declared themselves on the side of the Pope, and the League of Lombardy was formed. When, after a siege of three years, Milan at last was taken by the Emperor and razed to the ground, the League did not lose heart; on the contrary, their spirit rose under oppression. For a time the voice of faction was hushed; Guelph and Ghibelline united for the recovery of their common liberty. The militias of Bergamo, Brescia, Cremona, Mantua, Verona, and Treviso arrived, on

* L'Abbé Michon, "L' Italie Politique et Religieuse."

the 27th April, 1167, on the ground covered by the ruins of Milan. They apportioned among themselves the labour of restoring the walls. All the Milanese of the four villages, as well as those who had taken refuge in the more distant towns, came in crowds to take part in the pious work; and in a few weeks the new-built city was in a state to repel the insults of its enemies. They did more than this. When, in October, 1174, Frederick, at the head of a formidable army, descended into Italy by Mont Cenis, he was met in the plains of Piedmont by a barrier that he could not pass. Alexandria, *della paglia*, or of straw, as the Germans contemptuously called its walls of mud and straw, had been recently erected by the League, and so called in honour of Pope Alexander III., the chief of the patriotic party in Italy. It resisted all the attacks of Frederick and his army. After consuming four months in vain in its siege he was obliged to retire to Pavia; and, after enduring a memorable defeat at Legnano on the 29th May, 1176, he concluded, at last, the Peace of Constance, which recognised the rights and liberties of the Italian cities, and laid the foundation of that fourth epoch of independence which we have now to describe.

4. The League of Lombardy laid the foundation of the liberties of Italy about the middle of the twelfth century; but it was not till near the beginning of the fourteenth century that Italian independence became an acknowledged fact, through the complete exhaustion of the two rivals—the Pope and the Emperor. For another century or more the successors of Frederick Barbarossa kept up the strife with the Popes, which should be master, the Guelph or the Ghibelline, in Italy. Like a flame smouldering for awhile and bursting out afresh, the quarrel died and blazed up with fresh fury. During the strife parties often changed sides. Innocent III. supported young Frederick II. against the nominee of the Guelph party in Germany; the Guelph cities of Italy, again, would sometimes side with the Emperor against the Pope. At last, when the crowns of Naples, Lombardy, and Germany had been united in the person of Conrad, son of Frederick II., and the

Ghibelline party had become ascendant in Italy under Manfred, the son of Conrad, the Pope resolved to invite French intervention to set-off against the growing power of the Emperor. Urban IV., himself a Frenchman, invited Charles of Anjou, Count of Provence, and brother of St. Louis, to invade Italy; and, on the 24th May, 1265, Charles made his public entry into Rome at the head of a powerful army, where he was solemnly invested with the kingdom of Sicily, which he was to hold under a tribute to the Pope of 8,000 ounces of gold and a white palfrey. Charles was victorious over Manfred in the battle of Grandella, which decided the fate of the kingdom of Naples, and with it of the Hohenstaufen dynasty. Conradin, the last of the race, perished on a scaffold in Naples after a gallant attempt, like Murat in our own days, to recover his crown by making a descent on Naples, and the Guelph party was again ascendant in Italy. But it was a victory for which the Papacy paid dear. By seeking French intervention in Italy they made the French masters of the situation. French cardinals were in the ascendant at Rome. Urban IV. was succeeded by Clement IV., both Frenchmen. Charles of Anjou was willing enough to act in the Guelph interest so long as it suited his policy; but the Popes soon found that they had only changed masters, and began to incline again to the side of the German Emperor. Gregory X. procured the election of Rudolph of Hapsburg, founder of the house of Austria, in 1273; and Rudolph, who had never visited Italy and was ignorant of the geography of that country, was, in his turn, persuaded by the Pope to confirm the charters of Louis le Débonnaire, of Otho I., and of Henry VI., of which copies were sent to him. In these charters, whether true or false, taken from the chancery at Rome, the sovereignty of the whole of Emilia or Romagna, the Pentapolis, the march of Ancona, the patrimony of St. Peter, and the Campagna of Rome, from Radicofani to Ceperano, was assigned to the Church; and from that period, 1278, the Republics as well as principalities situated in the whole extent of what is now called the States of the Church, were held of the Holy See and not of the Emperor.

Italy was now neglected by the Emperor, as Rudolph and his descendants, for fifty-eight years, never once crossed the Alps or attempted to revive a Ghibelline party. But the decline of the Ghibelline also led to the decline of the Guelph party in Italy. The Popes fell more and more under French influence; and in 1305 the Archbishop of Bordeaux was elected Pope under the title of Clement V. This was the origin of the seventy years' exile of the Popes in Avignon, compared by Church historians to the seventy years' captivity of the Jews in Babylon. For seventy years the Papacy was little more than a French bishopric. In its desire to disenthral itself from the yoke of the German, it had fallen under the yet heavier yoke of France; and the effects of this memorable secession kept the Papacy weak and distracted for nearly fifty years after the return from Avignon.

In 1378, Gregory XI. died in Rome, and the conclave—although full three-fourths of the cardinals were Frenchmen—elected an Italian, Urban VI. The French cardinals declared the election informal, and retired to Anagni, where they elected Robert of Geneva, who took the name of Clement VII. This originated the thirty years' schism, during which Popes and anti-Popes excommunicated each other, and the Papacy fell into such contempt in Italy that a Guelph party became as impossible as a Ghibelline. The Emperor had abdicated, and the Popes, by clinging to French protection, had forfeited supremacy in Italy; and thus the ground was left clear for the rise of those Italian Republics, which became the centres of civilization and commerce during the Middle Ages. Florence, Pisa, Venice, Genoa, vied with each other in the race of commercial greatness. A walk through the empty streets of Pisa will read us an instructive lesson on the decline of Italy. Her duomo, her baptistery, her leaning tower, and her Campo-Santo, are memorials which attest to this day her former greatness. Nicholas of Pisa was not only the architect of his own city, but to him Florence owes some of her masterpieces.

In 1300, Andrea di Pisa, son of Nicholas, cast the admirable bronze gates of the baptistery, at Florence, two years before the Palazzo Vecchio arose in Florence. The Loggia, in the same city, the church of Santa Croce, and that of Santa Maria del Fiore, with its dome, so admired by Michael Angelo, were begun by the architect, Arnolfo, also a scholar of Nicholas of Pisa. About the same time Cimabue and Giotto revived the art of painting; Casella, music; and Dante gave to Italy his Comedy Divine; Villani founded a school of history; the study of morals and philosophy began; and political freedom, which is the life-blood of nations, set in motion all those springs of activity which have civilized not only Italy, but the whole of modern Europe. To this era of independence, which lasted little more than two centuries, from 1300 to 1500, is owing that civilization which is our inheritance to-day, and not to that age of the *Renaissance*, which only began with the decline of Italian liberty. From Dante to Ariosto; from Malaspina to Macchiavelli and Guicciardini; from Nicholas of Pisa to Raphael and Michael Angelo, that of Italian independence was also the era of her greatness in arts, literature, and commerce. "La libertà e quella che fa la civiltà. Senza ospitar prima la madre niuno vide arrivare mai la figliuola."*

This is the philosophy of history, in the admirable words of Cesare Balbo, and nowhere was it more strikingly illustrated than in Italy. With the era of independence, civilization arose in Italy. The daughter did not long survive the mother. Art and commerce soon betook themselves to freer lands, and Italy became what it has been for nearly three centuries, *la terra dei morti*.

5 and 6. The fifth and sixth epochs are those of Spanish and Austrian ascendancy in Italy. The disputes of the Pope and Emperor had weakened her, by dividing between city and city, republic and republic. Thus, Genoa almost exterminated the power of Pisa in 1284, when 5,000 Pisans perished in battle, and 11,000 were taken prisoners, and nearly the whole Pisan navy was either sunk or cap-

* "Pensieri Sulla Gloria d'Italia." Lib. i. cap. x. p. 47.

tured. The wars of Bologna and Modena ; the quarrels of the Bianchi and Neri of Florence ; the crimes of such tyrants as Eccelino di Romano and Galeazzo, Visconti of Milan, were the fatal legacy of discord which the Pope and the Emperor, in retiring from Italy, had left behind them. Beyond all things, Italy wanted a strong government, some bulwark against the petty tyrants who hired Swiss and German mercenaries, and waged continual war upon the defenceless inhabitants. In vain her wisest statesmen tried to awaken a military spirit among her citizens. Macchiavelli pointed out that as long as Florence hired companies of adventurers to fight her battles so long she would be a prey to divisions within and an easy spoil to the enemy without. The citizen consoled himself with the shallow sophism, that it was cheaper to hire mercenaries and leave the industrious citizen free to follow his own craft. No volunteer movement arose in Italy, like that which has startled England out of her Manchester millennium of peace-at-any-price, and the result was a decline of public spirit in Italy, so great that Charles the Eighth's invasion of Italy, in 1494, was called the campaign of chalk, from the soldiers having only to march into the towns and chalk up their quarters in the houses of the unresisting inhabitants. The result of the memorable invasion of France was, that Italy became the battle-field for fifty years on which France and Spain fought for supremacy in Europe ; and when at last peace was restored by the treaty of Cambray, in 1529, the independence of Italy was sacrificed. Spain became the mistress of Milan and Naples, and dictated laws to Florence, Venice, and Genoa. For a century and a-half Spanish ascendancy was supreme in Italy, until the failure of the Spanish branch of the house of Hapsburg left the field open to Austria, who has held dominion here for another century and a-half, which brings the story of Italy down to the seventh epoch, that of independence, upon which she is now about to enter.

Our space will not permit us to do more than map out the situation of affairs in this new epoch of her history. A year ago Italy was a heptarchy ; seven sovereign States divided the Peninsula between them—

Naples, Rome, Tuscany, Parma, Modena, the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, and Sardinia were the seven ruling powers, whose aim it was to divide, and govern by dividing. Custom-houses stood at every frontier ; passports were required to be vis'd from State to State. To travel, for instance, from Rome to Bologna, most travellers would pass through Tuscany, which required you to go through all the formalities of leaving the Papal States and entering them again, and a day at least was consumed in Florence, in getting fresh visas to re-enter the Pope's territories, which you have only quitted a few hours before. In one twelvemonth the heptarchy disappeared, and all that remains of the old divisions of Italy is the city of Rome, around which the French army has drawn a *cordon* which the revolution may not pass. A year ago the diplomatists were busy at Zurich, mapping out the lines of the Italian federation. The Pope and Victor Emmanuel were to be friends and neighbours ; Parma, Modena, and Tuscany were to take back their runaway Dukes ; King Francis was to give Naples a constitution ; and Venice was again to be "the pleasant place of all festivity," "the revel of the earth, the masque of Italy," under the gentle rule of her gaoler, Austria. But the treaty of Zurich was hardly signed, when it was found that the federation would not work. The Pope would not confederate with the King of Sardinia ; the duchies would not take back their runaway dukes ; King Francis would not become a constitutional king ; and Austria turned the key on her Venetian prison, and made her bondage more bitter than ever. A twelvemonth has brought with it a change so surprising that we seem to have traversed centuries in as many months. Instead of a federation of foreign despots, under French and Austrian protection, Italy aspires to unity and independence, under a king of her own choice. She has got rid of the federation, and now she wants to get rid of French protection, and, united in herself, and independent of the foreigner, to govern her own affairs, without the officious help either of France or Austria. *Fuori i barbari, and Italia farà da se*, were her rally-

ing cry in the olden time, and with these she still wishes to unite under the tricolour of Italy, with the Cross of Savoy in the centre. If M. About's anticipation could only be realized, and Rome declared a kind of religious Cracow, garrisoned, it may be, by a joint French and Sardinian garrison, then the last obstacle to the entire unity of Italy would be disposed of. "Rome," he says, "surrounded by the respect of the world, as by a wall of China, would be a kind of foreign body in the midst of free and living Italy; but the country would suffer no more from it than a veteran from a bullet which the surgeon has forgotten to extract."

Superstition raves at this solution of the Italian question, and calls out for an *auto-da-fé*—a pious immolation of 3,000,000 Italians on the altar of Catholic unity. But the days are gone by when such sacrifices can be submitted to. We have prohibited Juggernaut in India, and Mumbo-Jumbo in Africa, and Europe must learn sense also, and give up its idol, which enacts such costly sacrifices. We do not underrate the force of superstition still lingering among the peasantry of Europe, and fanned by a priesthood who feel that their craft is in danger; but we cannot force ourselves to believe that the reaction which may set in will ever go the length of restoring Italy to her former master, and setting up a priest-king in Rome, to rule in the Pontifex Maximus style of the successors of Hildebrand. *La prelatura* is, we hope, a doomed institution, even in Rome; and Monsignors must give up prospective legations, and

take to the more primitive offices of the priest and bishop. If prepared for this, the Papacy may live yet in Italy—for the quarrel of Italians with the Pope is not yet *pro aris et focis*, but for the latter only. It has gone as far as the quarrel between Henry VIII. and the Pope; but the obstinacy of a Pius IX. may drive it on, as that of his predecessor the Fifth Pius, who pronounced a bull of deposition on Elizabeth, and so threw her into the arms of the doctrinal as well as the political Reformers. The grave of the Roman Empire, with the ghost sitting crowned upon it, will still give some trouble to Europe. Fanatics will fight around it, as Greeks and Catholics do around the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem on Easter Day. But this will not prevent, though it may retard, the unification of Italy. She has passed through her six periods of division—the seventh will bring with it unity at last. As the Bruce learned a lesson of perseverance from the spider, who six times tried to carry her web across the room, and the seventh time succeeded, so Italy, after six failures, is still encouraged to try a seventh time to become a united nation. This time the attempt promises to succeed; and that her union may be solid and enduring, must be the hearty desire of every lover of European peace, "for Europe," as M. Sismondi well observes, "will know no repose till the nation which in the dark ages lighted the torch of civilization, with that of liberty, shall be enabled herself to enjoy the light which she created."

THE WORK-A-DAY WORLD OF FRANCE.

CHAP. V.

WE have regarded the French workman, as child and as apprentice, in his relation to the law. Let us now notice how the law affects him when he has reached man's estate. We have seen how that parental tenderness, which is the most charming of French characteristics, is manifest in the laws by which French apprentices are protected; how, up to twelve years of age, their education is compulsory upon their parents. In France education must precede or accompany children's labour. We left the apprentice at the close of his bondage—free to take journeymen's wages: emancipated from the authority of a master—and competent to demand his "livret."

Let us now see what this famous "livret," or workman's passport, is. M. Audiganne gives us all its uses—all the penalties which infraction of its rules entails; but he declines to enter frankly upon the merits of the system which compels every workman to carry it. M. Audiganne is a thorough Bonapartist, and this Bonapartism tinges all his works. He may endeavour to persuade workmen that their papers, which keep them under the eye of the police, are useful; but he will never succeed in reconciling them to such severe passports.

Whatever may be, finally, our opinion as regards the legislation of the "livrets," says M. Audiganne, it is still indispensable that we should know the obligations to which it subjects us. We can only place ourselves at the level of our condition, by acquiring a thorough knowledge of every element relating to it. It is impossible to do well otherwise. Since the "livret" exists, there are a few points on which it is necessary to be decided, and which we will now have a little chat about: 1. What, in the idea of the law, is the aim of the "livret?" 2. Who are the workmen compelled to submit to the obligation of the "livret?" 3. How is the "livret" distributed? 4. What are the rights and obligations of masters and workmen in relation to the

"livret?" 5. Who are the judges, and what is the punishment, in the case of an offence against the law?

The "livret" represents two characters; it fulfils two different objects. It is made by law an industrial institution, and an instrument in the hands of the police. From the first point of view—that is to say, as an industrial institution—the "livret" is simply a book of reckoning, to be at any moment referred to, as to whether the workman is "quits" with his master, or in his debt: it is a daily guarantee for both sides. The "livret" being, in some sort, a diary of the workman's laborious life, is also an unanswerable witness of his fidelity in keeping his engagements.

The master, on his side, learns to know the workman with whom he contracts; he sees, by the entries already in the book, if he has punctually repaid the money advances made to him by his former masters—at all events those which have been made within the legal limit. The document which declares the fidelity of the one side, naturally inspires the confidence of the other, and thus facilitates a friendly relation between them. Such is the part which the "livret" plays in the routine of our daily life. Its utility consists in its keeping a faithful account of money advances. As an instrument of police, the "livret" is used as an authority for reckoning the number and the movements of workmen, in every town.

It is now time to give you my opinion on this institution. If the "livret" had only been known in its first aspect, it would not, I am sure, have awakened our susceptibility. In its industrial character it possesses visible advantages; for it is impossible to imagine more simple means for reckoning the advances which the master may make to the workman, and of which we will speak presently. Our "livret" is to us what the ledger is to the commercial man. What has given a false character to the "livret" is, that its connexion with the police

has sometimes been misrepresented. It has been asserted that the interference of the administrative police in the various little formalities which we are obliged to adjust between us, gave to the "livret" a hurtful signification. However, without being great politicians, we have not much difficulty in comprehending that the preservation of order is necessary to the well-being and development of society: that public security calls for special measures; in short, that a police is necessary to a state. The police protects each of us; it prevents the strong from oppressing the weak. We are not, then, to take it for granted that a police measure is to be offensive, simply because it is a police measure. This is Bonapartism *pure et simple*. Let M. Audiganne proceed, however.

It is still a question whether the "livret," belonging as it does to industrial order, would not have been better restricted to its proper industrial character, when it was originated, in the year 1803. Had this simple character been given to it, the authorities would not have had so much trouble in establishing it amongst the working classes. According to M. Audiganne, however, the "livret" is now willingly accepted. He declares that the new laws of 1854, in regard to it, enacted important advantages and compensations to its holders, which tend to counterbalance some of the restrictions which it entails.

The law permits no exception. Workpeople of both sexes, belonging to factories, workshops, works of any description, or whether working at home for one or several masters, are all compelled to provide themselves with a "livret." No one person labouring at an industrial occupation is exempt.

It is very evident, that when once the principle of the "livret" was admitted in law; once the advantages of the institution were recognised in the industrial world, there was no reasonable motive for allowing differences to exist between the various denominations of workmen. Every one is subject to the same rule. The result, therefore, is, that no distinction can be made between the sons of masters working with their fathers, and the other workmen; nor between stationary workmen and those who are liable to change of residence.

If one of us were to find work in a government workshop, we should not the less be compelled to have our "livret." Understand, however, that this would not apply to the marine arsenals, if the man were on the navy list, and subject to its special rules, which would put aside those of the workman. This is not an exception to the general rule, neither must we consider as one, those particular rules which affect mutual benefit societies, setting forth that the diploma delivered to each participating member would serve him as "livret." This diploma is a "livret." We can understand, however, the kindly thought which, in exempting the members of the mutual benefit societies from the exercise of a superfluous formality, has endeavoured to aid an institution thus prolific in benefits to the working class.

The "livrets" are distributed by the mayor of each "commune." Such is the general rule; but by reason of circumstances particular to the great centres of population, this act of municipal authority is performed at Paris, and within the jurisdiction of the prefecture of police, by the Prefect of Police. At Lyons, and in the "communes" to which the control of the Lyonesse police extends, it is also done by the Prefect of the Rhône, as, indeed, in all the prefectures counting more than 40,000 inhabitants.

In every "commune," or in every prefecture, according as the case may be, a register is kept, in which the date of deliverance of each "livret," and the entries therein, are inscribed.

This register receives the signature of the workman, or a statement that he is unable to sign. At Paris the "livrets" are written on separate pages, which are afterwards bound, like a register, in chronological order; and alphabetical lists render an examination of them very easy. Let me explain to you what are the special formalities which workmen have to pass through, in Paris. Unforeseen circumstances might call a number of you to the workrooms of the capital, and it is important that a workman should know how to conduct himself in his relations both with those who employ him and with public authority. I now pass to the way in which the "livrets" are distributed.

The authorities cannot refuse a "liv-

ret" to a workman, unless he has been convicted of an offence, or of a crime. The formalities which it is necessary the workman should go through in order to procure a first "livret" are not very irksome. It is sufficient for him to present himself before the functionary charged with the distribution of the "livrets," with papers which prove the identity and the position of the applicant. The testimonials, which must be produced, may vary according to the place or the circumstances. In the event of a workman not being in a position to offer testimonials, he may still obtain a "livret;" but in that case the authorities have power to compel him to make a declaration, stating his name, Christian-name, place of abode, and condition. They also read to him an article of the law which punishes with imprisonment—varying from three months to a year—any workman who obtains a "livret" by means of a false name, false declarations, or false certificates.

The "livret" is on untaxed paper; and all legal forms are printed on its first pages. Thus, it is impossible to plead ignorance as an excuse for any infraction of the law relating to it. The "livret" next gives the name and Christian-name of the workman, his age, his birthplace, and his business. It states whether the man works, generally, for several masters, or if he belongs to one single establishment; and in this latter case, the name of the master with whom he has last worked, or with whom he is then working, must be given.

The "livrets" are printed after a model pattern made by the authorities. The price of sale must not be more than the expense of the manufacture, and must never go beyond the sum of twopence halfpenny.

When the "livret" is finished—when its white pages are entirely covered—nothing is more simple than to procure another. The workman presents his old "livret" at the *mairie*, or at the prefecture, as the case may be, and declares its date and the place of its deliverance; also the name and place of abode of the head of the establishment with whom the man is working, or has last worked; thirdly, the amount of the balance he owes to his master. The old "livret" is then left with the workman as a re-

cord of his laborious life; a note of its having been replaced by a new one being made in it.

In the case of loss of a "livret," the formalities necessary to procure a first one must again be gone through; besides which, the necessary indications must be furnished, to enable the authorities to make the required statements in the new "livret," especially that one which relates to the money advances. The declaration signed by the workman, is made under the penal clause already mentioned.

Thus we see that the obtaining or replacing a "livret" is infinitely easier than it was formerly. The law relies on the good faith and honesty of the workman, punishing all false declarations.

Our first obligation relative to the "livret" is to procure one; after which the duties of the workman vary on some points, according to whether he belongs to a single establishment, or whether he works, generally, for several masters. In the former case, he must cause to be inscribed, by his future master, the date of his entry into the workshop; and with every change of establishment the same formality must be gone through. In the second case, the workman must present his "livret" to each of the masters who have confided work to him; in order that an entry may be made therein, of the day on which the work has been returned.

Whenever a workman quits a workshop, or when he ceases to work for one of the masters who have employed him, he must present his "livret," in order that the date of his departure, the fulfilment of his engagements, and the amount to which he may be indebted to his master, may be inscribed. For the man who works habitually for several masters no mention of his having fulfilled engagements is necessary, as every day a workman of this kind must receive work from one master before he has finished that of another. This rule then only applies to the workman attached to a single establishment.

A workman arriving in Paris with his "livret" must present himself at the office for the distribution of "livrets" belonging to the prefecture of police, in order that he may be enrolled. He is then ready to enter a workshop. Should he afterwards quit

his master, he must, after his "livret" has been signed, proceed to the commissary of police, so that the signature of his master may be legalized. It is not necessary afterwards to return to the prefecture. The commissary himself sends a notice, thereby keeping a strict account of all transactions relating to the holder of a "livret."

It is hardly necessary to say that the "livret" subjects the holder to any special arrangements the prefects, or other police authorities may make. Let me add another important point. Before the law of 1854 was passed, any employer had the right to hold the workman's "livret" in his own hands. All employers did not use this right; but the majority did. The right was given to the employers as a guarantee for the workman's good faith with them. But the necessity which the law imposed upon the workman to have the fulfilment of his engagements acknowledged on the "livret," was a sufficient security for the employer. The new law, therefore, freed the workman from the liability to give up his "livret;" and he has now the means always in his hands, of proving his identity. Let it be borne in mind that he must be always ready to show the "livret" when called upon by the authorities.

Workmen owe another advantage to the new law. They were formerly obliged, in changing their abode, to procure a passport (besides a "livret") duly *visé*, stating the place to which they were removing. This passport cost them two francs. At present their own "livret"—provided it be *visé*—suffices, as long as they do not quit France. This *visé* is given gratuitously; but it is only available for the one destination which it indicates, and is only given upon a declaration of the workman having fulfilled his engagements, and also under other conditions, determinable by the rules of administration. The law accords this privilege to workmen only; so that if a man quit the exercise of his trade, or if more than a year has elapsed since the last certificate of removal from a workshop was made, he ceases to be able to claim it.

The rights of masters generally correspond with the obligations of workmen. No master can employ a man upon whom the law necessitates the

obligation of a "livret," unless he possess the document, properly regulated.

The master must take care, immediately on receiving the services of a man, that the date of commencement of such service, and afterwards that of his leaving it, be inscribed on the "livret." The fact of the workman being in debt for money advanced, does not free the master from the obligation of signing the "livret" of a workman leaving him. He has the right of marking a debt on the "livret" only up to a certain amount. In the event of a workman—from circumstances beyond his control—being compelled, for a time, to abandon his business, or prevented from observing its necessary conditions, the master is still obliged to mark the date of the man's cessation in his "livret."

If a man work generally for several masters, each of them, on delivering the work to the man, inscribes the date of the transaction on the "livret," stating, at the same time, that he is in the habit of working for several employers. On the workman quitting either of his masters, the master, of course, must give a certificate of the man's having fulfilled all engagements; but should the master or chief of an establishment be unable to write, the duty devolves on the mayor or the commissary of police, who must, however, state the reason of the transfer. If the wish to leave the master proceeds from the workman, the master is not compelled to pay him until the ordinary day appointed for doing so; but if he himself gives the notice of dismissal to the workman, he must immediately pay him.

In inscribing the "livret" with the certificate of fulfilment of engagements, the master has no power otherwise to mention the workman, either favourably or unfavourably. If he has complaints to urge against him, there are the necessary tribunals in which to do it. The "livret" is a book of reckoning, and ought only to be considered in this light.

We now turn to the penalties inflicted by the law for the infraction of rules relating to the "livret." The omission of any of the prescribed regulations would not only be productive of serious inconvenience to the workman, in depriving him of work,

but would also constitute an infraction of the law, and would lead to a prosecution and penal condemnation.

The workman neglecting to provide himself with a "livret" is liable to be brought before the tribunal of police, and punished with the infliction of a fine, the sum varying from one franc to fifteen. The tribunal may, in addition, and according to circumstances, order an imprisonment of from one to five days. The same penalties would be incurred by the head of a business employing a workman unprovided with a "livret," or who should neglect to make the necessary inscriptions therein, or who should write in it any testimony as to character, whether favourable or otherwise.

It is, no doubt, rare for a master either to refuse to make the required entries in a "livret," or to persist in inscribing those which are prohibited. However, irregularities occasionally happen; and should any annoyance thereby accrue to the workman, the judge can compel the master to make pecuniary recompense to him, which must be adjudged and paid on the spot.

The case becomes still more serious if the workman endeavours to procure a "livret" by any means but those which we have mentioned as legitimate. It would then be not merely an infringement of a regulation, but an offence punishable by imprisonment, the term of which may vary from three months to a year. Any person proved to have fabricated a false "livret," or to have altered an originally true "livret," is liable to imprisonment varying from one to five years. We must add, however, that should any extenuating circumstances be brought to light during the progress of the inquiry, the tribunal has authority to shorten the term of imprisonment, bringing it down even to six days. It is also necessary to observe, that a workman whom the law compels to possess a "livret" cannot inscribe himself on the lists of election for the formation of the "*Conseils de prud'hommes*" unprovided with one.

The law was formerly very severe against the workman who travelled without a "livret" duly *visé*. Before the law he was a vagabond, and liable to be arrested and punished as

such; and even now he is strongly recommended by M. Audiganne not to start on a journey without having had his papers *visé* by the authorities.

It is curious to trace the meddlesome nature of these laws affecting French workmen. The artisan who had contracted a debt with his employer had this debt inscribed upon his "livret;" and his new employer was compelled to hold back two-tenths of his wages, for the payment of the debt to the late master. But this system brought great troubles with it. The artisan who owed money to his master was his slave. The man might leave his employ, but it was difficult for a workman whose "livret" was marked with a heavy debt to obtain work. The law now in force has lessened these evils, by limiting the debt that can be inscribed by a master on a workman's "livret" to thirty francs; and by reducing the amount that may be deducted from the debtor's wages, to one-tenth. These limitations have, of course, lessened workmen's debts, because masters are not inclined to make advances when they have no guarantee for repayment. The "livret," then, is a passport which the French workman must carry, and which he must be able to show to the police at any moment. The reader will easily understand how this constant liability to come in contact with the police may be used as a repressive instrument, under an absolute government like that of Napoleon the Third.

We now turn to the limitations of the hours of labour applied to adults.

The law declares the working hours to be twelve out of every twenty-four; but this only applies to factories, and not to workshops, properly speaking. The law does not interfere with the domestic privacy of the workman, who is at liberty to work at home as long as he chooses; but in the establishments subject to the law, piece-work, as well as day-work, are both included in the prescribed limitation. Twelve hours is the maximum, and it cannot be exceeded without an infringement of the law. It would be in vain to urge any special arrangement of master and man for the prolongation of the ordinary hours of labour: since any such arrangement is null and void. If this private agreement were possible, masters would soon compel the workmen to exceed the twelve

hours. There is not the same danger when arrangements between masters and men tend to make the hours of labour lower than the legal maximum. With these the law does not, of course, interfere. In cases where the law is broken, the punishment falls entirely upon the master, it being the master who has the power of fixing the duration of work in his establishment. When the master prolongs the workmen's labour beyond the legal time he is liable to a fine of from five to a hundred francs. This fine is made for every workman found at work beyond his legal time; but the total fine in one case, cannot exceed 1,000 francs. There are, of course, works which cannot come under this law, as engineers working engines, printing offices, &c.

Again, exception is made for cleaning machinery after the day's work, or when an accident has damaged a factory. Exceptions are allowed to dyeing, chemical works, and others; but masters cannot, in any case, extend the time of work beyond twelve hours without having obtained the authority of the prefect. It must be understood that a master may keep his establishment open as long as he pleases, provided no workman in it exceeds twelve hours labour per diem; in other words, he may have relays of workmen.

These are the main regulations under which the young French workman enters life.

We shall treat of workmen's combinations in a separate chapter.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC POLITICS.

THE two small parties in the British Commonwealth, which may be classed as separatist, propose to carry out this tendency in two forms: one faction, the modern school of commercialists, desiring to keep Great Britain apart from foreign politics; the other, the Irish malcontents, wishing to dissolve our domestic union with her. We regard these notions less on their demerits as questions for argument, than as (and especially the latter) hobby-horses, or *chevaux de bataille*, mounted with the design of gaining other than the illusory objects proclaimed by the bestriding knights-errant.

These two parties, yielding to the common law of extreme measures, now see themselves producing and aggravating the very condition of affairs each severally is in arms against. The mercantile party tried so hard to reduce British armaments, as to have rendered it necessary, in order to counterbalance the weakness this body forms in the body politic, to increase our national defences; and the Irish faction is so violent and wild in its eagerness to serve their country, that people who do not understand what the matter is, question whether Irishmen make good neighbours, and if their country is a safe place to live in. Those are the pro-

posed objects of the two parties, and we will ignore any other merely selfish designs, which have been thought to be the actual motives. Certainly, exclusive pretensions to any special virtue, whether peace or patriotism, invite suspicion, and ought to be rigorously tested. They are very apt to mask narrow and sordid passions, altogether different in kind from the interests which they affect to represent. One of the most humane and philosophic of Englishmen, the sage Johnson, said of patriotism, that "it is the last refuge of a scoundrel." But this dictum implies one who makes a trade of what is among the highest human virtues.

Without examining too closely into the theoretic patriotism of our separatist compatriots, or into the views of the peacemongers, we cannot congratulate either of these parties on any practical success. Looking abroad, we do not see the French horizon becoming brighter by any increase of light in the free trade phase; or at least, what has reached us from the Haute Saône is of the Council-General addressing the Emperor thus:—

"Your Majesty has affirmed by new means the ancient commercial policy of France, and proclaimed by facts, that if you desired that our policy should be *prudently progressive*, you desired also

that it should remain *really, steadily protective*."

The italics are those of the Council themselves; and since the address was, doubtless, seen and approved by authority before it was delivered, it is the latest proof that the Emperor of the French is not inclined to abandon the duty of giving reasonable protection to their industrial interests. Among themselves, they regard the Treaty as a bribe to the manufacturing party who support the present ministry; and they entertain a belief that it was the price received by that party for acquiescence in the annexation of Savoy. This last idea they probably derived from the expression, of a leader of that party in the House of Commons, of his willingness that Savoy should "perish" rather than occasion war, but that its prosperity was promoted by annexation, and that there are many persons in England who would willingly see this country annexed to France if the effect were to add one per cent. to their profits.

England, a French province, may be supposed to be not an abhorrent idea to the self-seeking school of commercial monopolists, whose un-English leaders consider an addition to profits the *summum bonum*. But what guarantee have they of gaining any monopoly of manufacturing trade in France? Do they fancy the French would suffer a competition injurious to French interests? Egotistic as they may be, our allies are not less mindful of number one.

While such ideas are entertained in some English brains, and the notion of being united to France for other purposes is admitted into some Irish heads, the very opposite idea, that of grand national union, is in actual operation in Italy, and is stirring sober men in Germany.

With the Italians, the time is pregnant with questions as to their complete nationality, future capital, and form of government. In a different sense from that contemplated by the prophet, but in a sense not without spiritual import and significance, "a nation is born in a day." All Italy is raised to independence, with the small exception of Venetia and the seat of the Pope. Of the antiquity of the successor of St. Peter's title to the territory, called the *Patrimonia*

di San Pietro, every one is aware; but the claim of a nation to model its own government is older, as much older as the Seven Hills are than the Seven Sacraments.

In the weakness of the shattered Italian governments lay, of course, part of the strength of the revolutionists, whose course, rapid as it has been, was not so sudden and spontaneous as might seem. One foreign yoke, the Austrian, imposed by treaties, and enforced by an army, was not to be removed but by the military power of the greatest military nation in the world. Of the two last domestic governments, the Neapolitan, the one least based on superstitious right has fallen first, because the other, the Papal, is still upheld by the bayonets of that martial nation. A new Italian political structure would not have risen in harmonious unity, had French swords been permitted to become the creating power, in the place of legitimate possession of a part, and of the general national will. After the army of France had repelled the army of Austria, the sympathies of Teutonic Europe arrayed themselves against Bonapartist pretensions, and the Latin races were left free to amalgamate. When Victor Emmanuel shall see all the once severed States of this peninsula under his sway, his title will be neither conquest, nor legitimacy, nor divine right, nor election by "the sovereign people," but the acts by which each State shall have voluntarily joined itself to his constitutional and honoured government. No federal bond could promise better. If republicanism should show head, this king's hand will be raised to put it down; and it is to be expected that he will not base his title on the mockery of universal suffrage. It will be a sufficiently arduous task to unite all the principalities of the peninsula into a great kingdom, without the additional difficulty of creating a new political constitution. A democratic republic, while it introduced an innovation, and offered a challenge to Europe, would involve, as its first condition, a civil war between the King of Sardinia and its promoters. The republican leaven only affects part of the States of Northern Italy, and, with the neighbouring example of constitutional government

in Piedmont, their people may willingly relinquish their historical antecedents. They certainly are naturally republican. Sovereigns of foreign race have for generations attempted to establish the monarchical system, but it fared no better than an exotic plant in an ungenial soil. The municipal, independent, commercial, monopolizing, infeudal temper is as rife in the trading towns of Italy as in the free Hanseatic cities. Their people are equally incapable of enduring a monarchy, even when constitutional, and of entertaining broad and enlightened views of patriotism. Their national sympathies are restricted to their respective municipalities; their town walls are their boundaries, and their minds do not extend much beyond those limits. When they admitted of a union with a neighbouring city, it was to combine against a third odious to both. Such, also, was the impossibility of union among Irish clans, the walls of whose countries were the river, the forest, the waste, and the sky-line of surrounding mountains. Yet, if the seeds of constitutional government are sufficiently sown in Italy, that mother of freedom may now be embraced by the sons of all Italy, who, indeed, have been attracted by the advantages it has already given to Piedmont.

As to the Pontifical power, the policy of the Vatican and of Pekin are much on a par, except that the Papal power is based on a strong religious superstition. Certain antiquated traditions, tending to resist every thing and change nothing, and a mysticising style of diplomacy, form the sum of political wisdom in the councillors of the Holy Father and of the Brother of the Sun. Papal infallibility must not be assailed in either matters temporal or spiritual, or it will collapse like a balloon. It is upheld by a spirit of despotism in religion and government unbearable by man; and if we judge that government by its fruits, what shall we think of the religion of the men who compose it? In a remarkable book lately published by Trübner, entitled "*Preliminaires de la Question Romaine*," we read that the Romans would gladly hang Pio Nono on the statue of the Immaculate Conception, and would do so if the French went away. The reason given is, "because the Pope is a corpse lying

on the Index, and galvanised by Austria." The so-called "Vicar of Christ," guarded in his city by French sabres, and in his country by foreign mercenaries, and tremblingly hesitating whether to fly away, presents a striking contrast to the patriot chief, who proffers not high pay and plunder to his followers, and who entered the capital of Naples under the muzzles of the frowning guns of royal forts, attended only by his personal staff, proclaiming, by that fact, that he has the nation for his body-guard.

Garibaldi's conduct, in declaring his intention to attack Rome, was either that of a simple man, a subtle one, or of an instrument; at any rate, it had the effect of bringing Piedmontese troops into the Papal dominions, and we conceive this was what Garibaldi desired. So long as the doctrine of Papal Infallibility is upheld, it can, even if confined to one of the Seven Hills of Rome, turn that hill into a volcano. The history of Christendom teems with cases in which the power of the Holy Father has been exerted, not to pacify, but to embroil; and, now that the patrimony of St. Peter is menaced, its possessor will hardly forego making whatever diversion he can to save the temporal interests of the See. Until some government be established in the centre of Italy, which can be maintained without 10,000 French troops to garrison the capital, and 25,000 condottieri to sack insurgent towns, it is in vain to hope for peace. At present the French are holding the Pope in dependency, thus exercising a control that savours of monopolizing his authority in clerical patronage. The Papacy would surely be as safe within Italian custody as within either French or Austrian. Or is the case thus: the nearer it is seen, the less it is liked? If the Italians deem its protectorship an honour, have they not the first title to this office? If it is a duty, would they not discharge it faithfully? At least it is natural that their patriotism and religious feelings chafe at continued interposition, and violation of the independence of their country.

The site of the Popedom is wanted for the Kingdom in Italy. Nothing is sought from the Pontiff but abdication of a temporal power he cannot wield. He might remain in Rome, though surrendering; since it is not

his bishopric, but his kingdom that would be given to another. When the First Napoleon created his son King of Rome he did not abolish the title of Pope, which is attached to Rome by an accident, not necessarily. Italy is no longer a "geographical expression," and Rome ought no longer to be a theological phrase.

During last year all the influence of Piedmont was employed to restrain the enthusiasm of the Pope's subjects for union with the Italian kingdom; and they see in Victor Emmanuel their natural protector against the abnormal military institution which the Romish priesthood recruited in every part of Europe. Though the sentence of excommunication, which was launched against him on professedly political grounds, was not enough to provoke a declaration of hostilities, ultimate war was inevitable. His share in Garibaldi's enterprise may be vindicated on sound principles of Italian patriotism, and a forecasting policy, which, seeing that the Sicilian insurgents should be assisted, knew that a declaration of war against Naples might have defeated the purpose of unity, by dividing the peninsula into two hostile camps. The Neapolitan territory has, in consequence, become annexed to the Piedmontese, not by force of northern arms, but by local adhesion. So no memory of defeat will cloud future provincial vanity. No spirit of revenge finds place in the manly breast of the "King Galantuomo," who resolves, he proclaims, to confer on the Pope "guarantees of independence and security, which his misguided advisers have in vain hoped to obtain for him." Obviously, events now await the proposal and acceptance of these guarantees. The King of Italy *de facto* disavows all intention of interfering with the Bishop of Rome's residence in that city; and reminds him that it was his voice which first summoned the Italians to struggle for independence. Victor Emmanuel's true claim to govern people hitherto under the sovereignty of the Pontiff consists in his capacity, as leader of the Italian revolution, which, if justifiable, justifies his act of invading the Papal dominions. The patriots under Garibaldi's banner would not long brook the foreign mercenaries assembled by Lamoricière; therefore, it was

high time that this popular sovereign should put himself openly at the head of the grand national movement.

The invasion of the ecclesiastical states by Piedmont this year, is but the natural sequence of the invasion of Lombardy by a French army last year, and Victor Emmanuel is as justified in attacking the foreign mercenaries in the one place as Louis Napoleon was in falling upon the Austrians in the other. Whether France will, in this latter war, pick up some *spolia opima*, amid the confusion of revolution, is a minor, yet perilous consideration. In a pamphlet published by the Papal Envoy at Vienna, it is said that the price which France will receive for the Two Sicilies is Genoa, Liguria, and the island of Sardinia. Louis Napoleon's application for a Congress proves, however, the falseness of this accusation. We hear no more of Prince Murat. In the opinion of some persons, however, his pretensions to the throne of Naples will be put forward when the proper time comes; that time being foreseen by those who disbelieve in the possibility of a united Italy, and who think that the federal project of Villa Franca may yet be carried out with certain modifications. If the idea of Italian unity succeeds, Austria will have even more reason to rejoice than England, since the Latin peninsula will in future not pander to, but check the ambition of France. The Emperor of the latter country was in favour of a federal union of Italian states: half a dozen princes were to reign independently, with the Pope at their head—a sort of heptarchy, without an Alfred the Great, or Irish quintarchy, with a clerical "King of Tara." Such divisions are not calculated to keep either Danes, Austrians, or Frenchmen out; and the true idea, that of unity, has absorbed the others, as the true prophet's rod swallowed up the false prophets' snakes.

The real wish of Louis Napoleon is far more likely to have been that which is now being carried out, viz.—that restriction of the Pope to Rome which was shadowed forth in the famous pamphlet, "Napoleon III. et l'Italie." As the national movement developed itself, the Emperor satisfied his scruples as Eldest Son of the Church by defining how much of

Papal temporal property he would defend, thereby plainly leaving the residue to undergo the growing process of absorption. The time came for ridding Italian soil of the foreign legion that was the sole obstacle to Italian unity. Garibaldi's ardour had to be controlled, and it became his sovereign's duty to become master of the momentous position. Nothing was, nor will, it is to be devoutly hoped, be allowed to imperil consolidation of what has been so rapidly acquired for Italy, by plunging her into war with Austria. Should Venetia be separated from her present masters, let it be by less forcible means than the sword.

As for Austria, she is winning good opinions from politicians who, until lately, were exaggerating her faults, and predicting her speedy ruin; and we are glad to think that her foreign, not less than her domestic, policy is disarming her enemies. Of all courts, St. James's owes gratitude to that of Vienna, from the time when the armies of Austria and Prussia stood sentinels over French ambition by land, as the British fleet by sea. Confessedly, the treaties of 1815 confirmed the station of the Austrians in the Latin peninsula as a check upon the French, being in retaliation for General Bonaparte's treaty at Campo Formio; and if the military and police forces they maintained in that country acted severely, much allowance is to be made for the difficulties of their situation. Their repulsion, mainly effected by French power, shows how their status there was understood by Bonaparte's nephew, who, however, does not require similar restraints.

But the continued occupation of Rome by French bayonets is a violation of repeated pledges; and if it should turn out some day to be the cause of a rupture between France and Italy, and of the undoing of that grand work which has been so nearly achieved, the reproach of Italy's failure and misfortune will justly rest upon the ambition of France. On the other hand, the unification of this peninsula under a powerful constitutional monarch, whose interests would naturally lead him towards a commercial and peaceful alliance with England, and to the creation of a strong naval power, will put an end

to the idea of French ascendancy in the Mediterranean.

Will the Germans follow the lead of the Italians in endeavouring to become united? The national Verein, or association for furthering the unity of Germany, had its annual meeting recently, and was not a little agitated by thoughts of late events in Italy, and reflections on the meetings at Baden and Toplitz. Slow and unready, in comparison with Southern, the Teutons cannot be expected to amalgamate politically all in a hurry, nor would it be well that they should; and, moreover, the Verein is an association for advancing German progress by constitutional, and not by revolutionary means. During discussion it was pointed out that Count Persigny's speech, instead of being conciliatory to Germany, contained one of the most forcible and significant threats that had ever been addressed to her, and that a threat especially directed against the Verein. The Count had declared that France was much stronger, possessed of her present frontier, and keeping Germany divided, than if she had the Rhine for a boundary and Germany beyond it united. What was this but a repetition of the argument made use of with regard to Savoy, when the Emperor said, "I do not want Savoy unless Italy becomes a nation." How, it was asked, was it possible for a French statesman to make a more decided declaration of hostility to German progress? But Germany is not Italy, nor do the solid Germans much resemble the hot and hasty sons of the south. In peace they do well, and, if attacked, the world would see considerable solidarity among them.

There is no parallel between their government and the tyrannical, corrupt, and rotten States which have crumbled at the approach of Garibaldi. Now that the catastrophe has occurred, we see more clearly what the power was that propped up those unpopular governments, which were not supported by their own subjects, and could not repose with confidence even on their own soldiers, but relied for protection on Austria; and when Austria was prevented from continuing the old support, they fell almost of themselves. Yet the hour and the man were needful, and his

achievement reads like an exploit in old romance, or as a miracle in Holy Writ, when, at the voice of one, ten thousand fled. Perhaps the present instance offers as full a case as any in history, of the wonder-working personal influence of a single man, and serves to explain hero-worship in the dark ages, when a leader was what was most wanted, and when courage and decision stood in place of political theories and elaborate constitutions.

The present situation and future prospects of Austria form one of the most momentous subjects on which the attention of Europe can be fixed. During the present century she has acted as the keystone of the arch which supports the existing state of things in Europe, while it totters under the weight. Happily, she has lately given signs of regeneration in her domestic policy. The film of the antiquated traditions of Divine right and despotism fell first from the eyes of the people, then from those of the least bigoted and least exclusive section of the aristocracy, and at last some lights of political truth are seen by the Emperor's cabinet ministers. There is visible the canker which eats away the heart of despotism—financial deficiency, common alike to the governments of Rome, Russia, Turkey, and Austria. The Austrian *Reichs-rath*, or "Kingdom's Council," took great liberties of speech, and there was an outburst of uncontrollable feeling on behalf of local self-government. It is a novelty in Vienna to have any thing in the shape of a parliament. Appreciation of the value of this sort of institution is spreading, and it is refreshing and rejoicing to read in the Turin newspapers, "the King and the Parliament," coupled together as forming the supreme authority of the State. The establishment, by the Emperor of Austria, of a body well calculated to counsel him wisely for the present, and form the germ of an efficient legislative and financial council for the future, is one of the best signs of this year, which has witnessed the fall of non-constitutional dynasties, and seen the vigorous growth of constitutional principles. The Austrian people are sufficiently parcel of the Teutonic family—a race distinguished for being governed by national councils—to

give hope that the members of their *Reichs-rath* possess the qualifications requisite for discharging the functions with which they are intrusted; and the importance this body has already assumed is a proof it was greatly needed. The grand part taken by that empire in continental politics, in opposition to the ambition of the French empire, entitles her to our fullest sympathy in her present endeavour to satisfy and consolidate the mixed nations under her rule. She is now labouring under two vital questions—one federal, the other financial; and since, if these are not speedily and thoroughly settled, her vessel of state may become a wreck, she might do well to lighten herself in matters of inferior moment—as by throwing overboard the detested concordat with Rome, and perhaps her Italian *Jonah*, or sure raiser of a storm, *Venetia*.

Switzerland, which, if in the hands of the French, would be the key to Southern Europe, is, undoubtedly, menaced through Savoy. The imperial ordonnance for the creation of a port at Thonon, and his Imperial Majesty's late excursion, *à titre de maître*, on the Lake of Geneva, are part of the fruits of the Italian campaign. The heroic people of Switzerland may well feel indignant and anxious. One of her statesmen, in a speech commenting on her situation, recently observed:—

"Switzerland is perfectly right in viewing her military institutions in a serious light, for no State can really be independent if it has not a sufficient military force. Being surrounded by powerful States, and possessing roads that lead to the very hearts of those States, she is constantly exposed to be implicated in their conflicts; and her neutrality would not exist if she were not in a position to command respect."

The well-known lame excuse for the act of aggrandizement by taking Savoy was repeated the other day by the Emperor at Bordeaux, in few words. Disclaiming the idea of coveting the Rhine as a "natural boundary," or "strategic frontier," he declared that "France could not renounce her Alpine frontiers, seeing that a great Italian kingdom had been constituted." How applicable his theory and practice are to the case of the Rhine? More than this, the

war-movement of 1859 appeared to the oldest of our statesmen like a repetition of Bonaparte's outbreak in 1792; and such a recommencement of the shifting of old landmarks was quite enough to lead to the revival of continental alliances, and to bring British political isolation into disrepute abroad and at home.

Whatever uneasiness is felt in England can be traced directly or indirectly to the conduct of the Emperor of the French. He has the dogs of war in a slip, and has shown how silent he could be until his time came for slipping them. When he spoke—it was as in mystic, oracular phrase—of “going to war for an idea,” applicable to other causes than the one he took in hand. When despatching troops to Syria he indulged in boasts about the mission of the French arms; and even his satraps echo similar sentiments in turning an ingenious compliment to him—“When Europe affects to be afraid of the power of your armies, she really fears much more the sympathy which you have brought forth among peoples.” *Flectere si nequeo, Acheronta movebo*, once the motto of the First Bonaparte, still enters somewhat too much into the family policy. Yet, with the inconsistency of our Irish malcontents, while, on one hand, undermining some powers, the Emperor supports, on the other, a power, that of the Sovereign Pontiff, whose subjects are, of all others, the least loyally inclined. But for the attitude which he maintains in the States of the Church, the Italian Question would soon cease to give England any anxiety. Possession of Rome is the key-stone wanting to complete the newly-built arch of Italian unity.

The grand question of what should be the policy of England in regard to France was studied by one of our greatest statesmen, Edmund Burke, and set forth, towards the close of his laborious public life, in 1792. To his sound teaching on this most important point in our foreign politics, the experience acquired by the subsequent great war is to be added. To the English, who, of all people, are guided by precedents, history should be no Cassandra.

“The standing policy of England,” wrote Burke, “has ever been to watch over the external proceedings of France,

whatever form the interior government of that country might take; and to prevent the extension of its dominion, or its ruling influence over other States.”

If some Englishmen are now blind to this national political tradition, few Frenchmen are. The First Napoleon struggled long, both by his *lutte sourde* in peace and *lutte vive* in war, to overthrow the giant power that overshadowed and dwarfed his. It was no mistaken graphic metaphor that represented him like Gulliver in the hand of the Brobdignag King, George III. To this day the Court of St. James's stands like a sentinel over the Tuileries, and watches the politics of that palace as a detective-policeman regards a suspicious-looking, “annexing,” or would-be annexing, “rough”—opposing her mighty force, arising from love of law and order, to the other's lax principles. The sense of this attitude on the part of England is as old in the mind of the French as their memory of the defeats they sustained at the hands of Marlborough. Whence does the wonderful, undying popularity of their song of *Malbrook* proceed, but from their traditional rejoicing in the fact it celebrates, namely, the death of that victorious English general? Popular pictures are, equally with songs, indexes of vulgar ideas, and of these we have before us a flaunting, coloured print of the taking of Algiers—“*dans le nez*,” as it says—under the noses “*des Anglais*.” Algeria was doomed to be annexed in despite of our men-of-war, and we believe, our statesmen were glad France found there an outlet which has served to divert her forces from aggrandizing her in Europe.

Edmund Burke continues:—

“By a change effected in about three weeks, France has been able to penetrate into the heart of Germany; to make an absolute conquest of Savoy; to menace an immediate invasion of the Netherlands; and to awe and overbear the whole Helvetic body, which is in a most perilous condition. . . . Circumstances have enabled France to do all this by land; on the other element she must exert herself. . . . Her navy gives law to the Mediterranean. . . . She proposes the ravage of the Ecclesiastical States and the pillage of Rome as her first object; next she means to bombard Naples; to awe, to humble, and thus to command all Italy. . . .

France has but too much life in it. The very vices of the French system at home tend to give force to foreign exertions. . . . Thus, without law or government of her own, France gives law to all the governments in Europe. . . . There never was, nor is, nor ever will be, nor ever can be, the least rational hope of making an impression on France by any continental Powers if England is not a part, is not the soul of the whole confederacy against it. . . . This, so far as it is anticipation of the future, is grounded on the whole tenour of former history. On speculation it is to be accounted for on two plain principles—first, because Great Britain is likely to take a more fair and equal part in the alliance than the other Powers, as having less of crossing interest or perplexed discussion with any of them; secondly, because France cannot have to deal with any of these continental sovereigns without their feeling that nation, as a maritime Power, greatly inferior to them all put together—a force which is only to be kept in check by England. . . . England, except during the eccentric aberration of Charles II., has always considered it as her duty and interest to take her place in such a confederacy. Her chief disputes must ever be with France; and if England shows herself indifferent and unconcerned when these Powers are combined against the enterprises of France, she is to look with certainty for the same indifference on the part of those Powers when she may be at war with that nation. This will lead totally to disconnect this kingdom from the system of Europe, in which, if she ought not rashly to meddle, she ought never wholly to withdraw herself from it."

Oliver Cromwell, a decided commonwealths-man, was military enough to sustain the honour of the English flag in foreign parts. But let us turn gradually from politics abroad to home matters, noticing, *en passant*, late signs in France of the acceptance of the Prince Imperial as heir to the throne.

The ukase called the French Constitution, pronounces the French despotism hereditary; and the Emperor, who assumes a half divine, half popular title, viz., *par la grace de Dieu et la volonté nationale*, and who rests in it, in common parlance, on "the sovereignty of the people," claims a sort of divine power of the future, when promising that under "his dynasty" France shall never degenerate. There is probably nothing he is more bent on,

than on converting his elective office into an hereditary one, and indeed, this desire constitutes the best guarantee for conduct he can give, since he manifestly will not rashly risk the hostage he has given to fortune in the shape of the son whom he hopes is his heir.

While union is progressing in Italy, some unreflecting leaders of the separatist faction in this country have been taking a step, showing their wish that Ireland should become a province of France—for those who reflect see it would be only on the condition, that this island could expect to wrest herself from England and remain separate. Of what character French military despotism would be in a country so conquered (if it could be conquered), we may conceive from its aspect at home, which is weak and mild in comparison with what it must necessarily be in a land so acquired and held. Suppose the annexation effected, what would be the gain to the Irish party? Do the wild gentlemen, who went hence to visit the camp at Chalons the other day, imagine that a French satrap in Dublin would allow a freer Parliament to be held here than in Paris? Would they like a centralization of government, of which the offices would inevitably be filled by Frenchmen; or do they fancy that they, and not their "deliverers," would reap all the broad acres confiscated from men who would refuse to be subject to the Emperor's Marshal? Ireland a French province! Forbid it heaven, and the million of swords which might well be drawn to forbid it! On one point, quite a trivial one, we cannot applaud our poetic countryman who wrote the address to the Marshal, and had to carry his patriotic historic sentiment back so far as 1039, to find an Irish victory to brag of. What a long time to go back to look for fame! At this day, when men deprecate reverting antagonistically to the days of William of Orange, nothing served this writer's turn but a struggle with some Dublin Danes eight centuries ago. During the seven hundred years that the English have held possession in Ireland, did they suffer no reverse signal enough to be quoted? If not, as this silence admits, what a strong argument in their favour; not to speak of their length of possession, which is double that which a precedent in the Old Testament as-

signs as sufficiently valid. Yet perhaps the Canaanitish and French revolutionists' view of long possession is also the Irish one, as, when a French proprietor produced, before a revolutionary tribunal, proofs of ownership during three centuries, the decision of the court was, that his family had enjoyed the land long enough! But before such measures could be taken here, swords would have to be measured.

The mission of "oppressed Ireland" to the Camp at Chalons, would form a fair precedent for a mission from oppressed France to the courts of law and legislature in Westminster. At any rate, French Protestants of the present day might just as reasonably send a deputation to the chief men representing the Huguenots whom the revocation of the Edict of Nantes exiled to British and Irish shores. When, at the battle of the Boyne, the regiment formed of those Protestant exiles came in sight of the battalions commanded by St. Ruth—"Voilà, mes-sieurs!" cried their colonel, "*voilà vos persécuteurs!*" There has been no monopoly of persecution, either on the Protestant or the Roman side; but we hold the Irishman unwise, to say the least, who would take a sword at this time of day and whet it on the grindstone of historic antipathies, with the idea of serving his country. There is nothing to be obtained that needs the sword to obtain it. Freedom and fair play from France, quotha! Pardon! the notion is only fit for men who sustain our old national character as blunderers. By all means, let the deputation to Marshal Mac Mahon be parodied, yet with tenfold better reason, by a committee of French gentlemen, who shall wait on our Latouches, Lefroys, Lefevres, and Romillys, and ask on behalf of oppressed France—since England honours these aliens by creating Lefevre, Lord Eversley, for his services as Speaker of her House of Commons—that the Paris Senate and House of Representatives be rendered free, and, since Romilly is made a Marshal-at-Law, that he give better liberties to France than her civil code imparts.

It is not easy to keep the patience we must keep, with those of our countrymen who fail to appreciate what every enlightened people are acknowledging more and more every

year, the superiority of the British laws and constitution.

The monarchical principle in England, occupying a mean between absolutism in France and want of government in the United States, illustrates the valuable maxim, *medio tatissimus ibis*, a dogma never more importantly demonstrated than in the working of our limited monarchy, which mingles, in admirable harmony, the rights and duties both of the sovereign and the people. Hence, our form of government is regarded, at Petersburg and Washington, as a political heresy, contrasted with despotism and democracy. Yet Great Britain can, by means of her constitution, not only effect moderate domestic reforms, but act as mediator abroad. Like a daysman, she lays her hand on the tyranny both of monarchs and mobs, and prevents them from tearing each other to pieces. She displeases the violent on either side, for she is opposed to them; but, working without fear, and from a sense of duty, she can disregard ingratitude, yet rejoice when her good services are felt and acknowledged. What is it to her if republicans think evil of royalty, democrats of aristocracy, and aristocrats of democracy, when she enjoys the advantage of uniting these three forms of government in one? From anointed autocrats to unwashed socialists, all may, if they please, learn from her. The illiberal aristocrats of Austria have lately taken an admirable lesson, in forming the germ of one of those parliaments which offer the best promise for representing and satisfying, so far as possible, the public mind. Divine right and feudalism, in their objectionable forms, fell in England with Charles I. Representative reform has recently regenerated the least liberal of our aristocracy. The history of English liberty has been well defined to be "the breaking down of the exclusiveness, the reunion of the members, and the liberalizing the opinions," of a powerful territorial aristocracy. The most successful experiment in self-government that the world has seen was worked out by carefully eschewing any violent innovations, and by moulding existing institutions to the exigencies of the time. From the Crown sprang the House of Peers, from this house

sprang the House of Commons, and from all three our present prosperity and happiness. Political writers have insisted very little on the broad fact which experience teaches us,—that a liberalized aristocracy is the surest guarantee of freedom. This result accommodated itself to no favourite theory, and the favourite practice

being, very properly, to call continually for progressive liberality, the illiberal side of our aristocracy has been most frequently held up to view. But, as that result has truth to recommend it, it is destined to be more willingly accepted by the great European community.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

A TALE OF THE CIVIL WARS.—IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

OLD FRIENDS AND NEW FOES.

ON the southern verge of Gloucestershire, about six miles from the city of Bath, lies a little village. Small as it is, it boasts a large rambling manor-house, a true Elizabethan building, with its ground-plan in the form of the letter E, and with the usual characteristics of tall twisted chimneys, innumerable gables, and mullioned windows.

The approach to the house from the village road is through a massive stone gateway, sculptured with armorial bearings. A paved path, with lawns on either side, and beds of strange old-fashioned flowers, leads to a terrace, shaded at each end with trees: passing up a few more steps, through a stone porch, with a ponderous carved oak door, you enter the panelled hall, from which branch off winding passages leading to the various apartments of the mansion.

If you, my reader, had been in the flesh on the morning of Thursday, the 29th of June, in the year of our Lord 1643, you might have seen in the parlour of this manor-house a lady, sitting in a high-backed chair near the bow-window, bent in deep attention over a book which she held in her hand, for her household duties were performed for the day.

She is about four or five and twenty; no pale, languid beauty, for a bright colour blooms in her cheeks, and vigorous health and energy animate her frame. Stately in person,

a proud yet sweet expression plays upon her noble face; a mouth firm, decided, rather austere, yet sometimes softened by the gentlest of smiles; grey eyes, now full of grave, earnest thought, now flashing with vivid fire; a broad, massive forehead, crowned with bright golden hair, which falls in sunny waves and curls upon her Vand Dyked lace collar, and on the dark blue velvet cushions of the carved oak chair.

A table by her side is strewn with books, and lying carelessly heaped one upon another are volumes some of which, to an antiquary of the present day, would be worth their weight in gold. Pamphlets, political and theological, of the most opposite opinions, repose peacefully side by side: furious High Church essays on the duty of passive obedience, and Puritan tracts which openly advocate republicanism; Jeremy Taylor's "Episcopacy Asserted," and the bitterest attacks upon the Church; with *Diurnals*, *Mercuries*, *Intelligencers*, and other newspapers of the time, containing full, true, and particular accounts of recent battles and sieges in "Happy" England. Besides all these, which seem to indicate that this house is divided against itself, there are other books of a different and more peaceful nature, such as Quarles' "Enchiridion" and his "Divine Emblems;" Herbert's poems; several volumes of sermons by divines of the Church of England, and a large

Book of Common Prayer, magnificently bound.

The lady looks up with a smile ; for all at once the door is thrown wide open, and a young man enters, singing at the top of his very fine voice,

"Ring the bells backwards: I am all on fire,
Not all the buckets in a country quire
Shall quench my rage."

"Come hither, Harry. How handsome you look!" said the lady, regarding him with affectionate admiration.

There was between these two—the man and the woman—a certain likeness, enough perhaps to proclaim them brother and sister ; and yet there was also a great difference, indicating diversity of character. Their features were similar in their clear-cut beautiful form ; but Harry's face had not his sister's look of intense earnestness and strong resolution : his eyes were brilliant, but with mirth and fun ; and not like hers, lighted up with a fervent glow of enthusiasm. His complexion was fair, and his hair auburn ; his figure tall, but slight and boyish ; and altogether he looked several years younger than his sister. In fact, though he would have been mortally offended had you called him so—for he had attained the mature age of two-and-twenty—he was but a boy.

Harry and Courtenay North were orphans, their father and mother having both died some years before. They were all in all to each other ; and a childish vow that they had made that they would neither of them marry, but always live together in the old manor-house where they were born, had never been revoked.

Harry was splendidly dressed in the height of the picturesque fashion of the day, and looked an out-and-out cavalier : with his long, flowing hair, his moustache with its wicked up-turned twist, his plumed hat, and the gay gold embroidery on his buff coat, and his sword-belt. Courtenay, at her brother's request, had entered into an elaborate criticism of the various details of his attire, from the white feather in his grey beaver to the lawn ruffles on his boot-tops ; when just as she had finished admiring his glittering steel cuirass, she stooped short as she took in her hand the fringed end of an orange satin scarf, suddenly re-

membering why the cuirass and the sword by his side were worn.

"O, Harry!" she exclaimed, imploringly, "this spoils all—this symbol of treason and rebellion ! Once more I beseech you, if you love me, consider before you draw that sword against your King!"

"My dear Courtenay," replied the young man, half in jest and half in earnest, "'tis too late. As one of your own poets hath said,

'I could not love thee, dear, so much
Loved I not honour more :'

I am bound in honour now to join these 'wicked rebels,' or as my godly friends would say, 'having put my hand to the plough, I must not look back.'"

"I wish that you had never gone to London, and so had your mind perverted and corrupted."

"Verily, I bless the Lord that He hath opened mine eyes," replied Harry, "and shown me the iniquity of my former ways, and what a besotted fool I was before I fell in with those glorious Parliament men. Yes, this sword, Mistress Courtenay, will deprive Charles Stuart of many a follower before it is sheathed for good, you may depend on it."

From these few words it may be seen that Harry North was not such a Cavalier as he looked, and that Courtenay was enthusiastically—her brother said fanatically—attached to the cause of the King. Till within the last year Harry had paid but little attention to politics ; but during a visit to the metropolis, he had become acquainted with some members of Parliament, who professing ultra republican views, and yet not being strict Puritans enough to offend his deep-rooted prejudices, had, with very little difficulty, induced him to agree with them heart and soul ; and he had come home from London, a red-hot republican, to the intense grief of his sister, who had earnestly laboured to change his opinions, but all in vain ; and Harry having procured a commission as captain in Sir William Waller's army—at present quartered in Bath—he was that morning about to proceed to the city to see his colonel.

Courtenay said but little more—she felt that it was indeed too late ; she knew that though Harry was easily

swayed in lesser matters, in this he was inflexible, owing to his having imbibed an intense feeling of personal dislike to the King (a feeling, by the way, by no means common among the Puritans, at any rate not at this early stage of the war); and now she could only hope and pray, that one day he might repent of having fought against his sovereign, and make glorious amends for his rebellion.

After a few moments' silence, Harry again spoke:

"John Atherton is coming here at noon, and we are going to ride down together to Bath and see Colonel Sydney."

"What sort of man is Colonel Sydney?"

"Why, he is just what you malignants would call a bloodthirsty fanatic. To speak more particularly, he is a man that would do the cruelest deed, and think it a pious work; and who, I have heard, is apt to quote after a battle, the text, 'Cursed be he that keepeth back his sword from blood,' and so forth."

"Can you uphold such a man?" asked Courtenay, indignantly.

"Faith, I don't uphold him; he is a brave man, and a good officer, and hates Charles Stuart worse than the devil; and that is enough for me."

Having thus delivered his opinion on what were the necessary qualifications of a Puritan colonel, Harry turned away, and looked out of the window, whistling an air, till Courtenay suddenly said—

"I had quite forgotten to tell you, I had a letter this morning from Cousin Wallingford, wherein she prays me to come and stay with her a while."

"Here is John Atherton!" exclaimed Harry, as the sound of the church clock striking twelve was drowned in the noise of horses' feet in the road. "Here is John Atherton. Just like him, punctual to a moment; and with him Lionel, as I live! I did not ask him to come! Now it seems to me, Lionel has been here very often of late, and he talks to you, and affects your company much withal. Is our old agreement going to be broken? I shrewdly suspect our worthy friend. And, yet, in truth, if you must leave me, there is no one I would sooner choose for my brother."

Courtenay did not blush, or look foolish; but answered rather haugh-

tily, "Sir Lionel knows me too well, to think that I should ever become his wife, or the wife of any one else; if that is what you mean. You know me too well, Harry," she added, with a sudden change of tone, "to think that I should ever leave you."

"Hush! here he comes."

And with that entered Sir Lionel and his brother, Mr., or rather Major, for that was the rank he held in the Parliamentary army—John Atherton.

It was difficult to believe that Sir Lionel was the elder; for his fair hair, and the gentle, tranquil, expression of his soft blue eyes, and, indeed, of his whole countenance, gave him a more youthful appearance than the taller, darker, John, whose grave, and somewhat commanding manners, and a look of settled melancholy on his fine and intellectual, but pale and careworn, face, and in his deeply-sunken eyes, caused him frequently to be supposed at least ten years older than his real age, of five-and-twenty.

He had indeed had cause for sorrow. The peace of his home had been destroyed with the peace of his country. Scarcely nine months had passed since Sir Walter Atherton, a stern, tyrannical man, and a zealous partisan of the King's, turned John, his Puritan son, with a curse, from his door; bidding him never darken it again. And shortly after the old man died, without expressing any desire for reconciliation, and without any word or token of forgiveness. Nor was this all. John had been on the point of marriage with a young lady, to whom he had been long attached; but after he had taken the side of Parliament, her parents broke off the engagement, and she was now about to become the wife of another man. The young Puritan bore his heavy trials with courage; for he had espoused the popular cause earnestly and conscientiously, firmly believing it to be the cause of God.

From troubles such as these Sir Lionel had been exempt; he was as honestly and devoutly a Churchman and a Royalist, as his brother was a Puritan and a Republican. The only persecution to which he had been subject was that of ridicule, which he had plentifully received from some of the members of his own party. With these persons, greatly to his annoyance, he had been compelled to

become acquainted for political reasons; and they were always taunting him with his Puritanism; for a man, thought they, who would not swear, nor drink immoderately, who loved liberty as well as loyalty, and who revered in religion something more than the mere name of the Church of England, could be no good Cavalier. Reflections such as these, he bore with his usual placid good-humour, calmly conscious of his faithfulness to his cause.

Certainly never was any one so misnamed. With the exception of courage, a quality he possessed morally as well as physically in a great degree, there was very little of the lion in the quiet, pacific, equable-tempered young man. And yet, though his sweet and gentle disposition won for him the love of all, he had such rigid views of truth and honour, so stern a hatred of all impiety and vice, that he was not loved more than he was feared.

His younger brother inherited all the fiery impetuosity that characterized their race; strong passions, subdued, but not destroyed, by his numerous sorrows, often broke through the austerity of manner which his opinions had led him naturally to assume. He was more visionary than the sober, practical Lionel; more enthusiastic, though not more sincere, in his devotion to his principles; but he resembled his brother in his deep conscientiousness, in his supreme unselfishness, and in his spotless integrity of life. Each earnestly strove to do his duty; Lionel, notwithstanding any consequences to himself; John, notwithstanding any consequences to himself, or to others also. They were both true lovers of civil and religious liberty; though they entirely differed as to the rightful manner in which the glorious cause of truth and freedom might be served. Discussions, of course, there had been between them, which had had the usual effect of strengthening each in his own opinions; though not that of embittering each against the other. Of late they had grown wiser; and seeing the utter uselessness of controversy, each had contented himself with an occasional expression of pious horror, when any enormity of the opposing party came under his notice; and had let his brother go on undisturbed in

his chosen course. Their strong attachment to one another had not been shaken by their conflicting principles; and each loved and respected the other, as a noble-hearted but deeply-erring man.

Immediately after his last interview with Sir Walter, John engaged in the army of the Parliament. He was present in several battles; and everywhere acquitted himself honourably, gaining credit as a brave and wise officer. As he held a post under Sir William Waller, he was now able, for the first time since his father's death, to visit his old home, of which his brother was become the master. The family mansion of the Athertons was a large house, with a park attached, near the little town of Marshfield, and about two miles from the Norths' residence. With Lionel John spent all the leisure time he had; and they were the same frank, familiar, companions as in those days when Cavalier and Roundhead were names unknown. The Puritan had many deeds of his soldier-life to relate, which were heard by his brother with mingled feelings of horror at their cause, and of admiration of their heroism.

Lionel, as yet, had served the king by his pen only, and not by his sword; however, he was engaged in raising a troop of horse, at the head of which, he hoped shortly to take his place in the Royal army.

As a large landowner in the county, and as a man of the highest moral character, he had gained a standing and influence hardly to be expected from his years, which numbered only seven and twenty. People wondered that a young baronet, like Sir Lionel Atherton, prepossessing, if not handsome, with a good fortune, and many noble qualities, was still a bachelor. When rallied upon the subject, and advised to take a wife, he always answered, with a smile and a sigh, that he expected ever to remain single; then his questioners would darkly hint "unrequited affection;" but the reason of this unaccountable conduct, if reason there were, he kept entirely secret.

It was, moreover, a matter of surprise with many, that Lionel should have chosen for his intimate friend Harry North; a man whose nature and disposition seemed in so many points utterly diverse from his own.

But, as Lionel knew well, underneath all the folly and levity which floated on the surface of Harry's character, rolled a clear deep stream of truth and honour. And a certain fascination in his manner and personal appearance, joined with a never-ceasing flow of spirits, and a really kind and affectionate heart, made Harry a universal favourite.

The Athertons were welcomed by the Norths with all the warmth and familiarity of an old established friendship; but it was evident Sir Lionel was the favourite with both brother and sister. With manners, if quiet, yet easy and genial, he was much more agreeable in society than the stern and unbending John. Opposition had taught the latter to assume, in his earnest desire of advocating the truth, a somewhat harsh and dogmatic manner in dealing with any one (Lionel always excepted) with whom he differed. John and Courtenay highly respected and esteemed each other; but their respective brothers were the only opponents to whom either would be disposed to show very much toleration. As for Harry, he thought Major Atherton a good fellow—but spoilt by his fanaticism; and was regarded by him in return, as a rather vain and light-minded young man, who did, by no means, credit to his cause.

Captain North, who liked nothing better than "chaffing" a Puritan, except "chaffing" a Royalist, had now the difficult task of so shaping his conversation as to annoy both. He began with the Cavalier: "Lionel, your parson at Marshfield will have our Commissioners after him before long, if I mistake not. I hear he hath been seen in a tavern very often of late."

"Yes, and why?" replied Sir Lionel, with, for him, unusual sharpness of tone; but, as Harry knew very well, this was a sore subject. "He went there to see if he could not reclaim some of his wandering flock; telling them they could serve the King better by fighting for him than by drinking to him. However, if he be sequestered, I shall know well enough the reason—he hath been preaching loyalty and obedience;" he continued, in reply to Courtenay's inquiring look, "and hath been expounding the thirteenth chapter of the Romans; and that is a part

of the Bible that doth not suit the Roundheads."

"Prithee, Lionel," retorted Harry, "is there not a part of the Prayer-book that doth not suit the malignants? Dost thou not find it somewhat inconvenient to pray for the welfare of the High Court of Parliament at this time assembled?"

"Truly, Harry," answered Lionel, with a quiet smile, "are we not commanded to pray for them that spitefully use us, and persecute us?"

"For goodness' sake," asked Harry, turning to John, as he found, as usual, Lionel was too much for him, "why hast thou clothed thyself in such a beggarly fashion? What in the world has become of the plume in thy hat, and thy lace collar, and the broiery on thy coat, and why hast thou donned that hideous sword-belt, and still more hideous sword? Why canst thou not dress thyself like a gentleman, as thou art?"

"I have told you before, that I hold it neither becoming us as men, or as Christians, to deck ourselves in gold, silver, or costly array; but as becometh those professing godliness, with good works. And think you it is meet for poor, sinful, mortals, who are but dust and ashes, and more particularly we, whose lives stand in jeopardy every hour, and whose liberties are in danger of being taken from us; think you, Harry North, it is meet for us to spend time and money in that which is but vanity, and in things which minister unto the flesh?"

"Because we are ashes, therefore, we must wear sackcloth. Sackcloth and ashes! That is just the way with you gloomy ones. Faith, I take life easier than you; I see no piety in making myself miserable, or wearing clothes unseemly for a gentleman."

"Nor, verily, do I," replied John. "But what I would say is, that we who have a great and serious work to do in the world, and who have to break our dearest earthly ties for the sake of our country and the Gospel—our foes being of our own household, it behoveth us to watch and to be sober, to be serious and prayerful, and to give up those amusements, which, it may be, are harmless and innocent in happier times. Can we be light-hearted and jovial, when England is sore afflicted? when the blood of our brethren, slain in the righteous

cause, crieth to heaven for vengeance upon our oppressors?"

"I often speak somewhat in this manner," said Sir Lionel, addressing Courtenay, "to those who honour the King more than they fear God, and who bring reproach upon our glorious cause by their follies and vices; thinking that because the Roundheads are grave and strict, therefore, they would show their loyalty best by their licence, and their dislike of rebellion, by their dislike of religion."

"If I were on your side, Lionel," said Harry, "I should look grave enough; I should be miserable to think what a confounded fool I was, to risk life and fortune; and all because the man, Charles Stuart, should be king. And such a king! mean, treacherous, hypocrite!"

"Harry," cried Courtenay, passionately, while John looked displeased at his intemperate language, "you are one of those who despise dominion, and who delight in speaking evil of dignities."

"I do not despise dominion. Am I not fighting because I would have a most glorious dominion; the greatest men in the greatest power; and homage paid to genius—not to a golden crown? And methinks, John, we should then have the laugh against the malignants; for see you not how they are always casting in our teeth, that 'the powers that be are ordained of God?' Now powers being many, clearly cannot mean a king, who is but one; but must refer to a house of Parliament, or Commonwealth. What say you to my argument, my worthy Major?"

"Why, to tell you the truth," answered John, "I am nigh wearied of argument. The time has past for arguing for the truth; the time has come to die for it."

"Hum—well, as to truth, how am I to know what is the truth? Every one swears that he is fighting for the truth, and that if any one will be kind enough to give him an opportunity, he will be most happy to become a martyr for it. According to our own showing, we are all of us in the right; and yet half of us want to cut the throats of the other half. And there's Sir Lionel Atherton; to-day, the best friend I have in the world; to-morrow, mayhap he'll run me through with his sword."

"God forbid!" exclaimed Lionel, starting.

"And," continued Harry, not heeding the interruption, "if you go to one godly divine, he'll tell you that bishops' lawn sleeves and all, are *de jure divino*; and that all other clergy but the episcopalian are grievous wolves devouring the flock; and that if you do not humbly and thankfully take all the blows and kicks that your princes and governors are graciously pleased to bestow upon you, you shall receive unto yourself damnation. If you go to another godly divine, he'll tell you that the first godly divine is a priest of Baal; that the Church of England is Antichrist, and the Beast of the Revelations; and the Archbishop of Canterbury the Man of Sin. Moreover, he'll tell you to be so loyal and faithful to the King as to take up arms against him when 'tis for his good; that is, for the King, and against his evil advisers. Now, I call that sheer cant and hypocrisy. If ever I meet in battle that cursed old villain, Charles Stuart—hold your peace there, ye malignants—I shall put a pistol to his head with the greatest pleasure in life."

"The time will come," said John, very solemnly; for he was shocked and disgusted by Harry's levity; "the time will come, when God will show the difference between those who are in deed and in truth on His side and those who do the Devil's work in the Lord's name. And God will exact a heavy reckoning from those who have troubled our Israel. He knoweth those who have brought these miseries upon our bleeding country, and those who have, indeed, used their utmost endeavours for peace, and who really desire the advancement of liberty, and the true Protestant religion. God judge between us, and defend the right!"

"Amen!" said both Lionel and Courtenay, with great earnestness.

"Faith, it seems to me, that we are holding a convective here," yawned the incorrigible Harry.

"And the time will come," continued John, suddenly turning round upon him; "when you, and such as you, Harry North, will have to choose which you will serve."

"I cry you mercy, John Atherton," piteously exclaimed Harry. "What have I done to merit an exhortation?"

I hate the King, and love the Parliament—what would you more? Can I not be on your side, without swearing to all your whims and fancies? Go and preach to those malignants, if you must preach—and, under your favour, we'll now change the subject; you'll find discoursing on the ungodliness of your enemies more profitable than discoursing on the ungodliness of your friends."

Lionel, taking a seat near Courtenay, began turning over the books and pamphlets on the table. "What have we here?" he cried, as he took up a perfectly rabid tract on the duty of passive obedience. "Surely, you like not this!"

"No, indeed," answered Courtenay; "that is Harry's. He delights in getting pamphlets by the most violent writers of either side, and then reading me choice passages therefrom."

Lionel laughed; then turning to

George Herbert's poems, a book far more congenial to his tastes, Courtenay and he were soon deep in criticism and admiration of the same.

The two "Puritans," after talking a little while apart to each other, evidently on business, rose to take their departure. "I suppose, Lionel," said Harry, "it is of no use asking you to come with us, and see how the loyal city of Bath is oppressed and persecuted?"

"I thank you, no; I have no wish to run my head into the lion's den."

"Farewell then to ye, malignants."

Courtenay looked out of the window, and saw her brother run gaily down the steps and mount his horse; while John followed soberly after; and she watched them fairly out of sight.

Lionel looked at Courtenay, as he always did whenever he had an opportunity.

CHAPTER II.

ON HIS MAJESTY'S SERVICE.

"So the die is cast," Lionel said at length; "and Harry is a rebel."

"Even so," replied Courtenay, very sorrowfully.

"In sooth, I cannot understand him; with my knowledge of his character I should certainly have supposed that he would have been on our side; truly, in all but the vital point, he is a cavalier. Maybe, we ought to change places; for some of my graceless acquaintances tell me I am a Puritan at heart, because I am often times sad and cast down. But, in truth, there is cause enough to make the lightest heart heavy; and though, with Harry, I see no piety in being miserable, yet I think there is sufficient reason in being so. We must mourn that our country calls us to draw our swords against our friends and brethren; and that, in our glorious cause we may have to take the life of many a brave and virtuous, but misguided man. 'Tis not enough that we should die; we may be called on to sacrifice lives more precious to us than our own."

During a silence which followed, the remembrance of private troubles and anxieties again pressed heavily upon the mind which had almost begun to forget them; and Lionel added,

in an abstracted manner, "I am in a great perplexity."

"Are you, Sir Lionel?" asked Courtenay. "Can I be of any service; is there aught I can do for you?"

"Indeed, no—I think not—and yet, maybe—well, I will tell you. A gentleman of my acquaintance (who being suspected by the Parliament, cannot have the needful communication with his Majesty's General) is about to intrust me with the care of some most important and valuable papers, relative to a design, of which, I may say only, that it is a matter of great concernment to his Majesty's service; and most terrible consequences would result from its discovery by our enemies. Now, these despatches I am charged to deliver to the Marquis of Hertford himself, at his quarters at Bradford, directly the whole packet is ready, which will be next Saturday morning; or else to find a trustworthy messenger by whom to send them. Well, last night, I had intelligence from Mr. Hungerford, at Hetling House, in Bath, that on Saturday several gentlemen of quality and influence will pass through the city, on their way to Oxford, and that he greatly desires that I would meet them at his house, where they will

halt for a few hours; because my presence is necessary for the prosecution of another scheme concerning his Majesty's service. Now, how to perform both duties, I know not. I cannot take the despatches to the General before I repair to this meeting in the city; for they will not be finished early enough; and I am requested to be with these gentlemen by eleven o'clock. Neither ought I put off going to Bradford till afterwards; for, as I said before, I must deliver these papers as soon as possible after they are ready, and it is needful that they should be in his lordship's hands by noon, at the latest. Yet, I can scarcely refuse going to Hetling House; Mr. Hungerford says that they must have my counsel and opinion on various matters. So, you see what it is to be up to one's eyes in plots and schemes; and to be 'a gentleman of influence,' as they are pleased to call me. Most unhappily, a very trustworthy person, whom I have before employed in such matters, is going to leave this part of the country to-morrow, on business of his own; and no persuasions of mine can induce him to stay over Saturday. Besides him, I know of no one in whom I could sufficiently confide, to send with the despatches to the Marquis. You know not of any one, I suppose, who would be both a skilful and trustworthy messenger?"

"I will go," replied Courtenay, quietly.

"You, Mistress Courtenay!"

"Why not? See, I think it is ordained by Providence that I should be the bearer of your despatches; for this very morning, there was brought me a letter from my cousin, who lives in Wiltshire, asking me to visit her on Saturday; now, I must pass nigh Bradford on my way thither; Harry will suspect nought; for I often go to see her. Let me have your papers, and my life on it, but I will give them into the Lord Marquis's own hands before noon on Saturday.—What, will you not trust me? Where did you learn these suspicions? Have I ever given you cause to doubt my loyalty or prudence? You thought me worthy to be employed last spring to take that letter to your friend at Bristol, when I was going there with Harry; you said that that also was an important matter; you even taught me a ci-

pher, that I might explain it to your friend; and though the letter was after all sent by other hands, you know well enough the only reason for the alteration in the plan was, that Harry wished to put off our journey till another time. Have I done any thing since to forfeit your confidence? These doubts are unworthy alike of you and me, Sir Lionel."

"Nay, in truth, you wrong me, Mistress Courtenay," he answered anxiously. "Could I ever doubt your loyalty or discretion? But when I asked you to take my letter, as you were going to that gentleman's house with your brother, there was no danger in the design; for my friend was then thought by all to be on the side of the Parliament; neither at that time, which is more to the point, had that resolution been passed by the House of Commons, that no woman employed by the king's party as a spy or letter-carrier, should have mercy shown her by reason of her sex; but should meet with death. Could I send you on such a mission, when I know, if it be discovered by the rebels, death—O Mistress Courtenay, I shudder to think of it!—death would be the consequence. Nay, by my honour, you must not go. I should not know a moment's peace until you were returned in safety. How could I reconcile it to my conscience to let you encounter such fearful danger?"

"How could you reconcile it to your conscience if any harm resulted from your neglecting either of your engagements? You cannot plead as an excuse want of a messenger, whilst you have one so ready and willing to do his Majesty a service, however dangerous. And what is my life, that you should be so chary of it? Is it more precious than those which perish day by day, in the cause of loyalty? Who am I, that should stay at home in peace and security, while thousands are suffering and dying in our land for that cause for which I gladly would suffer and die? Do I not love my sovereign and my country as faithfully as they? Why seek to deprive me of one poor opportunity, wherein I may show that devotion which I feel? Long have I mourned, that there is no work for me to do; that I am not counted worthy to suffer persecution; but must pass my days in ignoble ease. O, that I were a

man! I would fight as bravely as any of ye; and as calmly and as cheerfully meet my death. I will take no denial. Sir Lionel, you must see that it is your duty to lay aside your fears as to my safety; and be thankful for a messenger, whose loyalty, I think, you cannot impeach."

Lionel looked at her impassioned face, which glowed with lofty enthusiasm; but was more than ever resolute and determined in its expression; and he felt that, indeed, she would take no denial—for no rock could be more immovable than was Courtenay in the path of duty. She well knew that Lionel could have no other objection than that he had already made to her proposition; and the thought of the attending risk only made her more eager for the undertaking. "It shall never be said that a North shrank from danger," she proudly thought.

"You have the heart of a hero!" Lionel involuntarily exclaimed; then added, in a voice of deep emotion, "I can say no more. I will not displease you by any further mention of the danger you condemn; nor will I repeat what trouble and inquietude I shall suffer while you are away—but I will speak no further of myself; I will only thank you with most fervent gratitude; for you by this render a great service to the king; greater than you have any idea of. You say truly that it is my duty to accept your offer. I cannot indeed lay aside my fears, and forget the danger—but it is my duty; unless, which may heaven grant, I find some one else to take the despatches. But, at present, I see no hope of that."

"Sir Lionel, I have to thank you," said Courtenay gently, the stern look upon her countenance softening into a smile. "I thank you very much; for thus the earnest wish and prayer of my heart will be accomplished. And now," she continued, "let us make our necessary arrangements."

"Before we settle any thing, let me ask you, Mistress Courtenay, whether you think it unlikely, that in these unhappy times, Harry may wish to accompany you himself to your cousin's house, which will, of course, render your journey fruitless?"

"I have thought of that; but, luckily, he is going to Bath on Saturday, and will start soon after day-

break. As he will be on duty, (*duty*, forsooth!) he cannot put off his visit until another day; so we have no reason to fear difficulty from that quarter."

"But Harry may not like your passing through our army's quarters at Bradford, and may wish you, for greater safety, to make a circuit of the place, or to ride by some other road?"

"Most likely he will; so would not the best plan be, to arrange a meeting at some place—some inn—without the town?"

"True," answered Lionel. "Let me consider; there is the inn at the sign of the Crown, on the Bradford road—that would be a good place; you could halt there on the pretence of refreshment, and so on; and I will send this afternoon a letter, to tell the marquis of all our arrangements, by the trustworthy messenger I spoke of. I would go and see his lordship myself, but I have to-day an engagement at the house of the writer of these despatches; where I must stay till Saturday morning, to settle some of our matters. Now, for greater safety, I shall ask his lordship to come and meet you himself at the inn; for, in the first place, you know him well by sight; so there can be no chance of a mistake; and secondly, this design is of so important and particular a nature, that it is of the greatest consequence that none, not even, for a time, his lordship's officers, should know the exact bearing of some of the secret intelligence contained in these papers, or that any such scheme is afoot. The despatches are written in a peculiar cipher, with which the marquis is well acquainted; not in that I generally use; but in the one which I explained to you last spring; a cipher known only to a very few of the king's party. I will bring the packet here on Saturday morning."

"Stay, Sir Lionel," interrupted Courtenay; "I think suspicions might be awakened by your again coming to this house; and though Harry would be away, he would be sure to hear of it on his return; and might then ask me questions, not the easiest to answer. Now, you know my house-keeper—the good old soul—his Majesty hath not a more loyal or trustworthy subject in his dominions—think you not that it would be the

best way to send her to your house to fetch the papers? I can so order matters, that none shall know aught of her being out; and she would die, rather than reveal that she had been on such an errand."

Lionel smiled at the thought of the old housekeeper being engaged in their dark designs; but agreed with Courtenay that it would be the least dangerous method of receiving the despatches; as Harry's curiosity might certainly prove very inconvenient; and Lionel did not wish to incur the captain's violent anger, the certain consequence of his discovery of the plot.

"My feelings towards my friends and relations," said Courtenay, "shall never stand in the way of the duty I owe to my God and my king; yet I would try to save Harry from the vexation and annoyance he would be sure to feel if it ever came to his knowledge that I had been engaged in such an undertaking."

For a little while longer they talked over their arrangements; both knowing that it was their last and only interview, ransacking their minds for every thing that was needful to be said, till Lionel rose at last, and they went out and stood together for a few minutes in the cool, shady, porch.

That afternoon was bright and sunshiny; not too hot, for a soft breeze came scented with hay from the distant fields, and roses and honeysuckles from the garden beneath the terrace; it made the aspens and acacias rustle and quiver. A very lovely picture of woods, and hills, and valleys they might have seen from that great stone porch, had they cared to notice what their eyes unconsciously looked on.

"Well," said Lionel, "on Saturday afternoon I hope to be able to go to Bradford, and hear from the General's own lips the praise of your heroism. But, oh, I cannot think how I shall live till I learn of your safety, and if"——

He stopt short; shuddering with sickening terror at the bare possibility: his face grew deadly white, and he was forced to turn away to hide his tearful eyes and quivering lips.

Courtenay, moved at his evident distress, and knowing nothing but a strong sense of duty could ever

have induced him to let her go, strove in her gentlest tone to reassure him.

"Fear not, Sir Lionel; fear not for me. If they make me prisoner, they do but give me the glory of suffering for conscience sake; and if they take my life, what then? I will say, with Esther of old, if I perish, I perish. For God and my country I shall die!"

"We trust too much, I think," she went on after a pause; "we trust too much that God will always lead us in an easy path, or for ever remove all difficulties from about us; we should rather trust that He will give us strength to stand fast in all the sad changes and chances of this mortal life. We hope too much for a very peaceful way to Heaven, instead of calling to mind that they who would live godly in this world, shall suffer persecution. But let persecution come! yea, 'though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.'"

Lionel clasped Courtenay's hand in his, and looked upon her with deep solemn tenderness. For awhile he could scarcely trust himself to speak; at last, in a low but earnest voice, he said, "The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble; the name of the God of Jacob defend thee."

"Amen," said Courtenay, bowing her head. And so they took farewell.

When Harry came home that evening Courtenay informed him that she intended visiting her cousin on the following Saturday. Harry at first demurred a little, by reason of the unsettled state of the country, and still more because he could not accompany her himself. At length he yielded to her persuasions, and promised to obtain for her a pass, without which travelling in those days was perfectly unsafe. But, unfortunately, Harry, reckless enough in other matters, was only too solicitous for his sister's safety, and swore, or something very like it, that she should not go unless under the protection of a certain pious old corporal who had lived in the village. Courtenay was utterly discomfited at the idea of being accompanied by a Roundhead soldier; however, there was no help for it; the trifling objections she dared to make were all overruled by Harry, and she

was obliged to accept the proposal with as good a grace as possible, for fear of giving rise to suspicions that a visit to her cousin was not the primary object of her journey.

She hoped that now, having more-over given him a promise that she would not ride through the town of Bradford, Harry would raise no more difficulties; but a little while after he suddenly looked up from the book he was reading, and asked, with an expression of keen suspicion in his dark eyes, "Courtenay, what did Lionel Atherton come for to-day?"

"What did he come for? Why, I suppose to pay us a visit, as he often doth. I know not of any other reason," she answered, feeling certain that it was only as an after-thought that Lionel had informed her of his difficulty, yet growing rather hot.

"Well, but prithee, Courtenay, did he not stay here a long while in private conference with you; and was it not on matters of the most important and confidential kind?"

"Private conference!" she exclaimed, horror-struck, flushing scarlet to the roots of her hair, and then

turning ashy pale; "What mean you?"

"Why, if thou wouldst have me speak plainly, hath not Lionel been avowing the state of his heart? Eh, Mistress Courtenay? Nay, come now, confess; I swear by those blushing cheeks it must have been so."

"You foolish boy," replied his sister, with a laugh, set completely at her ease, and too joyful at the relief from her fears to rate him for his presumption; "you foolish boy, if that is what you mean, know, Sir Lionel is far too wise to speak a word of such matters to me. Have I not told you before that I never have thought, nor ever could think, of him otherwise than as a friend? As such I do esteem and honour him—nothing more. You rebel and traitor, you are more to me than the most loyal-hearted cavalier that ever drew a sword for King Charles."

"Mistress, I am highly honoured," said Harry, bowing low; and curiosity and brotherly affection being both satisfied, he returned to his book, which was that pamphlet on passive obedience that had excited Lionel's disgust.

THE CID.

BY PROFESSOR DE VERICOUR.

THE Cid has been the most popular hero in Spain; and the Poem of the Cid is the most ancient monument of the language and literature of that country. There has been a general tendency among dry investigators and historians to disbelieve the existence of those heroes whose deeds are chiefly perpetuated in popular songs and ditties. The existence of the Cid has been contested. During the fifteenth century poets and historians of the Spanish Peninsula expressed their doubts respecting several of the traditions on the subject of the national hero, then current among the people. At the commencement of this century, a learned Spaniard, Masdeu, influenced by the improbabilities and fanciful episodes which he found in an old chronicle of the Cid, published a refutation of it. He came to the con-

clusion that there was nothing certain and well founded on the celebrated Cid, that deserved a place in the history of the nation; and that, after having carefully studied the subject, he must express his belief that nothing positive is known about Rodrigue Diaz the *Campéador*, not even his mere existence, as there were other Castilians of that name, with the same surname.

This absolute negation, not only of some of the fabulous episodes in the history of the popular hero, but of the man himself, met with abundant and indignant refutations; and among these, testimonies resulting from new researches appear irrefragable. For instance, if among the ancient traditions relating to the Cid, some of them are evidently fabulous—created by the popular imagination—others bear

all the characteristics of truth; thus, all that refers to the incidents of the conquest of Valencia is in perfect accordance with the Arabic traditions and chronicles; and it cannot be admitted that two rival nations, would form a ridiculous plot and understand each other in the most minute circumstances, in order to create a fictitious hero, and attribute to him an imaginary policy and imaginary exploits. It is, therefore, we believe, well established in Spain, that the existence of no character in history is more positive and certain than that of the Cid. His real life and adventures only remain to be cleared from the popular exaggerations which followed the romantic epoch during which appeared the great Castilian hero.

This eventful and remarkable phase in the history of Spain is the period when the Christians had conquered part of the territory of the Peninsula from the Arabs: they were in possession of Navarre, Galicia, the Asturias, Leon, Castile, part of Aragon, when Ferdinand the Great was preparing his conquest of Portugal. In the meantime the Arabic ascendancy was declining. The dynasty of the Omayyads came to a close. It had reigned with great splendour for nearly three centuries over Mohammedan Spain. The Khalife Hescham—addicted to poetry and music—plunged into the slumbers of the East, neglecting the most urgent duties of the government. He was deposed. The Arabs, persuaded that the Almighty had withdrawn his protection from the race of Omayyah, rejected the claims of the last descendant of it; and from that day commenced the destruction of the unity which had been the most powerful basis of the ancient Arabic empire of Spain; the central government, with a supreme head, ceased to exist. Gradually all the most important cities, Toledo, Saragossa, Valencia, Seville, formed as many independent states, governed by Cheiks, Emirs, or Governors, under different denominations, which are generally translated in the Spanish chronicles by the title of king. Such a state of things was highly favourable to the conquests of the Christians, whose warfare against the Arabs was, in reality, nothing less than a restoration and a crusade at the same time, of many centuries' duration. This period, therefore, was one of those

moments so frequent in history, when circumstances seem to combine and prepare a field for the activity of a man gifted with a fearless, adventurous genius, thirsting for fortune and glory; and it was at this period appeared the national hero of Spain, Rodríguez Diaz de Bivar, the Cid, the Campéador.

Little is known about the early history of the Cid. The details of his life have been carried off by the stream of time. Even the precise date of his birth has been a subject of controversy. It seems, however, now, that he must have been born in 1030. Nothing certain is known about his family. In the Poem of the Cid, one of his enemies intends to insult him by calling him a miller; but this could not be taken for an historical assertion, it may only be a testimony of his not having been of noble Castilian blood. The most plausible conjecture is, that he belonged to an honourable family of citizens at Burgos. In the *Cronica rimada*, Rodríguez, in a jocose mood, is made to speak of himself as being the son of a merchant. This *Cronica rimada* is a poetical history of the youth of the Cid, discovered among the manuscripts of the Imperial Library in Paris, and published some years ago in Germany by Mr. Francisque Michel, with the assistance of Ferdinand Wolf. It is supposed to have been composed some twenty or thirty years before the great "Poem of the Cid," which relates the last years of the Spanish hero and his death; and, whilst the Poem is a national monument, the *Cronica* is devoid of any historical or literary value. It is a wretched composition, without a shadow of moral sentiment. Its author was no doubt inspired by reading the romances of chivalry of his time, and appears to have collected, without any judgment, or the simplest discrimination, all the stories, legends, and ridiculous anecdotes which were then current on the popular hero, and have thrown them promiscuously together, without any intelligence. Among those legends, however, there are some which have had the privilege of inspiring the genius of great poets, and others which appear very plausible, however magnified by the popular imagination. But if popular traditions are the only documents existing on the youth of the

Cid, those which refer to military facts and expeditions, when corroborated by the chronicles, often of both the Spaniards and the Arabs, may be admitted as well-established events. Thus, we may believe that during one of those perpetual combats and encounters between the Christians and the Arabs of Spain, Rodriguez having restored to liberty the Mohammedan kings, whom he had taken prisoner, received from them the surname of *Cid*, or lord. The word *Campeador*, pre-eminent Champion, became subsequently another surname of the Cid. In the ancient Latin chartas can be found *Campiador*, or *Campiductor*, which seem to be the translation of the old Spanish word; but it is singular that the Cid, in his public acts, generally confined himself to this surname in his signature: Berganza has seen a privilege granted by the Spanish hero to the monastery of Aguilar, which is signed *Campiador*.

Let us, therefore, state the principal historical events of the life of the Cid, which are accepted as authentic, or corroborated by the Spanish and Arabic chronicles. If other personages, his contemporaries, received also the appellation of Cid, as stated by the sceptics, Rodriguez Diaz is the only one who has passed down to posterity with that surname. He obtained it after a great exploit and an act of magnanimity; and, although the details of his previous life are unknown, it is certain that he was already celebrated, when he accompanied King Fernando I. in the conquest of Portugal (1055—1060), where he distinguished himself by his valour. His services to the king must have been remarkable, for, at the death of Fernando I., the Cid was occupying in the State a most important post. This Fernando, at his death (1065), divided his kingdom among his children: to the eldest son, Sancho, he left Castile; to Alonzo, Leon; to Garcia, Galicia and portion of Portugal recently conquered; he bequeathed also an appanage to each of his two daughters, the town of Toro to Elvira, and Zamora to Urraca. Such a subdivision of the sovereignty was in accordance with the ideas and manners of those times, but became the source of deplorable dissensions, similar to those that had taken place a century and

a-half before, at the partition of the great Carolingian empire. The Cid remained in the service of the King of Castile. With the impetuosity, ambition, and thirst for activity that characterized him, it was not probable that he would inspire feelings of moderation in the new king, who was of a violent temper, and brooding over projects of conquests and spoliations.

Soon after his accession, the King of Castile commenced his career of warfare. His first campaign was not against his brothers, but against the King of Navarre; the chronicles are barren on the subject of this first expedition; they merely affirm explicitly that the King of Castile intrusted the royal standard and the command of his army to the Cid. On the following year, Sancho attacked his brother Alonzo, King of Leon, and defeated him at the battle of Llantada, in which the Cid is said to have fought valiantly. The two or three following years were taken up by the aggressions of the King of Castile on his brother Garcia, King of Galicia, whom he dethroned. In 1071 Sancho and Alonzo were again in arms. They came to encamp at the head of their armies, near the village of Golpejara, on the banks of the river Carrion. In a first encounter the Castilians were vanquished, forced to abandon their camp and the field of battle, and to commence a retreat; but during the night of repose, which was to be followed by a continuation of the retreat and, perhaps, a greater defeat and slaughter, the Cid roused the courage of his crest-fallen king, vehemently urged him to attack the enemy in the dead of night, whilst the soldiers, full of confidence after their victory, were tranquilly reposing in the very tents which the Castilians had abandoned on the previous evening, assuring him of a complete victory which would wash away the stain of the retreat. Sancho assented willingly. The army was hastily rallied and silently led on the men of Leon, who, plunged into a profound sleep, were most of them slaughtered. Alonzo, hopeless, sought his safety in flight; he was discovered in a neighbouring church, and sent a prisoner to Burgos. All the Spanish chronicles, with a very few exceptions, relate this episode with the heroic intervention of the Cid.

King Sancho had no sooner taken

possession of the dominions of his two brothers, than he resolved to deprive his sisters of the appanages they had received from their father. Elvira gave up Toro without resistance; but Urraca refused to yield, and the king came to besiege Zamora, which offered a vigorous resistance; he was preparing to storm the city, when a man of that city, wandering unsuspected about the Castilian camp, surprised the king, unguarded and defenceless, and struck him dead with his lance. The Cid was present at this siege, and as usual was conspicuous by his extraordinary feats of arms. One day, in a sally of the Zamorans, he found himself alone against fifteen enemies, whom he struck down or obliged to fly. He beheld the murder of his king at some distance, and rushed in pursuit of the murderer, who escaped, owing to the swiftness of his horse, and re-entered the city. The name of this man, Bellido Dolfos, has been preserved by history, and has become proverbial in Spain.

When Alonzo, the defeated King of Leon, was a prisoner at Burgos, he obtained his life and partial liberty by consenting to enter the monastic life; he was conducted to a convent, took the vows as well as the cowl, and was left as one dead to the world; but he found the means of escaping from the monastery, and took refuge at the Moorish Court of the Emir of Toledo, Almamoun, who had been his ally. The Arabic chronicles expatiate on the munificent and generous hospitality of the Mohammedan Prince to Alonzo, as well as on his affection for his guest. The latter, on the other hand, often fought for him successfully against the Arab chiefs, his neighbours. Nevertheless, there existed among the Arabs of Toledo a secret foreboding that the Christian prince might prove at a future time a dangerous foe, whilst Alonzo could not contemplate without bitterness this beautiful city of Toledo lost to Christendom, nor banish the hope that some day it might be recovered. As soon as Alonzo received a secret intelligence of the death of his brother Sancho, he hastened to return to Leon, where his subjects hailed him again as their king; his brother Garcia, on beholding his former subjects, the Galicians, ready to follow the example of the people of Leon, declared war

against him; Alonzo, as stated by some chroniclers, invited him to an amicable interview, during which he had him treacherously seized and thrown into the dungeons of the Castle of Luna, where he remained the rest of his life. Other chronicles affirm that Garcia was thus taken treacherously by Sancho and thrown into the prison, from which Alonzo had not the generosity to deliver him.

Alonzo, now master of Leon, Galicia, and part of Portugal, was the only prince of the royal family who could pretend to the throne of Castile. The Castilians, although not having a great confidence in him, offered him the crown, but on a somewhat humiliating condition, which was, to swear that he had taken no part, in any way, in the murder of his brother Sancho. Alonzo gave his consent; but what knight would be bold enough to receive such an oath at the hands of his master and sovereign? Here again appears, with a great historical importance, the figure of the Cid; he, the fearless *Campeador*, came forward, demanded proudly the oath, and received it from the lips of the king. Hence, inevitably, the antipathy of Alonzo for his heroic subject—an antipathy which could not always be subdued, despite the latter's merit and great services. It was important for the State that Alonzo should secure the fidelity of his fearless vassal; with that view, he gave him in marriage his own cousin, Ximena (Chimène), daughter of Don Diego, Count of the Asturias. The authentic document of this marriage has been preserved; it took place on the 19th of July, 1074. In all probability, this was a second marriage of the Cid, for, there seems to be no doubt that he lost a son, named Diego Rodriguez, in the battle of Consuegra, in 1083. By this second marriage he had two daughters, who were both married to the Counts Carrion, in 1095. After two years of wedlock, both marriages were annulled, and subsequently, the eldest became the wife of Don Ramiro, who became King of Navarre, and the second married the Prince of Aragon; the latter married a third time, the Count of Barcelona. Several of the great families of Spain are the descendants of the children of the Cid.

A few years after the marriage of the Cid with the cousin of his king,

a separation took place between the wily sovereign and the heroic subject, the cause of which has never been known; none has been assigned to it, excepting a mutual repugnance. The Cid took refuge at Saragossa, where he formed a close alliance with the Moorish Emir, or King, Al-Moutamin. Alliances of every description between the Christians and the Mohammedans were then of frequent occurrence. The King of Aragon and the Count of Barcelona having formed a league to attack the Moorish Prince of Saragossa, the Cid fought with great success the enemies of his ally, (1078); but the details of this campaign have also been lost.

In the meantime, Alonzo was reigning over his extensive dominions; he was formidable to his neighbours, and the Mohammedan chiefs bowed down in awe before his power and ascendancy. Nevertheless, as long as Toledo, the formidable advanced post of Islam—incessantly threatening the Christian territory—remained in the hands of the Mohammedans, it seemed to Alonzo that there was no security for the Crown of Castile. As long as his generous friend, Almamoun, lived, he banished all thought of hostility. When the Emir died, in 1075, leaving his son, yet a child, on the throne, all the scruples and hesitations of Alonzo ceased, although Almamoun had placed, as it were, his son under the protection of the King of Castile. Alonzo having secured the neutrality of the Emir of Seville, invited the Cid to a reconciliation; the latter readily acquiesced; and the Castilians entered the territory of Toledo, burning and plundering indiscriminately, and began in 1078 the siege of Toledo, which lasted seven years, when the Arabs, subdued by famine, surrendered. On the 25th of May, 1085, a glorious day for Christian Spain, Alonzo entered in triumph, in this bulwark of Mohammedan Spain, the ancient metropolis of Gothic Spain, which now became that of Christian Spain, where Alonzo established his residence. History says nothing of the services rendered by the Cid during the siege; the private events, chivalrous episodes, heroic deeds, seem all drowned in the greatness of the event. But it appears evident that the King of Castile received great benefit from the experience and valour of the hero, as, when

Toledo surrendered, the Cid was appointed *Prince of the Toledan Militia*, which was equivalent to governor of the city.

Unfortunately for Christian Spain, a secret animosity never ceased to exist between King Alonzo and the Cid. Frequent ruptures and reconciliations took place between the sovereign and his powerful vassal during the five years that followed the conquest of Toledo. In the year 1090, the fortress of Aledo being menaced by the Almoravides, Alonzo marched at the head of a body of troops to its rescue, after having written to the Cid, inviting him to join the army. The latter replied that he would hasten to obey the summons; but unforeseen circumstances, not clearly stated anywhere, compelled him to forego his promise. Hence, suspicions and resentment arose in the mind of the King; his courtiers, to whom the power, glory, and, perhaps, the scornful hauteur of the hero was obnoxious, roused the rancour of Alonzo. The Counts of Castile formally accused the Cid of treachery; the King hastened to withdraw from his great vassal the lands and castles he had conferred upon him. He even seized his own private property. In vain the Cid endeavoured to justify himself. He was not listened to. The ungrateful Sovereign remained inflexible, and his noble victim was obliged, with a bitter heart, to abandon Christian Spain; but this time he departed, with unfurled banner, at the head of a devoted band of relations, friends, and warriors, resolved to ravage the Mohammedan territory. He bent his way towards the east of Spain, and, in the spring of the year 1091, took Mara, and there established his head-quarters. In the meantime, the Mohammedan Prince, who was Governor of those regions, invited pressing to his assistance, Beranguer, Count of Barcelona, who promised immediate succours, and assembled an army. As soon as the Cid became acquainted with what was taking place, he wrote to the King of Saragossa a letter containing the most bitter sarcasms against Beranguer, begging him to communicate this letter to the Count, which being done, the latter felt deeply wounded, and addressed, in his turn, to the Cid, a reply abounding with insulting menaces. The Cid merely an-

swered that he would wait for him in a locality which he mentioned. The two foes met, followed by their bands; a battle took place, in which the Count of Barcelona was defeated and taken prisoner, with a great number of his followers. A few days after, the Cid restored him to liberty on the promise of a heavy ransom.

Now commences what may justly be denominated the regal position of the Cid. He established his ascendancy in the whole east of Spain. About ten princes of the petty Arab States paid an annual tribute to him, besides Al-Kadir, King of Valencia, who was his friend, and reigned, as it were, under his protection. In 1092, Al-Kadir was murdered by a party favourable to the Almoravides. The Cid swore to avenge his death. He enjoined to all the Governors of the neighbouring castles to provide the necessary provisions that would be required by his troops, and early in the spring of the following year commenced depredatory incursions on the Valencian territory. He spread terror in the whole country, and soon after, advanced under the walls of Valencia. He attacked and took the suburbs, levied heavy contributions, and withdrew, apparently satisfied with the retribution he had inflicted. But, having heard a few months after, that the Valencians had received the Almoravides in their city, he appeared again under their walls with his army. This time he besieged it closely, cut it off from any communication—leaving no possibility of receiving any provisions or succours—and, after eight or nine months, reduced to the last extremity of misery by famine, Valencia surrendered on the 15th June, 1094. Zurita, one of the most celebrated Spanish historians, observes, that the conquest of Valencia was the greatest military exploit ever accomplished in Spain by a man who was not a king. The Cid remained absolute master of Valencia till his death, which took place in 1099. The Arabs of Africa had made various efforts to recover the fair city, which all remained fruitless; they were every time repulsed with immense slaughter. But two years after the death of the hero, his generals were obliged to abandon the city and its territory.

The scanty events of the life of the Cid, which we have related, are those

which are plausibly narrated in the chronicles of Spain, as well as in those of the Arabs, recently ransacked. The Arabic historians mention many anecdotes and episodes which attribute to the Cid several acts of treachery, cruelty, and cupidity. Some of them, for instance, affirm that the successor of Al-Kadir was allowed to withdraw with his life and treasures; but that subsequently the Cid had him seized, imprisoned, and burnt alive, because he was dissatisfied with the amount of the treasure which he forced him to give up. Such acts would deserve the utmost reprobation, even in Spain, and in an age of cruelty and rapine. Still, such imputations, when they emanate solely from a vanquished, humiliated enemy, cannot be accepted as historical facts. It might be observed that these same facts are also related in the celebrated *Cronica General de Alonzo*, belonging to the thirteenth century; but Mr. Dozy, in his admirable recent work on the literary and political history of Spain during the Middle Ages, has clearly proved that all that, in this *Cronica*, relates to the Cid and his conquest of Valencia, is translated verbatim from the Arabic chronicles, and totally devoid of any Spanish authority, whether traditional or historical. No doubt King Alonzo and his partisans accepted gladly whatever was unfavourable to the hero whom they had injured. Mr. Dozy, on the other hand, quotes the judgment of an Arabic historian, writing fifteen years after the conquest of Valencia, who states that the Cid, the scourge of his time, was, by his love of glory, the prudent firmness of his nature, and by his heroic courage, one of the miracles of the Almighty.

Christian Spain has adopted the Cid as the ideal of greatness. The greatest kings of the Peninsula have honoured his memory. All the popular poets of the Middle Ages have exulted in selecting him for the object of their songs and tales. During ages the name of the Cid has been associated in Spain with every thing that is beautiful, great, and pious. The people have created round that name an imaginary world of adventures, unearthly powers, and heavenly virtues. Time has seen the figure of the Cid rise in splendour and influence. He is the hero, the idol of the Spa-

niards, and therefore, even in our own age, not many years ago, when liberal Spain was rousing from the torpor of despotism, the Spaniards, in the hymn of Riego, loved to invoke the name of their hero. They sang: "Tranquil, joyous, valiant, full of audacity, soldiers, let us sing the hymn of battle! Let the earth even be moved by our accents! Let the world recognise in us the children of the Cid!"

We have mentioned the Spanish historian, Masdeu, who denies the historical existence of the Cid. It must further be added, that some of the writers, contemporary of the Cid, the Bishop Pelagius and the monk of Silo, do not even mention his name. On the other hand, the historical fragments testifying the life and deeds of the hero are abundant. Those in the Latin chronicles of Toledo, of Burgos, the *Cronica General de Alonzo*, &c., are irrefragable testimonies, whatever modification may be brought, in their appreciation, after a comparative study, especially with reference to romantic details. We have alluded to the Arabic chronicles and their importance when they corroborate the Spanish narrative, and Conde often quotes them in his celebrated "History of the Arabs of Spain" (1820), on the subject of the Cid, with the intention to give greater weight to the historical importance of the popular hero. The special Spanish chronicles of the Cid are generally considered as a mixture of fiction and reality. Besides the chronicle of Alonzo, with its misrepresentations, as we have seen, and blindly adopted by Southey, there is a *Genealogia del Cid*, of the thirteenth century; the *Cronica del Famoso Caballero Burgense*, of the fourteenth century; the *Cronica Cidi*; the *Cronica del Cid Ruy Diaz*; and several other dry, brief narratives, of no great importance. The ditties and songs, in which appear the name of the Cid, are innumerable. The *Romancero del Cid*, by Juan de Escobar, must not be omitted; but the great national literary monument, raised to the memory of the hero, is the *Poema del Cid*, which is, as stated, the most ancient monument of the language and literature of Spain.

Among the modern works on the Cid, must especially be mentioned the *Castella y el Mas Famoso Castellano*, by Father Risco, which has contri-

buted to disseminate the grossest errors. This work is a long commentary on an old, senseless chronicle, entitled, *Gesta Roderici*, exhumed by Risco, and of a doubtful origin, unworthy of notice. One of the most eminent literary men of contemporary Spain, Quintana, has given an interesting life of the Cid, in a biography of celebrated Spaniards, although he has allowed the domain of fiction to prevail, at times, over that of reality. In Germany, Bouterweck is most scanty on the subject of the Cid; Huber and Müller have each written a history of the great Spaniard; but their works are chiefly based on the same miserable source as that of Father Risco. In France, Sismondi and Villemain have published some elegant pages—especially the latter, in his lectures—but without reference to the more important historical documents on the subject.

Having spoken of the historical hero, let us dwell on the poetical monument raised to his memory. The "Poem of the Cid" was published, for the first time, by a learned Spaniard, Sanchez, in 1779. In the only manuscript that remains of this work, at the end of which are added three lines, stating that it has been written by one named Peter, in the month of May, there is a date, one number of which has, it seems, the appearance of being effaced purposely. This singularity has given rise to numerous conjectures and researches; but the conclusions adopted by Sanchez are considered satisfactory. It would appear that this Peter has merely copied the manuscript, and effaced one number to give a greater appearance of antiquity to the poem, which must have been composed in the year 1307. The study of the language in which it is written, the manners it reveals, and its versification, indicate its belonging to the close of the thirteenth century, or the commencement of the fourteenth. It has evidently been composed in Old Castile, in the portion of that province nearest to that occupied by the Arabs, because it contains several Arabic words and epithets, for which it would have been easy to find a Spanish equivalent. With reference to the manner in which the poem became known to the public, it seems evident that it was by oral recitation. The poet constantly employs

the expressions, "You must know," or "You might have seen," as if addressing a number of men listening to him. When he relates the siege of Valencia, and the sufferings of the inhabitants, the poet pauses, and exclaims, "It is a miserable situation, my lords, to behold one's children starving from want of food." In short, throughout the whole poem, there are frequent allocutions—modes of address and exclamations—which indicate that the poet used to recite his work before an audience; and that he did so, confining himself to a fragment or an episode at a time, as the whole would have been too fatiguing. It appears also, that this recitation was not spoken, but sang. The verse which closes the first part of the poem seems to affirm it. It says: "The couplets of this song are here closing." One of the Spanish chronicles, alluding to the Cid and the poem, says, "*de quo cantatur*;" *cantare* signifying, to praise, in the Middle Ages, as in the days of Augustus. In all probability this singing of the poem was, what is understood in our time by *recitativo*. With reference to the great question of the authorship of the "Poem of the Cid," the mystery has not been unravelled. All the conjectures are unsatisfactory: the researches have been vain. All that can be affirmed is, that the author of the poem was one of the popular poets who, under the denomination of *juglares*, made their appearance in Spain during the thirteenth century, and from that time formed one of the principal amusements of the public festivals.

The "Poem of the Cid" is composed of two songs, and contains the history of the latter years of the hero. At the commencement of the first song, the Cid, condemned to exile by King Alonzo, leaves Castile to seek his fortune in a foreign land. He departs with a band of faithful friends, takes several castles, gains battles, and conquers Valencia. Hoping to soften the wrath of his King, he sends him, after each of his victories, splendid presents, taken from the booty. Alonzo, touched by the respectful feelings of his vassal, restores him to his royal favour, and gives, with his own hand, the two daughters of the Cid in marriage to two *infantas* of high lineage. The second song relates the

subsequent exploits of the Campeador, Prince of Valencia, and proceeds to reveal the baseness and cowardice of the two sons-in-law of the Cid, which render them the object of the sarcasms and scorn of their brothers in arms. Both stung by the scorn they inspire, disappear with their wives, pretexting their withdrawal to their estates, and cruelly ill-treat them on the way. The daughters of the Cid are separated from their husbands, and form another marriage with the heirs of the kingdom of Aragon and Navarre. Such is, in substance, the subject of the two songs, composed of successive events, and each terminating by a marriage, as in most Spanish comedies.

The poem does not profess, and cannot be expected to be a poetical history. Like all the great literary compositions of that kind, nevertheless, it is characterized by a marvellous appearance of truth, of reality, and nature. It is a most faithful vivid representation of real life; the poet transfers his hearers, or readers, in the very heart of that country, semi-Christian, semi-Arabic, when the vague chivalrous ideas of two races were taking birth, and appeared at times in contrast and opposition, at other times strangely mixed and blended. He brings under the eyes of his readers the actual cities, the *sierras*—sometimes the camps, sometimes the courts, with the personages as if they were living; and the various events are depicted with a vividness that absorbs the feelings of the readers as if they were taking part in all the movements and scenes.

Strange to say, although the Cid is, in the eyes of the Spanish people, the personification of all that is great; although the author of the poem has evidently no other object but to glorify his hero, still this hero is far from being represented in the poem devoid of the blots and frailties of humanity. He is at times rebuked with severe epithets, more applicable to the chiefs of a lawless band; and his generals are represented at times as men of a coarse brutality, or of unscrupulous craftiness. The continued enthusiasm of the Spaniards for their Cid, such as the legends and the poem represent him, is undoubtedly attributable to the characteristic traits of indomitable passions, of

recklessness of human life, of that nation. There is nothing in the domain of literature approaching the fearful scenes of that character, excepting in the dramas of Calderon. In this respect the "Poem of the Cid" offers a sentiment of truth and reality rarely met with in the poetry of nations, and it has naturally found its way into the deepest recesses of the Spanish heart.

The language of the "Poem of the Cid" is the Spanish of the twelfth century. The influence of the French language appears in almost every line, either in the form or sense of the words, or in certain accidents of grammar, which otherwise would remain inexplicable. At the period when this great literary monument—the first in Spanish literature—was composed, the *lingue d'oc* was already in possession of five or six popular and celebrated poems; five or six troubadours were extensively known before the year 1150. In the *lingue d'oïl*, there was the *Chanson de Roland*, which belongs to the close of the eleventh century, or the commencement of the twelfth, and the travels of Charlemagne; and in prose, the "Laws of William the Conqueror," and the translation of the "Books of Kings," both anterior to the year 1100; and although the Spanish poem, as a work of genius, is immeasurably superior to the works just named, the Southern and Northern French, in which they were composed, evince a grammar, vocabulary, and forms of language far more advanced than in the language of the "Poem of the Cid." The history of France, of its conquests in the Peninsula, of the settlements of the Dukes of Burgundy, and of the Burgundians; the religious influence of the monks of Cluny scattered in Castile and at Toledo; and, other circumstances related in history, explain abundantly this French influence, which the Spanish philologists admit with great reluctance. The frequent aggressions of France in Spain have given rise to a legitimate feeling of resentment and jealousy in the Peninsula. All the Spanish philologists have given catalogues of Spanish words derived from the Arabic—namely, from the race that has been vanquished and trampled under foot; but not so with the words derived

from the French, these are often omitted, or scantily admitted.

There are three principal dialects in the Spanish Peninsula: in the east the Catalanian, from which are derived the secondary dialect of Aragon, Valencia, and Majorca; in the west the Portuguese; and in the centre the Castilian or Spanish. With respect to the language of Catalonia, all the Spanish critics acknowledge that it is the same as the Provençal or the Limousin; they all agree also that the Portuguese emanates from the Galician, which itself is derived from the French; but with reference to the Castilian or Spanish, that lofty language, of the proudest race, they demur; the question appears very much one of national pride. It appears, however, inadmissible, that France could have exercised a powerful influence in Catalonia and in Portugal, and have proved null in Central Spain. Susceptibilities of that nature in a great nation are trifling blemishes drowned in the splendour of her records. Spain, however confused her present state, however uncertain her future destinies, offers two magnificent epochs in the history of humanity: in the first place, her heroic continued struggles in the long crusade, during which arose the great mediæval Spanish epic, and afterwards, in the sixteenth century, her fabulous triumphs in America, in Africa, in Europe, when the whole world seemed to shake under the weight of her invincible military bands, when, at the same time, Spanish literature proved as great as her victorious armies, evincing the same enthusiasm, the same audacity, and creating an original literary realm that can never perish.

Mr. Ticknor, in his valuable "History of Spanish Literature," may be fairly reproached with having been somewhat too brief and scanty in his observations on the characteristics of the epic on the Cid. He considers that of all the poems belonging to the early ages of any modern nation, the one that can best be compared with the "Poem of the Cid" is the *Nibelungen lied*, which dates about half a century after the time assigned to the "Poem of the Cid," and that a parallel might easily be run between them. There is certainly one great trait of resemblance, namely, an extreme

ferocity and barbarity of manners. Beyond this, the parallel would run, it appears to us, without much affinity. The German poem is a magnificent brutal chaos, in which a woman is the bloodthirsty hero, and it is devoid of well-defined national characteristics, whilst, as we have observed, the "Poem of the Cid" is heroic also, but purely national, Christian, and loyal, breathing everywhere the true Castilian spirit.

We conceive that the *Chanson de Roland*, nearly contemporary of the "Poem of the Cid," is far more akin to the Spanish poem; and a parallel between the two would give rise to invaluable literary and philological observations. There is a great identity in the versification of the "Poem of the Cid" and of the *Chanson de Roland*, arising from the similarity of manners and usages. Both poems offer a great resemblance in their date, extent, and the national character of their subject. It is well known that Robert Wace speaks of the song of "Taillefer" at the battle of Hastings, about Roland dying at Roncevaux, supposed to be a fragment of the great French poem, although it has been doubted by several able critics. It is well known also, that this *Chanson* had been lost during ages, but has been recovered and published of late years by enthusiastic commentators, who proclaimed that France *did* possess an epic that could rival those of ancient and modern nations. The only misfortune is that this truly beautiful poem is written in a language dead and buried, which nobody knows, or will ever learn. The *Chanson* is inferior to the "Poem of the Cid" in many points. It is inferior to it in the power of observation, in the energy of its pictures, in the sentiment of human life, and in the powers of expressing it. The study of Virgil, and perhaps of Homer, seems to have influenced the author of the *Chanson*, and often debars him from seeing men, such as they were, and facts as they really took place. On the other hand, the Spanish poem introduces generally personages and events that appear natural and probable, whilst it is often the reverse in the French poem. The *Chanson*, moreover, breathes a loftier poetical sentiment, and is pre-eminent by the grandeur

of its images, however exaggerated these may appear at times.

The graceful Spanish partner of the French Imperial throne at this day could not fail to create a revived interest in the literary treasures of her native land. There has been nothing in France on this occasion like the monomaniacal invasion of Spanish fashions and Spanish literature as in the days of Louis XIII.; but a native *galanterie* has led a special attention to Spanish subjects; and the most valuable result of this sympathizing manifestation has been the recent publication, from the Imperial Press, of perhaps the purest text of the "Poem of the Cid," with an admirable translation, and excellent philological notes, by Mr. Damas Hinard. But the French nation would seek in vain in the great poem the germ of their dramatic *chef d'œuvre*, which long remained as their standard of ideal beauty, when their laudatory acmé was, *beau comme le Cid*. In our brief narrative of what history knows of the life of the Cid, and in our observations on the poem, we have mentioned a Ximena (Chimèna). This character has nothing in common with the heroine of Corneille. The Ximena of the poem is evidently the second wife of the Cid; her fame lives still in Castile, where her image, with a pious, modest expression, is revered by the side of saints; her popular legend is semi-historical, semi-poetical, blended with a religious halo. The other Ximena is to be found in all the ballads on the Cid, amounting to about 160, some of which are very ancient, some very poetical, but many prosaic and poor, forming a fantastic, imaginative history of the Cid, the chronicles having been very little resorted to in their composition; this youthful, romantic Ximena is also the one celebrated in the *Cronica rimada* we have spoken of; she is the heroine thrown into a first dramatic mould by Guillen de Castro, and afterwards brought out in the brightest, exquisite colours, and immortalized by Corneille.

It is one of the most remarkable facts in literary history, that the Cid, celebrated in the great epic—whose glory was sung in a mass of popular songs and ballads—had not been the hero of a single tragedy, acted before the year 1620, as it appears by the list

of Spanish dramas given by Moratin. It is inexplicable that no dramatic genius should have been inspired by the noble, lofty figure of the mediæval Cid. During some years between 1615 and 1620, there lived at Valencia a Captain of Coast Guards of noble blood, poor and proud, named Guillen de Castro y Belvis; he had been a favourite and a protégé of several of the most powerful grandees of his time, and afterwards abandoned by them, which is a testimony of his having been devoid of servility. Finding himself in very straitened circumstances, and being married, he resolved to write some plays in order to relieve his penurious state. He at once adopted heroic subjects, although it was not the fashion of his time, and, such being his object, he could not find one more adapted to his taste and purpose than the Cid. He composed, therefore, his *Youth of the Excellent Cid*, from the ballads which had amused and enchanted him during his desultory career, and many of which were then sung by blind beggars in the streets. The play possesses all the vividness, energy, and asperity of the chivalrous ages, and is the best he ever wrote; but, it was not very successful; it made its appearance too late—twenty years after *Don Quixote*—when feudal and chivalrous subjects were by no means in favour, in an age of degeneracy. Guillen did not raise his fortunes by his dramatic labours; he became still poorer, and died in an hospital.

Corneille became acquainted with Guillen's Cid during the popularity of Spanish literature in France, and must have been at once struck by the admirable dramatic resources offered by such a subject; not feeling satisfied, however, with the play, he hastened to procure as many original ballads on the subject as possible, and having studied them carefully, he artistically transformed Guillen's drama. In the latter, Ximena is but a very secondary personage; chivalrous honour prevails through the whole drama, whether the Cid sacrifices his lady-love to duty—whether he fights alone against all the vassals of the Count—or whether he embraces a wretched man covered with leprosy, braving the contagion, in order to save a Christian in addressing his prayers to God; such deeds fill the three first days of

the six, which compose the Spanish drama; the last three days presenting the Cid, arbiter of honour and bravery in the whole of Spain, being the terror of the guilty—bestowing recompenses or stigmas by the sole authority of his word, and raising himself above kings by refusing to take the oath of allegiance to a monarch accused of murder, till that monarch has sworn on the cross that he is not guilty of having shed human blood. The Cid of Corneille, on the contrary, is a pure love drama; with him, Chimène is the exquisite heroine of the whole tragedy; his genius has suggested to him the struggle between love and duty, and created a world of heroism, blended with deep and lofty passion, the germs of which he had found in two old ditties dwelling on the love of Ximena. The Chimène of Corneille became the idol not only of France, but of the whole of Europe; Spain, even, adopted this creation of French genius; the long chronicle drama of Guillen de Castro was forgotten, so much so, that a few years after the appearance of the French Cid, a Spaniard, named Diamante, translated the French tragedy into Spanish verses, adding to it several scenes of buffoonery suited to the audience it was intended for. It was printed in 1660, and only attracted some little notice at the time in remembrance of the French tragedy whose fame was universal. Although Corneille had loyally indicated the sources of his Cid—printed the ballads on the subject, and several of the scenes of Guillen de Castro—nevertheless, when his tragedy had been thirty-five years the object of a legitimate, enthusiastic admiration, some ignoble critics brought out the wretched work of Diamante and proclaimed Corneille a plagiarist. Voltaire had the baseness to propagate the calumny; it was repeated by Laharpe, and, even in our own time, it has been disseminated by ignorance, although irrefragable documental proofs of the truth have been published. It is to be regretted that De Sismondi has inserted this gross calumny in his "History of the Literatures of Southern Europe," a work which, whatever may be its merits for the time in which it appeared, abounds with similar errors. Corneille had collected for his Cid, the scattered, floating elements which

he discovered ; he transformed them, and absorbed them in his own creation ; in this, he obeyed the perpetual laws of assimilation, elaboration, and progressive transformation, which preside over the organic and intellectual world ; he has not done so in a greater degree than Shakespeare, Molière, Schiller, and Goëthe. The *Cid* has been a real historic character ;

his memory still lives in the Peninsula ; besides the chaotic popular traditions, and the numerous ballads of which he has been the object, he has inspired the creation of a great national epic, and kindled the genius of one of the greatest modern dramatists ; his figure, therefore, is one well worthy of the attention of the student of history as well as of literature.

SKETCHES IN THE WEST INDIES.

"WHAT!" exclaimed a friend, "bound for the West Indies in quest of health!" It seems a strange paradox to ears long accustomed to the popular outcry against that portion of our colonies ; yet it is now becoming an established fact, that for a certain class of invalids, there is no better climate, and, were it not for the absence of the genuine comforts of England, or the so-called luxuries of India, one might, on first acquaintance with these islands, form a favourable impression ; but the laziness of the domestic servants, and the evident unpopularity of the simple style of an English breakfast, with the custom of fasting long in the morning, are (to select at random a few of the drawbacks), sufficient to disconcert the tourist accustomed to the punctuality of railways, and the scrupulous attendance to his wants, and even whims, at the majority of our own hotels.

The West India Royal Mail Steam-packet was getting under weigh at Southampton as, with my light luggage, I made my way on board the splendid vessel. As the coast of England gradually merged into the pale neutral tints of a moonlight evening, I turned my observation inwards, and began a survey of the accommodation, and of my fellow-passengers. The former was excellent, and the latter were of great variety, the European family being represented on a considerable scale : Danes, Dutch, with the hard wrinkled Wallenstein type of countenance ; French, Germans, and Spanish senors, senoras, and senoritas ; besides an appendix of the mixed races of the South American Republics. There were, indeed, two-thirds of the number on board

foreigners ; and I was not a little entertained with the differences amongst the trunks and other luggage heaped on the deck—from the almost mediæval red-hair trunk, to the new deceptive brass-bound American box.

The contrast between a West India steamer and a first-class East India-man, to one who has sailed in both, is sufficiently striking. In the former there is less formality, and more real comfort and independence ; and as no one assumes prominently the post of honour, or acts as master of ceremonies, there is more ease, and not less civility and decorum. Amongst the passengers was an elderly Creole lady, returning to Jamaica, with her six nuptial almanacks, the elder of whom were girls, or, I should say, young ladies, who generally found time, after the children were put to bed, to extemporize a flirtation with the junior officers of the ship. But the game of bowls was the chief pastime ; and while the English played, the Mexican or Bolivian would stand by and bet—the excitement being equally intense, whether it were for sixpence or a doubloon.

I often pitied one of the passengers—a young officer proceeding to join his regiment—whose complaints of the delicacy of his stomach were fully justified. From 6 a.m. till "lights out," about twice an hour we used to overhear his order, gravely and confidentially delivered, "Steward, one brandy and soda." To have asked for "a glass of brandy and a bottle of soda-water," would perhaps have been too formal. I admired the modesty of the young man, and observed with what great kindness of manner, as the steward pocketed the ticket, or receipt, for the draught, the

grateful eye of our young countryman would be gently raised to him, in recognition of the friendly office.

Passing over such items of every voyage, as whales, flying fish, porpoises, and the other "wonders of the deep," I may briefly allude to the "Gulf" or Saragosa weed, the beauty of which is very remarkable. It was the growing season, and as we passed through the long lines of it, which floated in the most perfect regularity on the surface, I hooked up several specimens, clustered with berries; but of 200 bunches which I examined, I did not find one in which the stems radiated from a common centre, and without there being evidently one portion which had been detached from some other piece, or from a rock.

At the Danish island of St. Thomas, passengers are transferred to the intercolonial steamers, and, after a day or two's delay, proceed to the other islands. In this beautiful land-locked and spacious bay, or harbour, may be seen floating the flags of almost all the commercial nations, including the ever-varying South American governments. The suggestive yellow and red flag of Spain is still conspicuous in these blue waters, but nowhere on craft of any considerable size. Here a semicircle of green, but only partially cultivated hills, rises to a considerable height; and on three of their spurs, which abut into the bay, are those portions of the town of St. Thomas, known as the "Spanish," "French," and "Danish." There is a clean little fort at the last, garrisoned by a fine detachment of Danish troops, *à propos* of whom I may mention the following incident, which occurred in my presence. One of our passengers, an officer of some rank in the British army, entered into conversation with one of the private soldiers, and, remarking his short sword, made a motion towards drawing it, but the Dane, with great readiness and dignity, arrested his hand, with the remark, "Monsieur, I shall draw it with pleasure myself for you, but a soldier cannot, you know, allow another to do *that*."

The town of St. Thomas has not much to boast of beyond its picturesque appearance from the sea, with its bright-coloured houses, reminding

one of gaily-decorated envelope boxes. Its heterogeneous and fluctuating population renders a saunter through its long street more interesting than agreeable, for the air is redolent of the imported salt-fish so characteristic of all West India towns. Squalor and vice are very apparent in the wretched features of a portion of the inhabitants; but these, I think, will generally be found where a large negro population exists, notwithstanding the bounty of nature, which places a man with the slightest industry beyond the reach of the former. Stalls of rich and tempting fruit, presided over by sable ladies, attired in *grand tenue* of yellow, blue, white, or red gauze, are ranged near the wharves, while stout lazy-looking fellows may be observed sanntering about with bunches of live fowl for sale.

It seems strange that this much-frequented little town should still be lighted at night by lanterns slung on ropes across the streets, as in the time of the first French Revolution; and that antiquated conveyances, of a description quite unknown in England, should still be in use. But although comfort seems not much regarded, the fine arts, we must infer, have not been altogether neglected, for I observed, as the sign over a tobacconist's shop, a brilliant copy of "the Aurora" of Gnido.

Whenever, in the suburbs, I approached the hut or house of a negro "proprietor," I at once became sensible of the fact, from the slovenly appearance of all about it, not to say the filth; for before their doors there is no attempt made to conceal the remains of former repasts or to dispose of worn-out apparel; and, indiscriminately scattered about, one is sure to find soles of old shoes, fowl giblets, offal of fish, egg shells, and other equally unsightly objects, the *dernier ressort* of the wretched-looking Creole dogs that slink about. Decay is conspicuous in all these habitations, notwithstanding that one sees the missionary's pony tied to the window-shutter. The negro, it is true, has a great respect for the good missionary; but then his partiality is considerably influenced by the black costume, of which their race are great admirers; so much so, indeed, that it is generally the first advance towards respectability with a negro gentleman

to have a black Saxony suit and white neckcloth for Sunday wear.

With all its disadvantages, one welcomes St. Thomas, as the first land touched in these latitudes; and although in beauty it cannot compare with most of the other islands, yet it is here that the native of the north first meets with the glorious vegetation of the tropics, enriched with the regal hues of the magnificent *Poinciana pulcherrima*, than which the famous *Amherstia nobilis* is scarcely superior; the graceful lilac-blossomed *Melia*, the purple *Lagerstrœma*, and the rich perfumed clusters of the rosy *Oleander* bordering the roads or grouped about the trunks of loftier trees.

We left St. Thomas in one of the intercolonial packets; and from the service in which these small vessels are employed, as might be expected, the arrangements were not equal to those of the transatlantic steamer which we had just quitted.

After a night's severe pitching against a head wind and sea, we coasted St. Kitts during a few hours of the morning. It is a noble island, with fields of the richest cultivation, sweeping, like the ample folds of a robe, from the picturesque and densely-wooded, and cloud-capped volcanic peak which rises in the centre of all. Windmills innumerable, and picturesque villages, are dotted about in every direction.

Having landed the mails, we passed the little satellite island of Nevis (noted for its warlike expeditions during the earlier part of the last century); and steering for Antigua, towards evening entered "English harbour." It was a scene of the greatest beauty; and the rich sunset shed a golden radiance on the bold rocks, which jutted out in long promontories from the mountains, and being apparently of limestone, assumed all the quaint forms of cave temples, lashed as they were by a snowy surf. The effect was imposing. But my attention was divided between inanimate and animate nature, for we were speedily surrounded by canoes, in which were seated the gaily-attired female vendors of jewel-like fruit, and necklaces of beautifully coloured seeds.

We were shown some fine speci-

mens of petrified woods, which are procured in abundance not far from the shore. On the slopes of the hills, crowning the rocks, and indeed everywhere, a large and very handsome aloe, with yellow blossoms, is conspicuous, and forms the peculiar characteristic, perhaps, of the scene.

Next morning we touched at Rosau, the chief town of the island of Dominique. Here magnificent volcanic mountains rise to the height of at least 4,000 feet, and are rent by deep ravines, valleys, and fissures; and amidst the serrated ridges, and crowning its beetling crags, an emerald green mantle of the most beautiful and redundant vegetation is thrown, while on seemingly inaccessible spots are charming patches or fields under cultivation. Lofty palms fringe every ridge with their tufted foliage, bold headlands start abruptly from the deep blue sea, and surf-beaten bays recede in succession in the airy distance, while light breaking through the rude indentations of the coast, and through the clouds resting on the sharp peaks of the shattered mountains, produces an effect which realizes the sublime idealities of the painter Martin. The island seems to emerge from the depths on the model of the Patella shell, and though bolder, might be compared to the most rugged of the Himalayas cast into the sea by some wild convulsion of nature.

The negroes brought on board curiously stuffed specimens of a gigantic frog, certainly not less than small fowls.

About mid-day we were passing the French island of Martinique, with its grand volcanic craters culminating around Mont Pelee, like the Lorn brooch. The valleys and coast line seemed to be highly cultivated. The red of the *Poinciana* was conspicuous in the landscape; and a cottage, said to have been that of Napoleon's first unhappy empress, was pointed out to me. The Diamond rock, famous for the gallant exploit of the captain of one of our frigates, early in the present century, rises boldly from the sea at the western extremity of the island.

At sunset we approached the wild and picturesque island of St. Lucia. The harbour, with the barracks on an eminence above the town, was very

charming; but there seemed to be less cultivation here than in the other islands; and this one is noted, unlike the rest, for the abundance of its venomous reptiles, of which I heard many marvellous stories, which I have almost forgotten. It is, however, a curious fact, that the venomous reptiles which abound in this, should be unknown (I believe with a single exception) in the other islands.

The coast scenery throughout the West Indies is exceedingly bright, bold, and diversified. With a temperature very much cooler, even in the hot season, than that of India; with enchanting aerial effects—blue skies, and deeper blue ocean, and shoals of sportive dolphins and porpoises raising a white surf along their azure track—the silvery flying-fish, so much relished by the Barbadians as an article of food, darting hither and thither in the sunshine—white sails hovering about of the small coasting craft, and boats crowded with the gayest colours of costume and the richest of fruit and vegetables—these islands are most attractive to the stranger.

On one occasion I was surprised to observe some intercolonial passengers come on board with bundles of little scraped saplings, whose radiating roots had been cut off at the distance of about two inches from the *parent* stem. I had never seen the like before, and, on inquiry, I was informed that they were “only swizzel sticks—only swizzel sticks”—as if I could have known by intuition what swizzel sticks were, or what their use. The latter, however, was soon demonstrated to me, for one of the party very soon ordered a glass of brandy and water, in which lumps of ice were floating; some biters were added, and then came the performance of the swizzel stick, which, held between the palms of the hand, is used in churning the mixture until it thoroughly amalgamates. These swizzel sticks I afterwards observed were in great request at all the punch-houses, where American beverages, under various fantastical names, are sold, such as sunsets, iced scorpions, lizards, and cobblers.

The constant change of passengers at the different islands gives an ever varying character to the voyage. At one place we pick up Mulatto wo-

men, their hair, or whatever it may be, carefully concealed by a red, or party coloured kerchief. At another, a recruiting party of pompous African soldiers, proud of their civilized habiliments; and in succession, it may be, officers on duty, planters, missionaries, Roman Catholic priests, and merchants of all degrees, besides the poorer people.

The most windward of the West India islands is Barbadoes, in many respects the most peculiar, only twenty-one miles in length by twelve. It contains an industrious population, in numbers only exceeded comparatively by China. It is certainly the most “English” of all these colonies, and, moreover, preserves a nationality which is not to be found elsewhere amongst these islands. The robust and generally frugal living planters, descendants in a pure line from the political exiles of the seventeenth century, have preserved with their names many of those personal peculiarities which are rarely seen out of the mother country. Their very epithet, “a true-born Barbadian,” is expressive of their justifiable self-respect; perhaps a more loyal colony it would be hard to find, and the evidence of superior energy and principle is seen in the fact, that though geographically almost the smallest as well as the poorest of all these dependencies, it is the only one that has successfully preserved its character and avoided the ruin which fell on its neighbours throughout the trials and difficulties caused by political and other events.

The proprietors have generally been prudent resident cultivators of the soil. Its enormous population is in a certain measure a proof that the stories propagated of its insalubrity are exaggerated; for though an epidemic occasionally may sweep away numbers, the mortality during the intermediate periods is less in proportion than that of most European countries.

From competition, and the highly cultivated state of the island, labour is comparatively cheap. There are no idlers here—luxury and laziness have been fairly expelled, and every thing has a busy thriving appearance. Barbadoes resembles some parts of the Sussex coast, and is quite unlike any of the other islands. It is

flat, with a girdle-like escarpment of inconsiderable height, which gradually slopes away to the parishes of St. John, St. Joseph, and St. Andrew (called Scotland), where one is surprised to find bold and beautiful rocks, hills, and headlands.

The old parish churches contain records of many distinguished families, and even of historical names. There are a few quaint old manor-houses (St. Nicholas', for instance), which take us back to the days of the Stuarts, or earlier Georges.

There is a very remarkable circumstance connected with the vault of an old family at Christchurch. Whenever opened to receive a new inmate, the other coffins were invariably discovered to have changed their places in the most curious and grotesque manner. The vault was sealed officially, and on being re-opened, the same phenomenon had again taken place. The facts are notorious, but the cause remains a mystery.

All along the coast old cannon lie embedded in the sand, or are set up as posts, and the roads are, for the most part, excellent. Such objects as these remind one of the earlier settlements of the island, when batteries were planted against all hostile comers, without, if I remember rightly, much regard to party, political discussions having wisely been tabooed in so small a sanctuary.

Windmills are sprinkled all over the uplands, and have a pleasant lively appearance; and, unlike Jamaica, it is impossible to turn without seeing at least two or three houses. There are scarcely any trees in this island, compared with the others. The parade-ground of the troops at St. Anne's is a lovely verdant savannah, quite unlike the plains of scorched grass which one sees in India. The barracks are delightfully situated; and within ten minutes' walk, is one of the finest bathing-places I have ever seen. A coral reef at some distance from the shore effectually protects it from the incursions of the "ravin'd salt-sea shark;" and the sea is so transparent, that there seems scarcely any medium between the swimmer and the pebbles far beneath him. A bathe here in the early morning, as the sun is rising, when the white-crested breakers batter the coralline barrier,

and spread out into swelling curves about one, is exceedingly exhilarating.

Leaving the English-like island of Barbadoes, with its low land and richly cultivated fields, sprinkled with houses to such an extent as to resemble the suburb of some great city, we steered for Demerara, a province of British Guiana, so called from the river of the same name, on which Georgetown, the capital, is situated. When within thirty miles of this flat coast, the sea assumed a sandy-brown colour (recalling Hood's happy lines—

"Till the sands thereunder
Tinge the sullen wave")—

from the turbid waters of the large rivers that are here discharged. Owing to currents, the line of demarcation between the bright green of the untainted sea and the muddy waters from the river was so sharply defined as to produce an almost unnatural effect. I have remarked the same curious appearance in India, at the confluence of the Ganges and Jumna.

From the lighthouse in the harbour one may form a very good idea of the situation of the town. The sea towards the north has encroached so many miles within the last few years on this point, although receding on the opposite side of the debouchure of the Demerara, that even the immense extent of sea-works but imperfectly repels the invading waves; and when the wind blows fresh from a certain quarter, their bold crests, surging and dashing over the artificial defences, appear to threaten an inundation; and this has already happened. Convicts are kept constantly employed on these works; but it seems a question whether the expenses of resisting the encroachments of the sea here would not be better employed in extending the town in another direction, since only the barracks and parade grounds of the troops, from their being lower than the other parts of the town are seriously endangered.

Like those of all the West India islands, the houses are mostly wooden, generally painted white, shingled, and with small verandahs and green jalousies. They have gardens attached, some of which are bright with the remarkable ornamental trees and plants which flourish in this humid climate with wonderful vigour. Pre-eminent in beauty are the acacia-like

jacaranda, with its colonies of large deep blue blossoms clustering round the bare trunks and branches; the beautiful violet petrea; the luxuriant bread-fruit trees; and the orinoco, as it is here called, with flame-coloured blossoms, that seem to blaze against the rich deep contrast of green leaves. Of this latter tree, I was told a peculiarity which I mention without comment: it is, that it will not grow unless planted in the wane (or in the "black," as the term is here) of the moon. My informant assured me also, that a similar phenomenon is observable in wallaba wood, brought from Essequibo, namely, that in preparing it for shingles, it will not split straight during the moon's increase.

The larger streets and roads are all divided at right angles by canals and drains; and as some of the former are of great breadth, the effect is pleasing, as the grass, neatly kept, grows on either side parallel with the roads, and these again are flanked by the gardens and houses of the wealthier inhabitants, all regularly enclosed, and bosomed high in tufted trees, brilliant with the exaggerations of a chintzy flower pattern. The cathedral is a fine building, and contains one or two interesting monuments of modern date, and there are many other good and substantial public buildings throughout the town. The railway station is also a place of considerable interest. Observing a group of coolies here one day, I addressed them, much to their surprise, in Hindostanee: "How do you like this country?" I asked. "Sir," they replied, several speaking together, "we could live twenty years in our own country, for two that we could live here. These black fellows (meaning the negroes) are very worthless." And certainly there was apparently some excuse for the assumed superiority of these immigrants; for after a short time, I was told, that they gradually raised themselves above manual labour; and commencing with a few reels of cotton, an old pickle bottle, buttons, and such like trifles, gradually became pedlars, or box wallahs, as they would be called in India. There is surely a scale in races apart from education; for we constantly find the superior vindicating itself, and asserting its superiority under all circumstances

and in all situations, leaving the inferior field of labour to those best suited for it by physical and mental constitution.

The pure African makes a better soldier than a Creole. He is generally more subordinate, and is cleaner than his domesticated brother. Yet, strange to say, I have been positively assured that most of the pure Africans, after years of exemplary conduct, would gladly forfeit the pensions for which they had served, to be allowed to curtail their period of service even by two years, and return to their native country. Civilization does not appear to offer to them any great advantages, although they readily accommodate themselves to its usages. In speaking of negroes, their widely different nationalities are too often confounded, for there are certain of the African tribes whose mental and physical endowments are very much above those of the others.

I was told a curious story of a sergeant of one of the West India regiments. The facts I remember sufficiently to repeat; but I disclaim all intention of offering any explanation, or assuming that there was any more in the circumstances than what may be explained by the curious phenomena of coincidences, which by combinations often produce the semblance of something supernatural; while nothing in the details, taken separately, could be considered in any degree out of the course of nature. The story is interesting so far as I remember it, inasmuch as it presents a phase of the African soldier's character.

Sergeant —, an African, of a war-like tribe, was, for some venial offence, reduced to the ranks by the sentence of a court-martial. His proud temper could not brook the degradation, and, instead of reconciling himself to the change, he separated from his comrades, and passed most of his time by the sea-shore, alone, singing the songs of his native land. At length, the day before he was to have gone on duty for the first time again as a private, he committed suicide. He was interred in the usual burying-ground, and the same night a heavy thunder-storm broke over the station. While it continued, there was a great commotion in the barracks, the superstitious blacks running to

their officers to report that they had no rest for Sergeant — (the deceased), who, with a fierce aspect, was roaming about their quarters, in company with a jumbie—perhaps the fiend himself. Of course the idea was ridiculed, but still they persisted in their assertion. Next morning, to convince the men of their strange superstition being unfounded, some of the principal officers rode to the grave-yard, expecting to show the deluded Africans the closed grave of their comrade; but instead of this, a very curious spectacle presented itself. During the previous night the electric fluid had struck this very grave, and having dislodged the superincumbent mass, the coffin lid was exposed, and on it was settled a swarm of bees. After this discovery it was a hopeless task to convince the men that the occurrence was accidental, and not supernatural. A thousand lecturers from Exeter Hall would not have satisfied their doubts; and probably this one awkward incident may have undone years of missionary labour.

I was frequently amused, as I rambled through the busy streets of Georgetown, reeking with the odours of salt fish, to observe the defiant swagger of the powerful negro, contrasted with the comparatively aristocratic air of the elegantly chintz-clad Bengalee or Madrassee, and the mild listlessness of the large-headed, lank-haired Buck Indian, with, perhaps, his coronet of scarlet or green feathers, a cloth about his loins, and a shooting tube, or some other weapon or implement, in his hand. The Bucks are a gentle tribe of savages—the expression of their countenances, the formation of their heads, and their general bearing, indicate as much; and when they come to Georgetown to barter, and to wonder at every thing, they remind one of country bumpkins in Sackville-street.

The negroes have a very singular habit common to the race. They are fond of soliloquizing aloud on their private grievances as they stride along the streets, altogether regardless of eaves-droppers. "My Gad! Justicein Demerary! *Me* work? De dem raskil not gib him pay for he wife an' chile!" He then extemporized supposed replies to his certainly just demands, and worked up gradually a highly

dramatic scene, modulating his voice from tones of sarcastic wheedling to those of the loudest indignation, and so passed on fuming. Possibly it was more the love of idle talking than any actual sense of wrong which roused him.

The negro is musical in his tastes. What though there has not yet been found a sable Beethoven, he thoroughly enjoys our best operatic airs. He is fond of whistling, and is no mean adept in the art, as one discovers on hearing "Vive tu" from his resolutely puckered lips. The musicians of the local corps are excellent performers, and I have seldom heard a better band than that of one of the West India regiments which was then stationed at Eve Leary barracks. Now, since I have mentioned this euphonious name, some explanation may be required. Miss Eve Leary was the original proprietress of the land on which the barracks are built, hence the perpetuation of a somewhat remarkable name. The soldiers of these colonial regiments, when enlisted in Africa, used to be given the most absurd names, until at last, I believe, the authorities checked the license. Howard, Percy, Plantagenet, Heat, Fire, Water, Grog, Diamond, Pearl, Beef, Mutton, and even the names of the great officials of government themselves were not uncommon. As for Friday, and Pompey, and even Imperial Cæsar, they have prescriptively been conceded by some strange whim of mankind.

About the barracks are constantly to be seen, dressed in the finest starched muslins, the vivandières, or those ladies of colour who perform similar offices; and although they perhaps do not adhere strictly to the reputed high standard of their transatlantic sisterhood, their delicious cocoa-nut, cakes, and tasty pine apple tarts, with pepper cordial, are by no means to be despised. The Creoles are fond of such sweetmeats, at all times; and I found the greatest difficulty in organizing with my unwilling servant a matutinal cup of tea, and a crisp toasted cassava cake.

I have often been struck with the wild and picturesque appearance of the African and negro women who attend the drums and fifes at tattoo. In the distance is heard the lonely surging of the sea; and in the pale

moonlight approaches a band which, in its indistinctness, recalls the classical groups of Poussin. There is the clash of cymbals, the roll of the drum, the clear fifes; and in front of all, with gestures of the most thorough *abandon*, and threading the endless mazes of their strange and graceful dance, with admirable regard to time, appears a company of bacchantes, whose light cloud-like flounces float about their somewhat luxuriant forms. A strange ringing laughter mingles with the clash of instruments, and the procession is again lost in the dim distance. The large and beautiful moths flit about again, unscared, and silence is so perfectly restored, that one wonders almost what it was he saw.

On the occasion of "John Canoe," these untaught *danseuses* acquit themselves to my taste, in a style infinitely more elegant than that of the celebrated Nautch girls of India. Elegance, however, can scarcely be claimed as a charm of the negro women, at least in the adornment of the head; for perhaps there is scarcely any more curious object than a negro belle at church, with her hair concealed by the usual Madrassee kerchief, over which is perched, perpendicularly, like an extinguisher, the fashionable Regent-street bonnet, laden with its floral wonders.

In Waterton's "Wanderings in South America," a remarkable account is given of a sudden noise which had alarmed the traveller and party when amongst the Buck Indians in British Guiana. While at Demerara several persons besides myself were awakened about midnight by similar sounds; but so singular and alarming were they that, as I was told, the sentries challenged the unseen rioters until satisfied that they were only obstreperous duppies. The phenomenon was no doubt caused by some subterranean volcanic action. Duppies and jumbies, or ghosts and spirits, are the terror of the African race, who have a curious belief that these disembodied beings take up their lodgings generally, when they come on an errand of mischief amongst mortals, in the lofty branches of the great silk cotton tree, which in consequence is often called jumbie tree.

Amongst the curious natural productions of this country, the Labarrie or snake nut has attracted notice,

from the peculiar convolutions of its kernel, which resemble the coils of a snake; and it is, moreover, asserted by the Buck Indians, who bring it from the interior, that the leaves of the tree that produces it are a good antidote to the poison of a certain snake which makes its habitation chiefly in its neighbourhood—*similes similibus curanter*. I am not certain that the tree itself has yet been identified by botanists, and even the nuts are uncommon in the colony.

The insects of Demerara are exceedingly troublesome; and besides the well-known chigoe of the West Indies, there is a very minute scarlet creature, called the *rouge bête*, which causes the most painful irritability of skin.

The orchideous plants are here remarkable for their delicate beauty, and there are persons who find employment in bringing them from the forests of the Demerara and Essequibo rivers. I was surprised to find boxes of pepper plants such favourites in the verandahs of all the barracks. It seems a strange taste to select this plant. There is a small botanical garden at Georgetown, which contains many plants of considerable interest; but although not uncommon, the beauty of the Thunburgias and Horsfallias is conspicuous. Here I also was pointed out the cassava tree, the preparations from which, whether as casareep, in pepper-pot, or in cakes, are equally palatable. The long straw baskets, shaped like quivers, in which the poisonous pieces of the root are strained, are curious, and puzzled me considerably when I first saw them in the shops.

I unfortunately made a mistake on my visit to these gardens; for seeing two coloured men, I addressed him whom nature seemed to have stamped as the superior, but I soon was made aware of the grave error which I had committed; and although I quickly corrected myself, and hazarded a few remarks on the subject of floriculture, my new acquaintance was not to be so easily appeased. He drew up his neck, and averted his eye disdainfully; and when I asked him the name of the arnotto tree, he answered sharply, "Napolon's cock-hat;" and *this* tree (an acacia), "My lady's slipper;" but in the end he softened down, and before I left I was

his debtor for a charming little bouquet of flowers. The constitutional pride or sense of dignity is very remarkable amongst the so-called descendants of Ham. They are kind and obliging as a rule, so long as nothing touches them (let it be ever so indirectly) on this point, but once roused by some fancied slight, their obstinate resentment is not to be overcome without many trying concessions. An acquaintance of mine used to take lessons on the guitar from one of these sensitive musicians. He had a very remarkably shaped, lofty, conical head, and such a thing as a smile never passed athwart his studied countenance. Master and pupil drew their chairs opposite each other, and after a few exercises, the former generally concluded the lesson with an air, as it *ought* to be sung, "Am I not fondly thine own," "The heart bowed down," or some such other. The utmost gravity and decorum reigned during the performance, which, but for the peculiar manner of the *maestro*, was very good, for I believe it will be generally admitted this race has a decided talent for music.

At the period of my visit the Demerara railroad extended to a distance of about fifteen miles, to the large farm of the enterprising and hospitable proprietor of Belfield. As I was starting by the train, the remarks of some little black urchins, who were speculating on the power of locomotion, amused me. "Heh," says one, addressing his companion with evident consideration—"Heh, see she go push, nobody shub shee." It is a single line, and the carriages are built on the American principle. As the rate at which we went was not very rapid, there was leisure to observe the peculiarities, in detail, of the country. We passed through a low swampy jungle, spangled with the starlike blossoms of a species of *jasmin*, which abounds in it, and also with the scarlet and orange blossoms of a species of *ipecacuanha*, which had a very rich appearance. Canals, with punts on them, and drains at right angles, intersected the country at regular intervals. Here and there were groups of cocoa-nut trees, and long rows of the princely Mountain cabbage, each with its *one* pendant leaf. Occasionally we passed dilapi-

dated houses, and good land relapsing into jungle or bush, as it is here called. The frontage to the sea of these estates is comparatively narrow, but they extend far inland, their breadth bearing no proportion to their length. There is no want of energy amongst the proprietors—labour only is deficient, and even this difficulty is being gradually overcome.

At the first station, "Plaisance," there is a small village seemingly in a swamp. The houses are raised on piles and scaffolding. Methodist and other chapels are very generally to be seen; but there is no place, however deserted in other respects, that has not its beer-shops, with some crudely painted sign, and London porter and ales advertised above the door, at one shilling per bottle. Amongst the villages which we passed there was one which I imagine could not have had fewer than 500 inhabitants.

Arrived at our destination, we had an excellent luncheon, including pepper-pot, that great West Indian "*olla podrida*," prepared with *casareep*, with iced ale, and a variety of bread kind—that is, vegetable substitutes for bread and potatoes, scarcely to be exceeded; bread fruit, roasted bananas, yams of various kinds, &c., &c. Our repast ended, we went over our host's grounds. Here I noticed the *senna* plant; the *kooreda* tree—remarkable for having no tap root, and which covers all the coast. It is so impregnated with saline matter, that on evaporating the leaves, a large percentage of salt may be procured from them. A species of *indigo*, the soap-berry tree, cotton bush, silk cotton tree, the elegant *quassia*, with its red blossoms, and a variety of other interesting vegetable productions are common.

The Scarlet Ibis, a bird of remarkable beauty, is very common here, and a flight passed over head while we were rambling about. I observed also a very fine bird domesticated in the yard. They told me it was called the "Powie;" and pendant from a tamarind bough, we procured the curious bottle-shaped nest of the yellow plantain bird, whose eggs are beautifully pencilled as it were with hieroglyphics.

I cannot vouch for the truth of the

story, here believed, that the parrot dies if fed on plantains or bananas.

In our host's garden I observed a large "Plumiera" (tree jasmine), denuded of its foliage by splendid caterpillars, each measuring about six inches, and of the most brilliantly variegated colours—so much so, that I can compare them to nothing but small Chenille purses.

We were fortunate enough, during our stay, to discover in a ditch a specimen, under the most favourable circumstances, of the wonderful nest-

building fish described by Sir R. Schomburgk. It is called the *assur* or *hasar*. The nest is loosely constructed of leaves and twigs, like the broken cover of a basket. Underneath it the spawn is deposited, and the fierce little fish guards it with unparalleled vigilance. To catch him he is made the victim of his own impetuosity. A sieve is sunk near the nest, and the water is then stirred over it with a stick, which so enrages the fish, that he darts out to the attack, when the sieve is jerked up, and he is captured.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

WILLS' "EAGLE'S NEST" IN THE VALLEY OF SIXT: A SUMMER HOME AMONG THE ALPS.—HILL'S TRAVELS IN PERU AND MEXICO.—CAPT. SHAKESPEAR'S WILD SPORTS OF INDIA.—RIMEBAULT'S ORIGIN OF THE PIANOFORTE.—A SUMMER RAMBLE IN THE HIMALAYAS.

MR. WILLS' volume* is one of the most interesting specimens of Alpine literature lately published. No doubt the interest is greatly enhanced by the circumstances under which it was written. The volume is in part the joint production of Mr. Wills and his accomplished wife, who, unhappily, died before its completion, and to whose memory it is inscribed, in a dedication of peculiar grace and tenderness.

Mr. Wills is an experienced Alpine traveller; the author of "Wanderings among the High Alps;" and a contributor to "Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers," the highly entertaining account of a series of excursions by members of the Alpine Club, edited by its energetic President, Mr. John Ball. Far as Mr. Wills has travelled, it would appear that the Valley of the Sixt is in his eyes the most lovely spot in the world. Though but seldom visited, it is easier of access from Geneva than Chamouni, being but a ten hours' journey. The road to Sixt diverges from Bonneville, keeping along the right bank of the River Arve, into which the Giffre, the stream which flows through the Valley of Sixt, falls about five

miles above Bonneville. The road is carried by the foot of the Mole Mountain across the Giffre at the village of Marignier. After a long and steep ascent, the traveller passes the old castle of Chatillon, and gains the first sight of the valley, finding himself at the entrance of what seems like another world.

"A wide and fertile valley lies almost beneath your feet, shut in on each side by mountain ranges. They present an exquisite combination of grandeur and of softer beauty. Clothed to a great height with woods, in which the dark foliage of fir and pine is pleasantly relieved by the brighter green of the beech, they afford conclusive evidence that the severities of an Alpine climate do not visit even their highest portions; but they often break away into abrupt faces of rock, of no inconsiderable height, or are crowned by rugged peaks of a bold and precipitous character. Bright slopes of lawn-like pasture mingle with the darker green of the forest trees. Numerous chalets, of a better order than usual, nestle beneath the shelter of the woods, or are dotted about the upland meadows. In the centre of the valley, the Giffre pours down its discoloured stream, the drainage of the glaciers of the Buet and of the Pic de Tinneverges.

* "The Eagle's Nest" in the Valley of Sixt; a Summer Home among the Alps; together with some Excursions among the Great Glaciers. By Alfred Wills, of the Middle Temple, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. London: Longman, Green, Longman, and Roberts. 1860.

At no great distance from where you stand, the prosperous little town of Tanninges sparkles in the sunlight.

"The plain through which the Giffre threads its way is still more rich and verdant than the mountain chains that bound it; and is thickly studded with orchards and corn fields. At the head of this beautiful valley, the eye and the mind are alike arrested by the great crags and extended snows of the Buet, which seem to say, that in this direction at least, Nature has done her best, by denying the means of egress, to complete the resemblance of the scene to the 'Happy Valley.'"

The road winds down from the top of the hill to Tanninges, whence two or three hours' ascent of the Valley of Sixt brings the traveller to the town of Samoëns, placed in the midst of scenery of the greatest beauty. On leaving Samoëns the road is brought within a few feet of the river, which is here an impetuous torrent. Passing the narrow gorge of Les Tines, through which the united streams of the Upper and Lower Giffre rush, a view is obtained of the Pointe de Salles, a glorious peak, than which the most experienced Alpine traveller might in vain rack his memory to call to view a grander form. It is the eastern extremity of a mountain range extending to the Aiguille de Varens, just above St. Martin.

"In outline it reminds one somewhat of the huge crested crags, like petrified waves of rock, that form the great feature of the view from Leukerbad towards the Ghenini Pass; but it is beyond all comparison grander and more solemn in form. The upper part of the mountain is a bare and precipitous structure of naked rock, built tier above tier, rising first gently and then sharply from west to east, and ending in an abrupt precipice of some 1,500 or 2,000 feet. Nothing can exceed the grandeur of this line of crags, and few that I have seen are equally rich in colour. Beneath the serrated ridge is a narrow 'swarded shelf,' which looks from below so steep, that one wonders how herbage and stunted trees can find a resting-place on such an incline. It projects beyond the eastern base of the precipice, and is itself raised to a height of some thousands of feet above the gorge of the Giffre by a bare perpendicular wall of crag, far more massive than the peak above, and only less imposing because it does not start, like the Pointe de Salles itself, from the level of the clouds. Few persons, however accustomed to the wonlors of Alp-

ine passes, could repress a feeling of astonishment on learning that along this wild ledge, beneath the foot and round the nearest extremity of the range of limestone precipices, raised at such a dizzy height, is carried the romantic passage of the Col d'Anterne from Sixt to Servoz."

The village of Sixt is reached after a few minutes' descent along the banks of the now diminished Giffre. Here there is a hospitable hotel, the "*Fer à Cheval*," which was originally the convent of Sixt. A few miles above the village of Sixt, we reach the magnificent amphitheatre of the *Fer à Cheval*, of which we are favoured with a beautiful sketch by Mrs. Wills, and the following graphic description by our author:—

"The great wall of precipice forming the southern barrier of the valley suddenly recedes from the course of the river, and curving round in a semicircle, becomes the boundary of an enormous amphitheatre of unparalleled wildness and sublimity. Successive land slips on a colossal scale have half filled up the area beneath with a confused assemblage of low irregular hills. Along the whole length of the arc towers an unbroken line of nearly perpendicular precipice, never less than a thousand feet in height, and sometimes considerably higher. This imposing barrier is itself surmounted by a grand chain of still loftier crags, rising terrace upon terrace till they attain their greatest elevation in the magnificent peak of the *Timneverges*; the north-eastern point of the *Horse-shoe*; and the scarcely less imposing summit of the *Tête Noire*, about half-way between the two extremities of the semicircle; while, further still to the west, the glaciers of the Buet peep over the buttresses of rock, and call to mind the wonders of the upper world of ice and snow."

There are many beautiful excursions from Sixt. At the head of the valley, and to the west, lies the *Fond de la Combe*, a wild and secluded recess, shut in by a massive barrier of rock, crowned by the glaciers of *Mont Ronan*, of interest as the scene of the untimely end of *Jacques Balmat*, the hero of *Mont Blanc*, who is remembered as an indomitable mountaineer, but unfortunately addicted to gold-seeking, in which pursuit he lost his life. Mr. Wills' account of the tragedy is painfully interesting. But the loveliest spot of all, in Mr. Wills' estimation, is the *Vallée des Fonds*,

which can be reached from Sixt in an hour and a-half. The Plateau des Fonds, which must be, in truth, a miracle of Alpine beauty, is situated on a slope of the Buet:—

“The plateau itself is only a tolerably level piece of pasture land, some few acres in extent, but surrounded by scenery of no common grandeur. It is placed nearly in the centre of the great amphitheatre of precipices which opened on us at the grassy knoll whence we first caught sight of the chalets; but it is only from this spot that their full extent can be seen or their magnificence appreciated. They stretch in one long dark and frowning wall from north to south-east of the spectator, attaining their greatest height and presenting their wildest aspect about midway between the two extremities of the arc. At its northern end they are crowned by grass land so steep as to make one wonder that even Alpine sheep and Alpine shepherds dare to trust themselves upon its slippery surface just above those tremendous crags. As the precipices increase in height, however, the strip of verdure diminishes in breadth; and from the middle of the Horse-shoe to its south-eastern point, the line of bare rock either stands out sharply against the sky or is capped by a glistening patch of glacier. The loftiest portion of this magnificent crescent cannot be less than 2,500 or 3,000 feet in height. Nor is the south-eastern extremity of the arc of less imposing aspect, though its crags are not on so colossal a scale; for their inferiority in elevation is due, not so much to a lowering of the actual outline of the ridge, as to the height attained by the pastures of Les Fonds, and the rich growth of fir wood which protects them from the avalanches of April and May. In fact, by climbing to the summit of the pastures, access may be gained to the crags above; they are broken by narrow rifts, cut far into the substance of the mountain by the torrents of spring, and by their depth of shadow throw out the intervening masses into a bold relief that makes them look like the outworks and watch-towers of a gigantic fortress. They belong, in fact, to a kind of formation which gives a very peculiar and wonderful character to a deep valley opening beyond them, further to the south, by which the ascent of the Buet and the passage of the Col de l'Echaud are made. A small portion of this valley is seen from the Plateau des Fonds, but it is not nearly enough to give an accurate notion of the true character of the scenery; nor is it till a mile or two further along the path towards the Buet that one gets the least idea of the depth

and wildness of this great inlet, when, on rounding a protecting spur of the mountain, you come suddenly upon it. The part of the valley visible from the plateau is seen over a great fir forest. It is obviously but the opening to a deeper recess, which the imagination is free to picture as beautiful as it will.”

We have given Mr. Wills' description of this exquisite spot in full, as a great deal of the interest of the volume attaches to it. He first saw the valley in 1857, and was then so struck with its unique beauty as to be seized with a desire to possess a few acres as a site for a chalet. Subsequent visits having confirmed his opinion and changed his longing into a resolve, he entered upon a negotiation for the purchase. This apparently simple intention was not, however, so easily to be accomplished. The land he found to be vested in fee simple in the “commune” of Sixt, a civil division somewhat analogous to that of a parish. Every owner of land in the commune had a right of pasturage and turbary on the plateau. The commune of Sixt was represented by fifteen councillors, including the syndic and vice-syndic, or mayor and deputy, to whom Mr. Wills obtained an introduction, and made a formal proposal for a purchase. The syndic broached the subject at the first sitting of the council, by whom it was well received, and, by appointment, Mr. Wills accompanied some eight or nine of the members to Les Fonds, and marked out his intended purchase, explaining his objects apparently to their satisfaction. He then proceeded to Bonneville, and obtained from Count d'Elia, the Intendant of the Province, the official authority to hold a special meeting of the council, at which alone the resolution for the sale of their land could be legally passed. Before this extraordinary sitting could be held, the curé of Sixt, an ecclesiastic of the old *régime*, had got up an agitation against the proposed sale to our author. He represented to the simple peasants that “there would be a Protestant crusade in the valley; one intruder would give rise to another, and their ‘montagnes’ would be cut up into building patches to satisfy the vagaries of English taste; that the English aristocrat had found the vein of gold that Jacques Balmat had failed to discover, and their

forests would be destroyed to find fuel for his smelting furnaces," and so on. Futile as these objections were, they had the effect of turning more than one-half of the members of the council against Mr. Wills' proposal. In this extremity Count d'Elia, the Intendant, took up the matter warmly in our author's favour, and convoked another special meeting, at which he attended and aided the council by his advice. At this meeting the resolution for the sale of the property was carried, but only by the casting vote of the syndic. The resolution had then to be sanctioned by the Intendant and confirmed by the "juge de paix." Still it was not final until it had received the ratification of the Minister of the Interior, to whom the dissentients presented a memorial numerously signed. After much hesitation, and by dint of great perseverance, the authorization was at length completed, and received the sign manual of the king. These were the forms under the Sardinian rule; since then the province has been annexed by France. The difficulties thrown in the way of the acquisition of his Alpine property increased the purchase-money from £8 to £16 per "journal," or acre.

Mr. Wills having thus accomplished his hobby, christened his possession "The Eagle's Nest," and proceeded to erect a chalet, on the plans and specifications drawn by his wife. The simple inhabitants of the valley withdrew all opposition to the new settlers, and cordially welcomed them, stating that as the resolution was carried, they respected the wishes of the majority. Mr. Wills promised them that he would make known the beauties of their valley, and endeavour to divert some of the English tourists from the beaten track to Chamouni; and he has ably fulfilled his promise by the publication of this volume.

Besides the description of his summer home in the Valley of Sixt, the work contains sketches of Alpine and glacier explorations, which are brought before the mind's eye with great power and distinctness. In these excursions, our author encountered considerable perils and grappled

with difficulties with characteristic energy, finding an ample reward in the fascination of the wonderful views thus alone to be commanded. He also discovered a bed of beautiful and valuable fossils, chiefly ferns, near the summit of the Col D'Anterne. Of these he made a large collection, and presented eighty specimens to the British Museum, and 200 to the University College, London.

MR. HILL has travelled round the world, and published, from time to time, accounts of his journey.* The volumes now before us contain the narrative of the completion of his tour in Peru and Mexico. Sailing from the Society Islands, he was disturbed in his slumbers, on his arrival at Valparaiso, by the shock of an earthquake. He visited Santiago, the chief town of the Chilean Republic, and Cuzco, the ancient capital of the Incas. Thence he proceeded to Lima, the modern seat of government of Peru, situated six miles, per railway, from Callao. After a sojourn of some weeks in Lima, he set sail for Panama, and crossed the Isthmus. Having visited Jamaica and Havana, he sailed for Vera Cruz, whence he journeyed to Mexico.

Such was our author's route, and assuredly it is one widely removed from every beaten track, though we doubt whether his experiences will attract many followers.

Of the position, extent, and natural features of these different countries, our author enters into the details; but are not all such matters better written in the "Encyclopædia Britannica?" Let us see whether he observed any remarkable traits deserving of our readers' attention. In almost every seaport he found the trade of the country chiefly in the hands of English merchants. These enterprising men had originally commanded trading vessels, laden with ventures from England, which they exchanged for the produce of the country. Having satisfactorily fulfilled this trust, and won the confidence of their employers, they were then located at the port as agents to the merchants at home. Ere long,

* *Travels in Peru and Mexico.* By S. S. Hill, Author of "Travels in Siberia," &c. London: Longman, Green, Longman, and Roberts. 1860.

the deputy advances himself to the position of a merchant on his own account, and settles in the colony with his family, or, if unmarried, selects a wife among the servant girls already imported. Society is, therefore, rather incongruous, and disturbed by envy and petty jealousies.

The movable prisons of Valparaíso attracted Mr. Hill's attention, and gave him occasion to advise their adoption in England. They certainly are both novel and original. A number of waggons are built, of great strength, and provided with benches to sleep on, and a cook-room, or galley. In each of these, a dozen convicts are stowed away, and conveyed to the places where public works are carried on—a plan offering some advantages where labour is required at a distance from the ordinary prison.

At Santiago, Mr. Hill was courteously received by the President of the Republic, who took pains to explain the reasons why Chili, of all the ancient Spanish colonies, had not retrograded as a Republic. He attributed their progress to their having corrected the two great errors of the Spanish character—pride, and contempt of foreigners. Chili had embraced every opportunity of reforming her institutions, and always received with respect every stranger who visited her shores, and at that time was one of the most prosperous and best governed of the South American States.

In the Legislative Chambers our author observed peculiarities in striking contrast with our customs: the members usually spoke in a sitting posture, never rising to address the house save in times of excitement. Divisions did not take place; but the Clerk of the Chambers ascertained the votes by regarding singly each member, who, in his turn, simply nodded assent, or said "No." He visited the pantheon, or cemetery, and found the aristocratic portion ornamented with pieces of sculpture, carved in Italy or Paris; but the department of the poor, on the contrary, conducted without the slightest regard to decency; skulls and bones lay strewn about; pits, which had been dug deep and filled with uncoffined bodies, had been reopened, and the remains thrown out, with the bones partly covered with flesh, to make space for other interments. In

some of the pits, the bodies of men and women, fantastically dressed, appeared to have been just thrown in, as one would pitch in a litter of dogs; these the gravedigger covered over in the evening, according to custom. Our author left Chili favourably impressed, on the whole, with the character of the inhabitants, and gratified with their kindness and hospitality.

At Arequipa, in Peru, he chanced upon a Romish procession, in which the influence of the clergy turned to account the superstition of the natives. Crossing the chief plaza, or great square of the town, which was filled with heaps of dirt, he met a number of priests, marching in procession, and heralded by music. In front, was borne aloft the figure of a saint, of painted wood, robed in green drapery, and holding a cross in one hand, and a lamb in the other, evidently intended to represent St. John. Above a hundred poor Indians followed, mounted on donkeys, or armed with shovels and spades. The bearers of the saint mounted the largest of the heaps of dirt, and planted the figure on a pedestal, covered with crimson cloth, placing an umbrella on his arm to shield him from the sun. The guns of the fortress fired a salute, whereupon the Indians set to work with a will, and filled their barrows with the dirt, which they wheeled away with energy worthy of the holy work, in which it was clear they believed themselves engaged. This, it appeared, was the only way in which the authorities could get the piles of rubbish removed.

The most interesting portion of this work are the chapters on Cuzco, the ancient capital of the empire of the Incas. It is situated about 12,000 feet above the level of the sea. The ruins of the famous "Temple of the Sun," which had been plundered of its enormous riches by the Spaniards, under Pizarro, presented the following appearance at the time of our author's visit:—

"The most perfect of the remains of the ancient temple are to be seen at the eastern and western ends of the modern edifice. At the west end there is a part of the wall which has never been disturbed, of about twenty feet or more in height, and thirty in breadth at the base, and of a curved form; and on the east,

almost the whole of that side of the edifice remains, measuring about seventy feet in length, and twenty-five in height. While examining these walls, we had the first opportunity of observing the excellent character of the masonry of the ancient people. The stones are generally about two feet in length, and of a uniform breadth of about sixteen inches. They are of a gray colour, and are placed in perfect lines, and are so ingeniously united, that, although no traces of mortar have been discovered, not so much as the blade of a penknife can be anywhere, even at this day, inserted between them; and the work is relieved from the monotony it might otherwise present by a slight projection of the surfaces of the stones, caused by their not touching one another within an inch or two of the line of the exterior."

To the north of the town are the ruins of the great fortress, built of polygonal-shaped stones of great size, some of them said to exceed in weight 150 tons. These immense blocks are fitted together with such nicety, that their interstices are hardly perceptible. In the neighbourhood are also remains of other temples, palaces, and fortresses, relics of a former age of splendour and magnificence. One of the most valuable productions of Peru is the coca plant, the leaves of which are chewed by the natives instead of tobacco. Its growth is a government monopoly. It fetches the large price of twenty-five dollars the arroba (of twenty-five pounds), and its sale in the neighbourhood of Cuzco is computed at 100,000 arrobas in the year. It is raised from seeds, sown in well-dressed beds, the shoots being transplanted to open fields, where they attain the height of five or six feet, and produce white flowers, from which proceed the red berries that form the seed. When the leaves become brittle, they are considered ripe, and are carefully gathered, and dried in the sun. So fond are the Indians of this plant, that they masticate a couple of ounces of the leaves each day.

Very little is known of the Indians inhabiting the eastern parts of Peru. Though they are cannibals, they make a remarkable exception in favour of the fair sex, whom they never devour at their feasts. This exception is not, however, owing to any feeling of gallantry on their part, but because the barbarians consider women impure beings, made to be the plague

instead of the comfort of men, and that their flesh is in the highest degree poisonous.

A custom prevails among them which reminded our author of an Irish wake. The watchers whisper in the ears of the departed kind messages to their deceased friends, sending them word as to their worldly affairs, and "that they only wait their turn to join them in that happy state of repose into which they believe they have entered."

Mr. Hill observed the remains of an ancient aqueduct, to convey water from the mountains to Cuzco, and relates a legend connected with its formation. Huasca, Inca of Peru, at the commencement of the sixteenth century made a proclamation, that whoever would erect works to carry water to Cuzco, should receive the hand of his daughter in marriage. A young engineer, named Hassan, came forward and undertook to perform the task. Men and materials were supplied to him, and he began his operations. Before long, however, a change came o'er the spirit of his dream. A young and beautiful girl was observed by Hassan in attendance upon one of the men at the works. He fell in love with her, and became so distracted by his passion, that his mind was turned from the work, the completion of which would doom him to separation from her whom he valued above every thing, and to marriage with one whom he had never seen. Disorder and neglect now ensued at the works; the workmen and lookers-on came to the conclusion that Hassan was unequal to the task. His frequent meetings with the young attendant having attracted attention, she ceased visiting the camp, which still further distracted his mind, so that all subsequent progress of the works was arrested. This state of affairs was soon made known to the Inca, who, on being apprised of the cause of Hassan's conduct, resolved upon revenge, and determined that he should be put to death for his two-fold crime—failure in his contract, and contempt of his sovereign. Before his execution, however, Hassan was brought before the Inca and his court, and interrogated by Huasca whether he could urge aught in extenuation of his offence. Hassan replied in the negative, but thanked

the Inca for all his favours, especially the one he was about to confer, as it would release him from the anguish he had suffered since he met with the innocent cause of his misfortune.

"At the moment that the Inca was about to commit him to the tender mercies of the executioners, the girl we have mentioned suddenly appeared among the crowd of nobles, dressed as she had been in the camp of the workmen, and rushing into the centre of the hall, exclaimed—

"Stay, Inca! arrest the hand of justice for a moment, while I put one question to the unfortunate culprit. It shall be such as the Inca will not disapprove."

"From the moment of this strange apparition until the demand of the girl, there was not a sound heard. The whole of the nobles present remained motionless and silent. But had no embarrassment overwhelmed them, the presence of their sovereign would have restrained equally their words and their acts. Huasca, who seemed alone unmoved, nodded assent to the demand of the girl, who now marched up to the youth, and laying her right hand upon his left shoulder, and standing a little on one side, that his countenance might be well seen by the Inca, said—'Young man of the hills where the Inca is ever known—subject of Huasca—hast thou chosen the child of the vales in preference to the daughter of thy sovereign?' To which the youth, after steadfastly regarding the Inca, replied—

"The will of the great source of light be done—the sentence of the Inca is just.' Then turning to the girl, he added, 'I go now with joy to dwell where I shall await thy coming, to possess thee for ever.'

"But, wherefore couldst thou not, then said the girl, 'accomplish the work which thou hast undertaken?'

"It had been done,' said the youth, 'had the labour been accompanied with the hope of possessing thee.'

"At this reply the young girl, suddenly throwing off her upper garments, which had hidden those which would have betrayed her true character, and taking the entranced youth by the hand, advanced up to the foot of the throne of the Inca, and exclaimed—

"Great father of the children of the sun, dost thou not recognise thy child? I, whom thou lovest as thyself, demand the remission of the sentence against the youth now bowed down before thee, until it be known whether the great work

which he has undertaken can be accomplished or not.'

"Inca Huasca, whose affection for his daughter was above all other feelings, electrified by the occurrence, signified his assent to the proposal. A few months after this the great aqueduct was completed, and the engineer and the princess became man and wife."

Mr. Hill adduces an instance of the insecurity of travelling in Mexico. The journey from Vera Cruz to the capital is made in omnibuses starting on uncertain days and times. The road was known to be infested by bandits; and our author and his *compagnon de voyage*, a North American, deemed it prudent to arm themselves for their protection on the route. The Prussian Consul, however, who was to travel on the same day, having heard of their intention, apprised the travellers that neither he nor any other passengers would proceed in the conveyance if they persisted in carrying arms. The driver of the omnibus then explained to our indignant author, that as the caravan was liable to be attacked by robbers when there was no accompanying guard of soldiers, it was an established custom for each traveller to be provided with twenty dollars, to hand over to the robbers as a bribe or ransom for their luggage; but that if any of the passengers was unprovided with this tribute, the whole of the baggage was liable to seizure.

Mr. Hill having descended into the silver mines of Real del Monte, of which his work contains an accurate description, terminated his tour in the New World, and took his departure for his home in the Old.

ALTHOUGH we quite agree with our author that the deep-set eye, thin nostril, and arched brow, are not to be balked of excitement, yet we sympathize with those who prefer other outlets for the superabundant spirits of youth than the shikaring of wild hogs, or the shooting of man-eaters. If the mighty hunter, Shakespear,* with his muscular arm, sinewy hand, and foot, beneath whose arched instep water will flow, barely escaped with his life in several conflicts with tigers, panthers, bears, and bison,

* *The Wild Sports of India*. By Captain Henry Shakespear. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1860.

it may fairly be asked, what chance would inexperienced, though gallant youths have in such personal encounters. A regular apprenticeship should be served ere ordinary shooters of small game can be transformed into shikarees, or hunters of the large game of the Indian forests. It is difficult to conceive a greater contrast than that between a morning's shooting in the Highlands and a regular shikar of tigers in an untrodden forest, where the hunter goes literally with his life in his hand.

Hog hunting is considered by our enthusiastic author as the very first sport in the world. The wild boar is a formidable enemy, and possessed of desperate courage. So reckless is he of life, that he will run up the hunter's spear which has passed through his vitals until he buries his tusks in the body of the horse, or in the leg of the rider. The natives assert that he will quench his thirst at the river between two tigers. The old story of the fierceness of the Kilkenny cats, who devoured each other until nothing was left but the tails, is rivalled by one of the boar and the tiger who have been heard fighting in the jungle at night, and both have been found dead alongside one another in the morning.

The first requisite of a hog-hunter is to be well mounted. When a hunt is fixed upon, its guidance is confided to an old and experienced shikaree, as captain of the hunt, to whom implicit obedience must be paid. Riders are posted in pairs at different parts of the cover. The beaters are supplied with gongs, or tom toms, and all kinds of noisy instruments. Lookers-out, provided with white flags, are posted on high trees. Captain Shakespear relates numerous encounters with the wild hog. On one occasion he was nearly disposed of summarily by a boar. In company with a native officer, he was out hunting about ten miles from Hingolee, in the Deccan, when one of the villagers offered to show them a hog, which he described as such a monster, that they were afraid to go near his place of resort. He led the way to the brow of a hill, where he stopped short, and pointing to an object in a dhall field, which appeared in the mist of the morning like a large blue rock, exclaimed, "There he is!" A deep and wooded

corrie, or fissure in the hills, situated about a hundred yards beyond, was evidently the stronghold of the animal. The hunters galloped round the field in order to intercept his retreat, and waited for the beaters to drive on the prey. We will allow Captain Shakespear to narrate his escape in his own words.

"Standing, as I was, behind a hedge considerably higher than my mare's head, I did not see the boar. The duffadar, who was some thirty yards to my left, but looking over a lower part of the hedge, shouted out, 'Look out, here he comes.' The mare was standing still, and I had but just time to drop my spear-point, which caught the boar in his rise: the blade was buried in his withers. The beautiful mare, from her standing position, cleared with one bound the boar, spear and all, as this was carried out of my hand; then, suddenly turning, was in a moment in her stride after the hog. The latter had but seventy yards to reach the edge of the cover, so I shouted to the duffadar, 'There goes my spear—spear him.' Just as the boar struck the first branch of the jungle with his back, breaking my spear in two, the duffadar closed with him in a moment. The boar, having been missed by the spear, was under the horse, and thus for thirty yards the latter, literally lifted off his legs, was plunging and kicking until the rider came to the ground. Fortunately, I had three dogs out with us, and having shouted to let them go, they came up and took off the attention of the boar at the moment I thought he was on the duffadar. The latter had fallen on his sword and broken it, so that he was utterly helpless, for I had not then obtained another spear.

"In the next moment the boar and dogs had disappeared in the jungle, which was, as I before remarked, his stronghold. Immediately I procured a spear, I rode up the face of the hill, and round the further end of the corrie. I heard the dogs baying the boar below me; but it was impervious, and, from rock and jungle, was inaccessible to the horse. Looking towards the spot from whence I had come, and across to the opposite side of the corrie, I saw the duffadar again mounted, and shouted to him, 'send me a big spear; come down, and let us spear him on foot, he is killing the dogs.' The man replied, 'for heaven's sake, sahib, don't attempt it on foot.'

"At this moment up came one of my people with my heavy double rifle, and being still under the impression that the boar was killing the dogs, I descended

on foot into the ravine, leaving my mare with the gun-carrier. Just as I got to the bottom I saw the monster boar with his back to a tree, and the three dogs looking very cautiously at him. He was about forty yards' distance from me.

"There was an open, green space, where the water lodged in the rains, and clear of jungle. At the further end stood the boar. Directly he saw me, putting his head a little down to take aim, he came straight at me, increasing his pace from the trot to the charge.

"When about fifteen yards off he received the first bullet of my rifle in his neck. Taking not the least notice of it, he came on, and the second barrel fired at him at about five yards, broke his left under-jaw bone at the tusk. Fortunately I brought my rifle down to the charge, and striking it with his head, the boar sent me over on my back. While running over me, he made a glance and wounded me in the left arm. Had I not put down my rifle-barrel at the moment, most probably his tusk would have been buried in my body; and this interesting tale never appeared before the public.

"As I lay, I seized the end of my rifle-barrels, determining to sell my life as dearly as possible. To my delight, I must say, I saw the boar knock over the man who was running down with my big spear. He did not turn on either of us, for the boar is a noble foe, rarely turning, unless desperately wounded, and unable to go on, to mutilate a fallen enemy. The dogs immediately tackled him, and permitted me, though breathless, to get up.

"The rifle stock was cracked, and the pin that fastens the barrel into the stock much bent. Having put this to rights I loaded, and proceeding in the direction the boar had gone, heard a pistol shot, and the rush of a retreating horse. This was the duffadar, who had discharged his weapon at him, at a distance of course, without any damage to either party. I walked cautiously up to about fifteen yards, when the boar again began glancing at me with his very wicked eye. A dog's head was very near the line of fire, but, determining to take the initiative this time, I shot the beast through the eye to the brain. Over he rolled, the biggest boar I have ever killed: height, thirty-nine inches; length, not including tail, about five feet and a half; tusks, nine inches."

This, we assure our readers, is but a specimen of the very exciting encounters of our author with the savage denizens of the jungle.

Tiger shooting, however, is the most dangerous of Indian sports, not

what he calls the *common* tiger, but the dreaded man-eater. Before the fiercest of these Captain Shakespear showed an undaunted front. The village of Doongurghur (mountain abode) was desolated by a pair of man-eating tigers. All the villagers, with the exception of one family, had either been killed, or had fled their homes in terror. The last victim was their Byraghee or holy man, who had been slain and carried to the mountain. Captain Shakespear considered he had a special call to destroy these monsters; and the account of his arrangements and plan of attack is in the highest degree interesting. We can but extract an abridgment of his actual conflict with the male tiger. After watching for him fruitlessly all day, he tied up a calf as a bait, and started early in the following morning in pursuit. Scarcely 200 yards had been passed when they heard the roaring of the tiger, and saw that the calf was dead.

"The tiger and the calf lay contiguous, tails on end to us. The calf's neck was in the tiger's mouth, whose large paws embraced his victim. I looked, waiting for some change in the position of the body to allow me to aim at a vital part. At length the calf gave a struggle, and kicked the tiger, on which the latter clasped him nearer, arching his own body, and exposing the white of his belly and chest. I pulled the trigger very slowly, aiming at the white, and firing for his heart—he was on his left side—as if I was firing at an egg for a thousand pounds.

"I knew that I hit the spot aimed at; but, to my astonishment, the tiger sprang up several feet in the air with a roar, rolled over, and towards me, for he was on higher ground than I was, when, bounding to his feet as if unscathed, he made for the mountains, the last rock of which was within forty yards of him.

"Immediately the tiger sprang to his feet, and exposed his broad, left side to me. I stepped from behind the tree, looked at him in the face with contempt as if he been a sheep; and while he passed me with every hair set, his beautiful white beard and whiskers spread, and his eye like fire, with the left barrel I shot him through the heart. He went straight and at undiminished speed, each bound covering fifteen feet at least, for twenty-five yards, and then fell on his head under the lowest rock of the mountain, in which was his stronghold. Up went in the air his thick, stumpy tail. Seizing my other rifle, I walked up to

about fifteen yards of him, for he was still opening his mouth and gasping, and broke his back. Turning round to the poor villager who, now the tiger was dead, was afraid to come near him, I patted him on the shoulder, and said, 'There is your enemy, old man; now, where does the tigress live?'

Captain Shakespear then hunted and killed the tigress, and had the satisfaction of seeing the villagers return to their deserted homes, and of receiving the thanks of the Rajah.

There is no lack of variety in the wild sports of India. With panthers our author had rather an intimate acquaintance; a wounded one once rode on his horse, somewhat after the fashion in which ladies and gentlemen used to ride pillion; and another sprang upon and seized by the neck a shikaree camel which he was riding. Bears abound in the jungle, and there is but a poor chance of escape to the unhappy wight who comes within their mighty hug. From such an embrace our author once rescued himself by sheathing his shikar knife in the horse shoe on her chest, which he gloats over as the most delicious blow he ever dealt. Buffaloes and bison also afford rare sport, but shooting wild elephants is pronounced by our author glorious. Deer, neelgai, or blue cattle, cheetahs, or hunting leopards, antelopes, and the ibex, all in their degree, are more or less worthy of the sportsman's attention. How to hunt each of these wild animals is graphically taught by this universal and accomplished sportsman.

Captain Shakespear is a naturalist, and has studied as much of the habits of animals as may be useful to a hunter. He is also an anatomist, but only so far as knowing to a nicety the precise situation of the brain, and of the other vital spots, of different wild beasts. He considers

"One of the most deadly parts of the body to aim at in most animals is halfway between the top of the withers and the bottom of the girth. If you miss the heart, your ball hits the lungs or liver. If it strikes too high for them, it will generally dislocate or break the vertebrae at the junction between the spine and neck. This is the spot in which the Spanish matador sheathes the point of his rapier, when he gives the bull his death-wound. Of course, after much practice you will become so good a rifle-

shot, that you may be able to brain an animal when you are near to him. But the brain of a tiger or panther is very far back in the head, and in a very small compass; and you should study the anatomy of the heads of animals before you attempt to fire for the brain."

The vital spot of the bear is in the centre of a dirty white patch in the centre of his chest, called the horse-shoe. It is highly amusing to read his lectures on anatomy. Of the elephant, he says,

"Obtain, and examine the skull; you will see that the brain is contained in a very small compass, and lies very far back. Your ball has to traverse some feet of bone before it can reach the brain. In the fore part, and near the base of the trunk, the bone will be found soft, and much honeycombed, and above each eye there is not so much thick bone to shoot through. The former of these is what is considered the front spot. You fire at the bump which is at the upper part of the trunk. But when shooting transversely, aim just over the eye. You must shoot for the brain, and at as near a distance as possible."

The intending shikaree will find ample instruction, as well as thrilling amusement, in this volume. It contains a dissertation on the best kinds of horses for hunting, and descriptions of a proper battery of weapons. The author's favourite rifles are a Westley Richards, that carries 250 yards, and one made by Wilkinson, of Pall Mall, which sent balls through a bear while running at 120 yards. The hunter should also be provided with a shikar, or hunting-knife, kept as sharp as a razor, and with the queen of weapons, a sword. The most approved dogs are the English terriers, and really fine mastiffs. The outfit best adapted for the jungle consists of a shooting-jacket without tails, furnished with five pockets in front, appropriated to the knife, a telescope, a powder-flask, a few caps, and some half dozen bullets. Trousers and Wellington boots complete the costume. On all points the tyro is supplied with valuable maxims to enable him to compete with the crafty old shikaree. Anxious parents will hardly thank us for directing attention to this rehearsal of dangers; yet we defy them to glance over its contents without feeling a lurking admiration for the gallant sportsman, and secretly contrasting him with the stay-at-home frequenter

of our fashionable resorts. Though we have never wielded a more formidable weapon than a steel pen, we have perused with avidity the exciting scenes narrated with so much power by Captain Shakespear. As a sportsman, we deem him a genius; and honour him as a splendid specimen of a lion-hearted Englishman.

OUR "Household Orchestra"* is the subject of an extremely interesting work by Dr. Rimbault. We believe it to be the first history of the pianoforte attempted on a scale at all commensurate with its importance. He has divided his materials into three parts: first, The History of the Pianoforte; second, Its Construction; and third, The Early Composers for Instruments of the Pianoforte Class.

Dr. Rimbault traces the origin and progress of the early stringed instruments which preceded the invention of the pianoforte, and investigates the claims which have been set up for the honour of its first conception. It appears that three ingenious men in three different parts of the world, and within a few years of each other, originated the idea of the pianoforte. They were, Marius, a French manufacturer; Schroter, a German organist; and Bartolommeo Cristofali, a Paduan; for each of whom priority of date has been claimed by their respective admirers. Cristofali, however, is now generally admitted to have been the veritable projector; in testimony whereof, Dr. Rimbault presents to his readers a literal translation of a curious account of this invention which appeared in the *Giornale de' Letterari d'Italia*, Venice, 1711.

The first pianoforte introduced into England was imported by Mr. Fulke Greville from Rome, where it was made by one Father Wood. Dr. Rimbault minutely relates the advance made in the improvement of the instrument by the poet Mason, Panormo, and others, and transcribes a list of the patents appertaining to the piano-

forte from the books of the Great Seal Patent Office, by which the claims to the honour of various discoveries may be tested.

So early as 1783 we observe the name of John Broadwood, of Great Pulteney-street, Golden-square, the locale of the firm to the present day. Erard's name appears first in 1794, and Collard's in 1811. The second division of Dr. Rimbault's work treats of the construction of the pianoforte, its framing and stringing, and what is technically termed the "action." It also contains some very curious statistics relating to pianofortes and their manufacture.

The third portion consists of a collection of twenty-four specimens of ancient music for key-stringed instruments, taken from rare manuscripts, and selected with a view to show the gradual progress of the art of pianoforte writing. The volume appropriately winds up with an appendix containing technical information calculated to be useful to our fair readers. Hints are supplied as to the care of pianofortes, and performers are instructed how to place a pianoforte for effect. Those who indulge in harmoniums and other loud instruments, and do not wish to annoy their neighbours, may here learn how to prevent the sound from being heard in the adjoining chambers. The mode of tuning, and the art of regulating defects in the mechanism of the pianoforte, are also observed upon.

The foregoing analysis gives but a faint idea of this entertaining and elaborate treatise, which displays extensive research and ability on the part of the learned author.

"A SUMMER Ramble in the Himalayas"† is prefaced by an introduction which coolly pronounces that it will not be found dull in any single page. We wholly dissent from this encomium. In our judgment there are few pages—except the valuable chapters contributed by "Mountaineer"—that are not monotonous and wearisome.

* *The Pianoforte, its Origin, Progress, and Construction, with some Account of the Instruments of the same Class which preceded it, viz., the Clavichord, the Virginal, the Spinnet, the Harpsichord, &c.* By Edward F. Rimbault, LL.D. London: Robert Cocks and Co. 1860.

† *A Summer Ramble in the Himalayas, with Sporting Adventures in the Vale of Cashmere.* Edited by "Mountaineer." London: Hurst and Blackett. 1860.

The volume has been put together from the rough notes of a sportsman who spent a summer in the Himalayan Mountains and the Vale of Cashmere. The recital of the writer's shooting excursions from day to day are very tedious, enlivened by few illustrations of the character of the people with whom he associated, or descriptions of the countries he visited. He encamped for a month with "Mountaineer," who is known to be Mr. Wilson, of Mussoorie, the author of a series of articles in the *Indian Sporting Review*, entitled, "Game of the Himalayas," a sportsman of no ordinary calibre, a naturalist withal, and an accurate observer of nature, who has enriched this volume with two chapters descriptive of the Ghurwal country. Before starting on his ramble he made a short sojourn at Mussoorie, one of the hill sanatoria, a favourite resort of invalids and officers on general leave. His route lay thence to the source of the Ganges, and across to Cashmere, *via* Koonawur, Spitee, and Ladak. As he was determined not to rough it, or dispense with creature comforts, he started with a formidable staff, consisting of twenty-five coolies, two orderlies, a chuprassie, and two household servants.

At one of the mountain villages he had an opportunity of witnessing an extraordinary Indian ceremony, called a "burt." A rope, made of the grass of the hill slopes, was stretched from the top of a rock about 500 feet high, and carried over a ravine to a pole fixed in the ground about half a mile distant from its base, and pulled taut by several hundred men. Crowds were assembled to witness the feat. The "bada," or slider, was escorted to the starting-post, amidst the shouts of the villagers and the discordant music of the village band. He was then placed on a wooden saddle, grooved underneath to fit the rope, bags of sand being fastened to his legs to keep him balanced.

"When he was seated in his saddle, and all ready, he himself gave the signal to let go, and this being done, he shot down at first, as might be expected from the angle of incline, with meteor-like velocity, which gradually relaxed as he approached the goal. The rapid friction would have set the saddle on fire, were it not that the rope is well saturated with water. If the rope breaks during

the ride, the unfortunate performer is killed on the spot. When he finishes his ride in safety, the villagers take him down, and he then receives the stipulated reward for his perilous adventure."

As an example of the manner in which the dominant race deal with the natives, we extract an anecdote of Mr. Wilson's treatment of one of the rajah's phoundars, whom he considered lacking in proper deference to his European highness. A phoundar, we must premise, is an official of no little consequence in his district, of which he is both magistrate and collector; being deputed by the rajah to receive the revenue and settle disputes, and being also empowered to inflict punishments for ordinary civil and criminal offences. It was intimated to this officer, on his arrival in Mr. Wilson's vicinity, that if charges should be brought before him, inculpating any persons in Mr. Wilson's employment, he was by no means to seize them in the usual course of his rough justice, lest perchance they should be engaged on their master's business; but that, on mentioning their names to Mr. Wilson, he would send them to the Court. With this request the phoundar complied during his stay in the immediate neighbourhood; but having removed a day's march to another station, he seized, inadvertently, upon one of Mr. Wilson's messengers on his way through the village, and detained him for two days, until he had paid a fine of a few rupees, to which he became subject for some offence. This was too much for Mr. Wilson,

"And if allowed to go unpunished, would, probably, be used as a precedent by other phoundars, and it was high time to give them a lesson. An appeal to the rajah would, in all probability, have been attended with the punishment of the offender, but this would not give half the prestige that a speedy personal chastisement inflicted on him on the spot would certainly do. It was an example that was required, *pour encourager les autres*. Getting together half a dozen of his men, Wilson proceeded to the village, at which he arrived a little before sunset, and found the phoundar holding his court in the village square, surrounded by the usual satellites of an eastern official. In a few words he explained to the astonished assembly how matters stood; cautioned them, and the chuprassies, and sepoy, not to interfere

with what he was about to do, and giving a signal, the phoundar was seized by four men previously instructed how to act, thrown down, and stretched spread-eagle fashion on the ground; Wilson then, tearing off his inexpressibles, administered, with a few well-twisted hazel rods, such a flagellation on the seat of honour as a phoundar, probably, never received before. 'He roared,' said Wilson, 'in a glorious manner, and I thrashed him till every rod was in shivers, and my arm fairly ached, while not one of his attendants mustered up courage to interfere.' To this day, the phoundars are influenced in their conduct to Wilson by the remembrance of this summary proceeding. The

phoundar went at once to complain to the rajah, and, anticipating this, Wilson sent a letter detailing all the circumstances of the case, at the same time. The result was, that the rajah, much to his honour, declared the official had been served exactly as he deserved, and hoped it would be a caution to others to pay due respect to every European they met with in his country; and to show he did not in the least blame Wilson, he sent him, with the answer to his letter, a very handsome present."

The writer evidently considers such conduct highly praiseworthy. Our readers will probably arrive at a very different conclusion.

ANTRIM CASTLE.

THIS ancient mansion of the noble house of Clotworthy-Skeffington-Foster-Skeffington, recalls to memory many an interesting episode in Irish history. Seated in a sequestered vale, on the left bank of the Owen-view, or Six-Mile-Water, close to where that river empties itself into the Antrim bay of Lough Neagh, it has been a mute witness of many a stirring scene of the past in Ulster. Events of importance connected with the settlement of that province; the war of 1641, the Puritan rebellion, the Usurpation, the Restoration, and the Revolution, have passed, in panoramic order, before those old embattled walls. It is one of the castles of the "settlers"—that well-known class, whom the sagacity of James I., assisted by his astute Lord Deputy, Sir Arthur Chichester, set in motion, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, to consolidate and strengthen the English power in Ireland. It owes its erection to Sir Hugh Clotworthy, knight, a gentleman of Somersetshire, of the family of Clotworthy of Clotworthy.

The ancient family of Clotworthy, or De Clotworthy, is of Norman extraction, and formed part of that numerous swarm of adventurers that followed the Conqueror into England after the battle of Hastings. The chief of the family obtained, in the general distribution of lands which followed that event, a manor in Somersetshire, and either imprinted his own

name upon it, or, according to the custom of the time, assumed the name of his newly-acquired lordship, and became known as "De Clotworthy of Clotworthy." Philip and Margaret De Clotworthy were in possession of one-half of the manor in the sixth year of the reign of Edward I.; and, in the sixteenth century, John Clotworthy, Esq., a member of the family, married the heiress of the elder branch of the ancient family of Rashleigh of Rashleigh, in Devonshire ("Collinson's Somerset").

Hugh Clotworthy and Lewis Clotworthy, of the family of Clotworthy of Clotworthy, in Somerset, were among those who joined Walter Devereux, Earl of Essex, in his ill-starred expedition to Ulster in the winter of 1573, when he came with a numerous army to possess himself, under colour of a grant from Queen Elizabeth, of Clanaboy, the principality of the O'Neills. Baffled and disappointed in his enterprise, Essex closed it by an act of perfidious cruelty, which drew upon him the displeasure of the Queen and the detestation of the Lord Deputy Sidney. On Essex's return to Carrickfergus from a lengthened visit in England, Bryan MacPhelim O'Neill, Prince of Clanaboy, invited him and his friends to a grand entertainment, which lasted for three days, in O'Neill's Castle, at Belfast. In the midst of the festivities, the soldiers of Essex burst into the banquet-hall, and massacred all present,

save O'Neill, his wife, and brother-in-law, who were conveyed, by the Earl's orders, to Carrickfergus Castle, where they were imprisoned for a time, and then executed. Essex fell into disgrace and abandoned the enterprise. He took ill in Dublin, and after suffering intense agony, died there, in 1576, of a "broken heart"—of "dysentery"—of "poison"—as it has been variously stated; but the truth seems to be, that he died from poison, administered at the instance of Leicester, the lover of his wife, the beautiful, but frail, Lettice Knollys, whom Leicester afterwards married. Many of the gentlemen who accompanied Essex in this expedition abandoned him long before. Some few remained, and among them Hugh and Lewis Clotworthy, who entered into the Queen's service in the wars against Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone.

After the peace, Captain Hugh Clotworthy is found, in 1603, doing garrison duty in Carrickfergus under Sir Arthur Chichester, as governor of that town. With him were associated, in protecting the "rustics of the rock," as the natives called the townspeople of Carrickfergus, Fulke Conway, Moyses Hill, Roger Langford, Henry Upton, Edward Rowley, and others, whose fortunes consisted in stout hearts and good broadswords. Supported by the wily and astute governor, Chichester, who helped himself to the largest share, these adventurers acquired large estates out of the Ulster El Dorado, the confiscated principality of the O'Neills of Clanaboy. Honours and distinctions afterwards flowed in upon them. Advancing from the simple rank of gentleman to that of esquire, and thence to knighthood and the peerage. Three marquises (Donegall, Downshire, and Hertford); an earldom (Templemore); two viscounties (Massereene and Templeton); and a baronage (Langford); with princely fortunes and baronial halls, rich prizes in the game of life, are now possessed by their descendants.

Lewis Clotworthy, in the third year of James II., May 11, obtained from the Crown a grant of the office of Licenser and Receiver of Customs from vessels coming to fish on the coasts of Ireland. His name afterwards disappears from the public records, whence it is presumed he died shortly after. In the same year, Captain

Hugh Clotworthy obtained a grant of "Massarine," partly confiscated church lands, and partly property of the O'Neills of Kilutagh, in Clanaboy; also "the Grange," containing seven towns and villages, and Ballyderregally and five other towns in the tuogh of Munterkelly, parcel of the dissolved monastery of SS. Peter and Paul, Armagh.

In the year 1606, Captain Clotworthy was residing on his new estate of Massareene, in a residence raised by him, within a moated courtyard, flanked with towers, the site of the present castle, and obtained a "general pardon," fourth year James II., July 6, in company with Hugh M'Donnell O'Neill, of Dunmore; Moyses Hill, of Hillsborough, in the county of Antrim; and others [*Pat. Roll, Canc.*]: and shortly after, he obtained the honour of knighthood. Here, in this good stronghold, within bawn and moated courtyard, by the river Owen-view, half concealed in thick waving woods, the stout Sir Hugh Clotworthy and his warders conveyed his bride, the young and lovely Marion Langford, of the flowing tresses, daughter of the stern old adventurer, Sir Roger, of Carrickfergus. Her father's family, the Langfords of Devon, had settled at Carrickfergus in the early part of the reign of James the First; and in the year 1606, her uncle, Sir Hercules Langford, who became Mayor of Carrickfergus, began to erect an elegant mansion in that town, on the site of part of the present market-house. Sir Roger himself, with laudable anxiety for a good estate and the companionship of his daughter and son-in-law, obtained, in the year 1622, a grant near them, of the dissolved priory or monastery of "Muckmaire," with all the hereditaments appertaining, except the "house and church of the small priory of brothers of Massarine," with power to hold courts leet and baron, and impark 400 acres for a demesne. Here he raised a mansion, added to his estate, and became the founder of a family, afterwards ennobled.

Sir Hugh Clotworthy, shortly after he had obtained his grant of land and settled at Massareene, commenced to fulfil his contract with the Crown, which was co-extensive with the articles of the plantation of Ulster.

These articles enjoined on the grantees, "undertakers," or "planters," as they were called, the duty of erecting castles, houses, and bawns; to plant on the lands a certain number of able-bodied men, natives of England and Scotland; and to have their houses furnished with a sufficiency of arms.

The estates of Sir Arthur Chichester were part of the territory of Shane MacBryan O'Neill, of Shane's Castle, "senior," or chief of the House of O'Neill. Those of Conway, now represented by the Marquis of Hertford, were part of Kilultagh, the territory of the sons of Hugh Mac Phelim O'Neill, uncle of Shane Mac Bryan. And the lands occupied by Moyse Hill, ancestor of the Marquis of Downshire, including the mansion of Castlereagh, were such remnants of Upper Clanaboy, the territories of Con MacBryan O'Neill, last prince of that territory, as had not previously been taken possession of by James Hamilton and Hugh Montgomery—the former, the agent of James the First in Elizabeth's reign, employed in privately reporting to him from Dublin matters affecting James' prospective interest; and the latter, the brother of George Montgomery, who had been appointed by Elizabeth Dean of Norwich, whom James had also subsidized to report privately to him at Holyrood what passed in the Queen's household, and in her court at St. James's—services which the King further requited, when he came to the throne, with the united bishopric of Derry, Clogher, and Raphoe, and a translation afterwards to Meath.

In the year 1610, the confiscated lands began, in general, to be occupied, agreeably to the articles or plan of settlement. Even at this day, they are distinguishable from the barren tracts to which the natives were driven.

Sir Hugh Clotworthy had about this time, 1610, nearly completed his plantation of the land. He had erected the "bawn" many years before, and he now proceeded to finish his contract with the Crown by the erection of a castle. In three years afterwards, 1613, Antrim Castle rose to view, on the left bank of the Six-Mile-Water, close to the town of Antrim. It was quadrangular, of three stories, embellished and strengthened by four square

towers, one at each angle. The windows in the rear looked into a small yard in the centre. The walls were of great strength, six feet in depth. The front elevation is unaltered, except that the pointed gables of the roof have disappeared, and the angles of the two front square towers are replaced by columns. Half-a-dozen granite steps led from the ground level to the grand entrance door, which opened into the hall from a small stone platform, protected by a stone trellice. The hall itself, square and spacious, had in it one of the large old-fashioned fireplaces, capable of holding an entire kish of turf, with its complement of bogfir. To the left a breakfast and dining parlour. At the back the staircase led to the sleeping apartments. To the right was the "buttery," since transformed into a study and housekeeper's room. In the wall of the buttery, at an elevation of three feet from the floor, a small square door, through which food was handed to the poor as they entered the hall, for that was the custom in the good olden times. The doors of the great and the wealthy then stood invitingly open for the weary to enter and get food and rest, to warm their famished limbs at the hearthstone in the hall, by the great blazing turf and bogwood fire. But the refinements of modern civilization have shut those hospitable doors and substituted public eleemosynary relief.

The inhabitants of the town had the privilege of entering the hall, and passing round the buttery to a pathway leading onwards to the lake. The castle was protected on the west by the river, which washed its walls on that side, whilst the three other sides—north, east, and south—were guarded by a broad and deep moat communicating with the river, whence it was kept constantly filled with water. Over against the castle, on the east, stood the "Mount," a pyramidal embankment of earth, flat on the top, and furnished with ordnance. To the north and south were two bastions; the southern commanded the town, and the northern the lake. The entire—bawn and bastions, moat, castle, and courtyard—was enclosed within five acres, three roods, and one perch. From the elevation of mound and bastion, the adjoining country could be swept by

ordnance; while the outer wall, moat, and river, afforded every protection from sudden attack. Antrim Castle, therefore, became a place of very considerable strength and importance to the English interest in that part of Ulster. Frowning there it stood in bold defiance of the neighbouring and less massive, but more ancient native castles of Edenduffcarrick (now Shane's Castle), and Killilagh, which had rested on either side in the woods of Clanaboy, for at least 400 years before.

The earlier warders of Antrim Castle—the hardy adventurers from Devon and Lanark—did not sleep there on beds of roses. On the north and south they were exposed to attack from the still unsubdued and ever restless sons of Bryan and Hugh Mac Phelim O'Neill, of Clanaboy. Indignant at the audacity of the *Sassenach* who had wedged in this stronghold of his between the boundary lines of their wide domains, they watched, assailed, and preyed, as opportunity offered. While from the far west in Tyrone, the descendants of Neill Roe O'Neill, first in prowess, though second in descent, swept across the lake in their light barques and cur-rachs, up the river and under the castle walls, and performed many a daring exploit, to their war-cry of *Lamh-derg-Abao!* And hence, by the banks of the Six-Mile-Water, along the old narrow bridge which spanned the river here, and in the hallowed vicinage of the ivy-clad and crumbling ruins of Massarine and Mucknaire Abbeys, many a fierce encounter took place. Though little of discipline and less of concert marked the attacks of the native Irish, their dash and frequency kept the inmates of bawn and castle in constant dread. Captain Sir Hugh Clotworthy had, therefore, much to do to maintain his position, and keep open the land lines of communication with the English garrisons of Toome and Carrickfergus, and to clear the water-way to Mountjoy Fort, in Tyrone.

The threatening attitudes of his neighbours, and the frequent incursions of the natives across Lough Neagh from Tyrone, influenced Sir Hugh Clotworthy at an early period to think of establishing a flotilla of boats on Lough Neagh, "to check the natives on the opposite coasts."

Accordingly, in the year 1609, he obtained a patent from the Crown, giving him the command of men and boats for that purpose. He afterwards procured a new patent (1618), which recited that the King "was informed that he was a man of extraordinary merit in those wars (Tyrone's wars), and of so discreet carriage in the ensuing time of peace, that he had by his industry and example been the chiefest means to reduce the barbarous people to civility in those parts where he resided;" and for those reasons, and the "acceptance of his future services," and surrender of his patent of 1609, his Majesty granted him a pension of 6s. 8d. a-day, English money, during the lives of himself and son, John Clotworthy, out of the revenue: "they to build and keep in good repair such and so many barques and boats as were then kept up in the Lough and under his command, without any charge to the Crown, to be at all times in readiness for his Majesty's use, as the necessity of the service should require." This parental forethought of Sir Hugh Clotworthy, in associating his youthful son with him in the arduous duties and responsible office of Captain of the King's boats, was not any thing extraordinary in those days; for his near neighbour and brother servitor of the Crown, Sir Thomas Phillips, Governor of the Fort and Castle of Toome, had seven years before joined with him in the office of Captain of the King's boats on the River Bann, his son, Dudley Phillips, then *two years old*.

There is scarcely an old castle in the land that has not connected with it some marvellous tale or legend; and Antrim Castle is no exception. For more than a century, the traveller passing through the town of Antrim might have seen on the top of a turret of the castle, the figure, large as life, in solid stone, of one of that noble, but now extinct, race of animals, the Irish wolf-dog. The natives had an undefinable dread of it, and called the castle after it in Irish, as Anglicised, the "ugly sassenach dog." The settlers too, especially those of the Scottish race, who retained many of the old superstitions of their country about "witches and warlocks," and the like, felt no little awe of it. There was a mystery about the animal, and

the way it came there, which they could not fathom. And as day by day, that dark impassive object met their view, with outstretched neck, bent on a "look out" towards Lough Neagh, they associated with it something of the supernatural; and they had good cause. The legend runs thus:—Marian Langford—"the Lady Marian"—the fair young wife of Sir Hugh Clotworthy, after the first few months of fondest endearment were over, began to feel that the bawn and the great court-yard—for the castle was not then erected—made but a dreary abode. She missed, in that interminable and solitary wood, the gaieties of the "rock," her early companions, and the old familiar scenes by Island Magee, the Green Isle, and Lough Morne. Sir Hugh himself was frequently absent on the dangerous services which his position imposed. On these occasions, to dispel the feeling of loneliness that oftentimes came over her, she would wander forth from the bawn, by the great north gate, and direct her footsteps on the green banks of the river, to follow its meanderings in the woods, and in the hot summer's day, enjoy the cool and refreshing shade of that long-arched bower. The wide-spreading branches of the forest trees stretching out from bank to bank, formed an ever-waving canopy of the richest foliage. Peopled as it was with innumerable feathered songsters, their sweet notes, joined to the murmurings of the waters, gave forth delicious music. Thus, shaded in a subdued light, with stray sunbeams glittering through the trees, a solemn stillness reigning throughout, and the air impregnated with the fragrance of wild flowers, there could not be found in any clime a scene of higher beauty. One day she prolonged her accustomed walk until she reached the shores of Lough Neagh. Standing on the sandy beach, in front of a thicket, she viewed, with pleasurable emotion, the eddies and spray of the rushing waters as they foamed and bounded into the lake from a bar of sand which then crossed the mouth of the river. She was charmed also with the scenery of the lovely estuary of Antrim Bay, which lay before her view, enriched by dense woods that crept to the water's edge, overtopped on the opposite side by the lofty towers and battlements of Shane's Castle, the

house of O'Neill, then standing in all its feudal grandeur, not as now, a venerable and ivy-clad ruin. She had not been long occupied thus when she heard a sharp growl from behind. Startled and alarmed she turned round, when, horror-struck, she beheld a huge wolf, with distended jaws and eyes of fire, in the act of springing on her from the thicket. Uttering a scream of terror she fell to the ground. Her weakness saved her life; for the wolf missing his deadly spring, fell, and rolled beyond her. Almost instantaneously another roar was heard, still louder than the first, and a second animal swept with lightning speed across her and seized the wolf. In the fearful noise and conflict of two ferocious animals fighting and tearing each other over her prostrate form she swooned. How long she remained insensible she never knew; but on regaining consciousness, she saw the wolf stretched on the bank, at some distance, mangled and dead; and lying by her side, licking her hand, and looking up wistfully into her face with his large, trustful, mild eyes, an Irish wolf-dog, panting and wounded. The noble animal had saved her life, and killed his natural enemy. The Lady Marian, with gratitude, and a woman's tenderness, had the suffering animal conveyed to the bawn, and tended with care. Her own fair hands dressed his wounds; and many a time in her walks she was accompanied by her dumb guardian friend, limping by her side. One day, shortly after he had recovered, the noble animal disappeared in the direction of Massarine Abbey, to the grief of his newly-found and tender mistress. Some considerable time elapsed. The castle was raised, and the incident of the wolf and the Irish wolf-dog was forgotten by all but the Lady Marian, whose gentle heart was touched by the devotion of the noble animal. One of those sudden, squally, storms from the lough, which are so frequent in that district, came on at the close of a dreary winter's day. The waves of the river ran unusually high, and were lashed with fury against the walls, whilst the forked lightning shot to-and-fro, like barbed spears of fire. Night suddenly descended—the lightning ceased—and the fitful sheets of flame and flashes of dazzling light which they produced

were succeeded by an unbroken and impenetrable darkness. High over the wind, as it came in its headlong course roaring and crushing through the woods, the deep baying of a wolf-dog was heard. Round and round the walls of the castle it sounded in warning tones. Startled at an incident so unusual, the warders, by the direction of Sir Hugh (the Lady Marian exclaiming, it was "the voice" of her "beloved Irish wolf-dog") sprang upon the mound. Hastily lighting up their turf and bogwood beacon-fire and pitch bog-fir torches, they saw by the glare of the light a dark mass of the Irish enemy, armed with matchlock, pike, and skein, and bearing some rude scaling ladders. A round shot from "Roaring Tatty," the long gun of the mound, and a sharp fusillade from the bastions in their flank, rapidly dispersed the foe, and the castle and its inmates were released from danger. But what of the wolf-dog? Before the enemy left, a howling cry of pain was heard, accompanied by a few shots. During the night the storm continued as fiercely as ever, and the wail of the banshee was borne on the wind, moaning and sobbing by the river and the lough. One piercing screech towards the break of day—a last, concentrated, expiring gush of anguish it seemed to be—rose high above the storm, and then all was hushed and still. The wind abated, and soughed only occasionally through the trees, and the rain ceased to patter on the windows. In the grey dawn of the morning, as the warders went forth upon their round of inspection, they found, amidst fallen trees, and leaves, and broken branches, a stream of blood at the grand entrance gate, and some flattened musket balls by the wall side. But, most singular of all, on looking up towards the roof of the castle, they beheld, standing upon the highest turret, the wolf-dog himself, perfect in every limb, as he had left the Lady Marian some time before, but transformed into solid stone.

Such is the legend of the wolf-dog of Antrim Castle. But an old hard-headed unbeliever, Jacob Morgan by name, who had sailed round the world with Drake, used to dispute it roundly, and maintain—the old unromantic rogue—that all the story was true but the banshee and the turning of the

dog into stone. The Lady Marian, he said, was saved from the wolf by the dog, who afterwards alarmed the garrison. The Irish in their fury shot the animal, which was of a superior and sagacious breed, kept by the monks of Massarine Abbey; and Sir Hugh, to gratify his lady, and leave a memorial of the event, had a figure of the dog cut in stone by a foreigner, "lying past him." Taking advantage of the storm he had it privately conveyed through a trap in the roof, and placed on the tower, to frighten the Irish. But no one minded Morgan, the old sinner; and the legend is believed in its integrity, and told at the hearthstone on the winter night, in all Massareene and Killead.

In after years when alterations were made on the roof of the Castle, and the front square towers were changed for columns, the wolf-dog was taken down, and placed close by the grand entrance-gate, where the stream of blood and flattened musket balls were found on the morning after the storm and attack on the Castle. There he stands at this moment, a most interesting object, upon an angle of the southern bastion, now a terrace garden, and looks as if he were still the guardian sentinel of the park and castle. There is a prevalent tradition in the neighbourhood, that the extinction of the race of the fair Lady Marian Clotworthy, daughter of the stout old planter, Sir Roger Langford of Muckamore, need not be apprehended so long as her faithful Irish wolf-dog keeps watch and ward over her children there. A similar legend of the neighbouring mansion of Shane's Castle exists, connected with the black face or head, in chiselled stone, which is embedded high up in the wall of one of the turrets of the ruin of the old Castle. It is said, too, that so long as that black face overlooks Clanaboy, the race of O'Neill will not disappear from it.

Sir Hugh Clotworthy attained a good old age, and for many years lived tranquilly at Antrim Castle. On the whole, his life, though a chequered one, was not unsuccessful. He landed a stranger on the shores of Ulster, in a subordinate military capacity, with little more than his sword for his fortune. The enterprise in which he enlisted broke down. Cast adrift among a hostile people, and in

a strange land, but having the companionship of a few congenial spirits from his own country, he scorned to turn his back as Essex and many of his companions had done. The result was all that might satisfy a reasonable ambition. He acquired honourable public employment, a title, a good estate, a baronial castle, and a charming wife, with numerous children well provided for.

The next proprietor of Antrim Castle, Sir John Clotworthy, baronet, son and heir of Sir Hugh, was a remarkable man, and lived in eventful times. He married Margaret, eldest daughter of Sir Roger Jones, first Viscount Ranelagh—his friend Hugh Montgomery, Lord Mount Alexander, having married her sister. Whether from these connexions, or conviction, or the effects of his participation in a very singular revival of religion that took place along the Six-Mile-Water, or from all these combined, Sir John soon became distinguished for holding strong political and religious views. The story of the revival and his "conversion" is told very quaintly by the minister of Antrim, Mr. Adair. About the time of the death of Sir Hugh Clotworthy (1630), "a band of seven ministers," he says, "undertook a revival of religion," and "laboured with apostolic earnestness to remove the ignorance, formality, and profaneness, which characterized the greater part of the early colonists;" and they were "favoured," he adds, "with an extraordinary, if not unprecedented success." Mr. Clendinning, one of their ministers, commenced the work. He came to Oldstone, within a mile of the town of Antrim, to attempt the reformation of the settlers in that direction; but, oddly enough for a missionary, "he was," says Adair, "little better than distracted [deranged], yea afterwards did actually become so." At Oldstone, "he awakened the consciences of a lewd and secure people thereabouts;" for he "preached to them nothing but law-wrath," and his hearers, "finding themselves condemned, fell into such anxiety and terror of conscience, that they looked on themselves as altogether lost and damned;" and, he adds, "I have seen them myself stricken into a swoon with the word; yea, a dozen in one day carried out of doors as dead." And

he continues, "of these were none of the weaker sex or spirit, but indeed some of the boldest spirits, who formerly feared not, with their swords, to put a whole market-town in a fray; yea, in defence of their stubbornness, cared not to lie in prison, and in the stocks, and being incorrigible were as ready to do the like the next day. I have heard one of them, then a mighty strong man, now a mighty Christian, say that his end in coming to church "was to consult with his companions how to work mischief. And yet at one of these sermons, was he so caught, that he was fully subdued."—[*Reid*]. "This," (the revival), proceeds Adair, "spread through the country to admiration, especially about that river commonly called the Six-Mile-Water, for there the work began first; and," he adds, "at this time the honourable family in Antrim was visited mercifully, so as Sir John Clotworthy, and my lady his mother, and his own precious lady, did shine in an eminent manner, whose example instantly other gentlemen followed, such as Captain Norton and others."

From this period Sir John Clotworthy became one of the most zealous of the Nonconformists of the day. Almost his first act in the Irish Parliament, where he sat for the county of Antrim, was, in 1634, to present and support most zealously a petition for the abolition of episcopacy. He became the avowed patron of the Nonconformists at Antrim, and maintained two of their ministers, Calvert and Armstrong, there at his own expense. That he was a man of spirit and independence of mind, is proved by his firm refusal to support the plans of the Lord Deputy Strafford for establishing a monopoly of linen yarns, and he incurred his displeasure. Lady Clotworthy, it does not appear whether the mother or the wife of Sir John, also fell under the ban of the Lord Deputy. Strafford, in writing to his friend and patron, Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, discloses his vindictive feelings towards her. "I have given directions," he said, "that the Lady Clotworthy, and some of the principal Nonconformists, shall be convened before the high commission; and ere it be long, if I may be believed and but let alone, I will bring them under the obedience of their ordinary, or

send them back to their fellows in Scotland, placing better subjects in their stead." The Lord Deputy afterwards, it is said, treated the family of Sir John Clotworthy with much indignity. That was an evil deed for him, since he aroused the enmity of a man daring, able, and unforgiving, who became mainly instrumental in crushing the proud Lord Deputy afterwards. Sir John Clotworthy was, at this time, 1639, in Dublin, attending to his parliamentary duties; but immediately resigned his seat, which was taken by his relative, Sir Roger Langford, of Muckamore, and proceeded to England to enter upon a wider field of action, and work out the ruin of his enemy, Strafford. While in the Irish Parliament he was distinguished for business knowledge and habits; and from his suavity and courtly manners was invariably chosen on every committee of the Commons to meet the Lords in conference.

The long growing struggle between the two great parties, the Royalists and Puritans, was now about to assume an alarming phase; and they put forth, respectively, their entire moral force at the general election in England in the year 1640. The high opinion then formed of Sir John Clotworthy by his party there, was marked by his double return, unsolicited, for the boroughs of Malvern and Rossiney. Having made his election for Malvern, he took his seat accordingly. On the 6th of November, three days after the Parliament met, the Puritans commenced the struggle, their "great Parliament man," as he was called, Mr. Pym, moving for a committee of the whole house, to take into consideration the state of Ireland. The motion was seconded by Sir John Clotworthy, in a speech, "wherein, though he did not name the Earl of Strafford, yet the pointed reflexions were so easy to be interpreted, that the whole house knew he was the person at whose head the thunderbolt was levelled." The motion was successful, and carried consternation into the ranks of the royalists. For the enemies of Strafford, rapid as they were daring, on Wednesday, the 16th of November, the doors of the house being locked, and the key laid on the table, moved his impeachment; and a select committee of eight mem-

bers, amongst whom were Sir John Clotworthy and his friend Pym, was appointed to draw up the charges against him. They retired to a chamber, *pro-forma*, and returned in a few minutes with the charges, which had been prepared beforehand. On the same day Strafford was formally impeached at the bar of the House of Lords, immediately sequestered from his seat as a peer, and committed to the Tower. At his trial, which commenced in Westminster Hall, on the 21st of March, 1641, the second witness examined against him was Sir John Clotworthy, who related a conversation he had with Sir George Radcliff, the friend and confidant of the Earl, to the effect that Sir John was threatened with the loss of a valuable leasehold interest for voting against a bill which Strafford was anxious should pass. He was again examined on the 15th of April, on a charge against Strafford of coercing the Irish people to manufacture flax in a way unknown to them; with erecting looms, and creating a monopoly in the linen yarn trade for his personal profit, and forcing members to take a new oath (the "black oath") in opposition to the Scottish oath. On the 8th of May, the bill declaring the Lord Deputy guilty of high treason passed the Lords, and the unhappy and helpless monarch having given the royal assent, Strafford was beheaded on Tower Hill on the 12th of May, in the forty-ninth year of his age.

The plot of the rebellion in 1641 was discovered by a servant of Sir John Clotworthy, and its final success marred. Owen O'Conally, the "great informer," as he was called, by birth an Irishman, had been taken into service in the family of Sir Hugh Clotworthy, and changed his religion. After Sir Hugh's death he continued in the service of Sir John; but left him on the family retiring to England, in 1639, and settled at Money-more, in the county of Derry, where James Clotworthy, brother of Sir John, resided. O'Conally's change of religion was unknown at Money-more, or elsewhere beyond the precincts of Antrim Castle. Supposing him still "a true Irishman," MacMahon, grandson of Hugh, Earl of Tyrone, confided the secret of the intended rising to him on the night of the 22nd Octo-

ber, both being at the time in Dublin. O'Conally immediately informed the Lords Justices, who secured the Castle. But the war broke out in Ulster at the appointed time. Sir Phelim O'Neill seized Charlemont fort and Dungannon Castle. His officers, Cormack O'Hagan, and Shane O'Hagan, his son, captured Lissan and Money more Castle. The O'Quinns took Mountjoy Castle. The O'Hanlons surprised Tandragee. Sir Con Magennis, at the head of the Magennis, and MacCartans, of Down, took Newry. The MacMahons and other septa gained the castles of Monaghan, Castleblaney, and Carrickmacross. The O'Reillys and others seized Cloughoughter, in Cavan. The Maguires took the field in Fermanagh, and the open towns throughout the counties of Derry and Donegal were immediately possessed by the Irish. A few towns and castles were preserved by the planters. Enniskillen, by the activity of Sir William Cole; Derry and Newtownhamilton by Sir Frederick Hamilton; Coleraine, by Sir John Clotworthy's brother-in-law, Colonel Edward Rowley, of Castleroe; the castle of Lurgan by Sir William Brownlow; and in the county of Antrim, Carrickfergus was kept by Colonel Arthur Chichester for the King; Castle Norton, at Templepatrick, was preserved by another brother-in-law of Sir John Clotworthy, Captain Henry Upton; Larne, by Captain Agnew; and the neighbouring castle of Ballygally, at first by Mr. James Shaw, and after him by Mr. James Cromie; Ballintoy and Oldstone Castle, by Mr. Archibald Stuart; and Lisburn, by Captain Robert Lawson.

On the first alarm in the county of Antrim, the settlers there—English and Scotch inhabitants of every class—who had shown little forbearance towards the natives, and expected as little in return, fled their houses, and took refuge in the towns of Carrickfergus, Belfast and Lisnegarvey (Lisburn), Antrim and Larne, and in the mansions of Temple Patrick and Shane's Castle, the latter being then in the possession of the young heiress, Rose O'Neill, afterwards Marchioness of Antrim.

When the news reached Money more, James Clotworthy proceeded at once to Antrim Castle, and secured it

and the town from any sudden attack. Sir John Clotworthy himself was absent in London, attending to his parliamentary duties. The first intelligence of the rebellion reached the Parliament, then sitting in London, on the 1st of November. O'Conally seems to have been the messenger employed in transmitting the news from the Council in Dublin, for he attended, and was immediately examined by the House, and a reward of £500 ordered to him for informing. A message was then carried up to the Lords by Sir John Clotworthy, desiring a conference to concert measures for the public safety. Thenceforward Sir John was the active and guiding spirit in the Commons in all measures taken to meet this formidable insurrection. Commissions were sent over to raise regiments in Ulster, and one of them was placed under the command of Sir John Clotworthy himself. He returned to Antrim Castle in the latter end of the year to take the command of it, and to accelerate the levy of troops. His brother James he appointed his Lieutenant-Colonel, and to the now celebrated O'Conally he gave a company. For some time Sir John shared with his countrymen, the planters and settlers, in the perils of the war. At first they were obliged to act purely on the defensive; but in April, 1642, Major-General Robert Monroe landed at Carrickfergus from Scotland with a numerous army, and early in the following month of June assumed the offensive. The Scots army, reinforced by Sir John Clotworthy's regiment, scoured the whole county of Antrim with upwards of 4,000 men, foot and horse. They burned Glenarm and took Dunluce Castle.

An old and familiar arm of warfare, the Lough Neagh fleet, was now resuscitated by Sir John Clotworthy. In accordance with a resolution of the English House of Commons, he built a large vessel, called the *Sidney*, about twenty tons' burthen, and furnished it with six brass guns. He also built about a dozen smaller boats, carrying sixty men each. The entire fleet was capable of transporting 1,000 men to any part of the lough. He placed it under the command of his relative, Captain Langford.

Lieutenant-Colonel James Clotworthy at this time held, with his

brother's regiment, the fort of Mountjoy, in Tyrone, on the opposite side of Lough Neagh, and maintained constant intercourse with that town by means of the boats. While occupying this post, Colonel Clotworthy drove the Irish from entrenchments they had formed near Mountjoy fort, and routed a party of Sir Phelim O'Neill's forces, commanded by Colonel O'Quinn, who fell in the engagement, with several officers, and about sixty men. He also broke up an encampment of the Irish at Moneymore, where he released 120 English and Scotch prisoners.

Sir John Clotworthy, seeing the importance in a strategic point of view, of the dismantled fort of Toome, at the neck of the Lower Bann, repaired and fortified it. This fort gave him the command of the river, and enabled his regiment to make incursions at pleasure into the county of Derry.

A spirited and adventurous garrison of Irish troops was in occupation of Charlemont at this time. Not satisfied with carrying on a merely defensive war, they built a little fleet of boats, with which they sailed down the Blackwater, into Lough Neagh, and plundered the opposite coasts of Antrim. Their predatory excursions were observed by Sir John Clotworthy's regiment, then stationed at the fort of Toome, to guard the pass of the Bann there. Sir John's fleet of boats was now ready, and the Sidney put out from Antrim bay, and the seven smaller boats from Toome—the whole flotilla manned with 300 men, under the command of Captain Langford and O'Conally, united; and thus prepared, sailed over the lake. They landed at the mouth of the Blackwater, raised and manned two small forts, and then returned. The Irish were not to be outdone by this skilful manœuvre, but, passing the forts in dark nights, contrived to plunder the settlers as before. They also rapidly erected a fort at Clanbrassil, to protect their fleet in any sudden emergency. To counteract these measures, O'Conally and Langford manned their little navy, and met the Irish flotilla near the shore of Clanbrassil. The latter, though inferior in numbers, did not shrink from the contest, but gallantly closed with their opponents, and the novel

spectacle of a naval battle on Lough Neagh, not seen since the wars of the Danes, took place. The Irish were routed, driven on shore, followed to their fort, and compelled to surrender. Sixty of them were slain, sixty more taken prisoners, and their fleet itself was captured, and brought by the victors in triumph to Antrim [*Cox. Stuart*]. There is no account of the loss on the side of the English, nor of the relative strength in metal, vessels, or men of the combatants, the Irish having left no record of the event; but from the above account, it would seem that the entire of their force consisted of but 120 men, opposed to 300.

In November, 1646, Sir John Clotworthy himself, with five others, as High Commissioners authorized by the Parliament, arrived in Dublin, to receive the sword of state, and take up the garrison of Dublin from the Duke of Ormonde, but their negotiations with that nobleman failed. Re-embarking, they sailed for Ulster, where they met with a frigid reception from the Scots. With difficulty Sir John and the other Commissioners were permitted to enter Belfast; but their ships were forced to hover for a week about the coast, before the men were suffered to land, and then only in Lecale, in the county of Down. This reactionary feeling of the Covenanting army of Ulster, arose partly from dissatisfaction at recent proceedings of the Parliament, but principally on account of the non-settlement of their arrears of pay. The Commissioners returned to Dublin, on the invitation of Ormonde, who delivered to them on the 28th of July, 1647, the Castle and regalia; but Sir John Clotworthy was not one of their number. He had been discharged from the commission in the previous month of January. In the meantime, in May, 1647, his regiment, and those of Colonels Hill and Conway, surprised the Irish at Carrickmacross, where they were mustering to march on Dublin, and put them to flight.

Sir John Clotworthy paused at this time in his career. His main object had been to promote an ascendancy of the Presbyterian element in the State, in connection with the Crown. He had travelled thus far with the Puritans in their common design; but declined to go with them to the ex-

treble lengths to which they were drifting. Certain concessions made by the King in the Isle of Wight, appeared to satisfy him and others, the more moderate of the party, who were willing to accept of a compromise. They, in consequence, became obnoxious to the extreme faction. Fairfax marched on London, intimidated both Houses of Parliament, "impeached Sir John Clotworthy and the other leaders" of the moderate party, and expelled them from the house, in order to open the way for the Independents to grasp, exclusively, the reins of power. Sir John immediately set out for Holland; but when within a few miles of the Dutch coast, a Parliament frigate captured the ship he sailed in. He was brought back to Dover, but soon after discharged, and reached the Continent in safety.

The Presbyterian party having regained their ascendancy in Parliament, Sir John Clotworthy resumed his seat on the 26th of June, 1647; but he enjoyed it only half a year, for Fairfax and his army, who had possession of the person of the King, occupied Whitehall and the surrounding quarters with his troops. Unawed by this menace, Sir John and his party carried a resolution in the Commons, to the effect, that the seizure of the King's person was unwarrantable; and they proceeded also to declare for a continuance of the pending negotiation between His Majesty and their Commissioners, for a final settlement and restoration of peace to the nation. Irritated by these votes, Fairfax ordered Colonel Pride to "purge" the house of them. About 150 members were accordingly seized, on their entering the Commons, and among the number, Sir John Clotworthy. He was conveyed by Pride's men, first to a lock-up in the King's Head Inn, in the Strand, and afterwards, to the Gate-house in Westminster, where he was imprisoned for about three years.

During the three years of Sir John Clotworthy's imprisonment, events of momentous consequence took place. The King was brought to trial in Westminster Hall, on the 20th of January, 1649. On the seventh day they voted him deserving of death; and in three days more the axe of the headsman decapitated the monarch

at Whitehall, in the forty-ninth year of his age, and twenty-fourth of his reign. Notwithstanding the prolonged absence and imprisonment of Sir John Clotworthy, his regiment, under the command of his faithful servitor, O'Conally, was not inactive. In the year 1649 it was joined to the British forces under General Monk, and stationed at Lisnegarvey. Monk, whose Fabian policy was inscrutable at the time, made a treaty of cessation with O'Neill, for which he was presented with a remonstrance, dated "Belfast, May 9," signed "James Clotworthy, Edward Ellis," and others, and censured by a vote of Parliament. In the following month of June, the Royalist General, Sir George Monro, having arrived in Ulster with some highlanders, recruited extensively among the Irish there. He surprised Coleraine on the seventh of the same month, and crossed the Bann. To arrest his progress, Major Clotworthy and Major Ellis mustered the strength of Sir John's regiment, and marched from Antrim Castle, as far as Clough, near Ballymena. From thence they sent a deputation to Monk, who replied in his dubious way, that he would molest none but those who offered opposition to his restoration of lawful authority. On receiving this answer, they thought it as well not to encounter Monro, and prudently retired to Antrim Castle.

An important event now occurred. Oliver Cromwell himself arrived. He landed at Dublin on the 15th of August, and despatched Colonel Venables into Ulster. O'Conally, ardent and extreme, as all neophytes are, adhered to the Ultra-Puritan party, and was rewarded by Cromwell with the command of the regiment of his former employer, Sir John Clotworthy. He presided now as master in the baronial hall, where he attended before as servant. But this elevation, so dazzling to O'Conally, was only the flickering of the expiring lamp. Monro, then in command at Carrickfergus, sent Colonel John Hamilton to rescue the castle and town of Antrim from O'Conally. The latter was out patrolling at the head of about one hundred horse, and accidentally met Hamilton's force at Dunadry, now a railway station on the Belfast and Ballymena line, in the valley of the Six-Mile-Water. A sharp encounter

took place. O'Conally's party was routed, he himself mortally wounded, Captain Rooper and about twenty others slain, a similar number taken prisoners, and the rest escaped.

The death of O'Conally, and defeat of his patrol, had no decisive result, so far as Antrim Castle was concerned. The Clotworthy Regiment still held possession of it. Monro himself shortly after marched against it from Carrickfergus, with a force consisting chiefly of Irish royalists, and coming towards Antrim, at this time a place "famous for godliness countenanced both by landlord and people," he was fired at from the "Mount." In return he set fire to the town, which was all burned down except a few houses; but he accomplished nothing further.

At length, after an incarceration of more than three years, Sir John Clotworthy was released from prison. The precise date of his discharge does not appear. He was probably liberated after the passing of the Act of Oblivion, in 1652, or when Cromwell dissolved the Long Parliament, and possessed himself of the supreme power in April, 1653. It appears the Protector was personally favourable to him; but aware of his energy and influence in the "Rump Parliament," he had him kept close, until it was dissolved, when he could no longer be formidable, and might be let loose with safety. A curious circumstance is related by Adair. "Cromwell," he says, "had a great respect for him (Sir John), not only on account of his parts and noble qualities, but also for particular obligations. For before Cromwell came to the preferment of being Captain of Horse, being a man of parts, and great profession of religion, and a gentleman by birth, Sir John had been instrumental in his advancement and command in the army, not presaging that thereafter he would come to that height as to detain him his prisoner, for adhering to that cause which they at first undertook."

In the year 1655, after an absence of several years, Sir John Clotworthy returned home to Antrim Castle. "He came," says Adair, "into these parts (the Six-Mile-Water) to visit his mother, and to [put in] order his estate and things for the family, whom he was to bring over shortly." What a fearless spirit she had, that vene-

rable mother of Sir John Clotworthy, whom he was at length about to visit. There she was, still fresh and unchanged in heart, though the winter of life had bleached that once fair cheek, and bound her brow with his hoary tresses. Seated in the castle which her husband raised, and in which her children were born and reared, she continued its devoted guardian during every vicissitude. When those children passed out from time to time into the world and left her, she remained there still, solitary and lonely, that faithful widow. In hours of peril, when others, the bravest and strongest-nerved fled, she clung to the grand stout walls of her young wife's fondest dream of love and happiness; and was there still, the Lady Marian, to greet her first-born and undaunted son, image in head and heart, as in person, of his father, on his return to his father's house. In the interval since he left it, Sir John Clotworthy had passed through many a scene of peril. The king, around whose devoted head he assisted in gathering that storm which he afterwards strove in vain to allay, and Strafford, his personal enemy, whom he hunted down "for conscience sake," were no more. Contributing to the fall of both, he witnessed without compassion or regret the Lord Deputy expire on the scaffold.

As he stood once more on the banks of the Six-Mile-Water, by the side of Antrim Castle, some changes met his view. Before him, under the castle walls, moored and rotting in the river, lay the Sidney and the gunboats, which on many a stormy day and darksome night had breasted the rolling waves of Lough Neagh in their passage to and from Mountjoy fort, and the Blackwater in Tyrone. His brother James, and his fearless lieutenant, O'Conally, who had inspired them with life and motion, were no more; and Fulke Ellis, and Henry Langford, and many officers and men of his regiment, had also passed away—some on the field of battle, others beneath those crested waves; while he himself, the stormy petrel of them all, stood there, alone and unscathed, his fertile brain still busy in forging new projects out of the altered circumstances around him.

In August, 1656, Sir John Clotwor-

rendered to Cromwell his pen-
sion and commission as Captain of the
King's boats on Lough Neagh, and in
lieu of them obtained a lease from
the Lord Protector for ninety-nine
years of Lough Neagh, with the fish-
ing and soil of it, and Ram's Island,
and Coney Island, containing three
acres; also the lough (Beg) and river
of Bann, as far as the Salmon Leap
(at Castleroe), containing six salmon
fishings, and two mixt fishings of
salmon and eels, one of eels, and
another of trout, at a rent for the
first seven years of £5 per annum for
the Lough, and £35 for the Bann, and
fishings of it, and for the residue of
the term £6 and £44.

After Cromwell's death, Sir John
Clotworthy, by permission of Monk,
resumed his seat in Parliament on
the 21st of February, 1660, and formed
one of the party of the restoration.
He was selected by the Dublin Con-
vention, of which James Barry, after-
wards Lord Santry, was Chairman, as
a deputation to make overtures to
Charles the Second then in Holland.
But as he reached London on his way,
Monk's proceedings rendered it un-
necessary for him to continue his
journey. King Charles was pro-
claimed in London on the 8th, and in
Dublin on the 14th of May, 1660.
Sir John Clotworthy having been no
party to the arrest and death of the
King, but, on the contrary, having pro-
tested against extreme measures, and
suffered for his moderate views, and
having also been instrumental in for-
warding the restoration, he was
among the first whom Charles select-
ed for honours. He was made a
Privy Councillor on the 29th May,
1660, and raised to the Peerage on
the 21st November following, by
the title of Viscount Massereene and
Baron of Lough Neagh, with remain-
der to his son-in-law, Sir John Skef-

fyngton, and his issue by Mary his
wife, only child of Sir John Clotwor-
thy. In the same year Lord Massereene
was appointed colonel of a regiment of
foot. He became also a Commissioner
of the celebrated Court of Claims, was
joined in several other commissions,
and appointed Governor of Derry.

The character of Sir John Clot-
worthy, baronet, first Lord Viscount
Massereene, will of course, be viewed
in different lights, as it is taken from
separate points of view, according to
political bias, or party predilection.
Without touching on debateable
ground, this much may be said of
him, that he was a man of simple and
temperate habits, great capacity,
courteous manners, unflinching cou-
rage, a staunch and loyal friend, a
good hater, and a bitter enemy. If
we may judge from his portrait in
that unrivalled "oak-room" in An-
trim Castle, he was a man of stately
and commanding presence. He is
there represented in close fitting
doublet, and trows, as a Puritan sol-
dier of the Cromwellian period, but
not close cropped. The collar of his
doublet rolled back from the neck, on
his shoulders. A blue scarf across his
breast from the right shoulder. His
forehead high and intellectual. Nose
long and well-shaped—flowing gray
hair falling on his neck and shoulders
in the cavalier style. Keen, clear, and
piercing, light blue eyes; lips thin,
and firmly set, expressive of determi-
nation; little or no whiskers, but a
small moustache, and an "imperial,"
gracing a well-formed and dimpled
chin. On the whole, well-looking,
nay handsome, were it not for a cer-
tain supercilious, searching, side-
glancing expression, indicative of
great self-confidence, with an undis-
guised contempt for others.

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THE O'CONORS AND COWLEY-WELLESLEYS.

THE recent publication of the Irish State Papers and Calendar offers materials for memoirs of our distinguished families, whether of Gaelic or of Teutonic origin, during the reign of the Tudor dynasty, when these races were struggling for life and land in Ireland; and we are convinced that, were such studies handled well, and with avoidance of party views, they might be rendered agreeable to the general reader. The salient points of history could, however, by no means be excluded, since the charm of the proposed pictures would consist much in strong contrasts as regards race, religion, and civilization. Irish and English on the ancient stage of this country, both men and women, would have to be drawn much as they seemed, or they would appear insipid, which they were not.

During the last century our antiquaries, frightened by the fear of offending, should they write of the fighting days of yore, transferred their archæologic homage from mankind to stocks and stones, and dwelt upon cromlechs, ruins, and ogham characters, to the exclusion of human nature. But what will our children think; will they not despise us, if they see that we either dreaded to deal with the history of our country, or were incapable of viewing it philosophically? For ourselves, having no idea of offending, we have no fear of doing what we desire to avoid; so if our 'prentice-

hand may revive some old and striking scenes, we take for heroes the O'Conors, once lords of the region now called the King's County; and the Cowleys, a family that rose as the other fell, and founded the illustrious house of Cowley-Wellesley.

Our narrative is designed to show how a brave Celtic clan gave way before the superior civilization and power of an Elizabethan colony, and to include a sketch of the state of this country at the period under view. We must necessarily be brief, though at the risk of being obscure, and of giving an imperfect picture, since it is impossible to include all the circumstances which stood in relation to these episodic events, and which more or less affected them.

The O'Conors, who gave their original tribe denomination, O'Faly, to the region of this name, seem to have sprung from the Pictish, or British Kings of Tara, from whom the O'Neills wrested this seat of supremacy; and they settled, when driven from the plains of Offaly by the English invasion, in the great backwood which bore their name and sheltered them until the time of our story. When first receding, a sept of the O'Conors established a dynasty in Connaught, which endured for some generations after Roderic was acknowledged king of the province by Henry II.; and we may believe it was with no small pride that the bards of this

great tribe referred, in verses chaunted in the woods of Roscommon and Offaly, to the age when their patriarch, Failhe, looked down from Tara over the plains of Meath, and counted the herds of cattle sent him as tribute from subject chieftains throughout Inisfail. Often too, no doubt, when the Offaly clan, cowering in their thickets, after a repulse on the Curragh of Kildare from the colonists of the Pale, raised the slogan, *Faillagh Abho!*—that is to say, or rather shout, "Ho for the sons of Failhe!"—they fancied the day would come again when this rallying-cry might muster men enough to reseat their king on the ancient throne. Of a surety, native bards were not wanting to inspire the O'Conors with sentiments such as a modern minstrel, the author of the "Exile of Erin," ascribes to this regal race in his pathetic poem, "O'Conor's Child," where the heroine laments that her lover was—

"Bade to choose a meaner bride,
Than from O'Conor's house of pride,
Their tribe, they say—their high degree,
Was sung in Tara's psalter;
Witness their Eath's victorious brand,
And Cathal of the bloody hand:
Glory, they said, and power, and honour,
Were in the mansion of O'Conor."

For centuries, indeed, after the knights and nobles led by De Burgh and Fitzgerald had chased the two branches of this once sovereign race into forests and morasses, the Connaught sept, ranging at large in the wastes of that remote province, almost possessed a power and asserted a dignity superior to the haughtiest Norman-Irish lord. Yet, in course of time, and after they were nearly exterminated in fighting for Edward Bruce, their proud retrospects became as unavailing in reality as in the broken heart of "O'Conor's Child"—the love-lorn girl of poetry, exclaiming—

"Ah, brothers! what did it avail,
That fiercely and triumphantly
Ye fought the English of the Pale
And stemm'd De Bourgo's chivalry?"

The Bruces' invasion, that laid its supporters, the western sept of this native race, low, raised the eastern to comparative riches and independence. Though Lord Offaly, head of the Geraldines of Kildare, and Lord Butler, chief of the numerous and

powerful feudal families of Ormonde and Kilkenny, were rewarded by earldoms for their services in repelling that invasion, its effects, in having carried clouds of the fire and smoke of havoc through the Pale, so impoverished and weakened the colonists that the O'Conor and O'More of the day, with other leading chieftains, rising out of their glens and woods, seized on many a castle stronghold, and, from having been servants of those lords, suddenly were their equals, and threatened to become their masters. They overpowered more than one baronial family, such as the Wellesleys, whose fortunes we shall presently turn to, and the Birminghams, of Castle Carbery, whose name lives in our city by the crenellated tower called after them; and there was little to oppose the Gaels in reconquering the whole island, excepting division among themselves. On the score of this insuperable obstacle, the exposition given in Moore's *History of Ireland*, more ample than any we could offer, leads us to details chronicled about this sept. Like every other, it was not only precluded from entering into a federal national bond with neighbour clans, in consequence of its assertion of sovereign independence, but was often torn and rendered impotent by internal factions contending for sovereignty. A chronicler of the fourteenth century, Friar Clyn, of Kilkenny, who may have often heard, from the watch-towers of that city, the slogan and bag-pipes of this wild tribe, records how, in contemporary conflicts for its chieftaincy, the reigning king, Melaghlín O'Conor, was treacherously slain by an aspiring nephew, who laid claim because his father had been prince elect of Offaly, but had been driven into exile; and how, afterwards, other assassinations occurred among various succeeding competitors. By process of time, and, notably enough, by increase of wealth, the character of the ruling family of this race improved so much that, in the succeeding century it supplied several eminent instances of charity, generosity, and heroism. Of these, as recorded by our mediæval annalists, *The Four Masters*, is the pleasing anecdote of the chief and his son,

who, escaping on horseback, after discomfiture in a skirmish with some of the Saxon chivalry, were nearly overtaken, the old man's horse having fallen thrice, on which his son, dismounting, placed his father on his own fleet steed, and stood to await the mercy of his pursuers. From this picture of filial piety we might turn to one not less interesting of the same aged chieftain and his lady feasting the rich lords and chiefs of Leinster in his house, 'a great structure of timber and clay, at Rathangan; and not forgetting the poor, feeding them and other travellers of the time—the "poor scholars," bards, minstrels, and wandering clergy—in the adjacent church, the *tierna* himself seated on horseback at the door, to see that everything was well ordered and each one served in turn. Happy would it have been for his line if all the ways by which it obtained the means of being generous in almsgiving had been unobjectionable, and that one of them had not resembled the mode by which a German baron built a chapel, viz., seizing the timber and stones provided by a neighbour for constructing a castle. To say why a clan could not continuously cultivate the soil of their country, and why they were more apt to burn houses than build them, would require a lengthy explanation: so it may suffice to observe that, as clansmen had common rights in the land, they merely occupied it on a transitory tenure, and were, therefore, uninterested in improving it. Such being the want of encouragement to till, to fence, to build, no marvel if the land remained in a state of nature, an uncleared wilderness, depastured by whatever sparse cattle the last raid on the race had left behind, or the latest foray had brought in. Frequent famine compelled men to live by plunder, whether in the form of such open robbery from English colonists as Roderick Dhu practised and defended with equal spirit, or in the more unceasing and plaguing form of stealth, in dark nights, when half-a-dozen professional thieves, issuing out of Offaly Wood, started for some snug farm under, say, their old enemy, Ormonde.

Even if the Earl should think it worth while to cause the prey those cunning fellows took to be followed,

and themselves hung, there was no remedy for the mischief done by marauders, so long as men could not live otherwise. And though their chief might have been forced to deliver them up to justice, as Fergus McIvor would have done with Donald Bean Lean, in case of high pressure from without, not only did he regard the conduct of such filibusters as valuable, in occasionally annexing a score of cows to his own stock, or adding a clever war-horse to his stud; but, in the present case, Ormonde's hereditary foe, Kildare, had congenial and weighty reasons for supporting the Clan Conor at a pinch. Close ties of blood and interest bound the Lord of the Eastern Geraldines—MacGarrettmore, as the Gael called him, *i.e.*, the Son of the Great Gerald, or, as he was commonly styled, Earl of Kildare and Baron of Offaly—to the rough-and-ready warriors who dwelt in what his lordship considered his waste, the Wood of Offaly; for, when he gave one of his daughters in marriage to their chief, and (as appears by his curious register, commenced in 1515), often presented a charger to his son-in-law and an ambling nag to the lady—he, nevertheless, did not remit the ancient tribute of a groat per cow, payable from certain lands inhabited by this tributary people. While this ambitious nobleman held the sword of state in Dublin Castle, the *O'Conor Faly*, as their seigneur or patriarchal chief was styled, was welcome to his Excellency's hospitalities, either in the city or the country; and doubtless often partook of them at the earl's principal residence, Maynooth Manor, then equalling in size and splendour the richest manor-house in England. Reciprocal services were rendered from each to each. If the viceregal earl saw that, as a State Paper of the above date complains, the chief took a black-rent, valued at £20 a year, from the Englishry of Kildare, and another, estimated worth £300 annually, equal to perhaps £5,000 in our day, from the same race of landlords in Meath, he probably recognised the levier of these taxes as a useful ally in keeping those gentlemen tributary to the great Geraldine banner. Indeed, contemporary writers of state grievances, such as two of the Cowley family, describe the earl as keeping O'Conor as "the scourge of the Pale," and the

country of the clan as "the door whence much mischief enters" upon the old colony. Situated in the centre of Ireland, this chief, maintained by a power so puissant as Kildare's, was in "possession of an extraordinary strong country," as the phrase ran, comprising the forest of the sons of Failhe, the mountain of Sletemare, the bog of Allen, and beyond all, the special fastness, Inis-logh-cowyr, an island in a lake, surrounded by a vast circumference of bog, moor, and dense wood. In his time, when the primeval repose of this wilderness had not been disturbed by artillery more dreadful than a bow-and-arrow, a post so inaccessible as that islet, guarded as it was by the swords and shields of brave defenders, was considered impregnable, or at least less liable to assault than its antitype, Donamase Castle, which, standing some leagues off, on an outskirt of this clan's territory, had been taken by O'More, in the preceding century, from the English warders, but ruined and abandoned, as unsuited to the free habits of Gaelic kernes, who, like the good Lord Douglas, preferred the lark's song to the mouse's squeak.

Thoroughly typical of the social difference between Celt and Norman were those specimens of the strongholds of each—the one natural, the other artificial; the one sought out as a refuge, among wilds that defy the industry of man to render them habitable; the other, erected on a height commanding the surrounding campaign, and fortified with all the art of the age, by strong mason-work walls, enclosing a spacious court, only to be entered through a gateway armed with iron bars and a suspended portcullis, and crowned by a large dungeon keep, with windows and lattices, from whence young Norman-Irishwomen could look down into the court whenever it was the scene of martial games and festivities.

Brian, the O'Connor of those days, had, however, built himself a castle called the Dyngan, notwithstanding he had seen a few of those novel and terrible enemies to stone walls—cannon—in his lordly cousin's keeping at Maynooth; and the use he presently made of it was quite enough to bring the Master of the Ordnance against it. Availing himself of the absence, in the month of May, 1528, of his

friend Kildare, and having a grievance against the Deputy-Viceroy, Lord Delvin (ancestor of the Marquis of Westmeath), he took this governor of the realm prisoner, and confined him in the new fortress. The privy councillors in Dublin, aghast at the insolent feat, despatched an envoy, one Wellesley, prior of a neighbouring convent, to the confines of the lawless King's country, to procure his deputy-excellency's liberation, and to appease the war then begun by this and other supporters of the Geraldine against the Butler faction:—for the alogans *Crom-abo* and *Butler-abo* were still the cries that rent the land as in the previous century, when one was Yorkist, the other Lancastrian (the Liberalist and Conservative parties of the day); and the bitterness of the ancient feud was soon to be exasperated by the one adhering hotly to the Romish side in religion, while the other zealously adopted the Protestant cause.

Possessed of such a hostage, the haughty chief would not surrender him, even after an interview with James, Lord Butler, and the presentation of a letter from Henry the Eighth; for, in his success, he scouted the idea of yielding to any authority, and on the royal epistle being delivered, with a message that "the King's Grace did greet him well," he asked, in a derisive tone, "What king?" The messenger replied, "The King of England;" on which the rude chieftain, in assertion of his independence, "drew himself up with pomp," and declared he trusted to live to see the day when the King of England's name should be no more heard or thought of in Ireland than the King of Spain's. This hope, inspiring the Irish before the Reformation, was greatly increased after that memorable change had widened the gulf between the two nations into a conflict of customs, laws, and religion, more turbulent and stormy than the Irish Sea. Up to the period when Brian O'Connor sneered at the unknown majesty of England, the narrow channel between Holyhead and Dublin had not been bridged by forces sent over by Henry VIII., a monarch who, however, as his secretary observed at this time, was "no person to be deluded or mocked withal."

This arrogant chief of Offaly manifestly aspired to reinstate himself in

the supremacy his forefathers had of yore enjoyed as Kings of Tara; and among his deeds of daring, a singular and significant one was long held in memory, as appears by a letter, dated 1558, in which the Government, referring to his formidable renown, recall recollections of the perils the old English colony encountered at the time the Duke of Norfolk came over, in 1520, as viceroy; and afterward "how O'Connor, the root," they say, "that bred the wicked slips that now harass the land, invaded the Pale as far as Gormanston, and, in spite of the English lineage, shod his horse on the hill of Tara!" By this bold act he signified his claim to possess the throne of his progenitors, and left reminiscences in Dublin Castle of the dangerous character of his clan.

Let us track the fortunes of the O'Conors, as they sank to their fall, by the light of these State Papers, which were the very gazettes, telegrams, and "our own correspondents" of the time. In 1534, Henry VIII. having sent over Sir William Skeffington, who, as Lieutenant of the Tower, had proved himself a determined officer, entered, 31st May, into an indenture with Ormonde, granting him enormous powers, on condition of his assisting the English knight, who was intended to supersede the Viceroy, Kildare, and of resisting the Pope. The grantee, related through Anne Boleyn's family to his sovereign, was prepared to carry out the Reformation, both religious and civil, to the uttermost of his ability, without sparing his hereditary enemies, the Geraldines. Meanwhile, the Viceroy had repaired to court, leaving his son Sir Thomas, Lord Offaly, Deputy-Governor of the realm, who, immediately on receiving intelligence that his father's foe was coming from court with extensive powers, broke into open rebellion. In the short and sanguinary revolt which ensued, O'Connor was the young lord's right arm, and laid prostrate several castles held for the king. He showed himself so formidable, that, on the suppression of the Geraldines, chastisement of their principal abettors, and colonization of a country in which they found shelter and support, became of supreme importance. In these designs, Robert and Walter

Cowley were the first and most active agents, as appears by their numerous letters and reports, addressed to their patrons, Ormonde and the king's secretary, Cromwell.

Considering the fame of the Cowley family, the question whether the paternal forefathers of the Duke of Wellington, the Marquis Wellesley, and Earl Cowley were of English, Anglo-Irish, or Celtic origin, is of some interest. On this issue, authorities are divided—peerage-books ascribing the first-mentioned extraction; recent researches, published by the Kilkenny Archæological Society, the second; and other antiquaries favouring the third, by asserting that the surname is a corruption of the Gaelic patronym M'Awley. It should, perhaps, be premised, that the Wellesleys are really Cowleys. In the last century, Richard Cowley, Esq., of Castle-Carbery, county Kildare, assumed the name of Wesley, or Wellesley, under the will of a cousin, Garret Wesley, Esq., of Dangan, county Meath, who had, on that condition, bequeathed him this ancient estate. Enriched by that addition to his hereditary property, the devisee was raised to the peerage as Lord Mornington, and became grandfather of the illustrious Duke, whose name, "A. Wesley," may be seen, thus inscribed, on one of the oak benches in the Eton school-room.

Where did the Duke's ancestors in this country come from? According to vague but polite peerage-books, the first came to Ireland from Rutlandshire, whence, it is said, "they removed in the reign of Henry VIII., who granted Walter and Robert Cowley, of *Kilkenny*, gents, the office of clerk of the crown in Chancery." From the first of these gentlemen, the genealogy is traced. But the reader will observe that it is not asserted they were Englishmen. Now it seems, by the aforesaid researches, that their ancestors had been citizens of that Anglo-Irish city for centuries. The conjecture, also, might be mooted, that they were Irish of the original Welsh immigrant stock, for their name is sometimes written M'Cowley, and is therefore traced to M'Howell, changed to Cowley, just as M'Odo was transformed to Cody. However this may have been, there is no question but that those officers owed their elevation to

the Earls of Ormonde, powerful lords of Kilkenny, and promoters of the Protestant cause.

The printed State papers disclose the character of the services rendered by these clever partisans to their courtly patrons. Before entering on their story, let us mention a real Englishman of the name, who has not been linked to the line, though apparently the founder of it in Ireland, a certain Captain Anthony Colley, who, having married a daughter of Sir William Skeffington, lieutenant of the Tower, accompanied his father-in-law when he came over as Viceroy. An instrument of torture, corruptly called "The Scavenger's Daughter," having been invented by that lieutenant, is still shown in the Tower, and perhaps the captain who married the flesh-and-blood daughter was progenitor of the famous "Colley-Wellesleys." The surname of the Wellesley family is derived from land of this name near the town of Wells, in the county of Somerset, from whence the first who bore it in this country proceeded hither, say the peerage-books, "with Henry II., to whom De Wellesley had the honour of being standard-bearer."

This is not true; but in later ages the Wellesleys of Dangan were standard-bearers to the sovereigns of England; and, as their representative, Arthur Wellesley, carried the English banner far and very triumphantly, it is interesting to trace the origin of their tenure of that honourable office. According to our researches, Sir William Wellesley, an Anglo-Irish knight, owning a large estate near Kildare, was one of the followers of a great earl of that house in the wars in France under Edward the Third, and died during the siege of Calais. His grandson, Sir Richard, Lord Wellesley, a baron of Parliament, married an heiress, who brought him the estates of Dangan and Mornington, and the office of hereditary standard-bearer to the lords of Meath, a great feudal lordship that had descended, through the Mortimers, to the Crown; so that the fee-holders of Dangan were made standard-bearers to the king, because he had become lord of Meath. The beginning and descent of this office are not without romantic circumstances. When, in the year 1210, King John

entered Ireland in strong force, with the purpose of avenging himself on certain nobles and ladies who had taunted him with the murder of Prince Arthur, one peer, *Walter Lacy*, lord of Meath, who had otherwise incurred the royal vengeance, fled from the tyrant's fury into France, and remained for a long time incognito, digging in the garden of St. Taurin's abbey, and in the employment of brick-making. At length the Norman abbot discovered the high quality of his labourer, took compassion on him, and, after much entreaty with the vindictive monarch, succeeded in obtaining Lord Lacy's restoration to his former station, on payment of a heavy fine. In gratitude, the restored nobleman brought back with him the abbot's nephew, John Fitz-Alured, and gave him, among other proofs of grateful generosity, the manor of Dangan, to be held of him and his heirs, by the service of bearing their banner, which tenure descended to the lady espoused by Sir Richard, Lord Wellesley.

Some remains of the feudal castle of Dangan may still be seen, at the back of the handsome but half-ruined Italian mansion constructed by the father of the Duke. There the heads of the Wellesleys lived in the rude manner of Anglo-Irish barons, at the time of the Reformation. Adhering staunchly to the old creed, and to their feudal superior, the Earl of Kildare, these lords were nearly involved in the revolt and temporary fall of that princely house. On the other hand, the Cowleys, zealous Reformers, and clients of the Ormondes, profited by the rebellion, obtaining a grant of the estate of Castle-Carbery, a baronial mansion in the neighbourhood, now a picturesque ruin. In progress of time they received possession of Dangan, and became Wellesleys.

We consider Robert Cowley, and his son Walter, who make prominent figures in the State correspondence of Henry the Eighth's reign, were Anglicised Gaels, and not progenitors of the Cowley-Wellesleys, but natives of Kilkenny, and servitors of the Ormondes, as appears by an early letter from the earl to his son, dated 1524, about the chief butlerage, a matter of family moment; his right to take toll of all imported wines being question-

ed, he desires his son to send for "Robert Cowley, and cause him to seek remedies." The extraordinary abilities of this man are conspicuous in the documents he frequently drew up, though he rose no higher than a commissionership of abbey lands, and to the mastership of the rolls. The earliest letters of him and his son, prior to the revolt of Sir Thomas, tenth earl of Kildare, show the eager part they took in breaking down the Geraldine power. The father seems to have been employed by Cardinal Wolsey to discover the supposed treasonable conduct of the ninth Kildare and his abettors; and so notorious was he for setting snares for wild conspirators, that he seems to have been known by the soubriquet of "the Irish plover-taker." After the rash revolt of the young Geraldine viceroy had been quelled, the two Cowleys acted as Lord Ormonde's political agents, whenever he was absent at court, and took active part in measures for the "plantation," as it was termed, of part of the O'Conors' country. The father drew up the act for confiscating the lands of this clan, and the son, made solicitor-general in 1537, and in 1548 surveyor-general, was continually employed in sequestrations.

In 1537, Brian O'Connor, chief of his nation, having failed to pay a fine imposed on him, of 800 cows, and having also failed to keep peace with the King's subjects, was suddenly invaded by the viceroy, Lord Leonard Grey, and siege was laid to the newly erected fortress of stone, the Dyngan, which is declared to be, by reason of its natural and artificial strength, "the strongest hold" the viceroy had seen in Ireland. Built in a morass, surrounded by great ditches and waters, and environed by bogs and marshes for five miles, it could not be approached until the soldiery had laid down, for most of the distance, a causeway of hurdles and faggots. The place was warded by about forty men, who, being provided with matchlocks, then scarce weapons, made a stout defence. The assailants, during three days, which it took to bring up a few battering pieces, gained the courtyard, and, as soon as a breach was effected, took the house by storm, put every man to the sword, and set up

their heads on stakes, "for," says the despatch, "a show to O'Connor," to let him see that his brave company of gunners was put an end to. The castle was razed to the ground, the viceroy justly considering that so strong a place should not be possessed by a subject; and the entire country of the clan was ravaged; "so," observed his excellency, "O'Connor had never such cause to know the king, our master, as he hath now, since he was born."

This severe lesson was wanted, and easily taught, for the Crown cannon, those royal "peace-makers," as they were pleasantly termed, were able to make short work of battlements and crenellations. The Irish kings had only begun to fortify themselves by building castles about this time, or a little earlier—the very epoch when ordnance came into use. Subsequently, perceiving their mistake, their first step, "on going out," was to break down their own fortresses, in order that those buildings should not serve as garrisons for the forces that would be sent against them; and the next step was to go into the bogs and woods, where they could not easily be attacked, and whence, if pursued, they could retire to the still less accessible position of some island in one of their numerous lakes. This strategic system, far more suitable than the attempt to defend stone walls, had been long practised by the O'Conors, whose territory was notorious for the impenetrable character of its fastnesses.

Acting on the policy of divide and command, the viceroy set up the defeated chief's brother, and tanist, or successor-elect, Cahir the Red, as a supposed loyal head of the clan, gave him Brackland Castle as a residence, recommended that he should be raised to the peerage, and endeavoured to induce the Earl of Ormonde to join in carrying on the war against the ill-fated tribe, but without success; for, though this nobleman's local vigilance could have harassed an enemy terribly, he refused to prosecute this ancient race, probably from motives of compassion. On this point, Sir Francis Herbert, a distinguished officer, writes to the Duke of Norfolk:—

"For this time present, we have no war with no Irys man, except O'Connor

and his brother Cahir, with whom we are at truce for fifteen days. This Cahir hath traitorously deceived my lord deputy, in leaving the King's service and joining his brother. But the last hosting my lord made in O'Connor's country hath punished him well. I do think, that if my Lord of Ormonde and my Lord Butler would endeavour themselves, with fervent desire, for the banishment of the O'Conors out of this country, I doubt not but that it would be right soon done. For if they were to make sore war in the bakside of O'Connor's country, with the aid of O'Carroll, who is my Lord of Ormonde's man and son-in-law, and with the aid of M'Gilpatrick, O'Connor durst not abide in his country. Alas! my lord duke; it is pytty that that good country is not reformed and enhabited with good Englishmen."

The writer, a knight of noble family, was rewarded for his vigour in the work of colonization by a grant of Durrow Abbey; and, indeed, he and his fellow-settlers rendered civilizing service; for such was the warlike and plundering character of the wild Gael lurking in the forests skirting the old Saxon colony, that neither could the King's peace be preserved, nor industry carried on. Of his son, Sir Edward Herbert, a biting jest has been preserved, at the time of an attempt to set up the claims of Mary of Scotland against those of Elizabeth, when the knight, astonished at hearing the names of a number of the nobility who were known to be unfavourable to the queen in possession, exclaimed—"S death! there are as many traitors in the court of England as in my woods of Durrow!"

O'Connor, his country still smoking and desolate, had secreted himself from the rage of the soldiery in his strongest island, Inisloghcowy, where he lay until their departure; and soon after, Lord Leonard reports that the shattered chieftain was creeping from one house to another of his old friends, attended, not as of old, by a train of horsemen, but merely by four boys, "more like," says the writer, "a beggar, than one that was captain and ruler of a country." Lord Leonard's heart, however, repented of, as he himself terms it, "the cruel and extreme handling" to which he had subjected Brian O'Connor; and, having had an interview with him, on the bor-

der of the devastated district, he gives a picturesque account of this "parliament with O'Connor" in the open fields of Offaly, on the 2nd March, 1538. The viceroy marched to the place of meeting with a force of 800 horse and foot, and, selecting half this number as a guard, rode to the rendezvous, first taking the precaution to reconnoitre, lest the clan might have laid an ambush. The chieftain was only permitted to have a train of twelve horsemen, and for further security, gave up two of his sons and his chaplain as hostages. When he was supposed to have reached the appointed spot, a spy returned to Lord Leonard, to reassure him; on which, after proclamation to the troops that no man, on pain of death, should stir, unless Lord Leonard's trumpeter blew the alarm, his lordship rode up, also attended by twelve horsemen, well armed with bows, spears, and firelocks, while the Irish lord's guard were defenceless. On meeting, the humbled chieftain made due reverence to the representative of the Crown; and going to Dublin, and submitting himself to mercy, was acknowledged as "Lord of Offaly." He then renounced all claim to extort black rent from the Englishry, and made earnest petition to receive a charter-grant of his country, being eager to hold it as a fief, by payment of a considerable rent, and also to secure the peerage offered to his brother for himself.

If this request, which was the same as many a native lord of the time preferred to government, could reasonably have been granted, the petitioner might have been raised to the peerage, and his descendants have become as loyal and peaceful as did those of every other Gaelic chief who was similarly favoured. But besides the circumstance that most of the land was already parcelled out in intent among the Herberts, Barringtons, Cowleys, and other courtiers, much jealousy would have been felt among the clan, if their country had been bestowed, as an hereditary estate, on their elected, inhereditary king, whose brother and successor elect, Red Cahir, appears to have particularly opposed any such absorption. This tanist having become hateful to his Esau of an elder brother, the chieftain, combining with the captain of the nearest garrison, sent

out a band composed of English matchlockmen and his own kerne, who "hunted the said Cahir into a strong house," where they set "spies," who were provided with handguns and lighted matches, to watch lest he should escape; this he soon effected, in his shirt, and narrowly with his life, but surrendered next day, and made his submission. These effects of gunpowder produced such calm, that Herbert ventured to take a lease from the Crown of part of the forfeited Geraldine property. A halcyon period ensued, when settlers on that sequestered estate began building houses and collecting cattle; but it did not last two summers. The attainted heir of Kildare, who was, as it were, the Pretender of the day, having escaped to France, aid from that country was expected to restore him; and in February, 1540, Walter Cowley reports that there is much talk and clatter among the Irishry about a meeting in Paris of the Emperor of Germany with the French King; for, says he, these rebellious people lie in wait like ravishing wolves for the opportunity of foreign war against England. Wherefore, concludes he, if a sudden attack were made on them, it would teach them to repose less faith in such chances for the future. O'Connor, however, was the first to draw the sword. Invading the Pale, he burnt the town of Kildare, and took its castle; and soon after, Robert Cowley had to report, in a letter of news to the Duke of Norfolk,* that the same insurrectionary leader had surprised Castle Jordan, one of the King's garrisons, by the negligence of the constable; and having carried off the warders as prisoners to his forest fastnesses, had caused the fortress to be destroyed. Another government hosting again reduced him, and his earnest wish to be created a baron was signified to the Crown.

Whilst at court, in the year 1541, Robert Cowley drew up an admirable paper, entitled a "Plan for the Reformation of Ireland." His long experience and statesmanlike mind enabling him to foresee the great and protracted difficulty of reducing the

Irish, judging by past examples of their desperate resistance to attempts to drive them from their lands, he recommended a merciful policy, by proposing that the Crown should accept them as subjects, and raise their chiefs to feudal dignities—a conciliatory system, which, as he remarks, had produced among the Welsh people the happy fruits of loyalty and peace. Some paragraphs in this masterly paper so graphically elucidate the character and condition of the people his measures were calculated to tame and civilize, as to merit quotation:—

"Irishmen," says he, "will never be conquered by rigorous war. They can suffer so much hardness, to lie in the field, eating roots and drinking water; and are so light and nimble, ever ready to fight or flee, as most advantageous, that a great army against them were a charge in vain. They have pregnant, subtle wits, are eloquent, and marvellous natural in comynance."

That is to say, artless and straightforward in their communications with the English.

"They must be instructed," continues Cowley, "that the King intends not to exile, banish, or destroy them, but would be content that every one of them should enjoy his possessions, by their taking them in fee of the Crown, as O'Donnell hath done, and O'Neill is crying to do, and to become his loyal subjects, obedient to his laws, forsaking their own laws, customs, and habits, and setting their children to learn our language." By such an acceptance, he concludes, of the feudal, hereditary system of succession, "their children will inherit their possessions; whereas, under the clan system, the sons seldom inherit, but the tanist, or elected successor to the chieftaincy, takes the lands, and the children of the late chief are reduced to poverty and misery."

No wonder, when the inheritance of the sons of proud Gaelic kings was nothing but their swords, if these were sometimes turned against the king in possession, and sometimes against any one from whom mere sustenance could be wrenched.

In 1544, danger again loomed from the coast of France, news coming that

* Printed under the erroneous date of 1538, in Sir Henry Ellis's *Letters*, second series, vol. ii. pp. 93-104.

an army of 15,000 men was gathered at Brest, with the design of supporting the pretensions of young Gerald, son of the attainted Kildare. On this intelligence, the harassed native lords, O'Connor and O'More, took courage; and the latter, Rory, chieftain of Leix, the region now the Queen's County, sets forth, in an eloquent memorial, the services he and his ancestors had performed to the Crown, and vehemently remonstrates against the injustice of dispossessing him of his ancient patrimony. In the year following, the government recommended the king to raise Brian O'Connor to the dignity of Viscount, because, observe they, "he is always had in great estimation among Irishmen; and hath kept honest peace with the king's subjects those three or four years past." But it is remarkable that this elected ruler desired that the peerage should be conferred only for his life, "whereof," says the despatch, "we be very glad, for thereby his brother, Cahir, who hath always served the Crown when the other was an offender, is not excluded to succeed him in that seignior, whereunto by custom he is entitled."

The prudent policy by which, as also in Scotland, brothers took different sides, to secure the family property, was not sufficient to preserve an estate in this country, where clansmen were less under control, and where the process of engrafting the feudal law of hereditary succession upon the tanistic custom of election produced little, for a century, but fiercer feuds at home, and desperate forays abroad.

In the last year of Henry the Eighth's reign, Walter Cowley, Solicitor-General, got into trouble, was dismissed from his office, and imprisoned in the Tower. The editor of the State Papers, in a brief account of the matter, given as a note to letters written by Cowley during his incarceration, explains that he was a tool in the hands of Chancellor Allen, a veteran, crafty official, who had been an instrument of the ruin of the house of Kildare, and who, at this period, fomented discord between Viceroy St. Leger and Lord Ormonde. This latter mortal feud arose on account of the former possessing, through Mary Boleyn, some estates claimed by the latter; and this

enmity is alluded to in a letter from Walter Cowley, dated 1546, in which he repeats an angry conversation between the Viceroy and O'Connor, to this effect:—

"That haughty, proud gentleman, the Earl of Ormond, accuseth me, for thy sake; but I tell you that if you repair to England with him and his adherents, you shall see some of their fat necks stricken off!"

The Earl met, immediately after, with a tragic end, though not on the scaffold, but a fate less frequent; having been, with the steward of his household, and many others of his followers, poisoned at supper at Ely House, in Holborn, on the 17th October, 1546. Thus perished James, ninth earl of this illustrious house, to which the stigma of attainder had never been affixed. The death of his sovereign occurred at nearly the same time. Early in 1548, the two menaced chiefs, O'Connor and O'More, proceeded across sea to the court of the new monarch, Edward VI., where they hoped to obtain mercy. But the design of confiscating their patrimonies and granting the land in lots to colonizers was confirmed, and quickly carried into execution.

Two forts were hastily constructed to serve as garrisons, one in each district; namely, "the fort of Faly," on the site of O'Connor's ruined castle, to which the name of "the Governor," in honour of the Viceroy, Sir Edward Bellingham, was afterwards given: the other entrenched camp was first called "the fort of Leix," and afterwards "the Protector," in honour of the Duke of Somerset. A number of English gentlemen came over to take part in the hopeful scheme of colonization, among whom may be mentioned Barrington, ancestor of the witty Sir Jonah, whose "Personal Reminiscences" form one of the most amusing books that may be read; Francis Cosby, a brave and distinguished man; John Brereton, from Staffordshire; and some Pigotts and Hovendens, or Ovingtons: all stout Saxon gentlemen, and certain of support from government in their perilous undertaking. Beyond comparison, the dangers they were about to encounter surpassed the hazard of settling among Iroquois or New Zealanders, for the Gaels of Ireland were much better armed, and far more in-

telligent and courageous. Some of the native Englishry, or Anglo-Irish, from whose experience in the peculiar warfare of the country much assistance was expected, joined the enterprise, and among these may be reckoned Richard Aylmer, ancestor of the peer of this name, and Reymond Fitzgerald, a powerful and spirited young chief. Besides these was Henry Cowley, who is *said* by the peerage-books to be son of the Solicitor-General, and whose name is indifferently spelt Colley or Cowley, with the disregard of orthography common to the age. This young officer had already distinguished himself, and was intrusted with the diplomatic mission of making offers of "comfort" to one of the harassed chieftains, to induce submission.

The fame of commencing this great work of colonization in earnest was given to Sir Edward Bellingham, a wise and vigorous viceroy. The Archbishop of Cashel writes to Protector Somerset, stating that he has done his best for the quiet of the country, and declaring his opinion that "Bellingham has opened the very gate of the right reformation;" and, next summer, another archbishop compliments this social reformer on the fact that the renown of his proceedings is "divoligated" throughout the kingdom, to the great daunting of misdoers. However, by opening that gate, the door of the Irish temple of Janus was also thrown open, and the exasperated and desperate natives kept it wide for fifty years. Walter Cowley is much commended in the prelate's letter, for his zeal in exposing abuses; and after long durance in the Tower, on the death of his father he was released, and returned to the former scenes of his active and serviceable life. Bellingham, who is averred to have struck the right chord for putting the Irish harp in tune, commenced an animated correspondence with the settlers in the new colony, some of whose despatches give lively pictures of the state of the settlement. Broadly viewed, all the land west of the river Barrow, from the town of Carlow to Castle-*Carbery*, and backward to the Shannon, was waste. There were but two civilized spots, the new forts. *Dysart* was a desert, as its name implies, and all around *Sliav Bloom* a desolate wilderness. The object of the invaded clans

was to prevent a single Saxon steer from grazing in safety. Thus, the commandant on the borders excuses himself for leaving his post to wait on the viceroy, by stating that every second night, and sometimes night after night, he is constrained to answer to war-cries and watch-fires, both on horseback and on foot; for that the two threatened chiefs were up in arms, at the head of twenty-four horse and 500 foot, and intending to hire a number of professional soldiers, called galloglasses. Then came a despatch, announcing that O'More had taken a large prey of cattle from the king's subjects, and, determining to prosecute his defensive war with spirit, had endeavoured to seduce some native soldiery in the service of the crown, by offering them "like a jolly fellow," says the writer, sixpence a day, and other wages to their officers according to their degree. This attempt to enlist those Irish sepoys failed.

Fort Governor was to be surprised and destroyed, for this bridle on plundering practices was as sore in the eyes of these Gaels as Fort William in the Highlands was to a Scottish Rob Roy. With this object, the insurgent tribes held more than one conference in the great wood of Leix, where they generally remained, fortified in their manner, having constructed a timber camp, strengthened by breastworks of trees, which they had felled and piled together, interlacing the boughs so as to form impenetrable barriers. In the month of August, the viceroy prepared to march down and invest this rude encampment, and of such importance did he deem the steps he intended for hewing a way through the vast fastness, that, upbraiding the Mayor of Dublin for negligence in not furnishing supplies, he declares it were better that the bulk of the harvest in the metropolitan county should perish uncut, than the purpose of cutting passes through the rebels' wood be delayed. During that month he obtained a signal victory over the insurgents. The defeated band, in revenge, made a raid into the English Pale; burnt and destroyed, and slew man, woman, and child throughout a wide district; but, in returning to their fastnesses, were met, "in their greatest pride, and where they never thought Englishmen would seek

them," when, falling upon them, the English force retaliated upon them the cruel usage some of the hapless colonists had felt at their hands. "More wood-kerne were slain that day," boasted Bellingham, "than the oldest man in Ireland ever saw before." Familiar as the word "kerne" may be, from frequent allusions in the dramas of Shakespeare to these "rough, rug-headed" warriors, their appearance and peculiarities are not so well known but that the following description of them may be quoted from a doggerel poem of the day, indited by John Derrick, and dedicated to Sir Philip Sydney, whose military manners differed diametrically from the unchivalrous conduct of these kerne, since according to our poet, the "exercises of wood-kerne" were after this sort:—

"To robbe, burn, and murder, when true men
take rest,
With fire, a sword, and axes, these traitors
are prest;
Thei take no compassion of men, children,
or wives,
But joy when they do them deprive of their
lives.

This quaint poem proceeds to describe the apparel and guise of these sylvan robbers, whose "manners," says the poet, "are more stranger than their apparel." Like the border moss-troopers, it was

"Their gain, their glory, their delight,
To sleep the day, maraud the night,
O'er mountain, moss, and moor.

Deriving their name from *Ceitherne*, or cateran, battle-men—the wildest of them, making the woods their abode and fastness, were styled "wood-kerne." Their most remarkable traits were so notorious at the time the bard of Avon wrote his imperishable dramas, as to be found in the many epithets he applies to "uncivil," "skipping," "shag-haired," "crafty" kerne. Such adjectives are the reverse of complimentary to those ancient countrymen of ours, who, however, performed such notable historic parts, that we must take their memory as we find it. If not sweetly savoured, it is to be preferred for its truth to any modern attempt to depict them in soft and fanciful colours. They gloried in their rudeness, living when roughness was the essential, grand virtue of the time. Of bravery they made no false boast, for they

fought undefended by armour against the stout Saxon men-at-arms, who were covered with plated steel. The more savage—such "wretched kerne" as they at whom Macduff could not strike, were no better protected from blows on the head than by the bush of hair nature gave them, which they rendered thick and matted for that useful purpose, and called their "glibb," in this resembling the Red-shank warriors described in "Marmion":—

"Wild, through their red or sable hair
Looked out their eyes, with savage stare."

Some, however, who had succeeded in slaying red soldiers by cutting off their heads—for they thought no man dead, or "kilt quite," until his head was off—wore the morrions, or skull-caps, taken from the slain. Thus variously provided, they are depicted by the doggerel poet:—

"With writhed glibbes, like wicked sprites;
With visage rough and sterne;
With skulls upon their polls,
Instead of civil caps;
With spears in hand, and swords by side,
To bear off after-clappes.
With jackets long and large,
To shroud simplicitie;
Though spiteful darts, which they do bear,
Import iniquitie."

Our poet completes this portraiture by saying that the shirt worn by these Gaels was

"Verie strange, not reaching below the thigh,
And pleated as thickly as the pleats could
lie."

forming, in effect, a sort of kilt, which, being made of coarse unbleached linen, was a strong and, at the same time, light garment, and very commonly, during summer, the only one worn by these free and easy, light o' heel militants. In succeeding verses he describes others—

"With mantells doune unto the shoe,
To lappe them in by night;
With speares, and swords, and little darts,
To sheeld them from despiight.
And let some have their breeches close
To nimble thighs annexte,
With safer meanes to daunce the bogges,
When thei by foes are vext."

So wrote the doggerel poet, assisted, no doubt, by English martialists, whose wounds, received from the swords, pikes, and darts of the men thus satirized, were smarting at the time they took up pen and parable against them. The very anger evi-

dent in this attempt to ridicule the Irish, proves they were not contemptible opponents in the field. Among the many testimonies that could be cited as honourable to the soldierly qualities of these light troops, may be quoted a joint letter from Sir Francis Drake and the famous general, Sir John Norris, lamenting the want of Irish kerne in the expedition to Corunna, after an engagement in which the Spaniards were defeated, and would have sustained greater loss had these agile soldiers been present to pursue them.

In 1550, the Colonial Government wrote to the Home :—

"This realm is like to be in great danger, for the bruit of these things, hath so already elevated them of the wyld Yrishe that, what for the natural hatred they bear to the English blood and monarchie, and what for desire of lybertie and our spoile, thinking if the Frenchmen and Scotts shulde invade the King's natural subjects, in effect our goods and landes should be spoile to them, so they begyn to be haulte and strange, hoping the same to take place. And, on the other side, the King's said subjects, which never felt nor understood any foreign invasion, but perceiving that the King's father, with a few in number, extingulished the traytor Thos. Fitzgerald," (Earl of Kildare) "being by parentele of the greatest reputation and power here, and now sithence the King, our master, in his tyme hath subdued O'Conor and O'More, and achieved other things, which, in their reputation, were not feasible ne possible, now, hearing of such an huge army of Frenchmen to prepare to arryve here, they be wonderfully dismayed."

In conclusion, the government beg that O'Conor may be detained in England, considering how oft he has been an offender, and that no "reconciliation could wyne, neither othe ne promyse stave him to absteine from rebellion," and how George Parys, who—

"Hath byn, as appeareth by the saide letters inclosed, with the Frenche King, was his chieffe man, with whome nowe the said Ochonour's soune, Cormock, ys joyned, bothe to explore the Frenche and Scottes intentyon for the

expelling of all Englishemen oute of this Realme."

George Parys proceeded to Edinburgh, where he was known as "the Irishe Ambassador," his mission being to obtain aid for the malcontents in this country. Edward the Sixth's government, thus threatened with invasion, put the country into a state of defence, and proceeded to punish the turbulent O'Conors by taking steps for sequestering their land. On the 10th November, 1550, "Walter Cowley, of Waterford, His Highness's General Surveieur," completed "The survey of the lordshyp and domynion of Offaly, with other the possessions and hereditaments late perteynynge to Brian O'Conor, late Capytaine thereof, which now are seized in our Sovereign Lord the King's handys." This territory of the clan country has some curious particulars, such as the number of hawk's nests usual in the woods, for a falcon was then worth its weight in silver, and one of Irish breed was such a lure to the king and his courtiers, that when, at this time, a proposal was made by Gerald Aylmer, Sir John Travers, and others, to colonize and cultivate Leix, or O'More's country, Irry, or O'Dunne's, Slemargy, and other possessions of the former clan, which were then wholly waste, the rent offered was £600 and one nest of goshawks. Some leases were promised to various gentlemen, English and Anglo-Irish, of the choicest lands in those districts, and, among others, to Henry Cowley, who already farmed the manor of Carbery, which had been seized from the Berminghams. The fine feudal castle here, whence, in the fourteenth century, the famous knight, Sir Piers Bermingham, had, according to a curious contemporary ballad, often ridden into the woods to hunt O'Conor "as man doth hunt a hare," was now again inhabited by a modern soldier, commissioned, as Seneschal of the King's County, to execute the king's law. Walter Cowley,* the surveyor-general, whom we cannot consider as the Seneschal's father, received a small fee farm, and

* In 1571, "the sons of Walter Cowley" claimed interest under this grant to their father, which had been renewed to them, but, by negligence or fraud on the part of the guardians, had been lost. This record seems to show that Sir Henry Colley was no son, as the peerage-books have it, of the surveyor.

seems to have died soon after the completion of his important survey, or he may have been slain by the O'Conors during the work, which, it is stated, he performed in great peril. In point of fact, no service could be of more danger at a time when a *Sassenach*, armed with a note-book, was quite as odious as a red soldier carrying a match-lock. Up to the winter of 1552, nothing had been done towards leasing Offaly, which is reported as in a waste state. Its aged chieftain had fled into the north, hoping to obtain aid from Scotland, and, having been taken prisoner, lay incarcerated in the famous "grate" in Dublin Castle; but "the Irish Ambassador" in Edinburgh contrived to send and receive messages, and on one occasion alarm was caused by information that the subtle emissary had sent the imprisoned chief a ring, which was deemed a token of war. The old man made an attempt to escape, but was taken, and was not set at liberty until Queen Mary gave it him, through the mediation of his daughter.

Some considerable settlements were effected in the O'More's country, and the grantees had done the easiest part of the work before them, in constructing castles, which they must defend for their lives; building tenants' houses, which were soon to be in flames; importing cattle, which were sure to be carried off; and sowing corn, which they never reaped. The work of colonization had not proceeded so fast in Offaly; and though the crown had incurred expenses amounting to £100,000, equal to a million of our money, in subduing the Mores and Conors, hardly a goshawk had been received in return. Eagerly watching the turn of events, and counting on the Roman Catholic sympathies of Queen Mary—on her accession, the O'Mores attacked the English planted by the two last viceroys, and put man, woman, and child to the sword, razing the castles, and burning every thing to the gates of Dublin. They had reckoned without their sovereign, for the Queen instantly ordered the recolonization of the two disputed regions, and perpetuated her act by naming one the King's County, after her consort, Philip of Spain, and the other the Queen's, with "Philipstown" and "Maryborough" for their towns. The land was to

be divided between natives and settlers; each senior of a sept was to name how many men he would be answerable for; English laws were to be obeyed, and the language learned; and the Irish, who were consigned to live beyond the bog, were to keep riverfords open, and cut passes through every forest fastness. Cheshire, Lancashire, and North Wales were to send sturdy emigrants, who should plant industry and wealth in a land that had too long been a dangerous wilderness. And the Celt, brought face to face with civilization, had to meet the two alternatives, of either hovering on the skirts of the new settlement, plundering the colonists and putting their lives in jeopardy until he lost his own life, or of being absorbed by the assimilative process of a regular society. Philosophically contemplated, the struggle was not so much between man and man, Irish and English, as between the clan and feudal systems. We can look on that long-decided quarrel with equanimity, and with as much readiness as Locksley, when witnessing "the gentle passage of arms at Ashby," to applaud a shrewd blow struck by a Saxon soldier, and a straight shot sent by an Irish archer. Certes, the revenges which occurred between the settlers and the natives were terrible, and some, as the killing of the Cosbys, and the Mullaghmast massacre, became traditionally notorious. Were we to sum up the dreadful details of violence on each side, it would be hard to decide on which it was worse; yet we must not ignore such sanguinary accounts, since they form part of our national history; and, while our feelings are enlisted on the side of civilization, they are as reasonably evoked for the men who suffered at Mullaghmast as for those who were massacred at Glencoe. If, in our day, the descendants of the former have not loyal good-will like the posterity of the latter, so much the worse for them.

Queen Mary, in her indignation at the outbreak of these two central clans, and at their savage conduct, restored, in 1554, Gerald, the heir of Kildare, to his title, with the design of employing this nobleman in the service of pacifying the O'Conors; for the power of his name was still enormous, and his native birth and

Romish sympathies inclined him to deal leniently with a race long allied and tributary to his house. Accordingly it was proposed to commit the fort in Offaly to his custody, and that of Leix to the keeping of the young and celebrated Earl of Ormond. His first step was in pursuance of a traditional policy, to bring all the seniors of septs under bonds of *slautitighe*, i.e., of feudality to his house; and on the 15th December, 1556, they surrendered all title to the lands, and submitted; but subsequently refusing to appear, "sharp war" was proclaimed against them, and the Earl was ordered "to follow the slaunty to the uttermost." However, the insurgent clans "destroyed and burnt their countries, saving certain forts."

During Queen Mary's short reign the conflict was incessant. The imminence of war with France did not serve "the wild Irish," whom their ambassador at the Scottish Court, promised "to bring to the French king's devotion." The expatriated and struggling chiefs of the ill-fated Mores and Conors suffered severely, and their men, hunted or outlawed, had no livelihood left but through theft and robbery. By proclamation, no man, under penalty of £100, was to maintain a horseman or kerne of the contested territories, because, it is observed in this document, "although they appear civil in the day, they relieve and join the rebels in the night." Some did not even make a civil appearance in the day, but stealing out of their haunts, marked spots where to come and make the night hideous by firing stack and thatch, and carrying off whatever was neither too hot nor too heavy. In 1557 a temporary check was put to these outrages by seizing Connal O'More, who claimed to be Lord of Leix, and actually crucifying him on Leighlin Bridge. This horrible punishment, however, had no longer effect than hanging a highwayman at Tyburn had on his brethren of the road. On the 18th May following the Mores and Conors came in troops to the fort in Leix, called "The Protector," in such force as they had never shown before, intending to make a prey of the garrison cattle. Sir Henry Radcliffe, however, with sixty soldiers and thirty kerne, rescued most of the prey, except a few heifers, which the wood-kerne, carrying them

off to a convenient distance, began to "make merry on," until their mirth was broken in upon by young Cosby and his soldiers, when a long fight ensued, in which one Richard, a bastard Geraldine, and a Goliath in strength and stature, having been slain by the English captain, the merry-makers fled.

The accession of Elizabeth promoted the work of colonization commenced by her sister, and especially animated the English settlers, who were mostly of the Protestant faith. Captain Henry Cowley received a commission to execute martial law in Offaly and the adjacent districts. Old O'Connor was again seized and confined in Dublin Castle—yet so insecurely, that on the 8th March, 1560, he effected his escape at night, to the dismay of the Lord Lieutenant, who anticipated very ill results from what he terms this desperate chieftain's "ould canckred nature and mischevous head." This escape being deemed a signal to would-be insurgents, the Viceroy wrote over for "a few English soldiers, who will," he says, "appal and dishearten the rebels." And the Earl of Kildare, to whom the late queen had committed control over the colony, began measures for exterminating all the Irish "idle men," that is, noblemen, or "men of war," of the condemned clan. This nobleman had acted in vain the valuable but thankless part of mediator between the Crown and any insurgents he could obtain merciful terms for. One of the colonists, after describing at the close of the century the woods and bogs of Monasterevan, Gallin, and Slemargy, as the "great strength and fortress" of the Conors, says that for their wickedness and rebellion they were disinherited and banished by the Earl of Sussex, and their country shired or sheared off from Celtic rule, being converted into the King's County; and he adds, that in the beginning of the succeeding reign, this disturbed district was "very well quieted by a proscription of the Conors, made by the Earl of Kildare, who did in manner wholly extirpate that race."

Mac-Garret-More's power in this matter was as irresistible as Argyle's, had this chief, *McAilin-More*, undertaken to extinguish a Highland sept. The year 1564 was that in which he

made it felt by the Mores and Conors, when, on the 4th August, he received a commission to assemble his men and pursue these septs, which had broken into one of the eighteen insurrections by which, in the century under view, they vindicated their wrongs. Henry Colley, with three bands of soldiers, defended Dynagan fort. A general muster was made of every available man to bring against and suppress the insurgents. In a proclamation, printed on this occasion by one Humfrey Powell, by whom the first printing-press in Dublin was set up, about two hundred idle, or noble-born men of the two tribes are specified by such names as O'Connor-Faly, called the Calough, and next, the Red Calough (who killed his chief and namesake in a subsequent skirmish, and presented his head to Lord Kildare), Donnel O'Spellan, whose father had been purse-bearer to his lordship's father, Lysagh McMurrough O'Connor, and other strange sounding names.

Whatever the extent of the service performed by Kildare, for which he received high praise, he had merely scotched, not killed, the snaky sept of Offaly, which, hydra-like, soon grew new heads, and breaking out again in the winter, among other exploits, surprised the sister of Sir William Fitzwilliam, the viceroy, and would have made her prisoner, had not the courageous lady, a Yorkshire-woman, and well mounted, ridden clear away.

Growing in years and experience, Henry Cowley received a grant of Edenderry Castle, alias Cowleystown, and a large adjacent estate, in reward for his eminent services as seneschal of the colony. On the other hand, Cormac, son of old O'Connor-Faly, sank deeper into the unhappy mire of insurrectionary intrigue. This young chief had gone over to Edinburgh, whence, having found Parys treacherous in disclosing plots to government, he had returned to his native country, where he could hardly be said to have a home, and, not daring to show himself, stayed in the north with the prince of rebels, Shane O'Neill. While there he obtained a letter from the Earl of Argyll to the Archbishop of Armagh, dated Dunoon, 18th November, 1565, in his favour, as a distressed descendant of

ancient kings, and recommending the government to give him some part of his father's lands. In the winter of 1565 he came to Lismore Castle, a seat of the Earl of Desmond's, in disguise, under the name of "*Gilleduff*:" but his presence there compromised his host, and, after moving secretly about, we find him, in July, 1566, again in Edinburgh, whence he sent a petition to Queen Elizabeth, stating that, having proceeded into Ireland with her Majesty's pardon and the grant of a portion of his lands, Henry Colley, the Captain of those parts, refused to perform the tenor thereof. The petitioner prays for a livelihood, in his native country, or elsewhere, and for a free pardon. In the following year, however, he received a remarkable missive from Shane O'Neill, conjuring him to join in a general war against the *Sassenach*; and that subtle conspirator's secret interviews and support enabled the O'Conors, for some years, to keep head against their would be subjugators. The year 1571 opened gloomily for the English interest in this then half-conquered island. An invasion from Spain being expected, British ships of war guarded the southern coast; yet there were but 550 foot soldiers in all Ireland, and these were so scattered, an army might have landed and posted themselves securely before a force could be gathered to oppose them. In the north revolt was imminent, and the safety of the Pale was imperilled by dispossessed, savage clans, such as Rory oge O'More's, Feagh O'Byrne's, and Cormac O'Connor's, which had recently committed great havoc on the borders. The debt of the Crown to the forces amounted to £70,000, a large sum then; and there was extreme want of money and munitions. Elizabeth was careful of Ireland, and Ireland was enough to make her careful. The sums of money paid for this island by the royal lady show how she prized the Emerald Isle, then so troublesome and costly as to cause Lord Burghley much anxiety, and make the viceroy, Fitzwilliam, complain to the home government:—"The state of this dear jewel, Ireland, will not let me eat or sleep."

An account, made out for Burghley, of the expenses of the war of colonizing Leix and Offaly, during the pre-

ceding twenty-four years, shows that, besides the expense of erecting forts and castles, there had been a yearly charge of three hundred soldiers, who had defended the district by "great travail," and, as yet, the settlers had only paid four years' rent. According to another account, up to the end of the century, eighteen insurrections had occurred, which had caused the State an expense of no less than £200,000, more than equivalent to two millions of our money, and probably exceeding double the purchase value of the land. Although these devoted clans had passed through sixty years of vain conflict and suffering, they declared they would rather perish where they were born than live elsewhere—a brave tenacity, in which Gaelic love of country had its fervent part. The cost to the Crown in soldiery to prevent these clans from recovering their countries was twelve-fold the rent received. Such were the expenses, not to speak of the sufferings, of this single case of colonization: and they were to continue until the land was brought to a better state of civilization. In this cause, Henry Cowley served manfully: in 1570, his services as Seneschal had obtained him a grant in fee of the lands he had hitherto held in farm from the crown. He had met less reverses than his brother seneschal, Cosby, governor of Leix, or Maryborough, had done, who lost this fort about this period, and was brought to a severe account for it. Yet "Old Harry Cowley," as he was now called, had his share of misfortunes, as his letters to Lord Burghley evince. In one of them, dated 1573, he says "the troubles put him out of all hope to see England," and stating that the freeholders of the settlement have hired two bands—one of English, the other of kerne—to defend them, requests he may be paid for his services in money, not in land. In reply, the Queen sent him some "gracious comfort," in acknowledgment of "his wise government," the which, however, did not suffice instead of men and money, for in June, a letter to her Majesty's Secretary, dated Dublin, states:—"Old Henry Colley was here yesterday to crave a hundred men for defence of Offaly, and knew not which way to go safely home." In the ensuing month his nephew,

Robert, then sheriff of the county, was slain by a troop of Conors, who afterwards attacked Athlone, burnt the town, and slew some *Sassenach* merchants there. On the loss of this gallant gentleman, a friend of the old Seneschal wrote to Lord Burghley, declaring that the aged governor has hitherto so ruled his region as that "no part of Ireland was better planted" with settlers; but that he is now, by the death of his nephew, "brought to great discouragement," and prays that, as the nephew has only left a daughter, "a comely young maiden of sixteen, she may be matched with some lusty young gentleman," fit to succeed to the seneschalship of the uncle, who is recommended for a pension. Why one of the aged officer's own sons was not to succeed him does not appear; and, according to the pedigrees compiled by a contemporary, the Earl of Totness, "Sir Henry Cooly, Knight, of Carbric," had two sons—a namesake, and Sir George Cooly. Neither does the Earl clear up the question of relationship between the seneschal and the surveyor, so that the extraction of this eminent house is a matter of obscurity.

During the succeeding autumn, there was a hard tussle for Offaly. It was found that the native soldiers were unwilling to serve against Cormac, who was now styled the O'Conor: they would not, says a reporter, "hurt the Irish gentleman." This natural respect and forbearance rendered it as necessary to keep Ireland by English swords as in our day India by British bayonets. Meanwhile, until reinforced, old Colley was, as the Viceroy writes to her Majesty's minister, earnest for aid, for even the viceregal presence, at the head of most of the garrison forces, in the contested fields, to revenge young Colley's death, had merely driven the Conors away for a short time, to return, with auxiliary force, and take retaliatory vengeance. The last letters from the Seneschal of the King's County, catalogued in the Calendar before us, are two, dated 11th October, 1573, from *Loggin-a-Cloghe*, i.e., the stone lodging, in Offaly, to the Lord Deputy, reporting that, for want of forces, all the country, save the lordship of Balbriton, has been despoiled, and that "the rebels have burnt the

last of the Englishmen that were without castles."

Manifestly fortifications were deemed as needful by the veteran seneschal as they afterwards were by his descendant, the Duke of Wellington. This active officer served in parliament, and received the honour of knighthood from Sir Henry Sydney, who also made him a privy councillor, and thus presents him to a succeeding lord lieutenant.

"Among other of my friends, I recommend unto your lordship Sir Henry Cowley, a knight of my own making, who, whilst he was young, and the ability and strength of his body served, was valiant, fortunate, and a good servant; and having, by my appointment, the charge of the King's County, kept the country well ordered, and in good obedience. He is as good a borderer as ever I found any there. I left him at my coming thence a councillor, and tried him for his experience and judgment, very sufficient for the room he was called unto. He was a sound and fast friend to me, and so I doubt not but your lordship shall find, when you have occasion to employ him."

The Irish and English peerage-books tell the remainder of the story of this brilliant family; but it would take much research to follow the fortunes of the O'Conors, who, for more than sixty years, courageously resisted

the conquest of their country. For long, the wish in Dublin Castle was to contrive to settle them, scattered about, in order that they should be unable to combine as a clan, and in the hope that their gentlemen, when given land to hold on the admirable principles of English tenure and succession of inheritance, would be converted into denizens, and become peaceable and loyal subjects.

For the English settlers there was no peace until, in James the First's reign, the native swordsmen of the King's and Queen's Counties were almost extirpated, and nearly the entire indigenous population was removed by a great effort, into the mountains of Kerry. Thus these Irish, the descendants probably of British Picts who had fled before Roman legions across the *Mare Tethica*, and of men who had succumbed to the Scotie O'Neills and Norman Geraldines, gave way once more before the superior civilization brought against them, and found refuge further west. This retreat was inevitable, for a score of happy circumstances, which had enabled their brethren, the Welsh, to hold their own in comparative peace, were so wanting in this country that, despite some similarities, the histories of Wales and Ireland are notably dissimilar.

SONNET ON THE NATIVITY.

Now winter's hand doth bar, with hostile fence
Of frost and drifting snow, each bow'r and lea,
And sedgy stream; now 'tis the season He,
Who own'd, and yet disowned Heav'n's opulence,
Was born in stable-cradle, indigence,
That by his self-denying poverty,
Might our sin-forfeit souls enrich'd be—
Ev'n so let us, as able, glad dispense.

Whom God with wealth or widow's mite hath bless'd,
That wealth and that scant mite too oft misspent
In feastful joy, to aid the poor distrest
And starving worth, with crime not seldom pent
In prisons foul; or naked, or oppress'd,
By tyranny of hearts that ne'er relent.

M. G.

THOMAS BECKET.

WITHIN a twelvemonth's space there came out two lives of the same person, drawn evidently from the same sources, but differing from each other in tone and purport as broadly as the nineteenth century differs from the twelfth; as strikingly as the free self-rule of Protestant England differs from the priestly despotism of Papal Rome. Stranger still, both books are written by educated Englishmen. The *Life of Becket* by Canon Robertson, is a fair sample of English good sense and manly dealing. Got up with much care and critical fulness, correct and clear in style, quiet of manner, liberal of view, yet thoroughly Protestant in spirit, his just yet generous record of the ill-fated archbishop speaks to us a language ringing with the life and lustiness of the present day. On the other hand, in the *Life of Becket* by Canon Morris, nearly every thing seems to remind us of a quaint half-legendary past. Written with evident pains, and free perhaps from wilful distortions, but wholly feeble in tone, revelling in the wildest of old wives' tales, overlaid with the mawkish slang of Romish religionism, this last addition to the lives of Catholic saints and martyrs reproduces, with blind though honest partiality, the undoubting spirit of the age when Becket flourished and his earliest biographers penned their minute and high-coloured stories of the pet saint and wonder-worker of mediæval England. To turn from the former of these books to the latter seems much like reading a page from Geoffrey of Monmouth after a paragraph in yesterday's *Times*.

By what principle the Canon of Northampton has been guided in the choice of telling incidents, we cannot certainly say, but to all seeming the legends which a Protestant critic finds hardest to swallow, are exactly those which he has deemed fittest food for the babes of his own communion. "*Credo quia impossibile est*" is the

rule he appears to follow, especially if the impossible thing be vouched for by writers of Becket's own time or household. Rejecting the poetic tale of Becket's Syrian parentage which, unknown to Fitz-Stephen, John of Salisbury, or even the holy martyr himself, has too often passed current with writers of our own day, he has the courage to tell us with a serious face, how even dogs turned loathingly away from scraps of food left by the primate's murderers; how some of Becket's worst foes came to an early or a painful end; how the arm which had nearly been severed in trying to guard him from his murderers' blows, was healed a year after by the ghost of Becket himself; and how, in gratitude for some past service, the saint restored to life and health a child who had lain four days as if dead of a fearful cancer.

On the other hand, Mr. Robertson's volume, if not the best that might be written, seems on the whole the fullest that has yet been written on a subject which many writers have handled in many ways. It sets before us gathered into one view nearly all the facts and fallacies, the likelihoods and contradictions, the doubts and misconceptions, which lay scattered in varying quantities and degrees of mixture over the field of past inquiry. If it pretends to offer no essentially new reading of that memorable mystery, Becket himself, it does more than any former life of him to clear away the mass of rubbish in which his outward self has hitherto been imbedded. Mr. Robertson has at least added something valuable to the literature of a question full of various interest. Diligent in exploring all available ground, careful in his choice of fit materials, cautious in argument, generally happy in his conclusions, he is entitled to the praise of having wrought out a clear and useful summary of all that we are likely to know concerning the stoutest

Becket, a Biography. By J. C. Robertson, M.A., Canon of Canterbury. Murray. 1859.

The Life and Martyrdom of St. Thomas Becket. By J. Morris, Canon of Northampton. Longmans. 1859.

English champion of priestly privilege and Papal world-rule.

If truth always lay in the agreement, or could be drawn from the collision of many witnesses, we should by this time have gained a satisfactory insight into the character of Becket and his age. Many indeed are the pens that his memory has kept at work upon him from the day of his so-called martyrdom until now. Clerks of his household, faithful secretaries, intimate friends, some of whom had basked in the sunshine of his earlier, and shivered in the darkness of his latter days, bore witness briefly or at length, with many flourishes or in simple terms, to the high talents, the striking virtues, the pomp, the learning, the personal charms, the stern enthusiasm of their departed friend and spiritual father. Their lead was followed by a long line of simple chroniclers who, dating from the splendid reign of Henry II., discoursed and fabled about many things and persons, until the Wars of the Roses and the dawn of a later literature put out their feeble lights for ever. But modern history took up in her turn and handed on the old familiar tale, with divers changes demanded by the spirit of an age which had little faith in the marvellous, and still less in the saint whose shrine had been plundered, and his bones burnt at the suggestion of that self-willed iconoclast, Henry VIII. Becket's fame, however, survived the rough handling of his fiercest assailants, to regain in these days, through the kindness, the crotchets, or the religious sympathies of some able writers, no trifling share of its olden fragrance.

But the truth regarding Becket is nearly as hard to reach as the truth regarding the early days of Rome. From the oldest accounts of him, penned chiefly by his devoutest worshippers, themselves men of middling capacity, of the narrowest culture, grossly superstitious even in that age of gross superstition, we only shape out an image as unlike any normal commixture of flesh and spirit, as the first toy you give a baby is unlike aught seen in books of natural history. Between their discrepancies, mistakes, contradictions, their statements often doubtful, sometimes transparently untrue, their wilful reticences and wild exaggerations, their love of fancifully

profane comparisons, the prosing rhetoric of one, the childish gossip of another, the feeble sophistries and grovelling morality of almost all, the real story of Becket's life fades one while into a series of nursery tales, anon transforms itself into a dull didactic romance for pious young ladies.

Writing for a public already trained to look on their lost primate with partisan or idolatrous eyes, carrying with them the feelings of all who hated the Norman or revered the priest; living, too, in days of general profligacy and disregard for truth, these men were not likely to sift evidence making in their hero's favour, or to bring into open court matters which the most of them would deem it wisest to slur over, or even sometimes to forget. And as for the chroniclers of that era who allude to Becket, it is bare truth to say that their accounts are merely improved editions of all that was most fabulous in the first biographers. In the dim religious light of those days, Becket's story speedily assumed a startling likeness to that of the Divine Master, with whom the living Becket loved to compare himself in language now deemed worthy only of French courtiers or the followers of Mr. Prince. If they of his own household could not keep their pens from lying legends and feeble parodies of Holy Writ, the scribblers of the following century were still less unscrupulous in the ornaments they heaped around a shrine already blazing with too many borrowed gems.

Turning to the modern writers, we have the old uncertainty meeting us in new forms. In their hatred of popes or prelates, zealous Protestants and shallow thinkers could see no good whatever in the man whom so many generations of monk-ridden Englishmen had delighted to honour. They stripped the idol of its gorgeous garments, to find beneath them nothing but a heap of worthless rags. Becket became a by-word among his countrymen for wanton ingratitude and hypocritical self-seeking. At length Hume's manly and philosophical estimate of a character entirely different from his own, turned somewhat in Becket's favour the current which had been setting against him ever since the English Reformation. After a time the fallen idol became

once more an object of extravagant worship, not only with the regular Romanist, who believed in him as a recognised part of the Papal system, but also with those English Protestants who learned in the school of Messrs. Newman and Pusey to sympathize with a churchman fighting for his order against the supremacy of the secular power. Between the shallow assumption that scorned him as a selfish hypocrite, and the sickly religionism that worshipped him as a Christian saint and martyr, little was done to better the example set by Hume, until the labours of Dean Milman and Canon Robertson opened up to all careful readers the promise of yet more precious fruit to come.

If the last-named writers have not wholly cleared up the mystery of Becket and his times, they have at least shown how much of the darkness hitherto surrounding it could be rolled aside, at the bidding of a maunderer and keener criticism than that which hurries us through the brilliant pages of Dr. Lingard, or tries our patience under the slipshod maundering of Dr. Giles. While Mr. Morris has only succeeded in harping on the same cracked string as so many Romanists or Romanizing Anglicans did before him, we are glad to welcome Mr. Robertson as no unworthy follower in the track of the masterly historian of Latin Christianity.

Among the later outgrowths of mediæval fancy appeared that touching story about Becket's mother, which, springing perhaps from the same source as the old English ballad of Lord Beichan, has found such special favour with writers who care more to amuse the world, or to carry out some foregone conclusion, than to test the likelihood of circumstances strange enough to call for the closest scrutiny. On that story we need not dwell here. Of course Mr. Robertson, following Dean Milman, rejects it without a question; and even Mr. Morris fears it is too poetical to be true. That such a story, told for the first time a hundred years after the primate's death, and belied by the silence or the explicit statements of Becket himself and his contemporaries, should afterwards have been so generally received, is matter enough for a moment's wonder; but another feeling is stirred within us at the thought of

an able English writer backing his theory by an appeal to the peculiar whiteness of Becket's hands. Our English ladies will laugh to hear that small white hands are but the witching evidences of their Eastern descent. Not content with finding him a Saracen mother, several authors have robbed Becket of his other parent; and on the theory of his Saxon name and birth, Mons. Thierry has built up a complete romance of history, which falls to pieces like a house of cards, at the first touch of truthful criticism. To the claim of Saxon parentage, "the early biographers," says Dr. Milman, "not only give no support, but furnish direct contradiction;" one of them expressly affirming his hero's Norman origin, while another makes Gilbert Becket follow up his suit to Archbishop Theobald on his son's behalf, by pleading their joint descent from the same knightly forefathers in Normandy. That the name of Becket was no less Norman than Saxon, Mr. Robertson has conclusively shown; and we, for our part, would clinch his arguments by holding up those delicately small white hands in proof of Norman parentage alone. From a careful comparison of original statements it seems clear that Becket's parents, as he himself averred, were both Londoners; but that his forefathers, at least on Gilbert's side, had dwelt in Normandy until one of them, most likely Gilbert's own father, came over to England in the first days of the Norman ascendancy.

Becket's father, Gilbert, seems by the best accounts to have been a thriving London citizen, of good standing, fair character, and useful connexions. From his mother Matilda, whose exceeding piety was the theme of many popular fables in after days, her son Thomas may have derived that hasty vehemence and imaginative wildness of soul which, under different forms, blazed forth equally in the fighting chancellor and the cloistered exile of Pontigny. Removed at the age of ten from his mother's care, young Thomas passed his boyhood first among the monks of Merton, afterwards in London, where his hours were divided between attendance at the public schools and amusements more congenial to his active, unstudious nature. For hawking, hunting, and all manly exercises,

he had a remarkable taste, in which the favour he won from the Norman gentlemen who frequented or lodged in his father's house, enabled him to indulge to his heart's content. A few years later he went to Paris, then growing famous for its learning, to improve his French accent according to M. Thierry ; to study, in our opinion, the civil and canon law. About the time he came of age his mother died. Troubles in his father's home, drove him, it is said, for awhile into a counting-house, a move for which there may have been simpler reasons after all. Ere long, however, we find him a clerk in the household of Archbishop Theobald, under whose auspices he started on a career wherein his good fortune, his natural talents, his proud yet pleasing manners, his steady zeal for the interests of his master, and seeming care for those of the church, combined to raise him from one success to another, until at the early age of thirty-six, besides two prebends and many rich preferments, the new Archdeacon of Canterbury had come as chancellor of the young king, Henry II. to fill one of the highest offices in the realm.

During these years Becket seems to have renewed from time to time the studies he had begun at Paris, and to which he was afterwards to return with yet keener zest in the quiet precincts of Pontigny. From his journeys to Rome in the train, or on the business of his friend and patron, Archbishop Theobald, and from his attendance on the lectures of Gratian, the well-known teacher of Roman law, we may trace the growth of those high-flown maxims on priestly rule, in defence of which he was one day to forfeit his sovereign's friendship, and eat the bread of affliction in a strange land. The *Pulse Decretals*, those shameless forgeries of the ninth century from which successive Popes drew fit weapons for their most daring attacks on the secular power, had been but lately inwoven by Gratian himself into his text book of Civil Law ; and of this poison-spring Becket must have drunk deeply during the year he sat under the greatest lawyer of his age.

Recommended by the aged primate to a monarch already mistrusted by the friends of an ambitious priesthood, the new chancellor was not long

in securing the good graces of him whose head chaplain and general agent he had now officially become. Foolish flatterers began ere long to speak of him as the courtiers of a later monarch were wont to speak of the powerful but illstarred Wolsey. His personal influence within certain limits was doubtless great. But his official importance, in days when the chancellor had no separate jurisdiction, has generally been over-rated, as much as the strong will and farseeing statesmanship of his royal master have been disallowed. As closet friend and boon comrade of a generous, openhearted, impulsive prince, who threw himself into every pursuit of pleasure or business with a zeal and dash congenial to Becket's own, he was likely in some things to wield a spell more subtly potent than any of his fellow-councillors ; but that he inspired as well as promoted all the king's administrative reforms, or had nearly as much weight in the government as the chief justiciary and a few other great officers of state, we certainly do not believe. About this part of his career, indeed, there hangs a mystery which we cannot quite dispel. For which part of Henry's proceedings is Becket answerable ; for the measures taken to restore peace, and improve the laws, or for the measures taken to enforce the obedience and narrow the immunities of the clergy ? If he took so large a share in disarming barons and suppressing mercenaries, how was it that he never raised his voice against measures hurtful to those interests which his former patron had intrusted to his special care ? We know that some of his friends did then and always reproach him with being in these days a persecuting Saul. The only excuse that others found for him lay in his weakness to brave the wrath of a wilful and strong-handed king. On the other hand, Henry's policy throughout his long reign seems to have been of one piece—one long effort to assert as king the strong arm of law against a turbulent peerage, and an encroaching priesthood. If that policy had begun with Becket, by what happy chance did his own mantle sit so well on the shoulders of his unknown successor ? Our own belief is that Henry's chief justiciary, De Luci, had much more of his sove-

reign's ear than the courtly chancellor whom Henry admitted to a full share of his private pleasures, his sports, revels, warlike enterprises, while keeping him at arm's length in all those matters of state with which as chancellor he had no especial concern.

Be the truth as it may, we cannot conceive of Becket, the chancellor, in the light of a virtuous Sully, guiding the counsels and sharing largely in the better deeds of an able but dissolute Henry of Navarre. Our fancy would rather follow him to the banquet hall, the hunting field, the meeting at Paris with the French king, the warlike camping ground over against Toulouse. In such scenes he figures well, and bears himself like a brave accomplished gentleman, worthy to ride, fight, or feast, beside the best and highest in the land. Tall, stately, good-looking; with high, though perhaps narrow forehead, nose slightly aquiline, eyes large, clear, quick-glancing; wonderfully keen of sight, hearing, and smell; calm of manner, but lively and fluent of speech; in the noon of manly health and intellectual power, he stands out in perfect keeping with the gorgeous apparel, princely retinue, costly entertainments, and brilliant feats of arms, if not of so-called "gallantry," which blink from even modern eyes the memory of his priestly calling, and the slack discharge of its duties by perhaps the greatest pluralist of his own or any other age. His splendid habits eminently fitted him to lead to Paris an embassy whose magnificence amazed all beholders, and inspired the most glowing paragraphs that ever flowed from the pen of his faithful Fitz-Stephen. His love of fighting found ample food in a war against the very monarch whom he had but lately visited as a friend. Once at the head of his armed knights and vassals, he cared little for his priestly office, or the means employed by his master for making the clergy pay towards the expenses of the war. Certain it is, that if Henry had felt as slight scruples as Becket did regarding the person of his liege lord, Louis VII. would only have left Toulouse a prisoner in the hands of his Norman vassal.

For seven years Henry showered his favours on the chancellor with no sparing hand. In addition to a fat

deanery, he made him Warden of the Tower, lord of several castles, and lastly, tutor to his eldest son. Many of his proudest nobles sued for the honour of having their children also brought up in Becket's household, where they acquired all manly accomplishments, and so much of the milder graces as the influence of a courtly priest and his high-born companions in an age of universal rudeness could impart. How rude the manners of that age were, may be gathered from the accounts of contemporary writers, in which the finest gentlemen and the most lettered clerks appear to live as plainly, to speak as coarsely, to treat each other with as rough discourtesy, as only the roughest of English boors or the most reckless of backwoods settlers might do now. An uncomfortable splendour, a gross sort of plenty, are the general rule. Under the gorgeous apparel no clean white linen, nothing but coarse wool, dirty from long wear, is to be found. The highest of the land are glad enough to drink beer alone, and eat fat pork for many months together. Henry's couch of state is a mere mattress stuffed with hay or straw. The king himself swears worse than any trooper, and hurls hard names about him on the smallest provocation. Reverend bishops scold, jibe, and threaten each other like modern fishwives. Blows are as ready as words. Becket himself is equally prepared for either, and dies with a foul word upon his lips. Pious monks feed like pigs. Some of the guests who drop in at the chancellor's banquets have to sit upon the floor, which is strewn with rushes or green boughs, to save them from soiling their fine clothes. Henry himself, when the fancy takes him, rides into the hall, drinks to Becket, and rides out again; at another time jumps over the table and seats himself, sure of welcome, by his dear friend's side. The outward life of those days resembled the boisterous play of lusty young children. In a fight for precedence one archbishop plumps down on the lap of another; and in a more playful tussle for Becket's cloak, Henry and his friend nearly pull each other off their horses, amid the laughing of courtiers, and the wondering stare of the beggar to whom that cloak was eventually given.

All this while, if one might trust

his biographers, the splendid chancellor not only retained a purity of morals, rare even among his fellow-priests, and scarcely arguable from admitted facts; but also practised, from time to time, austerities which the most credulous of his courtly friends would never have dreamed of laying to his charge. Penances of every kind were undergone in the strictest privacy: his body was often bared to the lash: once a year he retired for three days to do secret acts of mercy in the neighbourhood of his old Merton friends. Even the hair-shirt, which cut so striking a figure in after days, begins already to creep into view, like the conventional stage-ruffian stalking with elaborate setresy behind his future victim. In all such stories let him who listeth believe.

But days so happy for all who wished well to such a friendship, were soon to pass away like a dream. In 1161 died Becket's old friend, the mild and venerable primate, Theobald, with a parting prayer for his Master's heavenly guidance in the choice of a meet successor. Instead of seeking the Lord's gain, however, Henry sought his own, little dreaming of the payment he was to reap therefrom. Looking on Becket as a tried friend and zealous guardian of his royal rights, misled, whether by the warmth of his own regard, or by an imperfect acquaintance with the bends and shallows of his chancellor's mind; wishing also, we believe, to reward an able servant with fresh proofs of kingly gratitude, he coaxed or frightened the suffragan bishops, and the unwilling monks of Christchurch, into a measure not more fatal to his dearest hopes and deep-laid schemes, than big with suffering and disgrace to the king himself, the primate, the barons, and the whole realm of England for many years to come. After some delay Becket stepped into his old patron's shoes, and the same miracle which, according to Bishop Foliot, turned a soldier and a layman into a priest, began therewith to turn two loving friends into life-long foes.

From the hour of his consecration by stern old Henry of Winchester, Becket became in heart and purpose what he had hitherto shown himself but in name—a priest of the "Holy Catholic Church." Henceforth his loyalty to his earthly sovereign must

give way before what he deems his duty to God and his order. With what feelings he had watched the events preceding his election; whether he ever seriously warned the king against the step he was so bent on taking, or ever felt the least unwillingness to wear the mitre which other chancellors had worn before him, we will not pretend to divine: only of one thing we are pretty sure, that in these and other nice points of character the early biographers are entitled to no belief whatever. Henry was no fool; and thus far it was clear, that he had not the least inkling of a result which perhaps no one in all England, not even Becket himself, could have foregathered. Had either king or primate known what the end would be, it is not unlikely that Becket would have consented to lose his preferment rather than his friend, while Henry, for his part, would never have given his friend the chance of turning round and attacking him with the fierceness of a deadly foe.

But it is idle speculating on what might have been. A change of feeling rather than character marks off this new stage in Becket's career. We have the same countenance showing henceforth a different side to the light. That dreamy, mystic nature which the stir and turmoil of years had hitherto buried out of sight, now began to shake off its long thralldom, and, like the slaves let loose in Massinger's "Bondman," was soon wielding a sharper tyranny than that which had kept it down.

It is a curious fact, which even Mr. Robertson has failed to notice, that we never hear of Becket's dreaming or seeing visions, until he goes to Canterbury for his consecration. The busy, active chancellor had slept soundly heretofore. But the change in his daily habits and pursuits wrought with the cares of his new position to darken the primate's waking hours, and people his broken slumbers with dreams and fancies which seemed prophetic to the easy faith of a superstitious age. His moral tone, weakened by the slow poison of those canonical studies, by the loss of those secular pastimes which his health required, by the growth of dissensions hateful to his kindlier nature, Becket listened more and more eagerly to the whisperings

of his distempered fancy, plunged deeper and deeper into the snares of a blind asceticism, and settled down at last into a crazy fanatic, a hard irreverent bigot, who worshipped his own proud self under the guise of care for the interests of his order, and vented his zeal for God's service in deeds of fierce penance and fiercer broodings over imaginary wrongs.

All this, however, came by degrees. The new archbishop was neither a wilful hypocrite nor a new-born saint, but a proud, earnest, passionate, outspoken man. He neither suddenly dropped his layman's mask nor put on airs of deeper piety than ones so characterized might naturally feel. He waxed more studious, more devout, fasted oftener, kept somewhat choicer company than before. He may have drunk water boiled with fennel : he certainly did not give up drinking wine. His temperance showed itself rather in spare than coarse living. The costly habits, the old taste for pomp and show followed him into his new palace. The gorgeous apparel was not laid aside at once. The hall glittered as brightly as ever with its heaps of gold and silver plate ; the guests that thronged it were at least as mark-worthy, and came as often as those of yore. His old munificence found a fresh channel in deeds of almsgiving, which outshone those of former primates as much as his secular greatness had out-topped that of former chancellors. His household was still large, but formed chiefly of clerks ; he seemed still to prefer the friendship of men of varied learning and fine culture, to that of men renowned for piety alone. As judge in an archiepiscopal court he discharged his trying duties with fearless purity and unflinching shrewdness. Among his officers the taking of bribes was sternly forbidden, and no sort of private influence availed the suitor who had wrong on his side. Ritual observances, severe and many, filled up nearly all the time left over from his official duties. Always by nature a zealot in whatever cause, he soon learned, we fancy, to feel a proud joy in rising at the dead of night to say his matins, and not returning to his pillow till he had washed the feet of thirteen beggars, and sent them off with full stomachs, and pockets better lined than before. Some holy or

clerical book was always about his person, or read to him during meals. His afternoons were passed in prayer or reading, in visits to sick priests and poor, in quiet talk at home on points of discipline or canonical law. The floggings, too, were henceforth taken with punctual frequency ; and, as if in atonement for all shortcomings, a shirt of sackcloth reaching to his knees, and carking his torn flesh with its life-long friction, must have brought continually before his mind the foolishness of all that seeming pomp and glory which drew on him the eyes and plaudits of unreasoning crowds.

The new phase of Becket's character soon began to show itself. While Henry was still in Normandy he received from his new primate a letter announcing his resignation of the chancellorship, whose duties he avowed himself no longer justified in performing. Whatever his real motives for such a step, whether he had ceased to take further interest in worldly affairs, or deemed them likely to hinder his spiritual progress, or foresaw a clashing between the rival claims of his sovereign and his church, Becket had hereby lent a colour to the charges already thickening against him, and deliberately stricken a death-blow at the friendship which Henry had worked so hard, by so many acts of kindness, so many marks of the highest favour, to keep alive.

To the announcement of a step in those days so unusual, the king replied by requesting Becket to surrender the archdeaconry of Canterbury, which he had clearly no right to hold now. It was surrendered after many demurrings, which Mr. Sharon Turner ascribes to Becket's avarice, but which, to our thinking, flowed from his desire to keep out a future enemy of his own. This point yielded, others soon arose to ruffle Henry's mind anew. With a violence as lawless as it was unsanctioned, at least in spirit by the king, the archbishop turned some farmers out of holdings which had once belonged to his see. Other stories, some perhaps less true than irritating, found their way to Henry's ears. But Henry's wrath, if it blazed up fiercely one moment, would burn out the next ; and he still refused, it seems, to think much evil of his old friend. The cordial

greeting which Becket received that Christmas on his master's landing at Southampton, betokened the return of that good-will which followed him a few months after to the council of Tours.

From this council, however, he came back to resume with fresh spirit his fight for priestly against civil power. Whatever tended to exalt the privileges, or widen the material ground-work of the church, seemed to be wrongfully kept out of his devouring clutches. His principle of action was very plain. "Every thing," says Mr. Robertson, "that had ever been given to the church was to be claimed, while nothing that had been parted with was to be abandoned." Homage was claimed from the Earl of Clare for a castle which his forefather had received from William the Conqueror. William of Eynesford was excommunicated for disputing Becket's right to present to a living of which William himself was the lawful patron. The king, as William's feudal lord, bade Becket recal an illegal sentence, and the primate yielded with so bad a grace, that Henry's wrath still smouldered. Fresh causes of disagreement kept widening the gulf between them. Whether the primate were right or wrong in any particular instance, his haughty airs and threatening speeches, the cool effrontery with which he mooted, and the reckless violence with which he strove to enforce the most untenable claims, were fast rousing against him the fierce hatred of many powerful opponents, and ever fanning into fresh flames the mistrust and anger already kindled in the breast of his quick though kindly master. Ere long the late friends were to front each other as rival chieftains who brooked no equal and obeyed no superior, who hated each other with the bitterness that springs from broken friendship, and knew no rest from furious warfare save in the lulls of a hollow, short-lived truce.

In many respects the combatants were fairly matched: both alike brave, haughty, passionate, deep-scheming, ready-handed, strong-willed. Henry's passion, fearful at first, was soon over; while that of Becket settled into a fit of sulky brooding. Both were men of quick parts, superior learning, powerful character; but

Henry's intellect, polished with use, and kept sharp by frequent exercise, cut with ease through the clumsy sophistries brandished with such proud trustfulness by his more imaginative rival. Both had naturally warm hearts, and suffered many a pang at the melting away of their old friendship. Henry, too, would gladly have renewed again and again the ties which Becket, counting all things dross for the sake of a fancied duty, seems from the first to have cast off at once and for ever. The frank uprightness, once natural to both, had been modified somewhat in the one by his worldly experiences, more largely in the other by his special studies and the narrowness of his new-born zeal. To the fiery champion of Holy Church, lying, deceit, unfair charges, cunning wiles, seemed after all but venial sins, if inspired by devotion to a righteous cause. For Henry's crooked ways, on the other hand, we have only the evidence of his natural foes, the clerical romancers of those days—evidence about as trustworthy as that whereon the conqueror of Cannæ stands forth in Livy's pages a monster of fraud and faithlessness. If the gusts of unbridled passion sometimes drove the king into deeds of cruel vengeance and stern injustice, his good sense soon called his nobler instincts back to their accustomed post, and helped them to repair, as far as might be, the hurts their brief abeyance had done his cause in the world's eye. But Becket's anger, kept alive by the strong yet steady breeze of a blinding, remorseless mysticism, seemed gradually to burn away his better nature, to estrange the sympathies of his wiser friends, and almost neutralize the great advantages which his commanding station, his engaging qualities, his boldness in maintaining a popular cause against the leaders of a riotous oligarchy, and other causes hardly less powerful had combined to enlist on his behalf. To put in force those monstrous theories of church rule which Gregory VII. had tried in vain on the iron-minded Conqueror, Becket scouted all ties of natural feeling, all claims of Christian love, meekness, long-suffering, self-denial, all suggestions of worldly wisdom and sober moderation. Not "peace on earth and good-will to men," but "pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis,"

was the keynote of his latter years. If during that chequered time Henry was sometimes cruel, vindictive, hard-hearted, the primate for his part was seldom otherwise; showed himself indeed by far the worse Christian of the two. Both were strong-willed; but if Henry's purpose sometimes slept or went backwards, that of Becket never wavered one tittle: he saw nothing, cared for nothing, but the end he set himself to win. Scruples of conscience he may have had, but the grasping tyranny of his one idea soon crushed the rising weakness, and left him each time harder, less scrupulous, more self-contained than before. Both king and primate were proud, but the pride of Henry was to that of Becket as the pride of Plato to the greater pride of snarling Diogenes.

One influence there was, however, from which Henry had much to fear. He might be backed by the whole strength of his feudal following—by all the traditions alike of Norman and Saxon rulers, by all the wisdom of his ablest councillors, the agreement of scholars learned in the Canon and Civil Law—by every agency likely to work in favour of a sovereign not less wise than powerful among all the princes of his day. The Pope, Alexander III., was struggling against the anti-Pope set up by Frederic Barbarossa, and owed what influence he still had mainly to the wealth and energy of the English king. Of the English bishops some were openly on Henry's side, while few dared to act against him, in behalf of a movement less favourable to the rights of their national church than to the cause of Papal supremacy. The French king, indeed, was sure to sympathize with a brother bigot, against a vassal whose dominions on the Continent were larger than his own; and the leading clergy in those dominions seem to have felt, some a personal, others a professional, regard for him who dared to oppose the son of the persecuting Geoffrey of Anjou. The crowd of idle clerks who swarmed throughout England, causing heavy scandal by their loose ways and virtual freedom from all fear of fitting punishment, were loud enough in praise, and frequent enough in prayer, for the victory of so stout a champion of their licence to do wrong. But of all such influences, Henry took the very least account. His one great

foe, and Becket's one fast friend, was that spirit of ignorant superstition, which, powerful among us even now, was sure in those childlike ages to wield a thralldom, against which no efforts of a few isolated master-minds could make much head. For ages had that spirit been wooed and moulded to his own purposes, by each successive guardian of the Roman Papacy. Trading in human weakness, the Romish priesthood had, step by step, builded up with the cement of human superstitions a spiritual empire, founded in the depths of human ignorance.

A few months after Becket's return from Tours, the quarrel with his king burst into fiercer blaze than ever. By a course of steady encroachment, the ecclesiastical courts, to which the Conqueror had granted a separate jurisdiction for spiritual causes alone, had drawn away from the lawful judgment-seats all cases wherein the clergy had any shadow of a special interest. Only in these courts could a clerk be tried for murdering a layman, or a layman for murdering a clerk; and the worst penalties they could inflict had so little of a deterrent power, that the lower classes of clergy were fast becoming a byword for crimes of every shade. Any idle, dissolute vagabond, who had once taken the clerical tonsure, was free to break any or all of the Ten Commandments for payment of a moderate fine, loss of his clerical privileges, or the performance of a pilgrimage to some favoured shrine. Every crime had its moneyed worth, and the fines thus leviable had become not only the source of a handsome revenue, but also the pretext for all kinds of petty extortion, and for many a deed of cruel outrage. Henry's anger had repeatedly been roused by instances of the scant justice which these courts would deal out to the worst offenders. During the few years of his reign, more than a hundred murders had been committed with impunity by clerks alone. Just after the death of Stephen, a case of unusual wickedness had been wrested away from young Henry's court, only to fall through some technical loophole in that of the bishops who tried it. Another priest, accused of murder, but acquitted by his bishop, had afterwards received what many thought too light a sentence for contempt of the King's Court, and violent

abuse both of the king and his sheriff. And now the archbishop was putting forth the same old plea of priestly immunity, to shelter from the sterner and surer grasp of royal justice, a clerk who had added the murder of a parent to the seduction of that parent's child. He refused to yield up his prisoner—refused even to let him be seized by the king's officer, after he had been stripped of his priestly orders by a sentence of the bishop's court.

Henry's forbearance had now reached its bounds. The spiritual peers of the realm were summoned to meet him in council, at Westminster. Having enlarged on his grievances, and specially denounced the principle of priestly immunity for breaches of the temporal law, he called on his hearers to aid him in preserving the laws and customs of his royal grandfather. With one exception they promised severally to obey him—"saving their order." The king dismissed them in loud wrath. The primate was straightway ordered to give back his castles of Eye and Berkhamstead, which he had not yet found it unlawful to retain. He himself was summoned to a private meeting at Northampton, out of which his old friend got nothing but cold disclaimers of any hostile purpose, and a sullen reiteration of his Westminster reply. Meanwhile the recalcitrant prelates were fast yielding, one by one, to the threats or persuasions of their opponents. At last even Becket was coerced, by the hourly pressure of his own friends and trusted counsellors, to promise an unqualified observance of the ancient customs. To make the assent as public as the refusal, Henry summoned a council of all his peers, lay and spiritual, to his palace of Clarendon, near Salisbury. Here, after many shifts and turnings which betokened the soreness of his inward struggles, Becket solemnly and openly swore, *on the word of a priest*, to keep "loyally and with good faith" the laws and customs of the realm, as read out in the hearing of all there by an officer of the royal household. According to Fitz-Stephen, the oath was further ratified by the setting of his seal to a true copy of the hateful instrument. Whether he sealed or no, it is quite clear, in spite of Mr. Morris, that Becket's troth was deliberately given to a set of customs, plainly defined in a docu-

ment, of which every word was audible to the assembled barons, who had confirmed it by their own votes; and that in heart—if not, as some declared, in very words—he submitted to incur the guilt of perjury, with a view "to repent hereafter as he might."

That a lie so publicly and wilfully spoken must have sat rather heavily on the primate's conscience, we may readily believe. Some of his time-serving brethren found a balm for their dishonesty in mental reservations, quite consonant with the low morality taught and practised by the shining lights of the mediæval church. To break the faith of the most solemn treaties, to cheat the enemies of the church by every kind of bold falsehood and cunning meanness, to undo the effect of the most binding ordinances between man and man, between king and subject, priest and layman, were among the standing orders of the Italian clergy; and the taint of their wickedness had already fastened on the purer morality of the old Teutonic races. But Becket's conscience, less hard, or at least more whimsical than that of many who had sinned more readily with far less excuse, seems to have left him no peace until he had found full absolution from the Holy Father for all words and deeds contrary to the interests of his order.

The remorse he suffered for acts of weakness, inspired partly by a certain tenderness for those whom his obstinacy might have compromised, must have been tenfold embittered by the heavy blow his self-conceit had also undergone. To a man so proud by nature and position, the greatest punishment of all must have been the knowledge of his complete discomfiture before those over whom he had lately reared so haughty a crest. In that great council there were few who pitied, many who loudly exulted over, his fall. Henry and his party had gained a conspicuous triumph not only over God's chosen ministers, but over himself, their vauntful champion, as well. At the very first trial of strength he found himself, as it were, disgracefully routed, and his whole kingdom prostrate at the feet of a mighty conqueror. In a paltry quarrel about the punishment of a worthless criminal, he had staked every thing—the rights of his order, his own fair fame and personal influence, the high position

claimed for his church, as guardian of the public morals and reformer of many social wrongs; and the result had left him thoroughly disgraced even in his own eyes, and conscious of having dragged down, into a common ruin, all those interests which he had deemed himself so resolute and powerful to defend. By one false move he had thrown the game into his adversary's hands, and Henry had promptly turned to the best account an opening for which he had long been waiting, and might still have waited in vain.

And yet the quarrel had seemed far from paltry to Becket's eyes. Too blind a zealot to yield one tittle of his fancied rights, he opposed, on principle, a demand whose widest issues Henry himself could hardly have foreseen. As usual, the great event sprang from a seemingly trivial cause, and began to shape itself in the formal assertion of principles hitherto overlooked, or only partially allowed. Henceforth, whatever a proud Pope or a weak government might do to render them, for the nonce, an idle letter, the Constitutions of Clarendon virtually became law, and were enforced more and more triumphantly in the reigns of the later Plantagenets. In them were published to the world the will and purpose of Henry's government, as confirmed by the almost unanimous vote of the great national council, to check the insolent encroachments of a ravening clerisy, strong in party feeling, wealth, and landed influence—to thwart the worrying interference of a foreign priest in the affairs of a powerful kingdom—to put down that rule within rule which the troubles of Stephen's reign had nursed into a fearful nuisance—to enforce, indeed, on all classes of Englishmen a uniform allegiance to one paramount law. Founded on customs already existing, on laws which had never been lawfully repealed, this famous document seems to have met with no straightforward denials of its claim to be accepted as a revised edition of half-forgotten truths. In all likelihood it was really what it professed to be; but even had it been quite the reverse, Becket, at least, would have scorned to question it on its legal side. To him, and those who thought with him, it mattered little whether the right of appealing from the bishop to the king, the liability of priests to

punishment by secular courts, the duty of obtaining the king's consent to the excommunication of one of his chief tenants, his claim to a voice in the election of bishops, the equality of lay and spiritual peers, in respect not only of feudal privileges, but also of feudal burthens, were merely hateful old doctrines proclaimed anew, or impious innovations on a better system. It never occurred to the wrathful primate to appeal from Henry II. to William the Conqueror, or from the usages of Henry I. to those of Stephen. William's separation of one court into two was clearly an attempt to define the separate duties of lay and clerical judges; while, in those days of glimmering law and cobweb morality, the concessions forced from a weak usurper could hardly have been held to bind the rightful heir.

As if to cut away the last inch of ground from under M. Thierry's Saxon castle—that airiest of all those airy fabrics which modern writers have builded up on the blank spaces of olden story—one of the few passable “customs” struck hard at a practice which any Saxon priest fighting for his country's outraged freedom, would surely have defended with his last breath. It ordained that no serf should thenceforth receive the tonsure without the sanction of his liege lord. This was a wise and just precaution against a wide-spread mischief, fostered by the eagerness of successive bishops to swell the ranks of their own subjects, no matter at what cost to the general weal. As every clerk became at once a freeman, each new addition to the lower ranks of an overgrown and turbulent priesthood added also another name to the list of likely adherents to the first outspoken champion of popular rights. According to the French historian such a champion was Becket himself, and yet the very enactment which such a champion would have deemed the most fatal to his dearest hopes was the one which Becket himself passed over with the smallest concern.

To paint the countryman of Archbishop Theobald, the splendid chancellor of a Norman king, the haughty leader of a Norman prelacy, as a Saxon patriot eaten up with zeal for his bleeding fatherland, seems to us an unprovoked departure from the plain truth of Becket's story. Patriotism

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 in all. As in the case of Bernard and
 Hildebrand, all his conceptions, ener-
 gies, desires, had shaped themselves
 into a living embodiment of that
 proudly aggressive spirit which mark-
 ed for centuries the progress of the
 Papal power. Under the guise of
 zeal for the Church of Christ, his
 self-love became ennobled into a
 glorious advocacy of priestly rights,
 his proud ambition soared far beyond
 the limits of a merely moral regard
 for the rights and privileges of an
 everyday world. His fiery imagina-
 tion led him to realize more vividly
 than most men those large schemes
 of world-wide sway, which, however
 dear to fanatics of every creed, have
 come to twine themselves with pecu-
 liar meaning round every deed and
 doctrine of Papal Rome. He himself
 did no more than the meeker Theobald
 would, if he dared, have also done ;
 no more than the Pious Anselm had
 also tried to do. He only reflected
 the bolder workings of a policy whose
 weaker side displayed itself in the
 shifting tendencies of Pope Alexander
 III., and later still, in the feeble re-
 monstrances and feeble ravings of
 Pius IX. His boldest pleadings
 against Henry's claim to the homage
 of his bishops could not have been
 clinched with stronger language than
 that wherein the Council of Bari had
 already denounced the same practice,
 declaring it " execrable that pure
 hands, which could create God and
 offer Him up as a sacrifice for man-
 kind, should be put between profane
 hands inured to rapine and blood-
 shed, and defiled by all manner of
 unclean pursuits." His sublimest in-
 solence fell short of Pope Pascal's
 strange misreading of a scripture text,
 when Henry I. was scolded for daring
 to create his God by granting the feo-
 dal investiture to a bishop of his own
 realm. His conception of the spirit
 in which a Christian prelate should
 enforce his rule against all opponents
 was not more unchristian than that
 of the austere and saintly Bernard,
 who scornfully exclaimed, on the
 election of Pope Eugenius III., " Is
 this a man to gird on the sword and

to execute vengeance on the people,
 to bind their kings with chains, and
 their nobles with links of iron ?" Nor,
 in the crookedness of his dealings with
 the world of outside laymen, did
 Becket rise to the transcendent wick-
 edness of the Pontiff, who, after
 breaking the host with his imperial
 foe in token of a peace yet further
 ratified by the most awful curses
 against whoever should first break it,
 had scarcely lost from his mouth the
 taste of the holy wafer, before he de-
 liberately ate his words and launched
 fresh excommunications at the im-
 perial head. Perhaps, in the ge-
 neral line of his fanaticism, in the
 thoroughness of his self-deception, the
 loftiness of his church theory, and
 the boldness of his efforts to work it
 out, in his haughty courage, his reck-
 less stubbornness, his fierce resentment
 against all who thwarted him, his na-
 tural preference for strong measures,
 the English primate most nearly re-
 sembled that master-pope of the pre-
 ceding century, whose whole reign
 was one daring assault on the princes
 of the earth ; whose soaring assump-
 tions paved a way for the encroach-
 ments of yet more fortunate suc-
 cessors ; whose chequered nature,
 fitly illustrated by his chequered ca-
 reer, served to render him at once the
 glory and the shame of the Latin
 Papacy.

But if Becket was all priest, Henry
 was every inch a king. The land
 was to be ruled in peace, his people's
 rights were to be firmly upheld, the
 laws administered with stern justice,
 but only in the name and under the
 special sanctions of the king himself.
 He at least would be master of his
 own house. His strong hand had put
 down the disorders which spread so
 fearfully during the last reign. The
 barons had been shorn of many pri-
 vileges fatal to the cause of peace
 and the paramount rights of the
 crown. And if the clergy, too, had
 encroached on the royal power, were
 they alone to be exempted from his
 evenhanded reforms ? While always
 ready to grant the Pope his spiritual
 headship, to use him as a tool against
 others, to fill his treasury with occa-
 sional Peter-pence, he had no notion
 of letting him or his agents tamper
 with any part of his kingly dues, or
 usurp the functions of a secular ma-
 gistrate to the overthrow of that jus-

tice which he, the chief magistrate, had sworn to render. What England owes to her Norman kings and barons, is seldom taken into account in this age of general sciolism and funny literature, of popular histories glorifying the greatness of the middle, and of foolish statesmen truckling to the ignorant clamours of the lower classes. And yet it was a Norman king who established the right of trial by jury—a Norman king who commuted personal service in the field for a fair scutage—a Norman king who taxed nobles and commons alike, who struck the hardest blows at the tyranny of feudal lords over their vassals. It was a Norman king who gave England her judicial circuits—a Norman baron who summoned the first English House of Commons—a body of Norman barons who forced the signing of the great Charter. Nothing but the steady boldness of our Norman kings and nobles enabled England to hold her own against the restless encroachments of a powerful priesthood and a cormorant Papacy. It was indeed an ill day for Rome when Duke William set foot on these shores. But for that infusion of horse fire into our Saxon nature England might have been blessed with a race of princes as priest-ridden as Edward the Confessor, as powerless against the Church as King Edwy. But William and his successors were kings of quite another stamp. Hildebrand might threaten the French, and excommunicate the German sovereign, might rob Poland of her king and her kingly crown, might claim lordship over every country in Europe; but his demand for homage and Peter-pence from England was met by the bold Conqueror with a stern refusal of the one and a scornful present of the other. He forbade his bishops to attend a council summoned by the Pope, and his stout example was followed even by the more embarrassed Stephen. Appeals to Rome were sternly forbidden by the first three Norman kings. Anselm's first quarrel with William II. arose from his having dared to proclaim the new Pope without his master's royal leave. Henry I. had braved an interdict rather than yield his right to receive homage for the temporalities of a bishop's see. Nor would he allow a Papal legate to be received as such

within his realms. And in the same sturdy spirit did Henry II. confront the insolence of his new primate, and scotch, if he could not quell, the many-headed bugbear which he had unwittingly roused from slumber. Against men like these Papal ambition had to fight every inch of its way; the gain of one moment nearly balanced by a loss the next. Inspired by their bold example the barons of a later reign rose against the coward who stooped to resign his crown and kingdom into the hands of a Papal legate. Other kings of the same dynasty carried on the fight with more marked success: other barons stood forth to shield the first great English Reformer from the violence of angry monks and prelates armed with special orders for his extinction. If we are proud of our Saxon birthright, let us at least be fair to those "Norman robbers," who, like the Danes before them, strengthened the race of Alfred and Athelstan with off-shoots from that same parent stock which had peopled for unknown ages the shores of the Baltic and German Seas.

But we must return to Becket himself. After receiving the absolution which enabled him to resume his spiritual functions, he seemed to go on his old way, in utter disregard of the customs which he had just helped to make law. Declined an interview with the king, whose wrath was again burning, he twice sailed from England without leave, and was twice baffled by stress of weather. Going once more to the king, he was received at Woodstock with a smiling query about the smallness of one kingdom to hold them both, and with a polite request to stay at home and mind his duties for the future. He staid at home and minded his duties in such a way, that his angry master was driven into measures less fair and wise than outwardly illegal, for bringing so hopeless a recusant upon his knees. But upon his knees the archbishop would not be brought. He refused to hear the sentence decreed against him by the Council of Northampton—forbade the bishops to sit in judgment on their chief—abused his enemies and seeming well-wishers in the roughest terms—openly recanted all that he had sworn at Clarendon—threatened the wise old Earl of Leicester with his curse, and left the court as proudly as he had

entered it, declaring that he had appealed to Rome, and only from the Pope himself would he take his award. Jeered and jeering he stalked out into the open air, where the mob received him with loud cheers. For all his contumacy Henry let him go free, and issued strict orders that none should do him the least harm.

Harm however he feared, or feigned to fear. Flying secretly from Northampton to Sandwich, he crossed the Channel in a small boat, which carried him safe, but sea-sick, to Gravelines. Herbert of Bosham, forgetting the seasickness, describes the sea as made calm for his master's special behoof; while Henry's messengers, starting at the selfsame hour from Dover, were tossed about in a fearful storm. From Gravelines the small band of exiles made their way with much precaution, and not a few adventures to the friendly neighbourhood of St. Omer. Now trudging wearily on foot, thankful for the gift of a dirty old stick from a pitying housewife; anon mounted on a sorry jade, without a saddle, and only a straw rope for reins; stopping to rest at the meanest hostelries, and forced to travel in the cold November nights, these self-banished primates must have smiled grimly at the plight to which fortune had reduced the redoubted warrior of other days—the friend and counsellor of rival sovereigns—the splendid leader of that gorgeous embassy which had set all Paris aroar with wonder only a few years before.

Meanwhile, Henry's envoys having fared ill with the French king, proceeded to lay their grievances and requests before Pope Alexander at Sens, whither the archbishop, too, was wending his way. Unluckily for Henry, the Pope, so lately an exile from Rome, had just begun to walk without further help from his old patron. Little as he approved of Becket's headstrong violence, he had still less desire to see him beaten in any effort to maintain the rights, or even to push forward the landmarks, of the Holy See. So the king's envoys were dismissed with lectures and vague assurances, while Becket himself was received with open arms and much outward courtesy by the cardinals whom Alexander sent out to do him honour. The meeting at Sens, indeed, was far more friendly than some of those present liked to

see. A mild rebuke for having ever agreed to the hateful customs, was washed away in a warm approval of Becket's most contumacious acts; and when he made a show of resigning his see into the Papal hands, Alexander, in the teeth of opposing murmurs, declined to accept so fair an opening for the settlement of so unwelcome a dispute. A few days after, with the Pope's leave, and many farewell promises of future aid, the primate betook himself to the Cistercian Abbey of Pontigny, not far from Sens.

Provoked at the failure of his appeal, and furious with Becket for further thwarting him, Henry himself took swift and summary measures of revenge against the runaway—of precaution against the Pope. He confiscated, as he had every right to do, the property of his contumacious subject, and sequestered the revenues of his see. After the cruel fashion of those days, he decreed the banishment of Becket's kindred, friends, and followers—binding them by an oath, no sooner made than broken, to appear in person before the unwilling cause of their misfortune. He made his bishops swear, under awful penalties, neither to quit the realm without leave, nor to send a private appeal to the Pope, on any grounds whatever. All correspondence with the exiles was sternly forbidden—the Peter-pence were gathered into the royal treasury—a close watch was kept on all the ports—and, to make assurance doubly sure, an appeal, subscribed by all the bishops of Henry's party, was presently lodged at Rome, in arrest of all proceedings that might be attempted on the other side.

With the monks of Pontigny the exile staid nearly two years—wasting his delicate body with sharp penances, and eating his heart away with perpetual brooding over wrongs created or enhanced by his morbid fancy; with studies which only led him deeper and deeper into the slough of a blinding fetishism. His absorbing fondness for the works and company of canonists and schoolmen, drew down on him the frequent reproof of his truest and wisest friend—the scholarly, high-minded John of Salisbury. His plain dress and spare diet contrasted strangely with the rich profusion of his table, and the stately retinue he was still able to keep about him. Loud groans

and sleepless nights attested the sharpness of penances which his lying biographers took needless pains to multiply. A long illness, haunted with horrid dreams, forced him to exchange his beans and water for a moderate supply of daintier food. In that lonely retreat his restless nature—shut off from healthier amusements—found a perilous relief in idle harpings on the past, and idler dreams of the future—in querulous letters to his friends, or furious letters to his foes—in visions of his own end, and strange omens of fearful revenge on sinners worse than Doeg or Ahitophel, than Judas or Barabbas. One set of parallels would naturally start another; and Becket, in the height of his savage self-complacency, took unwearied delight in comparing his own sufferings to those of David, of Paul, of Stephen—even of the crucified Saviour himself. By long brooding over his troubles, the proud, pugnacious, vindictive priest had really come to identify an unscrupulous zeal for the cause of a godless Papacy and a lawless priesthood, with a pure unearthly devotion to that new religion of love and self-sacrifice, which men of his nature have always done so much to travesty and disgrace.

In the spring of 1165 Alexander left Sens for his own capital, which he entered a few months later, after an absence of several years. About the same time Henry began to flirt with the prelates of the German schism, and made advances towards a close alliance with the great emperor Frederic Barbarossa. Could these two princes, rivals in power and ability, but drawn together by so many points of mutual sympathy, have managed to join hands against their common foe, the tide of priestly dominion might have been surmounted then and there. But that union was not to be. What steps were taken towards it, however, were enough to frighten the Pope into delaying the fulfilment of Becket's plans. His own prospects still lowered, he and his cardinals missed the well-known touch of Henry's gold: Becket must, therefore, be tied up from further movements for another year. But the year went round, and, by the Easter of 1166, Becket was free to act as Papal Legate for the province of Canterbury. To avert the new danger Henry, with the advice of his assembled lords and prelates,

drew up a fresh appeal, which his envoys, in the wilful absence of Becket himself, read aloud before the monks of Pontigny.

Still the primate would not be quite baulked of his prey. At Vézelay, where Bernard had preached the second Crusade, and torn up his own garments to meet the clamorous demand for more badges, he thundered his curses against John of Oxford, one of his most active opponents, Richard de Luci the Chief Justiciary, and others, who had aided Henry in trampling on the rights or invading the domains of Holy Church. Henry himself, being then ill, was publicly warned to repent or take the consequences. Curses were uttered against any who still upheld the Constitutions of Clarendon, and the English bishops were formally absolved from all allegiance thereunto. These bold proceedings fell like a thunder-clap on the ears of even those near companions who had ridden with Becket from Pontigny. His enemies were soon made aware of the fate designed for them. Letters of cursing, command, exhortation, were delivered by unknown hands to the persons whose address they bore. Bishop Foliot himself was summoned to meet the new legate at Pontigny. But the bishop, after his first surprise, soon learned to treat the summons as lightly as others treated Becket's command to shun all intercourse with their excommunicate friends. A joint appeal to Rome from himself and most of his brother prelates secured their party another year's reprieve from the worse results of their disobedience to the Pope's own vicerent.

Henry himself adopted sterner measures. Threatening letters reached Pontigny, and Becket, taking the hints conveyed him in the long faces and awkward speeches of his well-meaning friends, withdrew to a monastery near Sens, where, under the shelter of a more powerful patron, he awaited the next phase of a struggle which had still some years to run. For his harshness on this and other occasions Henry has been unfairly arraigned by the thoroughgoing partisans of Becket or his cause. They seem to have forgotten what even Herbert of Bosham is fain to allow, that Henry believed himself to have

quite as good grounds for assailing the priestly power as Becket had for defending it; that Henry was quite as justified in punishing what his ablest counsellors deemed acts of wilful treason as Becket could possibly be in setting at nought those human laws which, to his own thinking, seemed utterly at variance with the higher laws of God. The king, in truth, was only using against a rebellious outlaw the weapons which a wrathful prelate was always ready enough to use against an offending layman. Between the cruelty of his worst acts of spiteful fury and the cruelty of a sentence of excommunication, such as Becket repeatedly pronounced on the faintest pretext, the choice, if any, lies in favour of the king. Becket's conduct throughout the long quarrel would have provoked a saint, much more a man endowed with the failings, as well as the good points, of a noble nature. If Henry was cruel by impulse, his adversary could be more cruel of set purpose, under the promptings of a hard fanaticism, untempered by Henry's redeeming virtue—his readiness to forgive.

Meanwhile, John of Oxford was pushing his master's cause at Rome with the success that usually attends a full purse and a ready tongue. It was not the first time by many that an earthly prince had triumphantly played on the vices, the selfish aims, the worldly needs of those who claimed the heaven-descended right of showing all sinners the way of salvation. Like the vulture swooping for carrion down to the lowermost valleys, Papal ambition could dive, as well as soar, beyond the limits of less spiritual clay. When John of Salisbury describes one of the Papal envoys as "a man of good repute, yet a Roman and a cardinal," he hints at a depth of infamy which very few men of English birth and training could hope to reach. This envoy was one of the two now sent from Rome with full powers to hear the case on either side. Against them both Becket protested, now scolding the Pope for his seeming desertion of the right, anon ignoring the powers intrusted to the mediating cardinals. He hurled fresh excommunications about him. He would listen to no plan for transferring himself to another see. When

Alexander, once more driven from Rome, again returned to it after Frederic's hasty retreat from a devouring plague, Becket spurred him on to bolder measures, for which "God's judgment on the new Sennacherib had clearly opened a way." In his wrong-headed distrust of all who differed from him, he even charges William of Pavia with thirsting for his blood, a figure of speech peculiarly grateful to his wounded self-esteem.

Of course the quarrel still raged. While Henry, for his part, was ready to yield all that became a king, Becket was determined to yield nothing, even though his stubbornness began to lose him friend after friend. At length, in the spring of 1169, a conference was held at Montmirail, between Henry and his new friend Louis of France. Becket and a fresh batch of Papal commissioners were also there. The exile fell on his knees before his old master. Henry raised him up with the old loving smile, and words of true kindness on his lips. Confessing his follies and bewailing their result, Becket wound up his broken speech by throwing himself on Henry's mercy,—"*saving the honour of God.*" By that one clause, "*omnis effusus labor.*" Henry turned away with a furious oath and a passionate appeal to Louis against such a piece of headstrong folly. Becket's followers had listened all with wonder, many with disgust, to the strange ending of his treacherous speech, to the old reservation renewed in other words, in words meaning much more than now meets the ear. In vain did Henry again offer terms fair enough to satisfy the French king, the commissioners, the nobles and leading men on either side. In vain did Becket's chief friend, the bishop of Poitiers, warn him not to carry his resistance too far: in vain did nearly all present raise their voices in remonstrance or fierce reproach. Becket would not yield an inch, and when the meeting broke up in sullen discourtesy, the jeers of his very clerks attended their ungracious master on his homeward way.

Still the quarrel raged, and still the Pope kept trimming between the combatants. Henry, with other things to mind, stood mainly on the defensive, while Becket, once more reconciled to Louis, attacked his foes with

fresh curses and ever loudening volleys of hysterical Billingsgate. A fresh commission, backed by the counsels of Becket's former ally, the wise and honoured Archbishop of Rouen, failed to heal the wound which Becket at least, on one plea or another, seemed bent on keeping open. At last a fourth commission met with seeming success. On July 22nd, 1170, Henry and his primate met together once more like dear friends between whom an estrangement of six years' standing had never taken place. Riding away from the rest, they talked long together in the old familiar fashion : for the time perhaps they really loved each other with all the trusting warmth of earlier days. Promises were freely interchanged, and they parted with every token of mutual good-will.

But this bright morning was too soon overcast. Becket might seem to renew his olden friendship, but he could not easily lay aside those meaner habits which had now become to him a second nature. Years of spiritual distress and worldly trial had brought him to nearly as sad a pass as the crazy fanatic in "Old Mortality." Because Henry's orders were not punctually obeyed, because his own adherents could not at once regain their forfeit property, because his own messengers were not received in England with open arms, because the prelates who crowned Prince Henry had not asked his leave at first or his pardon afterwards, Becket spoke of himself as one betrayed, whom all men conspired to persecute ; whose doom was already sealed in the hearts of enemies thirsting for his blood, as the Jews of old had thirsted for that of the world's Redeemer. The Papal censures which were only to be used in the last need, he hurled with ready spite at all who had officiated in young Prince Henry's coronation. His old enemies were cursed again in the old forms. Henry himself he worried out of nearly all his patience with paltry complaints, with words of wild misgiving, with signs of extreme reluctance to leave his French retreat. At last, after many delays and much idle grumbling, he sailed for England in company with John of Oxford, whose presence, however hateful to Becket himself, was doubt-

less meant to insure him a safe passage to his future home.

Had he returned in the spirit of a humble Christian, all might yet have been well. Many a weaker man in his place would have been too proud to vent his spleen on the smaller curs who yelped in unison with the deep growls of their noble leader. Henry himself, once sure of his rival's friendship, scorned to retain a grudge against that rival's followers. He at least had never thought of fondling his meaner passions into the hallowed tools of a murderous zeal for God's service. It was left for a saint of the mediæval church to illustrate her teaching by a show of malignity as hateful to the generous instincts, as a shirt of sackcloth over-run with vermin is loathsome to the cleanly culture of an average man. Instead of quietly resuming his pastoral duties, and awaiting like a man the issue of a dignified appeal against those who still withheld the property or denied the homage due to his see, he carried his staff like a fighter's bludgeon, retorted threats with threats, outrage with outrage, raised new enemies on every side, did every thing in short that man could do to invite the blow which ere long stretched him lifeless on the floor of Canterbury cathedral. He had re-entered England as a conqueror only to be struck down like a dog. He died as he had lived, the curse and the prayer mounting together from his lips.

That such a life and such a death should have entitled Becket to the rank of saint and martyr, is a standing witness to the frightful confusion of right with wrong, of Christian virtues with unchristian vices, which any system founded on mere fanaticism, especially religious fanaticism, is sure to bring about in time. And yet this man, the victim of his own passions rather than Henry's hasty words, was canonised by the church of his own day, and became the most popular of English idols for more than three centuries ; and for his sake the great king of England was ere long bruising his naked feet over the rough road to Canterbury cathedral, and baring his back for the blows of monks and prelates once foremost in denouncing his murdered rival. And under the shadow of his name another

Pope was soon to cap the triumph thus gained over the England of Henry of Anjou by yet more disgraceful triumphs over the England of his despicable son. And for many a year that church for whose liberties Henry had really fought, was to be trodden under foot by successive Popes, and overrun by a swarm of foreign priests who batted on her princely revenues, and did their worst

to tighten the thralldom of which their own presence was the most damning mark. Luckily for England, her future primates were not all of Becket's stamp; her statesmen never quite forgot the teaching of such men as Richard de Luci; nor was Henry II. fated to be the last great prince of the Norman line.

L. J. T.

WANDERINGS IN IRELAND.

NO. III.

NORTH-EAST.

THAT worn-out quotation, "*Laudator temporis acti*," which was wont to be illustrated in the person and from the lips of every septuagenarian and antiquity lover, from Homeric Phoenix down to British Bentley, must now be content to go out of fashion, as unsuitable for an age, like ours, of unquestionable progress; and amidst our many advances, there are few so eminent in improvement as the art and accompaniments of pleasant travelling—an undeniable fact, especially to those who can remember the locomotives of the "*temporis acti*," and contrast them and their lumbering appendages with the luxuries attained by modern journeying, on which the three sister Graces seem to wait and to minister, in the shape of Punctuality, Smoothness, and Celerity. We, ourselves, though not as old as the aforesaid Phoenix, can remember with vividness what physical suffering we underwent in any excursion it was our lot to make from our immediate homestead.

Forty years ago, if any aspiring Protheus, conceiving that "home-keeping youths have ever homely wits," desired to cross the Channel, he had two ways open to him. The first was, to go down to the North-wall, where the Liverpool packet lay, and embark himself, his portmanteau, and his *basket of provisions*—generally victualled for three days!—on board the smack "*Alert*,"—an anti-phrastic title, *lucus a non lucendo*—or the sloop "*Shamrock*"—(both

these vessels went to the bottom in due time). Here he generally found on the deck a score or so of fat beeves from Smithfield, or perhaps a drove of pigs in the hold, very noisy and anti-nautical in their expression of disgust at the packet accommodation; or a herd of Galway lads, each with a reaping-hook in his hand, like Death in Mr. Longfellow's poem, and a wisp of straw twisted round his bare legs, in lieu of a stocking. You descended into the cabin, whose horrors, arising from heat, smells, nausea, and sea-sickness, we pretend not to describe; and here you lay, desiring to die, to be shipwrecked, or to undergo any risk, so that some change would relieve you from your present condition of intolerable misery. And this extremity generally lasted eighteen or twenty hours, and often three days. If you desired to modify this slightly, you would "go by the Head"—i.e., Holyhead—a long land journey to London, and very expensive. Then it was that at twelve o'clock at night you embarked at Howth Pier, where, if you had not the good fortune to obtain an inside seat in the rickety post-office bus, you often reached your destination drenched with rain, and cold as a snow-ball. During this voyage of abbreviated misery you had just half the tortures of what you sustained in going by Liverpool—a moiety in quantity, but every grain of the misery in quality.

Then, again, if your travels were terrestrial, you had to endure the

agony of the old mail-coach, a rough, bumping, close-packed vehicle, smelling strongly of old cloth, rancid straw, and antique leather; and here, with windows closely drawn up, and such company as the Parcae "Sisterstree" sent you, you had to suffer for a whole night.

Revolving these memories, we found ourselves, lately, reclining in extreme comfort in one of the luxurious first-class carriages of the Dublin and Belfast line—time, 8.30, a.m.—with the September number of our Magazine beside us, our ivory cutter dividing the pages where the fortunes and fate of Lars Vonved are so exquisitely portrayed, and bound on a short and special visit to the Black North.

Mr. Dalton calls Clontarf "the Marathon of Ireland;" the ancient name of it was Moynealta. Clontarf means "the plain of the Bull," which refers to the large sandbank in front of it, renowned in former fighting days for many a six-o'clock-in-the-morning duel, and known as the North Bull. Soon we paused at Malahide—or Mullaghide "the top of the ridge," as it is termed in an old grant made by Edward the Fourth to an ancestor of Lord Talbot de Malahide. This family came into Ireland at her conquest by Henry the Second, A.D. 1172, and have held their position here ever since; with them a number of English families settled in Ireland, thus forming the first plantation from the sister country. Among these were the De Burghs, and D'Arcys of Galway, the De Courcys of Cork, the De Lacys, and De Vescis, the Nugents of Westmeath, the Ducal Fitzgeralds, and the Desmond Geraldines, the Butlers of Ormond, the Le Poers of Waterford (now merged in Beresford), the Savages of Portaferry in Downshire (now Nugents), the Bluetts and the Phepoe, the Barrys of the South, "bald and bold," once ennobled as Viscounts Barrymore and Lords Santry; the titled St. Lawrences of Howth; the Graces, anciently Le Gros; the De Verdons of Louth, the Fons of Galway, the Rochforts of Westmeath, the Berminghams (afterwards Lords of Athenry), the Cogans, and Prendergasts. In "Dr. Hanmer's Chronicle" the list is very imperfect, and some ancient Norman names in its columns—such as Ferrand, Bohun, Fitz Adelme, Grandevilla, Ridentsford,

&c., &c.—have passed away, and apparently are not represented in Ireland. Not far from Malahide is Swords, grey, dingy, and forlorn, as if it were mourning over the light of other days, when four or five of the Northern coaches used to rattle through its long stony street; when it was a branch artery through which Dublin, as the great heart of the country, discharged her life-blood, in the shape of her travelling population, to Belfast, to Enniskillen, to Armagh, and to Derry. Now, all is silent, all is still. The place has a stony aspect; it looks the Niobe of villages, for the ruthless Rail has destroyed all its children and absorbed its traffic; and its fine old Round Tower, ever interesting, from its antiquity, its mystery, and its associations, now looks dreamily down on the vacant and grass-grown street. Here are the ruins of a monastery of the sixth century, founded by that unwearied church-builder, St. Columbkil; and in the refectory of this house lay the dead bodies of King Brian and his son Murrough, after the day and fray of Clontarf, on their route for sepulture to the Cathedral of Armagh. Annexed to this monastery, some centuries back, was a renowned religious house for the deaf, "Les Sourds." From this the village takes its denomination, not from any warlike association of rapier or of bilbo connected with its name; though, if its history be not a libel, there was much fighting at Swords, especially in 1642, when a son of Lucius Carey, Lord Falkland, was here killed, during an encounter between the Irish rebels and the king's troops, led by Sir Charles Coote. Much of the country round about is comprehended under the old name of Fingal.

Here is Santry, which gave a title to the Barrys. The rank is now extinct. The last Lord Santry's full-length picture hangs over the drawing-room chimney-piece of Santry House, the residence of his kinsfolk, the Domviles; it is that of a young and very handsome man, with a slight figure and a very dissipated appearance. In 1738 he was indicted and convicted for the murder of his servant, but escaped being executed, by a stratagem, and died in Italy. The demesne is handsome, and flanked from the road by a high stone wall, under whose

shadow many a purse was taken and pocket emptied some forty-five years ago, before the Peeler Constabulary had been created. At that time the buccaneering hero of this road, as famous in his day as Turpin or Freney, was a man named Collier; he was a bold yet good-humoured thief, and a splendid horseman. He was married to a servant residing at Mr. John M'Clintock's, Newtown House, near Drogheda; and so lax were the times, that though the family was, by property and position, among the first in the county, yet this notorious thief was suffered to go and come when he pleased to visit his wife; and, though well known, there seems to have been no effort ever made for his capture on these occasions.

The peasantry about here have nothing of the bustling, self-confident energy which distinguishes their more northern brethren. We thought these children of Fingal dark and sullen looking, though men of a fine physical organization. We passed Balbriggan, a town which seems to stand still from year to year, while the Irish world is running up and down in trains past it, and we neared Drogheda in an hour and ten minutes. Here we parted company with the Navan and Kells carriages, and crossed the splendid bridge looking loftily down on the yellow Boyne, and the smoke-begrimed, whisky-stilling, city, lying on its miry banks, like a black Behemoth amidst his reeds. The transit over the viaduct is not always accomplished without a little nervous excitement.

Drogheda, or Drochad atha, signifies the "Bridge of the Ford." In Cromwell's time the town was called Tredagh. On the left hand, as you pass the bridge, some way up the river, is the ford of Oldbridge, where the battle of the Two Kings was fought and gained. Moore, in one of his later melodies, has sung the Boyne pointedly and patriotically. But in a charming book, edited by Mr. Hayes, and full of original and thrilling poetry—I allude to "*The Ballads of Ireland*"—we have three excellent poems on the river. One is "*The Death of Schomberg*," by Digby P. Starkey, finely wrought off, and worthy of its author; the next is "*The Battle of the Boyne*," by Colonel Blacker—warlike and spirited, like the blast of a

bugle, and decided enough as to its politics; the third is taken from Dr. Wilde's "*Beauties of the Boyne and Blackwater*," and is an admirable poem—moderate and gentle in its political tone. In Dalton's History, and Wilde's delightful volume, everything pertaining to that part of the Boyne to the westward of Drogheda is well depicted. On the east of Drogheda there is nought of historic or poetic interest along the river; as, broadening in its channel, it flows by sand-banks and rabbit warrens to meet the salt sea. Yet here are the green and bonnie woods of Beaulieu, with its quaint old Dutch-fashioned hall, and its verdant banks sloping to the water's edge. Here are the little fishing village of "Queensborough," and the wild looking "Maiden Tower," on the sea bank. A few miles further on is "Newtown House," a spacious old place and park, which about the year 1798 stood a night-long siege, under the direction of Mr. Alexander M'Clintock, its gallant owner, who beat the beleaguering rebels off at morning light, having shot a great number of them in his lawn; while a lath and plaster closet, where he had "locked up all the ladies" of his household at the beginning of the fray, was pierced with many bullets.

This Captain M'Clintock was a stout fellow, and much admired ever afterwards by the peasantry for his prowess. He was uncle to the late John M'Clintock, of Drumcar. Near his house is the village of Temonfeekin, with its old manor, and ruins archiepiscopal, where the great Roman Catholic Primate, Dowdall, found a tomb in 1543; and the great Protestant Archbishop, Ussher, found a home in 1612. We believe no person of any note ever afterwards used this place as a residence. The run from Drogheda to Dunleer and Castlebellingham is a dull one; yet through a green and farming country—the latter is a strikingly neat village, and renowned for its good ale. An ancestor of the present Sir Alan Bellingham was a colonel in King William's army, and had the honour of guiding his Majesty from Dundalk to the fords of the Boyne. In looking into Burke's Baronetage, we do not find this family tracing their descent from the "good" Sir Edward Bellingham, who was Lord-Deputy of Ireland in the reign of Ed-

ward VI. ; though, it is probable, that they are branches from his ancestral root. He was, according to Cox, "a zealous Protestant, and a brave soldier"—he was wise and gentle too ; and while he put down rebellion, he added whole districts to the English power, and was the first Governor of Ireland who widened considerably the English pale. He subdued the great rebel, Desmond, more by softness than by oppression—converting him from an enemy into a friend ; and having brought him to Dublin about 1549, he had him continually with himself, training him to civility, and educating him in the duties of social and political life.

"Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros."

Bellingham appears to have been a man of the same liberal and wise mind as Sir John Perrot, who about thirty years afterwards governed Ireland. Under both these men the Irish character improved and became civilized. Each of these men was highly popular among the great Irish chiefs and their followers. The Earl of Desmond would, every day after his meals, pray for "the good Bellingham ;" and on Perrot's departure from Ireland, he embarked amidst the mingled wailings and acclamations of the lower orders ; and old Tirlough O'Nial, the chief of Tyrone, "followed him to the water side, bathed in tears." How different in their results on the tempers of men were the governments of the cruel and sanguinary Sussex, and the corrupt and selfish Fitzwilliam.

Soon we reached Dundalk. The first syllable of this name is martial, Doon, or Dun, signifying a fortified hill ; and the extreme commonness of the word as a prefix, indicates the bellicose nature of our ancient countrymen. Dundalk is an old place. In 1315 Edward Bruce took possession of the town, and proclaimed himself King of Ireland. He held it for a year, till beaten out of it by John de Bermingham, ancestor of the Lords of Athenree. But the great family of this locality were the De Verdons—Anglo-Normans of rank and wealth—one of whom, Bertram, founded a monastery for "crouched (*i.e.* crossed—Chaucer uses 'crouche' for 'cross') Friars ;" and subsequently, Lord John de Verdon built a house for the Fran-

ciscan fraternity, the ruins of which are still here. A branch of the family is seated at Monkslands House, near Carlingford, in this county. As you enter Dundalk, the unmistakable accompaniments of the "Black North" come before you in a more striking development of national feature, voice, manner, and deportment. The people look more erect, independent, grave, and self-satisfied ; there is more business, and more bustle going on—more of self-concentration, and less of looking about them for objects to amuse and excite, which is so common among their southern neighbours. These stout northerners have something else to do. They are a self-interested people—they are earnest on the homely things of industrial and mercantile life—they pretend not to refinement or romance. There is very little poetry amongst them ; but they are a decent, orderly race—hard-working, and successful, as the natural result of upright toil. They are, no doubt, a proud people ; but this quality is over-ruled by moral good—it makes their houses bright and clean ; their conduct decorous and peaceable ; and their dress and demeanour most respectable. They have not the silky flattery or the courteous tact of the southerly peasant. A Killarney beggarman would utter more civil things to an English stranger in half an hour, than a Downshire farmer would say to his landlord, whom he loved, in a whole year. The Northern, like his own hills, is rough, but healthsome ; and though oftentimes plain-spoken, even to bluntness, there are no kinder hearted peasantry, we do aver, in the whole world.

Leaving Dundalk the landscape waxes lovelier. Slieve Gullion on the left hand begins to rise. Clermont Carn shows its bald, granitic brow over the bonnie woods of Ravensdale. The bounding burn, like twisted crystals, leaps down the hill-side more frequently ; the snowy bleach-greens shimmer and glance like plates of ivory inlaying emerald ; the rocks and vales appear and vanish, as the flying train makes speed and way.

The train was now running on the high ground eastward of Newry, which town lay on the right hand in the valley low down, and covered with a gauze of silvery mist, looked truly picturesque and beautiful ; pre-

sently we came to a station where, jumping out, we prepared to descend the hill which overhangs "The Newrie," as we find it spelled in old histories. The etymology of the name is disputed among the learned: some say it is from "Nieu Ri," (what language is this?) or "Nova Ripa," the new bank on the side of which it was partly built; others derive it from Na Yür "of the yew trees," in which it once abounded. It was chiefly built by Marshal Bagnall, about the time of Elizabeth; and the Earl of Kilmorey, who is a large proprietor here, inherits his estate in the maternal line from a female descendant of the Marshal's, the lady having married Mr. Needham, the Earl's immediate ancestor. The Earl is lay abbot of Newry, the parish having an exempt jurisdiction, independent of the bishop, and subject only to Lord Kilmorey's visitation.

Newry is a thoroughly smart, thriving micropolis, with excellent shops, a long handsome street, broad footpaths, and spacious houses. The epithet of "dirty," which Swift applied to it more than a century ago, is totally inapplicable to it now. Its mills and manufactures—its distilleries and bleach greens—its exports and imports interested us greatly. Here we had to strike off from the main trunk of our northern journey, being under promise to visit the rector of —, an old friend, whose parsonage lies towards Newcastle, and between Newry and the Slieve Donard range.

Hiring an outside car at the hotel, we left Newry at about three o'clock, at a brisk canter up the main street of the "weetown." Immediately on emerging into the country our first difficulty presented itself in a long, heavy hill; and our driver getting off to walk, we soon discovered him to be of the loquacious order.

Amused with his "bald, disjointed chat," we trotted over about nine miles of the dull road which leads to Castlewellan, and the grand mountain range of Slieve Donard. Just before us towered a lofty mound or tableland sustaining the town of Rathfriland. Five roads diverge from its summit, all thoroughfares to different parts of the country; but no thoroughfare is suffered to be made round this huge Rath; so we had to drag our weary car up to the very summit of

the mound, and then descend a hill equally long, steep, and rugged, at the opposite side. We were fully half an hour accomplishing the ascent and descent of the Rath; whereas, were there a road, we could have trotted round the base in five minutes; but up must every carriage, cart, and car go, and down again, to visit this hideous little place—the plague of much enduring innocent travellers like us—the detestation of postilions—the terror and toil of tired horses—and a standing reproach on the independence and good sense of this wealthy and noble county.

The town is more civilized than the rude and dilapidated nature of its avenues would lead you to anticipate. It is the property of one of the Meade family—a constant absentee—and the estate is derived from a lineal ancestor of Lord Clanwilliam, a worthy and kind alderman of London, whose name was Hawkins. He was a keen Royalist, and Charles II. gave him this large manor after the Restoration. It was once the property of the Magenises, an old and noble Irish sept; though tributary to the O'Nial, till liberated of this burden by Marshal Bagnall in 1580. Magenisis is *quasi* M'Enos, so says the chronicle, that is the son of Enos, who was grandson to Adam; but whatever doubt may exist in this matter of pedigree, it is quite certain that they were Lords of Iveah—comprehending two baronies and half of Mourne—before Rodens, and Clanwilliams, and Annesleys, and most noble Downshires, and absentee Kilmoreys, sat down on their ancient possessions.

Iveah is Hy-Eachach—the word Hy denoting both the lord and his lordship. Eachach or Achaicus was, *on dit*, grandfather of King Coalbaig, who was the 132nd King of Ireland, A.D. 357! Now, with much modesty and great deference to their honours, the antiquaries, I would hazard a speculation on this King Coalbaig, or Coalbeg. We all know that "beg" means *small*; and we have all heard of old King Coal, and that he was a *great* man—probably, little Coalbaig was his small ancestor, as large rivers are traced to inconsiderable fountains. And so, having given old King Coal an Irish descent, we will bid adieu to pedigree making, and return to our travels.

Near to Rathfriland is Ballyrone. Here Sir Con Magenis and his lady, who was a Tomyris—an Amazon—a Helen M'Gregor—made away with a company of Protestants in 1641—the Magenises cut them to pieces in a wood; but when Sir Con came to die, he was haunted by bloody visions of his victims, stalking in their gore around his fevered bed; especially one who had been cruelly tortured by his orders, and whom the expiring chieftain would now every moment apostrophize as if present, crying out in the agony of his delirium, "Oh, take away Mr. Trudge; I cannot die in peace if Mr. Trudge remains in the room."

These ascents and descents at Rathfriland are so steep, that our driver told us of a saying in the country, that your horse's wind was likely to be broken going up to Rathfriland, and his knees broken going down again. The country is wild and undulating about here. A very few neat farms meet the eye; which is the exception, not the rule of Downshire; the majority of the holdings seem to be slovenly managed, and whole fields are covered and crossed with the sluggard's bouquet, the filthy yellow ragweed—well named so, from its association in name and nature to laziness and rags; yet the peasantry higher up, and, indeed, in most parts of the country, are a fine independent yeomanry; the farmers occupying good homesteads on the hill-sides, and having their smart painted carts, strong neat harness, and well fed horses on the road; their haggards full of well-stacked hay and corn; and most of their dwelling houses boasting of a nice garden for fruit and vegetables, defended from intrusion by a well-trimmed hedge.

Nearly four miles from Rathfriland is the village of Hilltown—uniformly pronounced *Helltown* by our driver. Here two of the roads which intersect the Mourne Mountains meet. The village itself lies at the base of the Eagle Mountain, whose summit is 2,084 feet above the sea. From the clefts and the fissures of this mountain issue the waters of the Upper Bann. The word signifies both "white" and "light." There is a very lovely song of Moore's, in his *Irish Melodies*, beginning with, "Sail on, sail on, thou fearless bark," set to

the old air of "The Humming of the Ban." Shakspeare has the same idea in his *Winter's Tale*, when he speaks of "the humming seas." It is near Hilltown that the Bann waters and flows past the first of those most picturesque and interesting bleachgreens, which it seems to have been the mission of that river to visit and benefit, before, in its long course, like old Rhine, "making its banks a blessing," it falls into, and is mingled up with, the dark waters of Lough Neagh.

A few miles after our descent from Rathfriland we approached our friend's rectory. In the mean time our companion talked on of his own exploits.

He gave me his private opinion of some of the leading county gentry, familiarly styling them, Hall, Close, Strong, Waring; or, if recurring to their fathers, calling each of such "the last man;" from that he proceeded on a critical tour among the clergy of divers denominations (he himself was a "Meeting man," or Presbyterian), telling us how he approved of some minister who "had the gift," and how he disapproved of other "puir steeks in the pulpit;" and thus we got to our journey's end in time for dinner.

We passed some days at the Rector's house: he was once a man of war, having been a Captain of Grenadiers. He is now a man of peace, and a very faithful and able proclaimer of the same; and, like most military men who have exchanged the sword for the surplice, he is an extremely energetic and successful minister. He found eighty people in his church, and his congregation now numbers 600. He is a frank, honest, straightforward fellow; a bold horseman, and an intrepid man; and we protest, even when he is preaching the soothing sweetnesses of the Gospel of Love, so much have his military habits and demeanour clung to him, that it is hard to dissociate him from his bold flank company, his bearskin, his chain epaulettes, and clanking sabre. He is "well liked," as the saying is, by his Roman Catholic parishioners, for he is a kind and most liberal-handed man; and he is deeply loved and respected by all classes of Protestants. With him we visited many of the houses of the richer farmers—his parishioners. The in-

terior of them is highly characteristic of the class: in general, an ample kitchen, to the left, with a rafted ceiling, dependent from which hang some ten or twenty hams and sides of bacon; a shining grate,—turf-illuminated,—on which sits heavily, in ebon state and unenviable dignity, a huge iron pot, seething and bubbling in the potato process.

A long oak, or painted deal settle, along the wall, and a neat curtain to the window to keep the sun from the fire; while beyond the kitchen, perhaps, the clink of the driving-loom is heard from some inner apartment. Then, if you comply with the hospitable injunction to "walk up," you enter, on the left hand,—though without any ascent, the parlour or drawing-room, seldom used—being like Count Pedro, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, "too costly for every day wear."

This apartment is boarded, papered, and partly carpeted, having a mahogany table in the centre. It has a sideboard laden with heavy, old-fashioned decanters; the grate full of frizzled paper. On the walls are one or two coloured prints of King William on horseback,—probably crossing the Boyne,—with his hook-nose, jack-boots, truncheon, cocked hat, and Ramlies wig. There are generally a capacious sofa covered with calico; a side-table, on which repose two or three Bibles, mostly heirlooms, reminding us of Burns' cottar and his "big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride;" while over the mantel-piece the eye generally rests upon a couple of muskets, or fowling-pieces, on pins, right well-oiled and polished; and an old sword, or bayonet, in the corner.

Every thing is strictly neat, bright, and well kept, and an air of substance pervades the establishment. They are noble, fine fellows, these northern yeomen. Industry follows them in the morning to the busy field, or sits with them at the patient loom during the day, and directs the flying shuttle; while her fair daughters, cleanliness and comfort, like good and busy Marthas, tend the house, and throw an air of sunshine and calm content around the happy homesteads, and the chaste and pleasant hearth, which burns and brightens at the evening hour when the men come home from labour.

The master of these better farm-houses is a well-clothed, well-fed, and very independent man, having corn in his haggard, sacks in his barn, food in his kitchen, furniture in his house, horses in his stable, cows in his byre, character in the county, credit at the fair, and money in the bank. There are thousands and tens of thousands of such in the north of Ireland, thickly sown in Downshire and Antrim, and pervading the counties of Derry, Fermanagh, and even Donegal and Sligo. The Ulster yeomanry muster over 200,000 individuals, stalwart in person, beef and bacon fed men, stout in heart and hand, patient and enduring in their habits, and thoroughly loyal to British rule and connexion. These men are the back-bone of Ireland, on whom she may ever depend for the preservation of her alliance with Great Britain, and her safety against intestine revolution or foreign aggression.

True, there may be some hot and violent spirits among them; but a few base coins should not be considered as vitiating the whole "guinea stamp." Let any man of an observant habit take a walk or drive among the pleasant hills of Downshire, and personally visit these farming homesteads, and view their order and snugness, and their manifestations of industry; let him converse with the honest, straightforward paterfamilias; the kind, gentle, and generally pious mother; the modest, hard-working, and pure daughters; let him talk to the fine, blunt, active, youths and farm lads; and summing all up, he must confess that these fair homesteads, perched amongst the northern hills, form a civil, social, and moral picture, of which every true-hearted man, and loyal, and patriotic Irish subject may be proud.

They are rough and ready enough, and speak their mind without reserve; the good opinion that they entertain of their own judgment being a large causal element of their success in life. Our friend, the rector, being fully as frank as any of his flock, makes it to come to pass that his parishioners and he understand each other, and thus they draw harmoniously together. An example of this candour on their part may amuse. A friend preached in his church lately; the congregation was, as usual, most numerous: the men

standing in a mass in the centre of the large square pews; the "weemen," as the weaker vessels, occupying the seats. The audience deeply attentive, patient even to a virtuous excess under the infliction of any length of sermon, but still reserving to themselves the right of being excessively critical: each blue-coated farmer rating himself as a tip-top judge, both of "the doctrine and the delivery o' the discourse," and, in fact, attending church, not merely for the selfish object of personal edification, but likewise for the more generous purpose of improving and enriching their minister's mind by their criticisms and even castigations on his sermon. On the present occasion "the discourse was well liked by the hearers." And of this my friend had a rough notification next morning, being hailed from a field by a young farmer who was sowing oats.

"I say, Ractor."

"Well, John, what's the matter?"

"Why, I say, Ractor, I want to acquaint you that all the people think that you man we heerd yesterday in the church is far ower *you* in the speech."

"So he is, John (laughing); so he is. Good morning to you."

This is not unkindness, but want of tact, and bluntness. They certainly do not exhibit much of the organ of veneration, for the last blessing is scarce given from the minister's lips in church when the men all put on their hats and stalk sturdily down the aisle with their heads covered.

They are not a musical people, these good northerns. We know not how they may perform in private society, but their congregational singing is thoroughly discordant, and opposed to every principle of pure harmony. They do not sing from their chest or throat, but from the palate of their mouth and their nose. Their psalmody seems to be of an ultra-conservative nature, repugnant to improvement, stiff, and hereditary, and lineally derived from many defunct noses of their psalm-singing ancestry. Occasionally a sweet note is heard, or a melodious trill, but it is at once absorbed in the brattle and bray of 100 bad and rough voices. Yet we doubt not that this offering of praise, going up from so many honest and sincere hearts, is heard by the Great Father

with acceptance and favour, however human fastidiousness may decry it.

They have words in common use which we cannot find in any dictionary, and which would require a resuscitation of Jonathan Oldbuck to investigate or explain. One of these is *fodering*, that is, making way, advancing. "When the warm weather comes, the crops will have a good *fodering*." This is a household word among the farmers. "When we get to the top of yon hill," says my driver, "we will have good *foderings* on our journey." Perhaps the term is a corruption of *furthering*.

Another word they use is *caleying*, that is, gossiping about, visiting, junketing. A stout farmer said to my friend—

"Eh, Ractor, man dear, I must complean to you o' my daughter, Hatty" (Anglice, Hetty).

"What's the matter with her, Sam?"

"Why, she's that foolidge, that she must be always *caleying* among the neighbours."

Query. Could *caleying* be a piece of erratic classicality which had found its way among the peasants of Downshire and their patois, and has its lingual root in the verb *καλέω*, to call.

They are litigious in their way, and fond of "wrangling out of the matter," and even when defeated, they can admire the skill of their victorious adversary, and enjoy the adroitness which produced their own discomfiture. Our friend overtook with us one day on the road, a fine young farmer, ruddy of countenance, and with a keen and humorous eye; he was driving a very handsome horse and cart, and was coming from the mill with empty flour bags. My friend greeted him by striking him in a friendly way on the shoulder, when the following dialogue took place:—

Rector—"Well, Sandy, I did not see you in your pew at church yesterday."

Sandy—"Thru for yon, Ractor, I was not in my pew."

Rector—"But, my friend, I did not see you there at all."

Sandy—"My oh, who told your Raverence such a thing on me—me, who is always so reglar."

Rector—"I tell you, sir, I could not see you in any part of the church."

Sandy (grinning)—"There was a

great crowd in it, many of 'the meeting people' were in it; and sure there was that throng that your Raverence *might* have meessed seeing me."

Rector—"Were you there sir, or were you not?"

Sandy—"Dear man, but you're steff; amnt I always there, and what would ail me that I would not gae yesterday?"

Rector—"Sandy, you were not there, I assert positively."

Sandy—"How can you prove that agen me?"

Rector (putting the top of his riding-whip on Sandy's face)—"Look at your chin, sir; you have not shaved off your beard for eight days, and this would not be the case had you been in church yesterday."

Sandy (chuckling with delight, and rubbing his hands)—"Weel, weel, Ractor, but you *do* bate the world for 'cuteness; my oh, but you're a shearp man. Well, I'll be in it Sunday first; so be sure to be looking out for me, for I wunna vex you again."

With that the penitential culprit whipped his horse on; but every now and then we saw him casting back grinning glances of admiration at his minister, as he slowly melted from our view.

The Revival movement was vigorous in this parish and neighbourhood: it is not just a subject suitable to these pages, yet we may say that in a drive to Banbridge and back again, after our eyes had feasted on its abounding and beautiful river, with its numerous falls, and with its green banks inlaid with long rolls of snowy web—after we had gazed on a succession of bright mansions, glancing among the trees—after we had seen the great revolving wheels, and the pent-up rushing water-course tumbling over their dark, yet flashing, float-boards—after we had admired the long white factories and mill-houses, with their many windows and tall chimneys, scattered along the river side, and the comfortable and clean cottages of the workmen standing among their patches of small tillage, mingled with pasture-ground: and the handsome pleasure-grounds of the proprietors, their trim cut hedges and glowing gardens—after we had looked into Huntly Glen and Seapattrick, and seen how the spirit of enterprise and

industry had been helped by great Nature with her vast water-power, and, in return, how these elements had made her fair features still lovelier by skill and cultivation—we confess that on turning our back on the rich and fair valley of the Bann, our moral taste was as highly gratified as our patriotic feelings had been, by observing, on several sign-boards of public-houses by the road-side, the notification of the sale of "spirits" painted clean out! And this has been one of the results of the Revival. Another most happy effect has been the diminution of party spirit. Another tangible and patent feature of this movement is the increase of domestic happiness; for sobriety and industry, both at home and abroad, are now flourishing under the influence of a higher and more constraining principle. Men who formerly came home from the fair, in their carts, singing rude songs, and shouting out political defiance to their neighbours, now drive back without noise, and disturb not the quiet air, except it be by the singing of a Revival hymn; and one smiling matron, the mistress of a large farm-house in the hills, and the mother of a "long family," assured me, with tears of joy in her eyes, that she had never been so happy in all her life since "hisself (i.e., the husband) was that changed; and a' the boys of the femmily had become that good, and gentle, and loving, and each helping the ither: God be thanked."

There were three lions in the neighbourhood of our friend's rectory we much wished to see before we marched deeper into the bowels of the Black North. One was the hill of Dollysbrae, where some years ago there was a combat—short, but very sanguinary—between the political parties of this county. Another object was to see Tollymore Park, Lord Roden's beautiful seat, couched under the shadow of the great Slieve Donard. And the third wish we had, was to visit Ros-trevor through the wild upland passes of the Mourne Mountains.

Our visit to Tollymore Park was of an agreeable nature.

The road to Tollymore is through an ugly, ill-farmed, broken country. Stones there are in abundance, which the people won't pick out, and the

filthy ragweed in exuberance, which they won't pluck up. One lady, a good and gifted woman, who travelled this road some twenty years ago, talks of this weed forming "a belt of rich gold, with its tufts of pure white, or pure purple." We envy her enthusiasm, but not her judgment. This vile interloper exhausts the ground, while it deforms it; and the "pure fringes" our excellent friend admired so much, are receptacles for seed, which borne on the breast of every wind that blows, sow themselves liberally round about, and certainly give splendid crops, for nature's farming is ever bountiful. We cannot reconcile the toleration of this ragweed plague, with the industry and good sense of the Downshire farmer or cottier. We are told that in August they cut them off close to the ground. Bad, bad surgery! The disease should be attacked in spring, when there are no blossoms, and the roots are weak. It is an agrarian cancer, and must be eradicated to be cured.

We had now the Mourne range before us, running from Newcastle—(so called from a castle built by Felix Magenis in the days of Queen Elizabeth)—to Rostrevor, from fifteen to twenty miles southward. Of these Slieve Donard is the monarch, and lies most northerly. He who surmounts this peak, stands nearly 2,800 feet above the plane of the ocean. Then there is Slieve Beg, which is being interpreted the little mountain, which, nevertheless, measures 2,384 feet in altitude.

We entered Lord Roden's demesne through a stately archway, from the neat and English-like village of Bryansford. There are two other approaches, which are called the Barbican and the Hilltown. The place is of rare and excelling beauty—a perfect jewel on the earth. Here are the great sea, the grand mountain, the dark, deep glen, the roaring torrent, the black stretch of woods, the verdant plantation, the grey primeval boulders standing in the river-bed; the handsome mansion, erect on its green platform, amidst its beds of aromatic flowers and its grand rhododendrons—all combining to render Tollymore Park one of the most beautiful places our eyes had ever been charmed with. This property, with others, came to Lord Roden through

his descent from the Hamiltons, Earls of Clanbrassil, but it is probable that the whole region was originally the possession of the Magenis or the O'Neils.

We heard his lordship spoken of by all in terms of deep respect and strong affection. He is a fine, manly, true-hearted Irishman, stately as a prince in his person, and unassuming as a peasant in his manner. Even Henry D. Inglis, the honest Whig tourist, albeit unused to the lauding mood, especially when a Tory is on the tapis, writes of him thus:—"Earl Roden bears a high character among men of all parties—a character which must certainly be merited, since no man has pursued a course so little conciliatory as his Lordship." Or, in other words, has acted out his principles, which surely every man has a right to do.

We drove along the Shimna, the mountain-stream which raves through the valley. In this wild and solitary glen three fair and gentle girls were wandering, as it fell, upon a day, some years ago; they were daughters to a professional gentleman—an antiquary, a Christian, and a truly affectionate father.

They were climbing amidst the giant boulders, around whose base the river whitens and whirls, or slowly settles into deep black pools, embossed with floating masses of discoloured foam. How it happened can scarce be said; but, miserable to relate, one of these poor girls slipped from the rock, and falling into the river was drowned in the sight of her agonized sisters, who were totally unable either to render or procure assistance from the depth of the pool, and the utter loneliness of the place.

We spent the evening sauntering amidst the valleys and uplands of this wild parish. All the elevated ground commanded splendid views to the west; the blue and black peaks of the great Mourne range standing silently up against an evening sky of gold and green, of amber and of fire. The sun went down magnificently, and hope was busy sketching a bright to-morrow for our Rostrevor foray; but truth to say, our climate is fickle, and the morning broke in mist and fog. Still nothing daunted, our ladies *would* make the attempt. And so we climbed the steep road in a thin drizzle, attained

the top of the Pass in a thick and wetting *smirr*, and drove heavily and gloomily and all water-clogged through the passes which lead to Rostrevor. In vain we peered through the dense and wetting mist. In vain we longed for one half-hour's sunshine, that we might look upon Slieve Donard, the monarch of the range, and the king of peaks and precipices, lifting his domed head into the sky. Where now was Eagle Mountain, from whose roots of gray granite flanked with masses of hornblende schists and greenstone, the Bann first leaps from the hard rock into birth, and being, and life? The Eagle Mountain is above 2,000 feet high; but, alas! it now stood like a penitent, wrapped in the gloomy sackcloth of impenetrable mist, and not a feature of its beauty could be recognised. Where were the four brother giants, Slieve Bingian, Slieve Beg, Slieve Muck, and Slieve More, all soaring much over 2,000 feet in altitude, with many a lower peak

and humbler summit standing in the shadow of their grandeur, like serfs around their kings? They were all there, no doubt, and in splendid beauty too, with a thousand torrents foaming down their rifts, and falling over their precipices. But to us they were not seen, save in fancy's glass, the blinding, soaking, stupifying rain obscuring all.

Once, for a minute, the mist cleft asunder, and a wandering sunbeam fell upon a green precipitous bank on our right hand, and there a slender thread-like stream of water appeared: it was the Bann rushing from its mountain cradle, and leaping down a black grooved whinstone rock on its gladsome way. It was the vision of a minute—like something very sweet and short-lived in this life-travel of ours; then came on again the merciless rain, and so we were all right well pleased when our driver announced over our umbrella tops, that we had reached Rostrevor.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER III.

THE CLAVERTON DINNER PARTY.

ANOTHER day had passed, and now it was the warm twilight of a glowing summer evening. The air was still, and silence seemed to reign as if peace, not war, were in the land. Some time had passed since sunset, but a golden light still lingered in the sky, and on the highest hill-tops, when Harry North rode slowly up the road that led him home from Bath. Ever and anon he gaily hummed snatches of a cavalier song, dextrously transposed by alterations here and there into verses which perfectly suited his opinions.

He was alone, and the road was very solitary; but as he turned a sharp corner he saw before him a gentleman, whose plain hat and long sad-coloured cloak betokened his principles. His horse was walking very leisurely, the reins upon its neck, while the rider was plunged into a deep fit of abstraction. Harry quickened his own pace.

"Whither away, John Atherton?" cried he, as he overtook him.

The gentleman addressed started, and turned his head.

"Oh, Harry North, is that you?" he answered, in a tone of surprise unmingled with pleasure. "I am going to Marshfield. I suppose you are on your way home."

"Yes, after a hard day's work. I have had a good ride, a good dinner, and a good fight."

"A fight?"

"Yea, verily," replied Harry; "and since thou art going my way, we'll e'en ride together, and I will tell thee the whole history thereof."

John shrugged his shoulders: he was very tired, and greatly preferred his own meditations to Harry's incessant chatter; but having no decent excuse to rid himself of the unwelcome company of his brother-in-arms, he was obliged to submit to what he expected would be a lengthened glori-

fication of the Captain's own skill and prowess. He consoled himself with the reflection that they were not far from (to him) the desired haven of peace, Harry's home.

"I have been dining with Mr. Bassett, at Claverton Manor—the large house, you know, with the flights of steps and terrace walks in front, hard by the church. We were a very jolly party: Sir Edward Hungerford was there, and Colonel Sydney, and divers others. Well, we had come to the end of an uncommon good dinner; the wine was on table, and going round pretty freely, too. To speak honest truth, it seems to me the godly love creature-comforts as much as the cavaliers, if to-day's proceedings are a sample. I was just discoursing with my usual eloquence on the affairs of the nation—(you are not listening, John,)—when bang came in a cannon ball through the wall above the front window, whizzing over our heads, right across the table to the other side of the room. You may suppose that we were all somewhat surprised at being thus assailed upon the sudden. Bassett looked scared out of his wits; but Hungerford started up, and swore he'd take vengeance on the cavaliers who had insulted gentlemen at their dinner-table. 'Come on, Mr. Bassett,' he cried, drawing his sword; 'come on, gentlemen; we'll have at these cursed malignants!' And with that we all rushed out with swords drawn; and as we came tumbling helter-skelter down the steps, we caught sight of the morions and carbines twinkling and flashing in the fields down by the river. Thereat we all waxed furious; and I grieve to say there were more oaths sworn than was becoming such godly gentlemen. Our horses were brought out in the courtyard below, and we were all in our saddles in a trice. There were a few of our troopers about, who came along with us to swell our ranks, and one or two of Bassett's servingmen withal."

"How many were you?" asked John, who, as a soldier, could not but feel some interest in the story.

"Why, there we had the advantage of the enemy: we mustered about fifteen, while they could not have been a dozen; but then they were somewhat better armed: save our troopers, we had not a buff-coat, nor

a piece of armour amongst us, and nought but our swords and pistols. Well, we thundered through the village, and down the steep lane leading to the river, and over the grass, at a break-neck gallop. By this time the rascals had passed the ford, and were all drawn up in a large meadow, with the river close in their rear: as we appeared they gave us a warm welcome with their carbines, and one of our troopers, poor fellow, fell dead by my side. But down we came with a shout, falling on hand-to-hand in the smoke, crying, as we rode them down, 'Strike for God and the Parliament!' and I found myself engaged point to point with the tall commander of the cavaliers, who seemed a man of some quality; so, as we were using our weapons, I asked him if he called himself a gentleman to disturb us at our dinner table without any provocation; to the which he civilly made answer, by requesting me to go to the devil; then 'have a care,' quoth I, 'or I'll send you there first;' and with that I fell to again with all my might; and in another moment, rising in my stirrups, I dealt him a blow which disabled his sword arm; luckily for me, I trow, for he was beginning to press me somewhat hard; however, I could not pursue my advantage; for, just in that nick of time, my sword snapped in twain. Then the enemy, disheartened at the fate of their officer, and having spent all their ammunition, broke their line and retreated, leaving behind several hurt, though but one slain outright. In a few moments more their horses went splashing through the ford, with the water up to their saddle-girths, I would the foul fiend had pitched off one or two of the malignants into the river, alas we had not the wherewithal, for our ammunition was spent as well as theirs. Well, they marched up Warleigh hill, where they had left their cannon, but we could not pursue them, as we should like to have done, as we should thereby have approached the enemy's quarters more nigh than was fitting in our somewhat defenceless condition, so we went back, not in the best of humours, I do assure you. As for William Bassett, I heard him come toiling up the steps swearing like a trooper, instead of a godly parliament man as he is (though as for his godliness, I should never be

surprised to hear of his turning malignant at any time), however we found consolation in some more wine and strong waters."

"Harry," said John, gravely, "you and some of your friends are not one whit better than the cavaliers; and if you think you are on the Lord's side, because you are on the side of the parliament, you deceive yourselves."

"There, there," replied Harry, impatiently, alarmed, as he thought he saw a lecture in prospect; "that will do, John; your exhortations will keep till you get home; and they'll do well enough for Lionel, dear good fellow, he's ungodly enough in all conscience."

John made no reply, but we will give him credit for enough toleration to suppose, that if he made any comparison between the Royalist brother and the Puritan friend, it was decidedly to the advantage of the former.

"By the by," asked Harry, after a short silence, "is Lionel at home?"

"No, he is away, not on the best of errands, I fear; I doubt but what there is some evil design afloat amongst the malignants, wherein he is engaged."

"Well, it seems to me the devil has been very busy among the cavaliers of late. Colonel Sydney has just been ordering me to go with him to-morrow, and help him to set a trap to catch some of these wicked ones. I know not who they are, nor ought about them; nor even where we are to meet them. The Colonel was very close; but I shrewdly suspect it is something to do with that letter I intercepted."

"What letter?" said John.

"Why, yesterday afternoon, as I was with some of my men betwixt Bath and Bradford, we found a fellow upon the road who looked confoundedly suspicious, and could not give a satisfactory account of himself, so I had him searched, and found on him a letter, sure enough, but I could make neither head nor tail of it; it was all queer marks and signs, written in cipher, in fact, so I handed it over to the Colonel, who was a little on in front. He made very little difficulty about it, I can tell you; the malignants little think that he has got the key to some of their plaguy ciphers, and can read them off at a glance; ah, he's a clever man that Colonel of ours. But 'twas very odd, he never told me a word that was in the letter, but when he had read it, gave me one of his

tremendous black looks, I can't imagine why, for I thought I had done my duty admirably; however, he has been very friendly to day; we talked together all dinner time, and he asked me so many questions about Courtenay, and wants to be introduced to her; "and 'pon my honour," continued Harry, in a tone of grave reflection, "he would prove a very eligible match for her; he cannot be much above fifty, and he might convert her from her evil ways."

"Here we separate," said John, the next moment; "good evening to you, Harry."

The Captain returned the salutation, and set off at a round trot up a lane, branching off from the high road, and leading to his house, which was just visible in the deepening twilight, on the brow of a little hill. The feeling of both the gentlemen was one of devout thankfulness, that their way lay no further together, each being heartily sick of the other's company.

It was not many minutes before Harry's horse came clattering through the village, waking up the cottagers from their first sleep, or disturbing them with uneasy dreams of invading cavaliers. Then dashing up to his own gate, he dismounted, throwing the reins to a servant, and entered the garden, where he found Courtenay.

"How late you are, Harry!" said his sister; "I was beginning to fear you had at last met with your deserts, and had been made prisoner by the cavaliers."

"Nay," he answered, gaily; "not yet; though, in sooth, I might have been."

"How so?"

"I will tell you all about it presently," said he, as he ran up the steps.

They went into the parlour, where, upon the table, lights were burning dimly. The windows were all open, and long sprays of honeysuckle crept in, and filled the room with faint perfume.

"How hot it is to-night!" said Courtenay, throwing the casement still further back, "surely there must be thunder in the air."

"Faith, there'll be thunder in the land before long, if I mistake not."

"What mean you?" she asked, quickly.

"Oh, nothing, nothing," replied Harry, throwing off his hat and cloak.

He looked handsomer than ever to-night; for his cheeks were glowing brightly, and his beautiful eyes flashed with excitement. Moreover, he wore a most becoming dress, which was certainly more befitting a follower of the King than of the Parliament. He was now attired with, if possible, still greater care than usual, as he had been to a dinner-party at the house of the M.P. for the city of Bath. His doublet was of crimson velvet, slashed with white satin, and laced with silver; his glossy auburn hair, in long thick curls, half hid his large Vandyked collar, which was of magnificent point lace, matching with that adorning his wrists; his gilded Toledo rapier hung from a splendidly embroidered sword-belt; and the tops of his wide Spanish leather boots met the deep fringes of his black satin trousers.

Seeing that this was but a specimen of the general style of Harry's costume, and that in his speech and manners he nowise differed from a cavalier (except, of course, when he expressed his political opinions, which were decided enough), it was no wonder that the Puritan ministers shook their closely-cropped heads at the mention of his name, and "professed that, verily, Captain North was a most unsatisfactory character, and feared that he was not one of the Lord's people; for he was always hungering after the flesh-pots of Egypt." What were these grave divines to think of a young man who cocked his plumed hat cavalierly on one side, and who abused Church and King all in the same breath? And glorifying the Parliament had no charm in their eyes, if coupled with swearing at Charles Stuart.

At present, the incomprehensible Harry was disposing himself in the most comfortable attitude possible in a large arm-chair. He then once more enjoyed the pleasure of relating the day's adventures, this time to a willing and deeply interested auditor.

Her remarks thereupon betook of the nature of thankfulness at his safety, admiration at his pluck, and horror at the effect of that pluck upon the Royalists.

"I have been talking to Colonel

Sydney about you, Courtenay," added Harry.

"About me!" she exclaimed, surprised, and a little startled, at forming a topic of conversation among the Roundheads.

"Yes, I told him I was troubled with a malignant, ungodly, sister; and that she was as firm as a rock in her evil opinions, and would be shot a dozen times over rather than move an inch. He smiled, and said he hoped he might be introduced to you before long."

Courtenay did not show much pleasure at the anticipation.

"Flatter not yourself that we discussed you, cavalier, all the time; for the Colonel told me something moreover, that I am rather curious about. I am going with him to-morrow"——

Harry stopped short, looking somewhat confused. "The devil! I forgot I was in the presence of a malignant; I was going to play the traitor with a vengeance. I'll warrant now," he continued, eyeing his sister with a malicious smile, "every word I say goes straightway to Sir Lionel Ather-ton, and thou art the bird that telleth the matter."

"I neither seek your confidence on these subjects, nor betray it," answered Courtenay, sternly.

"Well, well, my loyal one, I meant not to offend you; 'twas but a jest, thou knowest; in sooth thou art right, dear," said he, looking penitently at her; but her momentary anger had vanished, and she smiled in return.

Then, rising from her seat—"It is growing late; I must to bed, as I have this journey before me to-morrow."

"I know not how it is," said Harry, taking Courtenay's hand in his; "I like not the thoughts of this journey to-morrow. Think you it is safe, in this troubled state of the country?"

"Safe!" she answered, with a rather uneasy smile. "How can I but be safe under the protection of the right valiant and pious Corporal Johnson? No roundhead will harm me, for his sake, and no cavalier will harm him, for mine; so you see we are both safe."

"Well," sighed her brother, "I shall be confoundedly dull all the time you are away. 'Tis lucky for

me that I am going to Bath to-morrow; and may be I shall have to stay there some time, for I expect there'll be hard work for us all soon."

"I will not stay long, dear; I will come back very soon. But tell me, Harry, what mean all these hints and allusions," she asked, anxiously; "think you there'll be a battle before long?"

"How can I tell?" he replied, determined not to satisfy her. "I am neither Waller nor Hertford. Go and ask your General yourself; you will pass near his quarters to-morrow—nearer than I like, I must say."

"Good night!" said Courtenay, hastily, thinking that the conversation was beginning to take a dangerous turn. "Good night, dear," stooping down to kiss him.

She took one of the candles, and left the room, forgetting that, as the other was burned out, she was consequently leaving poor Harry in the dark. So he went after her, and called to the servants for more; and then, standing in the dark hall below, looked up at Courtenay, who had stopped half-way up the broad oak stairs, the light which she held in her hand falling brightly on her gleaming golden hair and snow-white dress.

"Ah! Courtenay, now if I were but one of those smooth courtly poets who are never lacking for verses on the smallest occasion, methinks I could make a very pretty poem on your taking all the light with you, and leaving me in utter darkness, and so make it an emblem of to-morrow's proceedings, and my deep despondency at your departure. By my troth! my comrades will ask, 'Is Saul also amongst the prophets?' when they see my looks of pious melancholy and godly sorrow."

"Why, Harry," she answered, looking down on him with a smile, but there were tears in her eyes he could not see; "would you rather stay in this dreary house with your malignant sister, than go down to the city, and enjoy the delightful company of psalm-singing colonels and captains?"

"Well, we shall see to-morrow whether I enjoy the society of these said heroes," returned Harry.

"To-morrow," thought Courtenay, as she slowly ascended the stairs, "what will have happened by this time to-morrow?"

She had spoken gaily and carelessly of her expedition, but a sharp pang darted through her heart at her brother's playful but affectionate lamentations. This farewell might be the last—this departure might be for ever; and the fearful thought of what might be Harry's sorrow arose to cloud her quiet gladness at having at last work to do for the cause she loved.

It was, in truth, an awful alternative. On the one hand, she risked all domestic peace and happiness; on the other, liberty and life; and falling into the hands of the Puritan soldiers was not the only danger that she had to dread. If she succeeded in her mission, and returned in safety, henceforward she would always have the uneasy consciousness of possessing a secret which she dared never reveal to him from whom hitherto she had had no secrets, and she must live in constant fear of a discovery whose consequence, she knew, would be a furious outbreak of Harry's wrath—wrath subsiding at length into coldness and reserve; while all his confidence and trust in her would for ever have an end, and the cruel fiend of war and discord, from whose approach they thought their home at least was carefully guarded, would enter, and blast and ruin all their joy and comfort.

Yet, though knowing this, she slept that night as if the journey on the morrow were one of mere pleasure, and not as though it were undertaken for the sake of duty in whose performance every thing must be hazarded. The words of faith and fearless trust that she had spoken to Lionel were no mere words—they were the utterance of her heart; and in perfect consciousness of the danger, and in perfect assurance of safety—safety, that is, of her soul, through all the perils of her body—she slept in perfect peace.

That day she had set her house in order, as if she might never return, so fully was she aware of what was to be encountered; and as for all other preparations—the last enemy can never take those at unawares who live as Courtenay lived; the citadel of their mind can never be surprised, to whom the victory over sin and death is given.

CHAPTER IV.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

THE morning sun shone bright and hot, though it wanted more than two hours of noon, when Courtenay North and her attendant trooper rode through their native village. So far, every thing had been prosperous; Harry had set off soon after daybreak, and the precious packet had been safely received. Courtenay's heart beat high with pride and enthusiasm, glorying in this dangerous mission, in risking all for her church, her king, and her country. Yet, as she glanced back for one more look upon her home, an involuntary sigh escaped her, as she thought it might indeed be the last.

To give the idea of her being a Puritan lady, she was dressed very plainly, in a jacket of black cloth, fitting tightly to her beautiful figure, and a long skirt of the same material; her only ornament being a knot of scarlet ribbon fastening her plain white collar. A black velvet hat and a black plume shaded her fair face and golden curls. She was mounted on a splendid black horse, full of fire and mettle; which was, however, completely under her management, for Courtenay had the reputation of being the best horsewoman in the county.

Close behind her followed Corporal Johnson, an elderly man of severe aspect, rejoicing in the usual Puritan costume of a lofty steeple-hat, almost entirely covering his close-clipped iron-grey hair, an immense white band about his throat, a plain buff coat, and huge leathern jack-boots. He was well armed, a large basket-hilted sword hanging at his side, and pistols being at his holsters.

A lane, narrow and somewhat steep, with banks and high hedges on either side, one tangled mass of wild roses and golden cistus, led down from the village to the high road, which for several miles lay between corn-fields and meadows, lonely and unfrequented; a solitary farm-house here and there, or a rude cottage, being the only sign of human habitation.

But now the view began to widen; till, as the horses fell into a walk, while beginning to descend the long hill that slopes down to the city of

Bath, there spread before the eyes of the travellers one of the most beautiful scenes in the beautiful neighbourhood of the "Queen of the West." On the right hand rose the lofty heights of Lansdown, a long, extensive table-land. How little thought Courtenay, as she looked upon those peaceful fields, that within a week that "very fair plain" should be strewn with the dead and dying, that luxuriant grass reddened with blood. But to-day the hills rested in their immemorial quiet; now glowing in the light of the early sun, now purple in the shade of some passing cloud. At their foot extended a narrow dell—a miniature mountain pass—richly wooded, with cottages and little church-towers peeping out amidst the trees. In front, nestled in a valley shone the houses and spires of Bath "now, alas! loyal and unhappy city," thought the Royalist, "in the hands of merciless rebels." Another range of hills rose behind the town; while farthest of all, just visible in the blue haze, glimmered the distant downs of Wiltshire.

As, after winding for some miles down the road, they neared the city, their silent and solitary path became enlivened with many passers-by. Numerous were the stout farmers, who, with their wives riding pillion behind them, were to be seen jogging to the market; for being Saturday morning, this part of the country was all astir. Presently they fell in with less harmless companions. Several Parliamentary troopers passed them, and exchanged greetings with Corporal Johnson. Now, though Courtenay was familiar enough with the sight of these men to look on them in general with perfect unconcern, yet, as she remembered what she carried in her bosom, she could scarcely help shuddering as she heard behind her the clattering of their horses, and the clashing of their swords.

Our travellers had now reached level ground. Turning to the left and leaving Bath far behind, a few minutes canter through a little village brought them to the foot of another hill and the entrance of a road that led to

Bradford. And now Courtenay's heart was too full of thought and anxiety respecting the important part she had to play, to give much attention to the scenery around, though it was picturesque and romantic to the highest degree. She had leisure to observe only, on the side of an opposite hill, Claverton Manor-house, the scene of Harry's exploits the day before; and she smiled as she pictured to herself the infuriated roundheads rushing down the terraces to battle in the fields below.

For the last hour Courtenay had been wondering when would arrive the proper moment to inform the Corporal of her intended visit to the inn. A dozen times she had been about to speak, and a dozen times she had checked herself. But as they reached the summit of the hill, and were rapidly approaching Bradford, she looked back, and said, "Corporal Johnson, I should be glad to rest a little while, and so would, doubtless, the horses. We are just coming, I think, to an inn where I have heard there is good entertainment; so we will stop there."

The Corporal made no demur; for the thought of the good entertainment prevented all objections which he might have made to halting so near the "enemy's" quarters.

Soon after, a turn in the road brought them in full view of the spot to which all Courtenay's hopes and fears had been directed for the last two days. It was a quaint, gabled, ivy-covered house, with a sign-board flapping to-and-fro in the breeze; the sign was a crown, which had evidently afforded a mark to many a Puritan soldier, for the board was riddled through and through with shot-holes. As they rode up the court-yard, Courtenay's anxious eyes sought everywhere for some symptoms of the arrival of the Marquis of Hertford; but all was quiet and silent, and there was nothing to awaken the suspicion of her attendant, that any one, malignant or otherwise, was at the inn.

The host and his servants came hurrying out to greet them. Courtenay alighted, and ordered her troop-groom to take the horses himself to the stable, and to see them properly fed and rubbed down. To her great relief, he at once obeyed. She was then ushered into a little parlour,

where, refusing all the landlord's numerous offers of refreshment, she was left alone, to wait impatiently for her expected visitor.

The room was small, but cool and shady, and sweet-scented; the furniture very plain, with the exception of a large clock in a handsome oaken frame. The long, low latticed windows looked out into a little garden bright with flowers, whose fragrance, with the humming of a thousand bees, filled the quiet air. A low hedge separated this garden from an orchard, whose trees darkened the long grass with flickering shadows. And beyond all, as far as the eye could reach, stretched a wide range of meadows.

By this time Courtenay was in a state of high-wrought excitement, which would not let her rest, but kept her pacing up and down the room, starting at every sound, tormenting herself with vague fears,—till after some weary minutes, she heard footsteps without, which made her heart beat quickly.

The door opened, and a gentleman entered. He was a middle-aged man of sinister and forbidding countenance, with a deep scar across his swarthy forehead. Whatever conclusion might have been drawn from the very sombre and saturnine expression of his face, his gaily-coloured dress, and the jaunty air with which his scarlet cloak was thrown over one shoulder, clearly showed to which party he belonged; but it was not the Marquis of Hertford, and Courtenay felt a little uneasy.

With a low bow, he said, "I have the honour of addressing Mistress Courtenay North, I believe. His Excellency the Marquis of Hertford being very ill, hath deputed me, who am his secretary, Robert Smith, at your service, mistress," with another bow, "to receive from your hands the despatches wherewith Sir Lionel Atherton hath charged you."

"Sir," replied Courtenay, with some hesitation; "I am truly grieved to hear of his lordship's illness; but is it quite impossible that I should speak with him?"

"Indeed, yes; verily, I believe he is sick unto death."

Courtenay was much perplexed. "I received these papers with strict injunctions to deliver them unto the Marquis himself. They contain weigh-

ty matter, things of high concernment to his Majesty's service. And, sir, you are a perfect stranger to me."

"And you doubtless know also, that it is of the highest importance that they should be delivered at once, else the favourable opportunity may go by, and his Majesty's affairs thereby receive prejudice. And let me tell you, mistress," he added, with an air of offended dignity, "that I am his Excellency's private secretary, intrusted with all his most important concerns; and matters of greater moment, oftentimes, than any contained in these papers, I'll warrant. If the Marquis could have held a pen, he would have written to you, and so have set your mind at ease."

She did not reply; for once in her life, the resolute Courtenay felt painfully undecided. What was her duty? The secretary's story seemed plausible enough; what more likely than that he should be sent, if the Marquis were unable to come himself? Yet something undefinable in the stranger's manner aroused suspicion, and fears filled her mind—fears she hardly knew of what. The knowledge she had of the great importance of the papers still further confused her ideas of what would be the wisest step to take. Though Lionel's charge was strict, yet by keeping to the letter, might she not fail in the spirit of his commands? And what excuse would it be to offer to the general, that she could not trust his secretary? However, right or wrong, something must be done; the time was passing quickly, and Johnson might enter at any moment.

She suddenly remembered having heard Lionel say, that the documents were written in a peculiar cipher, known only to a trusty few among the Royalists. She might then give them to this man, for even should her worst fears be realized, and he should prove unfaithful, they would be utterly useless to him, being unreadable by all unfriendly eyes. And if he should be acquainted with the cipher, what better proof could be given, that he was indeed intrusted by the general?

"Very well," said Courtenay, with a sigh, taking the packet from her bosom; "here are the despatches; they are written in a peculiar cipher, which Sir Lionel told me his lordship knows well."

The secretary took them, but looked

much dissatisfied. "Truly I fear his Excellency is too ill to be able to understand these; his head wandereth much at times with the height of his fever. I shall have to trouble you to expound them unto me, I fear; that is, if you are acquainted with the cipher, which, maybe, you are not,—though I dare say you are apt at this sort of work," said he, with a smile.

Courtenay wondered, the Marquis being delirious, that he was able to make the arrangements for his secretary's meeting her at this inn. But here was a fresh difficulty. This man was evidently, then, not intrusted with all the general's private concerns, and it seemed very unaccountable to her that he should not be able to read the cipher. Could she acquaint this utter stranger, who, for aught she knew, might be—she hardly dared to think what—with the contents of these papers, all important as they were? Lionel's words rang in her ears, "It is of the greatest consequence, that none, not even for a time his lordship's officers, should know the exact bearing of some of the secret intelligence which the despatches contain." Remembering this, she grew resolved.

"Sir, I am placed in a difficult position. I cannot think it right to use my accidental power of explaining the despatches, when I call to mind how Sir Lionel Atherton spoke of the injury that might chance to the King's cause, if any one, even of the officers of his Excellency's army, should at present gain knowledge of some things mentioned therein. Moreover, what right have I to make myself acquainted with them? It would be a notable breach of trust. No, sir, take these to your master, who, I should think, has sufficient command of his senses to understand somewhat of their meaning."

"But the Marquis may be dead by the time I go back; and without any one to decipher them, the papers will be good for nought. I tell you plainly, mistress," he continued, sternly, "if his Majesty suffers by this, the fault will lie at your door."

As he spoke, a thought flashed through Courtenay's mind; she was slightly acquainted with a few of the Marquis's officers; she would ask to see one of them, using some little stratagem to lengthen her stay at the

inn, while he was sent for from the neighbouring town. She would then learn from him if the general were really ill, and if this were indeed his secretary.

"I used to know something of one or two of his lordship's officers. I wish I could see them. Is Colonel Ashton at Bradford?"

"Colonel Ashton, mistress," stammered the secretary, looking rather alarmed. "I believe—that is, I think—he was taken prisoner by the Round-heads the other day in a skirmish."

"Indeed! Well, then, is Captain Jones to be spoken with?"

"Yes—no—I mean, he was killed at the same time. I must pray you to reconsider your resolution, the king's service requires it, time presses, we may be interrupted."

"Where is Major Ford?"

"Really, mistress, I cannot tell; I have not seen him for a long while, I believe he was slain too."

He was getting very confused, and rather red in the face. As he hesitated, Courtenay grew calmer, and still more decided. She liked her visitor less and less. What was there in her simple questions that seemed so to disconcert him? She was determined now, come what would, she would see one of the officers before she yielded.

"Well, sir," she said, at last, emphatically, "unless I can speak with one of these gentlemen, I shall not consent to read the despatches. I will not do it on my own responsibility. I must bid you farewell now, for I wish to be going on my journey."

"Stay a moment," he replied, with a startling change of tone, and rising hastily from his seat; "stay a moment, mistress; perchance I may find other means more powerful for the discovery of these documents. We shall see." So saying, he left the room.

Courtenay felt much alarmed, and was about to follow him, when he re-entered; but with him, to her utter horror and astonishment, three or four soldiers, grim, determined, well-armed, with the fatal Orange scarfs across their breasts.

"I am betrayed! Thank God, I did not yield!" was her exclamation.

"Ha, mistress! the Lord hath delivered you into my hands!" said the pretended secretary, with a bitter sneer. "You thought not to find me

a wolf in sheep's clothing—I should say, a sheep in wolf's clothing. But we have found out this foul conspiracy with that man of blood, Hertford. Now, then, young woman, I'll thank you to make short work with these papers; time enough hath been wasted parleying with you."

"You have treated me with the vilest treachery!" cried Courtenay, passionately; then pausing a moment to recover her composure, she added, in a firm tone, "I will give you but one answer; be it a matter of life or death, God helping me, I will abide by it. I will never decipher them."

"Sayest thou so, young woman? maybe thou'lt find it is a matter of life or death; and then, I reckon, thou'lt sing a different song."

With a mocking smile, he re-seated himself at the table, tearing open the packet, and glancing eagerly over its contents; but it was soon evident that he found it impossible to understand them.

The soldiers stood behind, silent and stern, gloomily regarding Courtenay, who, restored to her usual calm dignity from which she had been startled for a moment, followed the officer's example, and took a seat with the utmost composure. Her hands folded resolutely, and her gaze lofty and steadfast, she sat, proudly erect, waiting quietly until he should again address her.

After a short pause, he looked up. "Have you not heard of the resolution of the Parliament as touching women employed as spies or letter-carriers by the enemy?"

"I am quite aware of it," she answered, composedly.

"Then you know of your danger, and how I might righteously cause you to be slain at once. But as I am a merciful man, I offer you full pardon, if you will but explain the cipher. Be advised. I am not to be trifled with. Come, you will accept these conditions, of course; for, I warn you, they are the only ones upon which mercy can be shown you."

"I have already answered you. I will perish rather than betray my trust."

"Very well, young woman, you will soon find out with whom you have to deal. Your life is the forfeit of your obstinate malignity. Yet, I will give you one more chance. Bid Captain

North to come hither, Corporal Muggins," said the "secretary" to one of the men, who instantly left the room.

Was then Harry here? How strange—nay, how providential! For might he not have power to save her! What influence might he not have with this man, his brother officer! The very thought of life made her colour come and go, and her pulses throb feverishly with reviving hope. She was so young to die, life was very sweet, and she had been so happy! More than all—and that thought was agony—how could she leave Harry?

Sick at heart, she waited for his coming; longing for his protection and his help, yet trembling to think of the shock she was about to cause him, and of the terrible ordeal she knew awaited herself; for how could she endure to see his grief—how could she bear to break his heart?

The minutes past in perfect silence: she began to fear he would not come: at last, when almost worn out by suspense, she heard without a well-known footstep, and a voice which made her shudder, it rang so merrily, for she knew that in another moment all that joy would be turned into mourning.

The step came nearer and nearer, and now a loud peal of laughter echoed through the passage, which Harry smothered with difficulty as he entered. He gaily sauntered in, his bright eyes perfectly overflowing with mirth; and no sooner did he see the officer, than the old wicked look came over his face, and he began to yawn in the most absurdly exaggerated manner.

"I crave your pardon, Colonel Sydney, I am but just awakened; for I have been, as you commanded me, to hear the godly Sergeant Preach-the-gospel hold forth. Pardon my honour, sir, you spoke truly when you said it would do me good, for I profess I have been enjoying the sweetest slumbers ever vouchsafed to mortal man. Albeit, I wonder I was able, for the sergeant, in his pious fury, beat a Bible all to pieces, as he was comparing Charles Stuart to Pharaoh, or some of those old Jews."

"Prithee peace, Captain North," replied his superior officer, striving to look stern, though he could hardly hide a smile; "I fear thou art but a carnal-minded young man. But no more of this now. Know you that young woman?"

Harry turned, and saw his sister, who had risen from her seat and crept noiselessly to his side while he was speaking. "Courtenay, you here!" he exclaimed, lost in amazement.

She threw her arms round him. "O Harry, thank God you are come, that I may see you once more before I die. But save me, if you can, for the sake of Heaven," she whispered, her composure almost forsaking her at the sight of that dear brother, upon whom, she thought, she was soon to look for the last time on earth.

"Die! save you! what means this! how came you here, Courtenay? Sir! Colonel Sydney! tell me instantly the meaning of all this!" he cried, looking perfectly aghast.

"If thou wilt hold thy peace, Captain North," coolly answered the colonel, "I will expound the matter unto thee. The Lord be praised for helping us to discover the secret counsel of the wicked; for that letter which you intercepted the other day, and gave unto me, was from that traitor Lionel Atherton—who as a roaring lion goeth about seeking whom he may devour—and appointed this place for your sister to meet the arch-malignant Hertford, and to give unto him despatches from the aforesaid Atherton. So I, being determined to defeat their deeds of darkness, came hither disguised as Hertford's secretary. I hoped thereby to gain, besides the papers, some intelligence about a few things I wished to know; but the damsel proved refractory, so I called in my men. I told her of the death that awaited her according to the resolution of the Parliament; but, as I am willing to show justice tempered with mercy, and, as I had feared, the despatches are written in a cipher with which I am not acquainted, I offered her life and liberty, would she but expound these papers, for she confessed that she was able to do so. But she obstinately refuseth; her eyes are blinded, she will not listen to reason; so she must die in her sins; her blood be upon her own head. Howbeit, I bethought me when I saw thee yesterday, that being her brother, peradventure thou mightest have power with her to turn her from destruction; and for this cause I commanded thy presence hither. I will give thee leave awhile to confer with her."

An awful change had been wrought in Harry's face in those few minutes. It was pale with horror, stern with grief and anger, when he fixed his flashing eyes on his sister, and said, with white and quivering lips, "Courtenay!" not another word could he speak at first.

Furious with Lionel for having engaged her in such a scheme, and with Colonel Sydney for not having before made known its discovery; bitterly grieved with Courtenay for having consented to deceive him; amazed and horror-struck at the danger in which she stood, knowing that Colonel Sydney's word was law, and his purpose immovable, and fearing that Courtenay's strong loyalty to her cause and indomitable will would not waver because of this danger, he stood speechless for a while, for no words could he find adequately to express the passions which raged within him.

A gulf seemed suddenly to have opened at his careless feet. How could he have been so insanely blind as not to have discovered the real purpose of his sister's journey, and of Colonel Sydney's scheme? And, horrible reflection, by having unwittingly intercepted Lionel's letter, he had been partly accessory to Courtenay's dreadful situation.

At last, remembering that only a few minutes would be allowed him to converse with his sister, he addressed her, but in more of anger than of love. "Courtenay, is this so? Courtenay, are you mad? Has your devotion to Charles Stuart turned your brain? How dared Lionel Atherton engage you in his accursed plots? How dared you think of taking his papers? You have betrayed and deceived me, you have, Courtenay—you who never played me false before! Do you know what you are about? Do you know that Colonel Sydney means truly what he says? Do you know that you are in danger of your life? Your life!"—His voice faltered; he put out his trembling hand and clutched hers convulsively.

"Courtenay, speak, speak; say at once you will; speak, 'tis not too late. See, Colonel Sydney promises to pardon every thing if you will but explain the cipher; he asks only this little thing. And what is it to you; what matters King or Parliament to you? you are worth more than all to me,

—speak, Courtenay, darling!" he cried with growing terror, as he saw her look of unconquerable determination.

Then sternly, as though he would have subdued her by his authority—"Do you hear what I say? Why answer you not? You must not—nay, I swear you shall not refuse! you shall instantly do what I command you. Colonel Sydney, of course, my sister will read the papers unto you; here, let me have them."

He turned towards the table, and was about to try and seize the despatches from the Colonel, when his impetuosity was checked by his sister's hand laid firmly on his arm.

Harry's grief and anger were to Courtenay far more terrible than all the Colonel's threats; and she could look on death unmoved, but not on her brother's passionate, imploring face. Fear was powerless, but love was mighty. But with a silent cry for help and strength, she answered gently, "You would not have me betray the trust reposed in me? You would not have me value life more than honour? You would not have me unworthy of being your sister?"

"You have betrayed the trust I reposed in you," wildly broke in Harry; "and what care I for that false traitor, Lionel Atherton? The treacherous villain, what right had he to interfere in our household, and send you on his infernal errands? Is your promise to him of more value to you than all you owe to me? He is not your brother; he is nought to you, so you said but the other day; you said—but I have no longer faith in your words; he has taught you to deceive me! May curses light upon him and his plots! I would I had him here," muttered Harry, with still deeper imprecations between his clenched teeth.

"If you love me not, at least you shall obey me. Explain these papers directly, Courtenay. I command you. Do it at once."

"Shall I not obey God rather than man?" she replied in the tone that never failed to quell her brother. "Harry, you have spoken words to me I never thought to have heard from your lips. But I will bear every thing from you now. And I will do every thing for you that I may. This I cannot, and I will not do. You have wronged me, but I will not think of this; you have wronged Sir Lionel far

more. It was by no entreaty or desire of his that I undertook to give his papers to the Marquis of Hertford; he was loth to let me go; 'twas I that offered to take them, and I that prevailed upon him against his will to send me; he would not consent at first, 'twas all my doing; you should not blame him, blame me if you will. Mine own Harry," she exclaimed, in a voice of passionate tenderness; "you know I love you; you know it in your heart, though you have doubted it in words you ought never to have uttered; think you that for Sir Lionel Atherton's sake I would have done ought to anger you? Nay, in truth, for him alone I never would have taken his despatches; I owe indeed more to you than to him; Sir Lionel is nought to me; I repeat it; you are more to me than all—all but my God and my king. And for the Good Cause I am ready, yea willing to suffer; the Lord will help me to be faithful unto death. My brother, you must let me go; I was prepared for this. I knew what to look for if discovered. But, oh, Harry, Harry! may God help me now, this is worse than death," she murmured, for he had clasped her hands tightly, and was looking in her face with such an agony of supplication, that she had need in truth of strength more than human to resist saying the word that would change his piteous grief into an ecstasy of joy and gratitude.

He besought her as though he was pleading with her for his life. "Courtenay, sister, have you no pity? Is this your love? Will you leave me all alone—me, your only brother? Have you no pity for me? Have I not cared for you more than for any other being upon earth? Have I not made your life as happy as any life can be? Has any one loved you as I have? Is this the way you repay me for what I have done for you? Will you break my heart? If all is forgotten, then by the love of our dead mother, by the love of heaven, I entreat you."

"O brother!" she cried, pale and trembling, in bitter anguish, but with unshaken resolution; "I pray you peace; make not our parting harder with words like these. Mine own darling, Heaven knows what you have been to me; for your sake I would live, but for the sake of God and my king I must die. I know I owe almost

every thing to you, much love and duty; but more!"—

"Is it your duty to set me thus at nought?" exclaimed Harry, passionately; "you talk about your love and duty, why do you not show them? Why do you not obey me? Fool that I was to believe a woman's words, when were they aught but false! False and hard-hearted you are, like the rest of your sex, cruel and ungrateful; you are no sister of mine! I am wearied of asking you, but you shall answer me now—tell me, yes or no, will you explain the cipher?"

"No," she replied, sternly, the colour rushing back into her cheeks at words such as none had ever before dared to utter to Courtenay North—words that at another time she never would have borne.

Then Harry, with a frantic cry—"Die, then, rash girl, die in your folly!" broke from her, and was about to rush from the room, when, turning back for a last look, the next instant he had clasped her in his arms, in a passion of sobs and tears.

"O Harry, Harry, what mean ye to weep and to break my heart!"

Her anger could not survive his; and again and again she kissed him, and strove, but all in vain, to soothe him in his agony of grief.

Colonel Sydney became impatient. He had been perplexing himself with the papers, until he grew savage with being baffled in all his attempts to read them. "I will wait no longer. Have you made up your mind, young woman? Have you considered well what your brother hath been saying? Here are the despatches; decipher them, and you shall have your liberty at once. I ask you once more, and I warn you, it is for the last time. Will you accept my terms?"

"And once more I answer, Never," said Courtenay, with dauntless courage.

"Very well—Corporal Muggins, let two files load and draw up!"—

Harry sprang forward and caught hold of the officer's arm—"For God's sake, Colonel Sydney, hear me! If you have the heart of a man, have pity on my sister! Show mercy if you would have mercy shown you in your last hour! God deal with you as you deal with her! Have you no pity for a woman? O Colonel Sydney, think, think if it was your sister!"

"Young man," he answered, haughtily, "your language is most unbecoming. Have I not once and again offered your sister mercy, and hath she not as often obstinately refused it? And is it not the will of the Lord that we should utterly destroy and root out the wicked from the land, both man and woman, young and old, with the edge of the sword? I must not do the Lord's work negligently. Moreover, you fail in your respect to the Parliament!"—

"D—n the Parliament!" cried Harry, almost beside himself.

The Colonel started, and for a moment looked utterly astounded, while the soldiers stood petrified with horror at beholding, as they thought, the discovery of Captain North's concealed malignancy, and cast up their eyes to heaven, as if expecting some awful judgment to fall at once upon the offender.

"Oh, Captain North," said Sydney, with a sarcastic smile, speaking in his usual cool tone, and affecting not to be surprised, though in truth he was much so; "you have, then, at last shown yourself in your true colours, have you? I thought as much. I can see through it all; you are in league with the malignants as well as that Jezebel, your sister. Very well, young man. I shall report you at headquarters; you may be sure of that. And verily, I doubt not but what you will be hanged as a spy. Now, sir, give up your sword. Do you hear me, Captain North? give up your sword, instantly!"

Harry drew his sword. His first impulse was to plunge it into the Colonel's heart; but a second thought convinced him of the madness of striving against such fearful odds; and, taking his weapon by the point, he sullenly presented it to his superior officer.

Sydney took it; then turning to his corporal, "Cause the men to load and draw up in the field at the back of the house—hold, I will see to it myself. Two of you stay here to guard the prisoners."

"Colonel Sydney," cried Harry, with one more frantic effort to save his sister—"shoot me, take my life if you will, but spare hers! O spare her, have pity on us both!"—He could not speak for tears; and, in his extremity, he fell on his knees, and seized the Colonel's hand.

"Peace, young man," answered Sydney, stern and unmoved as ever, roughly snatching away his hand from Harry's grasp; "peace, if you would not have me order the soldiers to remove you from the room. Nay, not another word; be silent, I command you," he added, as Harry was about again to implore mercy.

Silent and despairing, Harry rose; with one look at the Colonel—such a look, that Sydney, unable to meet the gaze of those piercing eyes, turned away, and went up to Courtenay, who, if anxious for the success of her brother's entreaties, was still more so that he should not by them further provoke the displeasure of his colonel.

"Woman, I have offered you mercy; you know the consequences of your refusal. See," he continued, pointing to the timepiece which stood opposite, "it wanteth ten minutes to the hour. When it striketh, you die." With these words he left the room.

Harry threw himself into a chair, covering his face with his hands, perfectly exhausted by the violence of his emotion; while Courtenay, kneeling beside him, laid her head upon his shoulder.

"You will not refuse my last request?" she whispered.

He could not speak; but removed one hand from before his face, and put it into hers.

"You will forgive Sir Lionel? You will not think he has had any share in this? 'Twas all mine own doing, and I alone must bear the consequence. I pray you, dear brother, not to reproach him; he will have sorrow enough. And tell him, if he blames himself, which in truth, I fear he will, not to grieve for me; for I die joyfully for God and my king, and say that it is through no fault of his that I was brought to this; and if it were, I would freely forgive him. Poor Lionel!" she sighed, as something told her in her inmost heart that though he was nought to her, yet she was very much to him.

"Harry, you will promise?"

He was silent.

"Harry, my dying request!"

"I promise," he murmured, almost inaudibly.

"But, oh!" he cried, bitterly, suddenly raising his head, and clasping his hands; "if there be a God in heaven, He will execute vengeance

upon your murderers! You shall be avenged!"

"Not by your hand, Harry! and I pray God rather to forgive them, and to turn them from the error of their ways."

"Courtenay!" exclaimed Harry, a moment after, with a look of passionate love and sorrow, "can you forgive me?"

"You, Harry! what have I to forgive? Have you not always been the kindest of brothers?"

"It was my doing," he answered, in a stifled voice; "you know 'twas I who intercepted the letter—'twas I who betrayed you to your enemies. Would to God I had died first!" he groaned. "But I knew not what I was doing. I thought it was my duty. O, can you ever forgive me?"

"Sweetheart, indeed I forgive you. You could not tell; how could you? You thought it right to act as you have done. And Harry, you will forgive me, when, in times past, I have been unkind or hasty"——

"Courtenay, Courtenay!" he cried, with a fresh burst of grief; "speak not like this! you will break my heart! you have ever been the best of sisters! O what shall I do? how shall I live without you? And I have been very wrong; I have spoken such cruel, unkind words; I knew not what I said, in truth I meant them not; darling, you know I love you more than all the world besides."

She checked his further self-reproaches with a kiss. "Think no more of it, dear; I know you spoke thus only because you cared for me."

Harry said no more; but passionately pressed his sister to his heart, then turning away, he again buried his face in his hands, and seemed to fall into a stupor of despair. He had been revolving in his mind wild projects of escape; but convinced of the utter impracticability of all, he felt that now there was no hope. An awful silence filled the room.

The clock struck One.

The hour had come. Courtenay must die.

She heard, and rose from her knees. Taking Harry's hand in hers, she said softly, "Come."

"Nay," he exclaimed, in a hoarse whisper; "I cannot; it would kill me. Yet, oh that I could die too!"

"Even must it be so? Then, sweetheart, may God help us now to say farewell."

"No, no," he cried, vehemently, starting to his feet, "they shall not separate us! they shall not take you from me! I will come."

And so Courtenay, with Harry clinging to her arm, and guarded by the two soldiers, went forth to die.

In a little field at the back of the house, shaded by trees, the men were drawn up with loaded carabines, waiting for their victim.

She came, with firm step and regal bearing; the colour had not left her cheek, nor the brightness her eye, and involuntary exclamations of wonder and admiration escaped many of the beholders.

"Verily, brother Habakkuk," whispered one soldier to another, "I marvel to see a woman meet death with such bravery. Were I the colonel now, methinks I could find it in my heart to pardon her, which I never thought to say of a malignant. Howbeit, as Saul displeased the Lord by sparing Agag, the king of the Amalekites, peradventure I might have transgressed in this thing."

"Young woman," said Colonel Sydney, coming forward to meet her, "though it be at the eleventh hour, yet even now will I show you mercy, if you will but repent and hearken unto my counsel."

"Trouble me not," she answered; "I am ready to die. Yet one favour I would ask; my brother hath displeased you, but I pray you forgive him, he knew not what he said; he meant not to anger you; he was led away by his feelings. I will answer for it he is no Royalist; he is faithful to the Parliament, believe me. I beseech you grant this my dying request, that he may not have sorrow upon sorrow."

"Nay, verily," he sternly replied; "the young man hath trespassed grievously; it is meet that he should be made an example of. Yet hold—I will pardon him, if you will read the despatches; albeit, he deserveth heavy punishment. Perchance for your brother's sake you will consent?"

"God forgive you," was her answer, while an expression of bitter grief passed over her face, "for refusing the last prayer of a dying woman. I have

now but one more word to say; I die as I have lived, loyal to my church and my king."

She left the colonel, and went towards Harry, who was leaning against a tree, almost unconscious of what was passing around him. "Mine own dear brother, farewell; may God bless you, and comfort you, my darling!"

"Sweetheart," he whispered faintly, as he embraced her for the last time, "you have been the best sister that ever a man had—the comfort of my life—I have not loved you as I should. O, Courtenay, I am dying!"

He swooned away, and would have fallen; but his sister caught him in her arms, and assisted by one of the soldiers, laid him on the ground. She longed to bring him back to life; but she might not stay, the colonel could scarcely control his impatience, and it was better so. Harry was thus mercifully spared a sight which would have been present to his eyes for evermore.

So with one look she turned; and felt that now the bitterness of death was passed, and the fiery ordeal was over. Now earth, and all its sufferings, were left behind, and heaven and all its glories were before her.

They placed her on the spot where she must kneel, and were about to bind her eyes, but she so earnestly prayed that she might look death face to face, that the colonel, seeing her unshaken courage, granted her this little favour.

And now all was ready, and Sydney, placing a handkerchief in her hand, instructed her to give the death signal by letting it drop.

Falling on her knees, for a moment she looked stedfastly up into heaven. Then with a joyful smile, and a firm voice, she cried, "O Lord, in Thee have I trusted. I shall never be confounded."

And with these words she gave the sign.

OLD MAIDS.

I AM an old bachelor.

"Very absurd." "Quite preposterous." "Then we know what to expect." "So like his sex." "Of course he'll abuse us." Such are the exclamations which, with my mind's ears—(we talk of mind's eyes, why not of mind's ears?)—I hear, as your paper-knife, my dear Miss Priscilla, cuts open this page, and your eyes fall on the words, "I am an old bachelor." Some people would have expected the very reverse of these ejaculations. They in pity—quite misdirected—for the supposed lone condition of the unmarried woman of a certain age would have imagined that she would jump at the announcement and scarcely be able to conceal her satisfaction at having one more celibate, old or young, introduced to her. Alas! I say it without any such hope. I, who adore the sex—who could sacrifice every thing for its favour, even my slippers, even, yes even my daily Havanna, announce, with no satisfaction, with no chuckle, with no expectation of a rush upon me, such as my sisters overpowered me with when "their dear Charley" returned home for the vacation,—

I who look on Benedict as an inhabitant of at least two heavens higher than my ignominious purgatory, declare with the bitterest and most shame-faced despair, that I am an antiquated Cœlebs.

For in this case, alas! the present tense includes the future. Once an old bachelor, always an old bachelor. Once slippered and dressing-gowned, once a tenant of chambers, once nooked in a corner of a club-room, once driven to dye, to a false tooth, to a scratch-wig, to a padded waistcoat, and Hymen waves his torch at you with as impudent a jeer as any *gamin* of London. The regular old bachelor never marries—at least never till he reaches his dotage—and the old maid knows it; and if there is one creature she hates more than another, it is the old bachelor.

It is certainly true that, as a general rule, the old maid and the old bachelor do not consort. They have too much the same consciousness, the same place in society, the same field, and, in spite of a difference of sex, the old maid and old bachelor are generally competitors for the same object. There is not room for both.

If you have one confirmed celibate at your board, you cannot have two. If Phineas Grubb, Esq., of the Albany, dines at the top of your table, it is a little too much to have Miss Bridget (I beg her pardon, she has the brevet rank of Mrs.) Ague at the bottom. Like haunches of venison, pheasants, and turbot, people in this false social position appear singly at the festive banquet. There may be other reasons why Cœlebs masculine, and Cœlebs feminine clash rather than assimilate. It is not my object to probe, but rather to note the fact. It is certain that Mr. Luke, is gallant to the young ladies, and equally certain that Miss Tabitha is radiant to the young men. The reason is obvious. Mr. Luke, in spite of his wig and his padding, believes himself a young, because an unmarried, man; and Miss Tabitha, to whom the family Bible has conveniently failed to descend, has taken two score years and ten to reach nine-and-thirty, and resolutely intends to stay there for another decade.

It is charming to view the artless simplicity with which Miss Tabitha treats the youth of the other sex. At five-and-thirty she could still afford to call them "boys." "I like boys," she then said, with a candour which surprised no one, and some of the "boys" wickedly translated "like" into "love," when Miss Tabitha turned full upon them her yet unfaded, yet celebrated eyes. At forty, the "boys" became "young men" again, and she was so interested in their fates. "A most promising young man" "a dashing fellow" she said, as her prominent feature betrayed the enthusiasm with which she warmed. How she wept over the lists of killed and wounded from the Crimea! How thoroughly she was versed in nautical affairs, when the First Lieutenant was talking to her! How playfully she rallied Edward on his slang, and brought out the few obsolete terms which had been slang in her day! Her day, indeed! Was not that her day? Then, at forty-five, the period of a woman's first dotage, she turned positively silly, and flattered the young men, and even flirted with them. But at fifty her interest became motherly. Yes, motherly. Alas! poor Tabitha, she could bear it no longer, and motherly she must be to

some one, and a youth of five-and-twenty was at about the proper age for her maternal interest.

But whatever be the relations of old maids and old bachelors, I beg to say that they do not at all apply to my case. Were it otherwise, I should not be writing this paper. I am an admirer, I might almost say, a lover—of old maids. Their very age is a recommendation in my eyes. They have "done" life, they have gathered in a full garner of experience; without the cares of babies, servants and perambulators, they have as much experience of society—often more—than the married woman. They are still open to tender approaches—they sometimes invite them; but they have none of the dangers which surround youth and beauty. No mamma asks your intentions, no brother prepares to call you a scoundrel, no father makes inquiries as to your income, when you turn pretty compliments to Miss Tabitha; and if she cannot blush, she can still simmer; and if she cannot look back love, she can give you your change in a smart repartee. It is then in no spirit of detraction, ridicule, or railery that I approach this virgin subject, on which no pen has hitherto ventured to enlarge. It is as a philosopher, a moralist, an admirer, and a sincere well-wisher, that I take up the glove in favour of my pendants in the other sex. I have always considered gallantry to the sex to be the especial duty of my celibate position, and while at my niece's my photograph hangs next to that of her maiden aunt Barbara, I cannot think it becoming to breathe a word against those who at fifty have rocked no head upon their bosoms, and whose lips at sixty are as unsullied as the leaves of any Virginian creeper.

"But there *are* no old maids," cries Honoria, indignantly. "There may be a few *senior* persons"—the word "old" is as unknown to Honoria as the fly-leaf of the family Bible—"who have escaped the thralldom of tyrannical man, but"—. My dear Miss Honoria, had you been a Fijian, a Frenchwoman, a Hindoo, or a Hebrew, you could have made that declaration in the presence of the stanchest of Quakers. When, in the Fiji islands, a lady attains the age of thirty without suiting herself with a mate, she is converted into—venison.

When in France, a female reaches nine-and-thirty (for *quarante ans* is essentially *un âge marié*) she is converted into a chanoinesse, wears the best of black silk gowns, and employs what time is left her from her devotions in tutoring her nieces how to receive the overtures of the other sex with becoming repulsion. Among the Hindoos and Hebrews old maids are simply impossible. The daughters of the former are married by law—they *must* be married, there is no help for them, and it becomes—oh! happy land, sighs Clarissa—the legal duty of the nearest male relative to *find* a husband for them. If no consideration of wealth or appearance can induce the young houri to accept the suitors selected for her, if she reach the mature age of twelve without having eaten sufficient cold pudding to settle her affections, it is incumbent on her papa and brothers to summon all the young men of their acquaintance to a festive entertainment, called by the pretty name of *Sway ane vara*, or “Free choice,” and make the maiden the prize of the greatest prowess. The youths shoot for her, just as volunteer riflemen might shoot for the smile of Lady Clementina, and he who wins her is bound to take her. One can understand that in such a trial, the competitors, like boys in a donkey race, generally strive to do their worst rather than their best, for twelve in Hindostan represents thirty in England.

Lastly, I will ask, who ever saw an old Jew maid? What young man having disposed, by dribblets, of his expectancies to Moshesh Benusury, ever saw in his house a Hebrew maiden past thirty. The maids of Judah all marry, and the daughter of Jephthah could have taken death more quietly, if she had only been a Mrs. instead of a Miss. To die a maid is a reproach which no true Hebrew can bear to contemplate, and whatever be the difficulty of procuring husbands among the dogs of Christians, the children of Israel always manage to clap up an uncle, if they cannot get a cousin. Indeed, those who read and understand their Bibles, will fully appreciate the impossibility of such an institution; and while the Scriptures afford an example of almost every possible condition of life,

an old maid is not to be found in them, though some few females were married at what we should now call a “certain age.”

Yes, Miss Honoria, old maids are the privilege of the Anglo-Saxon race—a glorious privilege, like Magna Charta, Habeas Corpus, Trial by Jury, and the Chiltern Hundreds.

But let me go more philosophically into this most interesting subject. If it be true, as Pope says, that “the proper study of mankind is man,” it would seem to follow that woman is an improper study for mankind, whatever she may be for womankind. But what a terrible announcement this would be to modern novelists in general, and those of the domestic school in particular. What a fearful consideration for Mr. Charles Reade, Mr. Anthony Trollope, Mr. George Eliot (if the last gentleman be not a lady), and others of less note, who have given their lives up to the contemplation of the heart feminine! How can they bear to be told that for so many years they have been engaged in a highly improper pursuit? And with what flying colours would the misogynist come off, if such a proposition could be proved? But since our philanthropists and our Quarterly Reviewers have given this study their sanction; since even our House of Commons have not considered the crimes and the requirements of the crinoline sex unworthy of their debates, I can with little diffidence announce the fact that from my youth—my boyhood even—upwards, I have devoted myself to the study of woman. No doubt the fact of my being an old bachelor is the natural consequence of the depth of these studies; no doubt the shade of Malthus would leap for joy, if every man living had the time and the will to devote himself to an unbiassed consideration of the other sex. I am bound to confess that I have found the study a most unsatisfactory one. Not that the subject is not the most charming that can be selected for the philosophic mind, so seductive indeed that the least studious youth who lights his pipe with the leaves of Horace, and his fire with pages of Euclid, who never keeps accounts because addition and subtraction are too laborious for his brain, and who finds even the penny-a-liner’s paragraph too hard for mental digestion, can yet ponder on it in his pri-

vate moments, and delight to impart to his companions the results of his contemplations, but that the effect of such a study on the mind is ruinous to the peace of its pursuer. Just as the continuous study of theology and science tends too often to make sceptics of the deepest thinkers, so that of the fair sex destroys for ever our faith in the great religion of romance. We were brought up to believe in smiles and glances, tears and fainting fits; to think that Laura's hysterics were the spontaneous and involuntary consequence of the cruel suspense and excitement to which Arthur had subjected her, and a sure sign that she loved him in her heart of hearts, whatever that may be. We go into the matter, and find that the next day she will treat Captain Charles to precisely the same scene, and with precisely the same object, which, in our vilescepticism we denominate "drawing-on." We grew up in the faith that Clara's heart was indeed broken. Kants and Strausses that we are, we now declare that we do not believe in the existence of broken hearts at all. We never suspected that Celia's melancholy was put on with her diamond ring, and that she had not some deep canker gnawing at her heart. We never dreamed, in the days of our faithfulness, that simple Edith, of seventeen, studied the effect of her crinoline before the cheval glass, and that Ada learned that modest smile by heart. Alas! the illusion is gone. We do not believe one whit less in the goodness and sweetness and endurance of woman; but we know that women have two natures, and that in keeping the better one for our society they may do us a great honour, but they also play us a shameful trick. We do not say that they are purposely hypocritical in their conduct towards us, but we do assert, that in their relations with their own sex, they are not always the sweet, unselfish, enduring creatures that we take them to be. It is not exactly deceit that makes the difference. Woman was made for man and not for woman, and it is her nature to show to man her best, and conceal from him her worst, points. It is also natural that, if only by way of relief, she should give her own sex her worst, and keep her best for man. Nor is she always interested in doing so. It is not alone to her lovers and

admirers that she displays all the soft qualities which she knows must please them, but even to her husband, her father, and brother, she has a more womanly bearing (as we are accustomed to call it) than to her own sex. Oh! if the adorer who is thinking, in his despair, of Waterloo Bridge or a brace of pistols, could but see the enchantress behind the scenes, and watch her in her own room, in her conduct to her sisters, her mother, her maid especially, but most of all to her rival;—if he could see the mask of amiability fall off with the wreath in her hair, and find how different she was there, I believe that coroners would have less work to do by half—for men *are* fools enough to hang themselves for love; women never do so. It is all very well, Lucy, to talk of Miss Sallowtint's rouge and Mrs. Rednose's powder; you know very well that your simper is just as false, your pretended "sacrifices" just as much shams, and your universal benevolence just as much put on, and unfortunately not so easily detected.

It has been proved statistically that there are more women born in the world than men. Strong-minded ladies take this majority as a proof that the world was made for their sex. Others advance it in defence of polygamy as a divine institution. Modern physiologists tell us simply that the female is more difficult to rear than the male, and must therefore be supplied in larger numbers. However this may be, it is certain that polygamy was the rule of nations till Christianity gave a higher place to woman. But among ancient nations, polygamy in one form or another made old-maidism impossible. There have been times and countries where there was even a famine of feminines, if I may so call it; and men who, after all, get on badly without the other sex, have even resorted to violent measures to meet the demand. The little affair of the Benjaminites, the case of the Sabine ladies, and more recently the importation of live female stock to our colonies, are instances of this, and it certainly seems in favour of the argument of the strong-minded women, that history gives no instance of the ladies combining to carry off to their homes a number of unguarded youths. In the history of modern society, however, if it be ever written, we might

find some such instances, especially in the dancing-season at watering-places. Polygamy, therefore, militated against old-maidism, and we might as well expect to hear of a Mormonite old maid, as of Circassian maidens combing their grey hairs. But when monogamy came into fashion, a new difficulty arose. This was first met by making old-maidism compulsory on the surplus portion of the female population. Establishments of vestals were formed in Rome, and perpetual virgins among the Celts had the honour of waiting upon the sun and moon—a poor substitute for a husband, after all. In Christian countries, again, convents were formed for the reception of the superfluous damsels who either could not, would not, or were not allowed to marry, the plain daughters in large families, the dowerless, the red-haired, the potato-nosed, and so forth. I am willing to admit that in the strictly literal sense of the words these vestals and recluses must be called old maids, in spite of my assertion that old-maidism was a modern phenomenon; but if any one will think for a moment what they understand by that obnoxious term, and then compare it with what they have read of nuns and vestals, I think they will admit that there is a wide difference between them. An old maid, to my mind, is a social, if not always a sociable, character, and nuns and vestals were neither social nor sociable. They were out of the pale of society, could have little influence upon it, and, therefore, in a social point of view, cannot interest us.

Another mode of saving society from a deluge of elderly unmarried ladies, and unprotected females, at the period of the establishment of monogamy, was that of providing portions for daughters. It is true that this custom was found among the polygamists as well. It always has been felt that whether a woman eat little or much, she must cost a certain sum to clothe, and therefore selfish, tyrannical man has generally reflected before taking a being, however lovely, to his bosom, whether he could pay for extra flounces and Honiton lace. And selfish, tyrannical man has generally succeeded in obtaining some small sum with the lovely being, in order that her wardrobe might not disturb his peace of mind. Where this was

wanting, the friends of the bride supplied her, as best they could, with apparel enough to last for many a long year, and this is the origin of the trousseau and the wedding presents. Indeed, the polygamic young ladies were every whit as difficult to dispose of as the monogamic. The Hindu, for instance, was allowed four wives by law, but he rarely encumbered himself with more than two; and so great at length grew the despair of Hindu mammas and papas, that, sooner than be surrounded in their old age by a bevy of elderly virgins, they committed their infant daughters to the waves of the Ganges. Under the monogamic system, however, the marriage portion extended to a bribe, and as men are avaricious and mercenary, as well as selfish and tyrannical, the bribe succeeded, and the glorious institution of old-maidism still remained unknown.

It was reserved for the Anglo-Saxon race to lay the foundation stone of this grand prerogative, and therefore without further to do, I may pass to consider how old maids came to be in this blessed realm, and its offshoot, America. There is something first of all in the Teutonic race, because, though by no means common there, old maids are found in Germany. They there take one of two forms. In the neighbourhood of the universities, and in scientific circles, we find a few excellent women living under the protection of their brothers, who are invariably professors of some sort. These *Fräulein*, born in blue, and in an odour of mingled philosophy and tobacco smoke, are transcendently spiritual. They write poetry of the ecstatic, and prose of the costive school, and correspond with the Schillers, Goethes, and Humboldts of their day. They have sometimes been lovely (after the German model) in youth, but all trace of their spring blossom is lost in a scar (and not over-clean) autumnal decay. They are utterly regardless of dress, and read a great deal of English literature in the Tauchnitz edition. They have generally a deficiency of hair, but wear no caps. They attend the lectures at the university with note-books, and talk a good deal of æsthetics in the evening.

The other class of German old maids consists of the maids of honour. Every

small princess (and their name is legion in Germany) has one or more *Hof-dame* about her. They are generally very poor and very spiky, but of terribly old family, and a distant connexion with royalty of some kind. Sometimes they take to English and æsthetics—sometimes to French and freedom of morals. The former class are for ever raving about scenery, draw a little, live on the crumbs of the ducal table, and toady everybody. The lady of the latter class, far less respectable, forms small coteries of her own, plays rival to the married women, and circulates all the gossip that the miniature court of Dunsinkopf-Tollhausen can give rise to.

But the effects of race are seen much more prominently in the production of old maids. It was lately estimated that, in the colonization of America, the French, the Dutch, the Germans, and the English, had about an equal chance; and it was further proved that the last had beat all the rest in rapidity of population. This is no place to go into the causes of this phenomenon, but we may gather from it that Anglo-Saxon families are larger than any others. There never has been a doubt of it. We only wanted statistics to prove it, and the colonization of North America has supplied these. *Une famille Anglaise* is, abroad, the synonyme for a large family; and a large family generally consists of more daughters than sons. If women are more numerous than men, it follows that the more the population increases, the more the proportion of female to male must increase too. Every one knows that, considering our climate, our area, our rate of mortality, and so forth, the English population increases more rapidly than any other, and hence—for one thing—the large number of females for whom it would be impossible to find husbands.

But there are deeper causes yet for the existence of old-maidism in this country. I suspect that Mr. Malthus has something to do with it, and that if there are more unmarried women, there are also more unmarried men in these islands than elsewhere. It is certain that we have not the same eagerness for wedlock that they have abroad. Celibacy is encouraged in the one sex by the clubs, the universities, the inns of court, and the ge-

nerally comfortable arrangements for Cœlebs. Marriage is the last step an Englishman contemplates; he must have got on, have settled his income, before he can resolve to put his head under that roseate yoke. In the other sex celibacy is encouraged by the liberty given to the young lady, and the restrictions imposed on the married woman. Abroad marriage is an emancipation for a girl. She who has been tied to her mother's or chaperon's side for years, can then flap her wings, and flap them she does with a liberty which too often approaches licence. On the continent marriage is the threshold of life to a woman—in England it is the terminus. With it the three volumes end—the romance, the amusement, the freedom of life is gone when the plain gold ring has circled the finger. Henceforward nurses, servants, and weekly bills are all that may engross the young woman's mind. What wonder then if a girl puts off from year to year the final step? What wonder if, believing in her own powers, she who has flirted too much, to care deeply for any one, goes on refusing applicant after applicant, till they leave off applying. I feel certain of it, that half our old maids could, if they would, attribute their desolation to some such folly and vanity as this, and to the desire to enjoy their freedom as long as possible.

Another cause is to be found in the system of long engagements. There is no other country in the world where Arthur and Laura can go on from year to year waiting for something to turn up. Here again we can look on old-maidism with national pride. There is no other country where two young people are allowed to know one another well before they marry, and to get disgusted with one another, and throw it up if they choose after an engagement of years. The fact is that Laura likes being engaged, and her facile mother is fond of Arthur, and looks to his getting on in the Seal and Tape office with confident interest. In three years he will receive his three hundred a-year with prospect of a rise from year to year. Laura is willing and happy to wait three years. Things turn out differently, and she waits six. Meanwhile, lest Arthur should think too much of himself, or perhaps with a view to "bringing him on," she

enters into a little meaningless flirtation with Fitzdoodle of the Chandeliers, the crack regiment of the Guards. Arthur bears it awhile, but at last can stand it no longer. Fitzdoodle has a moustache—Arthur has none. Fitzdoodle has his club—Arthur has only his name down at one. Fitzdoodle is a first rate-waltzer; Laura tells Arthur that he turns round like a figure on an organ. In short Fitzdoodle makes Arthur feel his inferiority, and foolish Laura, rather worn out with six years of waiting, makes him feel it even more. What then? Arthur thinks of honour, tries to grow a moustache, and goes to a dancing-master? Not a bit of it. He is too old, and grown too selfish to trouble himself about such things. He quarrels with Laura, and in a fit of jealousy the engagement is broken off. It began when she was twenty-one to the world and to Arthur, but twenty-five to the clerk of the parish church. She is now thirty-one to that official, and twenty-five to the world. But thirty-one is a trying age. Fitzdoodle "meant nothing." Everybody goes on meaning nothing. She flirts, she makes eyes, she waltzes her best. In vain. The charm of nature and youth is gone, and Laura ends by being an old maid.

Edith, on the other hand, escaped a long engagement by jilting her lover at the end of a year; but then what a drawback to Edith! It has become known, and who will risk being jilted No. 2? Or how many men are there who like a young lady who has been notorious in her first engagement? But I might go on for ever. There is no doubt—and in a treatise or before a Parliamentary committee I could prove it—that our system of engagements is opposed to marriage rather than in favour of it. I do not say this in a reproachful, but a glorying spirit. It gives us our old maids, and I repeat that our old maids are as much a British institution as our common juries and our Habeas Corps.

Had I treated this subject in the proper order of an essay, I should have begun with a definition, drawn a comparison, and then proceeded to give instances. The last I will give presently by the dozen; the comparison I pledge myself to make out somehow, but how shall I find a definition?

With disgraceful carelessness our lexicographers have entirely passed over this important title, and our logicians are equally reprehensible. It is of no use to tell me that an old maid is an unmarried woman of a certain age, for on the one hand there are a great number of married old maids, and on the other the age is precisely the most uncertain thing in the matter. At what age—to dash boldly into the subject—can old-maidism be said to commence? I have known a few maiden ladies, who up to eighty could not, with any accuracy, be called old maids—who had none of the distinctive marks of that character, and who, but for the want of a husband, were in every respect as sensible, as agreeable, and as well placed as any married woman of the same age. I have known again old maids of sixteen—girls who never had been and never could be, young—who had all the primness, the prudery, and the absence of nature that characterize the spinster of fifty, and who might have sat darning stockings, like Miss Penelope Pratt, with three tabbies and a poodle on the rug before them, and not looked at all out of keeping with those accessories. I have even known children who were old maids before they were young ones, and I am persuaded that no limit can be fixed to the time of life of this character. Then, again, to take the common run of young ladies, it is impossible to say when they enter on the period of their desolation. Some, indeed, ward it off with admirable skill, and are just as lively, as natural, and youthful in appearance at nine-and-thirty as at five-and-twenty. Others, prematurely blighted, or naturally prudish, take to the sear and yellow leaf with eagerness, and tell you with a suppressed sigh that they have renounced the world. Some feel within themselves the withering haul of Time, but others decline to perceive it at all, and will never learn that the roses of youth have left their cheeks. How should they learn it, when from that mysterious little pot that they produce from the dressing-case, they can extract fresh roses that, if not quite natural, will look nearly as well, and—never fade.

No, age has nothing to do with old-maidism, but its commencement can generally be discovered by the careful

observer. In the first place, as to the advance of time, the incipient old maid cannot bear the mention of age, and was really not aware that ladies ever did grow old—certainly not till they were married. She cannot remember when her birthday is ; she has really quite forgotten how old she is. She is very angry with her younger sister for letting out her own age, and has never forgiven her brother Charles for suggesting that “she was old enough to know better” on some occasion or other. She is nervous and silent when ages are talked about, and she dislikes the discussion of recent historical events. Of course she remembers the last French Revolution well. She thinks she must have been at school when it took place, but she is perfectly ignorant about that of 1830, and has an idea that she was not born then.

But she is more easily detected in her bearing to young men. Her manners towards them are really charming. She is so smiling when she talks to them, so interested in their prospects, so very kind to them. Dear young fellows, it would be very cruel to snub them and not to encourage them—they are so shy, so very shy. No wonder they are—to *her*. She has not the same compassion for the old bachelor, but a pretty little modesty—quite natural—in talking to men over thirty. Poor young creature, she is naturally timid with such very old people. In short, it is in the affectation of youthfulness that you first perceive the fact of its departure. She dresses *à la vierge* with the utmost simplicity. She wears a deep veil, of course from purest modesty, for why should she hide her face, if it were not that those horrid men stared so. Of course there are no grim crows-feet which cannot bear the light. Then, too, she is very particular about the conveniences of society, requires twice as much “protection” as she did at nineteen, and now finds out that she can go nowhere without dear mamma. She was never so easily shocked as she is now ; every advance becomes a liberty, and she is perpetually standing on her dignity. And yet, secretly, she is flattered by little advances, and skilfully encourages them. She has grown very choice in her expressions, speaks first-rate English, and is never known to commit a solecism.

The incipient old maid of another kind takes her place more with married people, abhors “boys,” and has a partiality for whist, at which she is extremely eager about the points, the fines, and the due payment of both. Women, as it has often been remarked, have but two passions—love and avarice ; and when they give up the one, they generally find solace in the other. She it is who can tell you where to buy the cheapest things, who is grand on the subject of economy and household matters. She becomes anxious in the capacity of a Martha, knows to a farthing the price of candles, can tax a bill or drive a bargain better than any accountant ; and knowing that her charms are not personal, recommends herself to the steady widower as an admirable housekeeper. Housekeeping is in fact a great producer of old-maidism. It makes girls anxious, if not hard ; it brings the painful line between the brows ; and their dreams of Frederick are exchanged for nightmares of figures.

I have pledged myself to find a comparison for the old maid ; to show something in nature or art to which she may be likened, but I confess the task is a hard one. There is nothing single in nature ; every thing has a mate, plants as well as animals ; and as far as I can see, celibacy was never contemplated in creation.

There is one class of old maids whom I pity from the bottom of my heart ; those, namely, who have grown grey as governesses. What a life to look back upon. What a dull, monotonous, hopeless existence ! When young and pretty, how she loved, and checked her love for the dashing young brother of her pupils ; or how heartlessly she was reminded of her incapacity, or her inferiority of position. When older, how she wearied of the same incessant, thankless, occupation ; how bitterly she envied, or strove not to envy, those happier girls who were “coming out” under her chaperonage, and who would enjoy all that gaiety and attention which she had never known ! How she went from family to family ; now among kind, considerate, folk ; now to a vulgar set, who would treat her like a servant. Oh ! how she envied even those servants who had their separate rooms and their followers, and could

receive without shame the half-worn dresses which she would have been glad to wear. And then, when old age came, and when all hope was given up, what poor little savings she depends on; what few friends she has to look to; what a miserably dull end to a miserably dull life!

Upon the bad old maids I do not like to dwell. Every one has heard of the card-playing vestals of Pump-ton, that famous watering-place in the west of England; but perhaps every one does not know that Miss Grabb and Miss Trumpit are the two most celebrated of that charming band. They live together in the most perfect harmony, the former having the money, and the latter assisting her in the labours of her profession. Miss Grabb is, in fact, no longer very brilliant, she has much of the night-light about her; and when you are dealing, and she closes her eyes for a moment, you cannot help thinking that she has at last gone out altogether. She is never seen to move from the one chair in which she is deposited at the beginning of the evening, and that chair, it is scarcely necessary to add, is at the side of a small square table covered with green baize. Here she waits till her colleague has formed the set; and then, but only then, does life appear to return to her. Her moist, colourless eyes sparkle as the cards fly from the players' hands; her wrinkled whity-brown lips move insanely, as she slowly, but surely, lays her shaking hand on the last trick, and her voice is heard for the first time, when she murmurs, "One by tricks, and two by honours;" and at last she flashes into brilliancy, when turning a bleary look round the table, she announces in a hollow, but emphatic, tone, "a treble, a double, and the rub."

By the side of her, Miss Trumpit, is a youthful beauty. True, she is verging on sixty; but she is so wonderfully preserved—almost a Ninon, you might say. She has still her own hair, black and glossy, and arranged in large sausage curls, which taper down to the cheek. The face has been comely—has been comely as long as possible—but is comely no more. The features have been good, and are still good; but the expression has all that hardness which constant selfishness never fails to give. She dresses

youthfully, disclosing a neck and shoulder which might become Canidia, but are terrible in an evening party. The chin already makes a slight acquaintance with the nose; and as she sits there, Miss Trumpit is like a ghost at a banquet—a living warning to all young ladies to eschew old-maidhood. Miss Trumpit is a faithful servitrix of Miss Grabb. She selects the players most likely to be fleecable; she manages generally to be her colleague's partner, and the two together usually contrive to come off winners. Miss Trumpit deserves a testimonial. No one has ever conducted himself or herself better in his or her profession. During twenty years of whist, Miss Trumpit has never been known to make a revoke or a false deal. She knows with the truest certainty every card that has been out over a seven, and a great many of those under that figure. In her way, she is complete.

Miss Grabb and Miss Trumpit issue from time to time certain cards to certain entertainments, at which cards—not very certain—are certain to be the principal amusement. They are fashionable in their way—their parties are elegant, well-supplied, and well-attended; but it is calculated that the guests pay for the lighting and refreshments, if not for the whole affair. A fortnight before the event, Miss Trumpit may be seen at different parties with a packet of invitation-cards under her fan. It is then that the young men are led up to her, as she sits in her glory next to Miss Grabb. One or two of the more verdant, ignorant of her intentions, are rash enough to ask her—with a gulp—to dance a quadrille. "Thank you, I don't dance," she says with a flattered smile; "but if you are fond of dancing, we are going to have a little quiet meeting on the 24th, where you will find some charming young ladies—will you let me give you a card?" And so she disposes of the invitations, and entraps the young men. Of course, dancing is not quite the primary consideration at these little meetings, and the youths leave them minus some shillings, if no more.

My friend, Claribel Langnor, is a specimen of the old maid with money. She is charming in her way. True, she has never been pretty; but she dresses so elegantly, has such a graceful manner, and is so thoroughly well-

bred, that you cannot help admiring Claribel. She is certainly not lovely. Her face is somewhat of the pudding caste, though her eyes are expressive; her waist is refractory, and will have nothing to do with tight-lacing; she wears a dress with a train—nothing less—and charitably sweeps your carpets as she moves along; she has £600 a-year, and spends a sixth of it in dress; she appears mostly in satins, which seem to be her peculiar fancy; she has a white satin for the evening, and a fawn-coloured satin for the morning; she hires a pony-carriage, with a stout, steady-going horse, and a diminutive boy behind; she has little mercy on the horse, and will drive him thirty miles without a feed; on one occasion she attempted to drive him up a mountain, and succeeded in getting a certain distance, but in coming down again the carriage stuck; she got out, placed herself gracefully on a block of stone, appealed to the boy to extricate the vehicle, and then set to and screamed for half-an-hour without success; she believes herself poetical, and delights in poetry, which, however, she never reads; her history is romantic, but sad, and she is not at all ashamed to whisper portions of it to you in the thrilling accents of injured innocence; she is the victim of an unrequited attachment; for years her susceptible heart has been beating in vain for William Maetavish, who, if he does not spurn her, as Paris did *Ænone*, cannot make up his mind to matrimony and the stout Claribel; not that her passion has been feeding in secret on her damask cheek; far from it, unable to declare it directly to the object of her attachment, she tells everybody about it, and calls for sympathy for her melancholy lot; she tells it to him in her eyes, in the constant invitations with which she plies him, and even in poems which she employs a friend to compose, and asks him to read as her own; she imagines herself to be consumptive, though, apparently, in as good health as her habits admit of; she is never up till eleven, and at noon consoles herself with the highly poetic—and fattening—repast of oysters and porter; then the poor delicate flower of five-and-thirty reclines on the sofa till the arrival of “the carriage,” and so she passes her weary life.

The two Miss Woodpeckers belong to two classes of old maids:—Barbara is a *malade imaginaire*, and, on the strength of it, is as irritable as she can be; and Clytemnestra is strong-minded, and a lecturer. Barbara has tried every kind of cure for a complaint which never can be cured by drugs and patties, being nothing else than temper. Cold water and hot water, vegetable diet and full living, complete rest and the movement-cure, the grape-cure, the mud-cure, the open-air-cure, for which the patient is tied to a chair, carried out to a windy place, and left there for six hours; all have failed to make her more satisfied with herself, or more agreeable to her friends. She is always “a little worse to-day,” and yet never gets to dying-point; she detests sympathy, yet is angry if you don’t offer it; she moves from a sofa to a bath-chair, and from a bath-chair to a sofa, and groans incessantly; she has a wretched being with her, whom she calls her nurse, but I do not remember any nurse who ever staid with her more than three months; the place would kill Hercules, and drive Job to the use of bad language; she is never satisfied with these nurses, never gives them a “thank you;” never smiles at them. Betsy, for instance, is as strong as a man and as gentle as a lamb, and lifts her mistress most carefully into the chair; she is rewarded by a shriek—“Oh, you awkward, clumsy creature, you have nearly killed me. There, put that cushion better. Oh! dear, oh! dear, what it is to be surrounded by idiots and fools.” Another scream—“Can’t you obey me. Didn’t I tell you not to touch the cushion. It was perfect before, clumsy, stupid thing.” Betsy murmurs that she was told to arrange the cushion. “Oh! you dare to answer me; indeed, you dare to give me the lie. Where do you hope to go to, if you tell lies like that?” and so on. She is bearable in company for a time—as long as you do not differ from her in opinion. Once do that, and she is down upon you. Then, too, when she has got an idea into her head, nothing can alter it—“I knew it was the Neapolitans who were beaten,” she insists. You fetch the newspaper to prove she is wrong. “Oh, who in their senses ever dreamed of believing a newspaper. Of course, they have

their own motives for saying so," and so on.

However, Barbara is not so obnoxious as Clytemnestra. She believes herself philanthropic, and subscribes to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, quite forgetting her cruelty at times to her own species. At one time she deluged me with tracts on the bearing-rein; and I have seen her run half-a-mile to catch the driver of a donkey-cart, and rate him on his treatment of Balaam's favourite. At present she is engaged in a crusade in favour of poultry, which she wishes to have killed under the influence of chloroform. She has pensioned six horses, to save them from the knacker's, and would have pensioned twenty times the number, but that she found that horses, like humans, would not die when they had once got an annuity, and so it was becoming expensive. She lately got up a petition to Government for an Act to Prohibit the Skinning of Eels; and she has so far converted her own cook as to induce her to examine the cabbage-hearts before boiling them, lest an unconscious caterpillar should therein be boiled alive.

The eccentric old maid is not always offensive, unless having money, rank, or position; she consoles herself for celibacy by indulging in tyranny. The country lady is generally an instance of this. Tenants are not quite serfs in the present day, but when a tenant has a farm or house which suits him, which he has improved or furnished at considerable outlay, he will naturally endure a good deal rather than risk being turned out. Still more the poor man, whose very bread depends on his remaining in his parish. Miss Gruffin, of Longacres Hall, is just such a petty tyrant as one meets among landowners at times. She is eminently eccentric, wears a Quaker-bonnet, and a drab shawl, and drives about in a donkey-carriage. She is good-hearted at bottom, and will do all kinds of benevolent things at times, but her peculiarities are very troublesome. She has an especial abhorrence of moustaches, and turned out some friends of mine—her tenants—because the husband, in a weak moment, allowed the hair to grow on his upper lip. Then, too, she has as vehement an objection to marriage as

Mr. Malthus himself; and when her bailiff yielded to the fascinations of her housekeeper, she paid them both a quarter's wages and insisted that they should leave the same evening. There is a carriage road on her estate which was of great convenience to the neighbours, till one day a party of young men, all wearing moustaches, happened to ride along it, as she was driving in her donkey-chair. The next day she had a gate put up, padlocked and well secured, and no entreaties or supplications of the neighbours could induce her to allow them to pass through it. She is said to entertain a belief that she is engaged to a gentleman whom she has not seen for twenty years; and it is, perhaps, this which has converted her to a Malthusian.

But it is in dress as much as anything that the eccentricity of the old maid displays itself. I had the honour of seeing the Hon. Emilia Maskulyne, daughter of Lord Manley, at the watering-place of Shinglebeach, of which she is the leading star. She has been a fine woman, though now sixty, and she shows herself off in a remarkable manner. Her gown—generally of a striking colour—has one solitary flounce at the bottom thereof. Her boots might have been made for a ploughboy, so thick are the soles, and so full of nails. She has a noble contempt for crinoline, and carries an umbrella instead of a parasol. But the quaintest point about her is the hat, which certainly measures a yard in diameter each way. She possesses two hats, of the same shape, one black and one grey, and both might have been worn by a cavalier in King Charles's day. They are unbent, perfectly straight, and with a huge conical crown. Under the hat her grey hair is curled like a boy's, being cut quite short. In this guise she stalks along with the strut of a grenadier, carrying a walking-stick in fine weather, and a powerful gingham of the Gamp fashion when it is rainy.

But one of the most eccentric old maids that I know is Eugenia Longline. Her family is of no very great note, but she is convinced in her soul that it is the oldest in England. When I first knew her she had a very comfortable fortune to make amends for red hair of the most carrotty tint, projecting teeth, and a hog-like physiog-

mony. She was, however, always amiable and charming, and had but that one weakness. Well, a few years ago, she had left herself penniless. Was it speculation, or peculation by her lawyer? Was it charity, or extravagance, or self-indulgence, or gambling? Not at all. It was the Herald's office that had beggared her, and that of her own free-will. She had spent almost every penny in looking for her ancestors, and they were ungrateful and unfeeling enough to keep on hiding till almost her last farthing was gone. But Eugenia had a brave heart, and would not abandon her forefathers. She came to London, took poor lodgings, and went daily for eight hours to the State Paper Office. I shall never forget the happiness which beamed on her face, when she announced to me one day, about two years after, that she had traced her line to Charlemagne. "Well, now, of course, you will be satisfied," said I, but she shook her head, and went on. Another year passed, and then she informed me that she had knit the link to Edward the Confessor. "Surely that is enough." "No, no," she answered, enthusiastically; "I know we have Danish blood in our veins, and royal blood too; I will not rest till I have Hengist and Horsa in our tree." And of course she secured them. But she caught a more tangible being than either Hengist or Horsa at the same time. In the office she met with a man who was herself in trousers, and who was engaged in tracing his origin to the Danish Vikings. It was he who brought her within a generation of Hengist, while he himself had arrived at the son of Horsa. The moment was thrilling. One link more and she and he could boast of the same ancestor. But this one link refused to be joined. They toiled in vain. All the archives of antiquity were overturned for the one or rather the two links. They were at the brink of despair, when, it being luncheon time, and they being alone in the office, the gentleman dropped on one knee and thus addressed Eugenia: "We have failed to unite at that far end, let us unite at this near one. For the sake of posterity let us blend the historic names of Longline and Twaddle. Will you be mine?" Eugenia could not resist the appeal, and thus

saved their great-great-great-great-grandchildren a deal of trouble.

A very common kind of old maid is the Curate's Own. She is found in almost every town and village, and the Establishment owes much to her. It is she who keeps up its prestige, she who proposes the testimonial of the silver teapot, she who praises *his* sermons when others are dumb, who works his slippers when others are cold, who sends him offerings of cow-slip-tea and gingerbread when others are callous. Without her devotion the curate could scarcely survive on his £30 per annum. The Curate's Own (or, as we might call her, the Curate's Aid) must be divided into two classes, according as the said curate is "high" or "low," for her own views depend on his. She has, in fact, well retained that portion of her catechism which inculcates submission to spiritual pastors and masters.

I dare not go a step lower and investigate the "Chorister's Own,"—a feature of Tractarianism,—but, alas! even choristers have their devotees, and a fine tenor is not a bad introduction to £500 a year, as I might, if I chose, bring an instance or two to show.

Very different from the Curate's Own is the fast old maid, who is less common, and perhaps less satisfactory. She rides to hounds, and has a good collection of "brushes;" meets wait for her. She drives a pair of dappled greys, and goes out shooting in a basket-phæton. She does not refuse a place in a "drag," and is quite at home on a high dog-cart. She visits her horse every morning in the stable, and is proud of being able to groom him herself if necessary. She talks rapid slang. But there is no hope for the fast old maid, and one by one she sees "the men" drop off, taking to themselves quiet modest little wives, whose more feminine attractions attach, while she can only amuse.

The "slow" old maid is, however, not an individual to cultivate. Her natural atmosphere is that of a country village. I was once condemned by the avenging sisters (by the way, both the Fates and the Furies were old maids, but then so were the Muses) to pass a summer in an old maid's village. The whole female population seemed to

have espoused celibacy. There was but one married lady in the place, the clergyman's wife; for no clergyman could venture there without being married, for fear of a breach of the peace. There were positively no young ladies in the place. In one house lived the two maiden sisters of a retired alderman, but they were past all danger, and were drawn about, quivering with antiquity, in two chairs. In the next were two more maidens, far from comely, whereof the one was a confirmed invalid, and was likely to remain so as long as the handsome young doctor of the place, who attended her daily, continued to be a bachelor. The other sister passed her time at her window, kindly playing detective for the parish, and communicating a regular weekly report to the clergyman. Next came a dear old maid, not so very old either, who literally sacrificed herself to an idiotic father and an insane mamma. Lastly, there was a family of seven—all old—all maids, but the youngest of whom had not quite emerged from the days of flirtation, and was still called "the baby." Dear babe of forty-three, what a playful little kitten! Then there was no bachelor, except the young doctor, and he was secured. The others tried to be invalids, but couldn't. Their health was robust. I am not vain; but I may say that when I alighted from the coach at the little inn of that village, a firebrand was thrown into the midst of those previously peaceful and harmonious vestals. I only know that long before the summer was over, I fled—fled and left them to fight it out. Should this paper ever meet their eyes—which is doubtful, for they never see a magazine—I beg to assure them most solemnly that I never had, and still have not, a preference. I love them all—dearly, but I shall not again visit the quiet little village of Maidenford, while I retain my senses.

The poetic old maid and the scientific old maid are rather common cases. The former is plain in face, but all soul. She has her pet poet, and though unacquainted with him, writes him the most charming letters in praise of his last volume. She herself publishes in provincial newspapers. She is above low mercenary considerations, and so the editors are

very polite to her. Her "Ode to a Grasshopper," in heroic metre, has been reprinted, for *private* circulation; a sensible restriction but quite unnecessary. She talks of love in the Platonic style, and has a spiritual attachment to some author or other with whom she corresponds in letters of six sheets. She is untidy in her dress, not to say dirty, lives much alone and weeps over her blighted life. The scientific old maid, on the other hand, is all sense. She began with ferns—maidenhair naturally attracting her—proceeded to botany, soon slipped into geology, and, after hearing a lecture of Faraday's, plunged bravely into chemistry. She wears green spectacles, strong shoes, short petticoats, and an old brown hat, and may be seen with a geologist's hammer in one hand and a basket in the other. She is quite harmless, and except when she insists on explaining the migration of ants, and the formation of oak-balls, not necessarily disagreeable.

The mention of oak-balls reminds one of blight, and by a natural transition I pass to blighted beings. All old maids are more or less blighted. All have loved, and all, in consequence, in vain. But how many blighted themselves, and how many were blighted by the falseness of man is a calculation which I must leave to the Statistical Society. But the real blighted being is one who deserves our deepest sympathy. I am now engaged in collecting subscriptions in postage stamps for an Asylum for the Blighted, and I am convinced that we cannot call ourselves a Christian and a civilized nation till such an institution exists among us. The blighted demand sympathy, and they can only find it among fellow-blighteds. Their case is a hard one, and it is the duty of every man, still more of every bachelor, to contribute to their comfort.

The cruellest case of blight that I ever heard was that of Florina Smith. An officer of militia had long been the object of her youthful dreams, and she looked in vain for the moment when he should declare the passion which she was convinced burned within him. The moment came at last; the volcano burst into flame. One morning she received a letter beginning "My dear Miss Smith," and couched in unmis-

takable language. It was brought by a boy, who waited for an answer. She selected the neatest sheet of pink paper, poured forth a modest, yet delighted assent, and gave it to the messenger with her own hands. Then she awaited the lieutenant. She waited that day and the next. He came not. She refused exercise, and remained at home a third day. He came not. A week passed and he came not. A fortnight and he came not. At last she ventured to write, and she received an answer.

"MY DEAR MISS SMITH,

"It is all the fault of that boy. He took the letter to the wrong house. Deeply as I regard and respect you, I must not conceal from you that my letter was intended for the daughter of Colonel Smith; and I am sure that you, who in your note assured me that my happiness was your soul's desire, will be glad to hear that it is at least secured.—I am yours very sincerely,

"——"

But there are, as I have said, more good old maids in the world than bad; and in a country where so much good is to be done, it is a great consolation to see so many unoccupied women engaged in doing it. I have enlarged on the foolish virgins, because evil in this wicked world is generally more amusing than good; but the wise virgins are not at all in a minority. How many do I know who give up their whole time, and half their income, to the improvement and comfort of the sick and the needy. In the present day we have even public instances of the good that single woman may do. Miss Nightingale and Miss Marsh are not second to our greatest philanthropists; and what they undertake, they do without cant and without affectation. If I may be forgiven for dragging another name before the public—one scarcely less known, however—I would mention Miss Carpenter, the head of the Bristol Reformatory, a woman whose talents are only surpassed by her indefatigable benevolence. These, indeed, are the great stars of old-maidism; but there are hundreds of unmarried women, in every village, in every town they may be found, who devote themselves to doing good, and to furthering the great work of social

progress. Would to Heaven every woman who has given up the thought of marriage, and a great number of those who have not given it up, would do likewise. There is work for women, which only women can do; and married women have their husbands and their families to attend to, while young ladies have not the requisite experience. What Nuns and Sisters of Charity do abroad, our old maids do in England; and I am not joking when I say, that old-maidism is a greater boon to this country than is generally supposed. For every one who is a gossip, a match-maker, or a pedant, there are half-a-dozen who are good honest workers in the right direction. It is with our old maids that so much remains. None others can undertake the care of our hospitals, the reclamation of those wretched women whose very existence brings a shudder to the Christian, and the proper training of the daughters of our poor. None others, therefore, can properly replace the conventual establishments of the Continent. The prison, the workshop, the reformatory, the hospital, and the back-slums, all want women to bring them round, gentle female influence to recal them to God; and there are none more fitted to the task than old maids. While, therefore, I glory in this British Institution, so appropriate to a Protestant country, I would, in the humblest spirit of which an old bachelor is capable, suggest to all our old maids, whatever their age, to give up morbidness, blighted recollections, fast fancies, idle monotony, intense love of gaiety, devotion to curates, high or low, and even their scientific pursuits; and since the primary office of woman, as wife and mother, is beyond their reach, to take cheerfully and heartily to the next best work, the effusion of that gentle spirit with which the Maker has gifted the better half of our race—decidedly the better half, I say it, though an old bachelor. Jael, Judith, Boadicea, Joan of Arc, and Charlotte Corday, may be very grand scenic specimens of woman-kind, but they are unlovable. Let old maids make Tabitha—good, kind, gentle Tabitha, who worked her fingers for the widow and the orphan—their patron saint, and call themselves, not their cats, by her quaint name. Let St. Tabitha be the ex-

ample of every single woman who feels within herself the approach of that dreaded period, and she will soon forget false vows, fond hopes, and the intense longing for conjugal bliss.

But I am not a man who writes without a motive; and I cannot conclude this paper without laying out a scheme. Much as I appreciate the value of old-maidism in moderation, I look with dread at its increase, and I ask myself if there be no means of stopping it. I believe I can suggest one.

If we inquire into its causes, we find that this Anglo-Saxon phenomenon is confined almost to one class. Among the poor it is little known; among the aristocracy it is not so common as matrimony. But among the class of poorer gentry and the so-called "middle-classes," old maids are, I fear, even more numerous than married women. The fault lies not with them, but with the men. Professional men and business men cannot afford to marry early; and when they do so they make the "best match" they can, which, to your consolation, dear old maids, is often the worst. This is a vile age of cheap articles. Cheapness and goodness rarely go together, unless the demand is enormous. Now, the demand for wives is not so great as it might be. A wife is a luxury; and a man may give himself up to a self-indulgence—may ruin himself with brandy and gin, or expensive furniture, or dogs and horses, or what not, before he thinks of indulging in that last and greatest of luxuries—a loving wife. A man may certainly marry on very little; but before he can risk nurses and doctors' bills, that little must be a certainty. Then, too, be his fortune what it may, that little must be clear of debt. A good man will not marry to bring his wife into anxiety, and the fear of the bailiff. The follies of his youth must have been paid for, and even his tailor dismissed for a ready-money tradesman. If a man marry on £200, £300, £400, or £500 a-year, he must be sure that he has sufficient command over himself to make that sum enough for a wife and baby, as well as No. 1; he must be ready to give up his club, his cigar-merchant, his male society, and to take instead to that ample substitute—a good, dear, little wife. Do not be surprised at an old

bachelor speaking thus. I have long cursed my fate—but my day is gone. The old bachelor is a miserable being; and I give any old maid, who pleases, leave to attack us fiercely in the next number.

But how is it that these considerations regarding matrimony occur only to the man of the middle class? Let me explain. The aristo has his title to sell, if he has no fortune; and he readily picks up an heiress or a widow. The aristo-feminine, if she has inherited nothing, has also her title for sale; but still more, she has a father or a brother whose influence can command a certain number of suitors. The aristo-feminine is sometimes married for herself, but she is more often married for a vote, or a Parliamentary connexion, or an aggrandisement of territory.

On the other hand, Tom, Bill, or Jim, while they would fain look out for the "gal of my 'eart," have the natural tendency of selfish, tyrannical man, to investigate "circumstances." The British workman, as a rule, marries early; for he has no inducement to remain a bachelor. The British home of the mechanic rarely contains room for grown-up sons; and once launched they must shift for themselves. The charm of a "home" is the one bit of poetry that the British workman indulges in; and often, too, it turns out to be a bit of very practical, calculating prose. The "home" gives comfort to the workman at a cheaper rate than he can find elsewhere; and those well-meaning people who establish dining-rooms for mechanics, and clubs for their evenings, do not see that thereby they are removing the necessity of home, and so encouraging celibacy.

But how does the British workman afford to marry when the British gentleman cannot? The answer is that women of the working classes are in effect richer than those of the idle ones. They can work and may work, and that is the whole secret of it. A poor man gains by marriage, for his wife can and will make up his income; she even does more than support herself, she increases his comforts.

And this then is what I would say to the middle and professional classes: either give your daughters money or teach them a trade or profession by which they can make it. Our philan-

thropists and our Quarterly Reviewers write pamphlets and articles about the employment of women of the working classes. They scarcely need them, they do learn to work. But no one thinks of writing for our idle classes. No one sees how foolishly the daughters of business and professional men are brought up—to read novels, work crochet, and paint potichomanie; no one asks whether there be no sphere of work for them to fill, and thus make themselves more eligible wives for business and professional men. Yet it might be so. The cares of a household, the education of children are not so all-absorbing as to preclude other work. Too often our wives and daughters dispense with these cares and throw this education upon others shoulders. Too often the wife whose husband can barely support her declines to nourish her own child in the natural way, or demands a governess for it when growing up. The wives and daughters of the middle class have time enough to make calls, to gossip, to go to parties, to work in Berlin-wool. Might not this time be given to some occupation which would increase the husband's income? Is there no field for woman? I believe there is an ample one, and that the help-meet of man is expected by the laws of life to do something more than order his dinner and sew buttons on his shirt. I believe it is a gross radical error to suppose that woman is to be the drone and man the working bee, though I would not see men and women follow the example of the hive further, where the female labours while the male lies idle. I have no space to go into the

question of woman's proper work, but I am convinced that in this country it is wrongly confined to the nurture of her children. It ought, I am confident, to include their actual support, or at least a portion of it. And if our daughters were taught to help out the incomes of their future mates, as those of the lower orders are, we should have as few old maids and old bachelors in England as elsewhere.

There is one other way of meeting the difficulty, namely, by providing for our daughters. At present it is only our sons whom we care to put forward and we leave the girls to chance. Nothing can be more unjust. Our sons are strong, can work for themselves, and will always be more or less in requisition. Our daughters are weak, and yet we give them no aid, we teach them no trade, no profession, and we apply our savings not to their dowry, but to pay the debts and encourage the selfish extravagance of our boys. There are many facilities for providing dowries for daughters, and the insurance offices can tell you more on the subject than I can. I only hope that the next generation will marry early, that we shall have fewer young men withering in immoral celibacy, young women blighted into bitterness, and no Mr. Malthus' ghost throwing his cap up and crowing over the attainment of his desires.

Meanwhile old-maidism is a glorious institution of this country; but, like *all* our glorious institutions, it wants reforming. Suppose the "women of England" undertake it.

THE WORK-A-DAY WORLD OF FRANCE.

CHAPTER VI.

BEFORE we deal with the combinations of French working men, let us glance at the constitution and influence of an institution, the tendency of which is to destroy the necessity for any combinations whatever. The institution to which we refer is one of arbitration—in which working men take equal place with employers, for the arrangement of disputes.

The councils of *Prud'hommes*, or Prudent men, which exist in all important industrial centres of France, have been regarded with curiosity for many years by all who have interested themselves in the relations of capital and labour. I have been at much pains to examine the operation of these councils. I have gossipped with secretaries, and attended sittings, and I have consulted all available authorities on the subject. This chapter, then, of experiences among the working classes of France, will, I believe, be especially interesting to both employers and employed in England and Ireland. The subject of which I treat, is, at least, of vast interest; and my experiences may be of use to the advocates of conciliatory courts. Very high and mighty doctors have treated the constitution of French Prudent men. It has been the object of all honest doctors to strengthen this constitution for the good of employers and employed; whereas certain quacks have tried from time to time, to weaken our friends the Prudent men, and give them over, bound hand and foot, to the mercy of the minister or sovereign. At the present time Prudent men are invited to form themselves into a council, and to do justice among masters, workmen, and apprentices—by the Imperial Council of State, on the recommendation of the Chamber of Commerce, the Chamber of Arts and Manufactures, or the Municipal Council of the district, in which the men reside. It is only when vast manufactories, mines, or workshops, are collected together, that the Prudent men of France have been called upon to mediate in the quarrels between capital and labour.

A solemn decree of the government establishes each Council of Prudent men, and fixes the number of members. This number cannot be less than six, exclusive of the President and Vice-president. Every Council must consist of an equal number of workmen and masters—both Prudent masters and Prudent workmen being elected respectively by the aggregate of the bodies from which they emanate. The masters elect their Prudent representatives at a private meeting. Overseers and journeymen also elect their representatives protected by closed doors. To vote among the masters, a man must be twenty-five years old, in the first place; in the second place he must have been in business five years, three of which he must have spent in the area to be governed by the Prudent men. To vote among the working men, a man must be five-and-twenty years of age, and must have been a workman for five years, three of which he must have passed within the jurisdiction of the Council. Foremen and journeymen vote together. The mayor of every commune, assisted by two assessors, one chosen from the list of master electors, and one from the labouring electors, draws up an electoral list, which he is bound to send to the prefect of his department. This electoral list is revised by the authorities, and returned to the mayor. Any appeals to which the revision may give rise, must be sent in within ten days after the revision is communicated to the electors. The elections are by ballot, under the eye of the Justices of the Peace. If the votes are equal, the elder candidate is declared to be elected. Every elector who has reached his thirtieth year, and can read and write, is an eligible candidate to sit as a Prudent man. Uncertificated bankrupts, men who have been guilty of criminal acts, and foreigners, cannot be electors.

Half of the Prudent men retire every three years; but the retiring members are eligible for re-election. The Prudent man who absents him-

self from the justice-seat, without giving sufficient ground for his absence, may be put aside by the president. All the Councils of Prudent men, I am reminded, may be swept from the face of society by an Imperial decree. The Secretary to the Council is appointed by the local prefect, on the recommendation of the President.

But we now turn to the business which the Prudent men are called upon to transact. The quarrels among manufacturers and artisans, among foremen and journeymen, among masters and apprentices, are sent before the Prudent men, that justice may be done, and done cheaply and speedily. The Prudent men have power to imprison for three days, but not longer, when the offence is likely to disturb the public peace, or is a serious fault committed by an apprentice. M. Audiganne declares that the Prudent men of France exercise a most salutary moral patronage over the industrial community. This is, naturally, amicable patronage, and becomes even paternal where the interests of the apprentices are concerned.

The jurisdiction of the Council is limited to the men and masters engaged in the industries which it represents, and from which it has been elected. A workman belongs to the jurisdiction in which he works, and not to that in which he lives. The Prudent men have a certain latitude allowed them. In interpreting the law, they are permitted to take the intentions of contracting parties into consideration. They respect the customs of workshops. They may temper vigorous laws with mercy. Essentially equity judges, they hold up the balance of justice tenderly among their own brethren. They are the wise men of their neighbourhood, recognised by their neighbours and equals as competent to make just awards, and honourable enough to be free from malice on the judgment-seat.

In the beginning of a cause, the Prudent men are most respectful and friendly with the disputants. Thus a complainant first visits the secretary of the Council, who invites the defendant to appear before the private conciliation judges. This invitation costs threepence. Should the defendant not appear, he is summoned by the officer of the court at a cost of

one shilling. I have described the functions of the little Private Conciliation Office, or Court. Here the large majority of cases ends. Peace is made between master and man for the small charge of threepence.

Let us now mark the cost of an appeal to the General Council. Judgment, summons serving, and all; to be brief, cannot exceed half-a-guinea! A most imposing suit, therefore, can, under this system, be enjoyed at a reasonable rate. Law becomes the luxury of the million. The payment of witnesses is excellently arranged. The working man, called as a witness, is paid the value of his day's labour; if he have to find a substitute, the substitute also is paid. A witness who has no calling is paid two francs for his attendance. Travelling expenses are also allowed. In estimating, therefore, the costs of an appeal to the General Council at half-a-guinea, I do not, of course, take into account the price of witnesses. A very combative complainant may have troops of witnesses from distant parts; but the Prudent men have discretionary powers to curb expenses in this direction. Complainants and defendants must plead for themselves. No learned sergeants, or Q.C.'s bob up before the Prudent men to ventilate expensive oratory, at the costs of deluded clients. Justice sits between man and man, and asks from each a version of the cause which she is called upon to settle.

All judgments are signed by the President of the Council and the Secretary. These judgments may be put into execution twenty-four hours after they have been signed. The judgments of the General Council are without appeal, if the capital involved in the cause does not exceed £8. In cases involving more than £8, there is a right of appeal to the Chamber of Commerce; but the appeal must be made within three months of the date of the judgment. The Prudent men may, however, order instant payment in these cases, to the extent of £8.

Defendants who fail to appear after a second summons, suffer judgment to go by default. The defaulter may, however, enter an opposition to judgment any time within three days of the signature of such judgment. And here the Prudent men appear in their

paternal character. Let us suppose that neighbours or friends of the defaulter can give reasonable proof that he has not heard of the cause—that, in short, he has not received the two summonses of the Council—in this case the time for opposition is extended. More, should the defaulter fail to enter an opposition within the legal delay, he may be heard, if he can justify his neglect by unavoidable obstacles, such, for instance, as serious illness. How sensible, again, are the Prudent men in the matter of reporting. Their secretary takes notes only where the depositions may be required for an appeal. Complainant or defendant may take exception to any Prudent man that is sitting on the bench, if he can show that the man to whom he objects, is interested in the case, or is a relation of one of the parties. Relationship beyond the tender one of cousin-german, is not a bar to the opinion of a Prudent man. But jealous Justice has guarded the interests of masters and men still more carefully than we have yet given her credit for. Thus, if within a year before the cause, one of the parties and one of the Prudent men had been on opposite sides in a criminal trial—or, again, if the Prudent man have given another opinion on the matter in dispute, the complainant or defendant may ask him to withdraw. The Prudent man may, however, make an appeal to the Chamber of Commerce. This appeal must be decided upon within thirteen days. Thus the Prudent man has two days to reply to the objections of his opponent; the President of the Council is allowed three days to send the appeal before the Chamber of Commerce; and this Chamber is bound to give its decision within eight days. The Prudent men are also liable to prosecution for fraud or collusion.

M. Audiganne declares that a simple procedure, rapid decisions, extremely moderate expenses, are merits which belong to this jurisdiction. That justice is done, and rapidly done, by these tribunals composed of masters and men, I have already endeavoured to prove. If the eye of an incredulous reader fall upon this page, I could bid him turn to page 188 of the "General Report of Administration of Civil and Commercial Justice in France, for the year 1857." There he will find a

tabular record of the doings of each Council. Since 1806, the Prudent men of France have been gradually gaining ground. Working men have taken their seats upon the Bench of Justice, and with honour to their class. They have been elevated even to the rank of Vice-President. Let us only think of the regiment of attorneys who must have cursed the conciliating manners of these Prudent men, with their trumpety letters of invitation, and their shilling summonses.

Let us now look into the history and operation of the Courts thus constituted. I have given the reader the regulations by which they are governed *in extenso*: it is impossible for him, however, to comprehend their action, and to judge of their possible good effects, without having mastered the series of checks and counter-checks by which they harmonize the opposing interests of capital and labour.

The French Conciliation Courts, or Conseil de Prud'hommes then, as now, in operation in Paris, Lyons, and other industrial centres of France, were established by the First Napoleon, in the year 1806. But there had been Prudent men, invested with power as arbitrators, centuries before. King René established them at Marseilles, in 1452, to settle disputes between fishermen and their skippers. Louis the Eleventh authorized the citizens of Lyons to appoint such persons to settle disputes among the merchants who frequented the fairs of Lyons. But these Prudent men of the olden time were little more than municipal magistrates, appointed to inspect factories and workshops, and to enforce all the laws to which industries were subjected. These magistrates disappeared in the storm of the first Revolution, leaving the Prudent fishermen alone, to perpetuate the race. And the old magisterial sailors maintained their rights only because their decisions were spoken, and never written. There were no records of fishermen's justice to destroy; so the revolutionary tempest passed over the old seamen without touching their brave heads.

That which is fraternal and conciliating, and founded on a strong sense of justice between employer and employed, in the Councils of Prudent men

which are now established throughout France, was given to them, as I have said, in the year 1806. Lyons, the turbulent, suggested these Councils to be the mediating power between employer and employed. They were to be little parliaments, elected jointly by journeymen and masters, in which both journeymen and masters were to have seats. And on this wise principle are the four Councils of Paris now administering justice between master and man in the busy Rue de la Douane. Let us judge of them by the good they effect. Let us see them now, soothing the ruffled temper of a washerwoman; and now holding solemn councils over a great disordered industry.

The entrance to the hall of Labour's Courts of Justice is not imposing. It is a simple gateway, like the entrance to an English boarding-school, with a black sign across, upon which *Conseils de Prud'hommes* is legibly written. The tricolor flag floating above is the only outward token of the Council's official character. Within, in a long courtyard, upon an attenuated line of benches ranged under a shed, workmen, workwomen, and masters, are talking rapidly, and, here and there, angrily.

At the foot of the wide staircase stands the crier of the Superior Court, or Court of Appeal, in pale blue uniform. This is the house belonging to the four Conciliation Councils of Paris—namely, the Council for the Metal Trades, the Council for the Chemical Trades, the Council for the Textile Fabric Trades, and lastly, the Council for Miscellaneous Industries. And here, on the ground-floor, are the private Conciliation Offices.

The large proportion of cases is settled in private court. In 1857 no less than 49,137 cases were brought before the seventy-six Conciliation Courts of France. Of these cases 29,431 were settled by the modest bench, consisting of one master and one workman; the large number of 10,913 cases was withdrawn; and only 8,793 cases were carried to the great or General Council.

Some of the causes, indeed the large majority of them, are insignificant—beneath the notice, it may be, of the renowned Mr. Briefless; but they are all-important to the humble individuals who appear in them. On look-

ing over the secretary's official reports of cases settled in the Private Conciliation Courts of Paris, I discovered that the washerwomen of the French capital are a peculiarly quarrelsome and litigious race. There was one grave case about a flannel waistcoat, which was the subject of a long report, and in which the poor woman got a judgment against a customer, who tried to make her responsible for this article. Quarrels between masters and apprentices were frequent; and in many instances, where the masters were proved to have behaved badly, agreements were broken. Then there were disputes on customs of trades or workshops by the dozen, all amicably settled.

"The law," said the secretary to me, as he turned over his neat report; "the law takes care that no man shall beat a disadvantage before our judges, by reason of his poverty." Thus, if a master, summoned by a workman, does not appear, he is compelled to pay for the day the workman has lost. Nor will the Councils permit masters to levy fines, for frivolous purposes, on the wages of men and women.

The reader must know that there is a grand washerwoman's holiday in Paris, at Mid-Lent. Then, the tub is rolled aside, and the finest of fine linen is donned, and the clearest of clear starching is ostentatiously paraded through the streets, upon the ample shoulders of the laundry ladies, in a line of elegant open carriages. For this high festival money is saved throughout the year. A certain great laundry chose to levy one daily penny upon all washerwomen, to be spent upon the holiday. Suddenly the great laundry's business fell off, and many women were thrown out of employment. Whereupon they appealed to their Council of Prudent men, to have the pennies that had been deducted from their wages, given up to them. The great laundry bowed to the decision of the Conciliation Court, the decision being that the pence having been forcibly deducted, for an extravagant and frivolous purpose, must be given back to the poor women.

More important matters than this come under the notice of the employers and employed, who sit as industrial judges in their court-house. When I was last in Paris, that great Parisian industry, viz., paper printing,

was in great and grave commotion. The workmen employed in this renowned French manufacture are very highly skilled; they are, in fact, artists. They are so powerful that their employers are compelled to submit to them the series of patterns that are to be printed in the ensuing year, with the price to be paid per yard for the printing. At the beginning of the present year the masters' priced patterns were submitted to the men, as usual; and, after certain modifications of price had been agreed upon, the men consented to work them. Then the masters gave money that the settlement of the year's work might be celebrated, as usual, by a feast. The feast eaten, however, and the work time come, the men declared that they had been deceived with regard to certain patterns, and refused to work. They had recourse at once to the Conciliation Court, and when I left Paris the matter was in a fair way of amicable settlement.

As we still turned the report of cases over, the secretary said to me:—"But the building trades—with all these great Paris improvements—have given us most trouble. Had it not been for our Councils, there would have been serious disturbances; but when the contending parties once get fairly into our Conciliation Office, their differences are soon adjusted."

When, however, the little Conciliation Court, in which one master and one man sit as arbitrators, fails to settle a dispute, it is referred to the General or Public Council. The grave official in sky-blue directs visitors to the General Council Chamber, whither workmen, and dapper foremen, and shiny-hatted masters, together with troops of women (the employed in snow-white caps, the employers in vast circumference of crinoline) are moving briskly, chattering like monkeys in the midst of some great common danger.

The public court is a spacious apartment. It is a chamber disposed somewhat on the plan of a London police court: a vast plain room, at the farther end of which is a horse-shoe table. The President's chair is in the centre; and, above it, is the bust of Napoleon the Third. At the sides of the room are two square tables, where the officials are ranged. Opposite the President is the bar,

whereat the complainant and defendant plead—the complainant on the President's right, the defendant on his left. Behind the bar, and near the door, are rows of backed seats, where the public, and persons interested in cases, watch or wait.

Silence is proclaimed.

The President is in his chair, with six Prudent men—three masters and three workmen—on his left and right. Each Prudent man, or judge, wears a silver star, upon which equity, the scales of justice, and two clasped hands, in token of conciliation, are engraved. They are middle-aged men, and bear themselves with easy dignity. The President is an elderly person, of severe military appearance. About to be judged are the cases which the Private Conciliation Court below has not been able to settle. The proportion of such sent from the Conciliation Court to this court is one in five.

I was interested in two or three cases; one, in which justice was admirably administered between a slop-seller and a poor needlewoman, and another in which a man claimed a week's wages. Now, the Councils are very careful to protect working men against unjust dismissal from work; and where it is the custom—as among the Paris tanners—to give the workman a week's notice, the Prudent men enforce this notice for the workman from the employer. But in the instance where the workman claimed a week's wages, to which I am referring, it appeared that the claimant had left his work for two days, and had passed these two days in wine-shops. Another workman had, therefore, been put in his place. The Council indignantly dismissed the case, saying, "no man of honour claimed wages who had not done work."

Let me note, in closing this chapter on these French Courts of Conciliation, that out of the 8,793 quarrels referred, in 1857, from the private Conciliation Courts to the public General Courts, 6,193 were withdrawn before judgment had been pronounced; that 2,076 cases went to judgment; that there were threats of appeal in 526 cases, and that only 54 appeals to the superior courts were actually made. Fifty-four appeals out of 49,000 cases tried! We may

surely gather from this fact the assurance that French masters and French workmen sit upon the judgment seat with good effect to both employer and employed.

From Paris let us turn to two or three of the great industrial centres of France, and see what effect these Conciliation Courts have here. Let us take Lyons, the great silk manufacturing city. In 1857, 4,280 cases were brought before the Private Conciliation Court; 2,554 of these cases were settled in this court; 672 cases were withdrawn; 1,054 cases were carried to the general or public court, and 999 cases were withdrawn before judgment had been pronounced. Of these cases, 671 were quarrels between masters and apprentices; 1,120 were differences about leaving work; 1,245 were differences about wages; 1,521 were disputes about bad work; 624 differences on the quality of spinning between overlookers and workmen, and there were 219 miscellaneous cases. Out of all these cases there was not a single appeal.

Let us now turn to a centre of French cotton manufactures—to Rouen. Here 1,193 cases were brought before the Private Conciliation Court. Of these, 775 were settled in private; 373 cases were withdrawn; 44 cases were carried to the General Court, and 41 cases were withdrawn before judgment had been pronounced. Of these cases, 37 were quarrels between masters and apprentices; 379 were disputes as to notice for leaving work; 409 were wage quarrels; 121 were about defective work; while the miscellaneous quarrels were 246. Here, again, there was not a single appeal.

Let us now glance at the cloth manufacturers of Elbœuf. Here 1,125 cases were brought before the Private Conciliation Court; 583 were settled; 429 were withdrawn; 113 were carried to the General Council; and 70 went to judgment. Of these, 3 were apprenticeship cases; 54 questions of leaving work; 608 wage quarrels; there were 137 quarrels on quality of work; 22 cases were disputes between overlookers and operatives; and there were 301 miscellaneous quarrels. At Elbœuf, out of the 1,125 cases there were two appeals.

But I am bound to add, much of the success of these remarkable Councils is due to the high character of

the French working classes. Take the lowest and most despised class—the French rag-pickers—and you will find a curious touch of dignity in the man who searches the gutters at night for rags and refuse.

Having set before the reader the constitution and operation of the French Councils of Conciliation, and having shown him how the French working classes have deserved the honourable judicial position in which they have been placed, I may now ask where is the objection—the just objection—to give our working classes this same honourable position? When the Emperor of the French was lately asked by a high spokesman of lawyers, to reconsider the constitution of the Conciliation Courts, he replied, in a firm voice, “they are good, and they shall remain,” as they have remained, doing good work in Denmark, in Norway, and in other countries. More, let us remember that so far back as 1839, we considered the free negroes of Barbadoes sufficiently enlightened to establish courts of reconciliation among them.

The importance of these *Prud'hommes* has not, we repeat, escaped the present Emperor of the French. He said in his “*Idées Napoléoniennes*”:—

“Industry was not only encouraged under the Empire, but we may say that, in a way, industry was created. Industry reached an extraordinary degree of prosperity in a short time. When the Emperor said that industry was a new kind of property, he expressed, in a word, its nature and its importance. The spirit of property is, by nature, encroaching and exclusive. Property in the soil had had its vassals and its serfs. The Revolution freed the land; but the new property in industry, increasing daily, had a tendency to pass through the same phases as property in land, and to have also its vassals and serfs. Napoleon saw this tendency; . . . and, while he protected masters, he never forgot the rights of the workmen. He established at Lyons, and later in other manufacturing towns, a council of Prudent men—veritable industrial judges—set up to adjudicate upon quarrels between the employer and the employed.”

This concession has tended to make a vain and frivolous race a thrifty race; it has enabled the French government to set working men upon the judgment-seat, beside masters—men and masters being on terms of

mutual respect; it has helped to make French workmen a sober race. You may see drunken rag-pickers any day in Paris; but you must make a very long day's journey, indeed, before you will come across a drunken artisan. Self-reliant, frank, gentle in manners, and remarkably intelligent, then, the French workman deserved that confidence in his sense of justice which the First Napoleon showed when he resolved to deal with the unhappy strikes of Lyons.

In France the relations between class and class—between employer and employed, and mistress and servant—are freer and more friendly than these relations are in our country. In France, in spite of the present form of government—in spite of the love of luxury which afflicts every class of

the community, the Revolution which overthrew Louis the Sixteenth has left one indelible mark—a respect for the able man, be his original condition the most obscure, the most abject. The soldier who fights his way from behind the bar of a village inn, till he grasps the bâton of a marshal; the forlorn peasant boy who arrives in Paris with a five-franc piece in his pocket, and presently finds that it has grown to a bank-note, value one million—the poor girl splendidly matched—all find even in show-adoring Paris a welcome hearty and sincere, in the circles to which they rise. The peasant-become minister is not patronised as a parvenu. The working man, become the master, or patron as he is called, of a vast establishment, takes rank accordingly.

SHAWN BUIE.

A LEGEND OF KILKEE.

THE period of these recollections was long antecedent to the invasions of polite society upon the simple manners and customs of the west of Ireland. The wild and barren scenery of that portion of the county of Clare which forms a barrier against the waves of the Atlantic, seemed to have communicated to the inhabitants much of its own rough character. Uninitiated in those wiles which attend the increase of population and knowledge, there was among them little to disturb the harmony of their local society. Dishonesty was scarcely known. They were willing to contribute to the relief of each other's wants, and always ready to befriend the needy. Their habits were those of plain fishermen. Fearlessly launching their corraghs, or horse-skin canoes, when the weather permitted, they obtained a precarious livelihood. Constant association with the steep and rugged face of the precipices had rendered them daring. Accustomed to follow the seal into his hiding-places, agility and strength were cultivated in them. It was their wont to scale the cliffs in search of the sea-fowl's nest; and to descend when the retiring sea had left the seal asleep on the benches of the cavern; so that

through constant intercourse with dangers, they at last became so familiarized with peril that they scorned fear. Their amusements were as simple as their pursuits. The country dance on the village green, the donkey race, or bowling match, constituted their principal sources of enjoyment.

For a considerable period previous to the date of this narrative these had been the customary habits of the residents of Kilkee. Its domestic scenery, now so highly prized, was then but little known; its extensive strand was more frequently used as a race-course than a bathing-place. Little of its original appearance can now be traced: the central village green has been covered with buildings for summer visitors; the semicircular bay which then presented to the eye but heather and wildness, is now adorned with lodges of every shape and size.

There are few occurrences in human life which press more heavily on the heart than the change we sometimes witness in places which had been the scenes of youthful enjoyment. We sigh over the simplicity of our former pursuits, and the wreck of the scenes where they occurred. How vividly do we recal the natural

wildness of the scenery of Shawn Buie's exploits, now for ever defaced, or the innocence of the inhabitants now also undiscoverable.

Among other evil consequences, at first, from increasing social intercourse, the practice of smuggling for some time held a prominent place. It had just been introduced at the period of Shawn Buie's history. Previous to that time, the forbidding aspect of the coast kept vessels of every description aloof. None ventured near enough even to reconnoitre; and the Excise department considered the expense of an establishment of police to be an unnecessary demand on government funds. This was natural, considering the appearance of the shore, which for miles together presented an unbroken extent of precipitous rock elevated from fifty to three hundred feet above the level of the sea. The indentations on its breast, the caverns and creeks, formed by projecting fragments torn from the parent cliff by some great convulsion of nature, were lost to the eye at the distance to which vessels ventured to approach; and, indeed, could they have been more narrowly inspected, they would not have furnished a much greater inducement to become better acquainted with them, as in almost every instance they are quite as inaccessible as the perpendicular cliff itself. These excavations from the great body of the land cause, in many instances, appearances the most romantic. Their variations are fantastic, producing endless alternations in height, depth, width, and prominence. Encouraging the curious wanderer into situations at one time perfectly safe of approach, at another dangerous in the extreme.

Among several of these mighty fragments which lie scattered through the waters of the coast, and which bear, deservedly, in many instances, the name of "islands," one holds a prominent rank, both on account of its size and history. It stands about half a mile from the land, in height about three hundred feet, and to all appearance, on every side, quite perpendicular. It is said to occupy the space of about one acre. Its surface supplies a few sheep with pasturage, and the shelter of two small huts into which they may retire, either at night or during inclement weather.

Tradition says that it was once the abode of a monk who was condemned to live there as a penalty for some dreadful crime, of which he had been falsely accused, and that the rock was wont to rise in height during very stormy weather, in order to keep the holy man from the effects of the dashing sea; and subside again as a calm approached. That he lived for upwards of two hundred years; and suddenly disappeared, leaving no traces of any remains behind him. The name of Bishop's Island has accordingly been attached to it.

Exactly opposite Bishop's Island are two caverns, the entrances to which cannot be less than two hundred feet in height, and fifty in width. Their depth we never penetrated. Close to these caverns, at the northern side, there is a steep and dangerous path, which few venture to descend, leading to a small nook into which the sea calmly rolls, broken in its swell by a narrow entrance. This little nook leads to a grotto, worn out of the rock by the constant action of the wave, returning with every tide, which expands, as you advance, into a large roomy place, well adapted as an occasional asylum for seals or smugglers. A corragh or small boat could safely unload her cargo here; and by means of ropes could have it conveyed to the summit of the cliff. At the same time, the descent is both perilous and well concealed from above. A small rivulet, flowing from a bay three miles distant, has formed for itself a little channel to the edge of the cliff, just at the spot where the descent is first commenced; but instead of directing its course along the path, it discharges its waters directly over the rock; and thus conceals the descent from any but an accustomed or a very close observer.

I was ascending this path one afternoon, in the autumn of 181—. The weather had been for several weeks very warm, and the short dry grass which lined the edge of the cliffs had become smooth and slippery. The face of the rock fronting Bishop's Island contains a kind of crumbling slaty soil, which yields under the feet, and frequently renders the descent or ascent of such places any thing but easy or safe. I had taken off my shoes to use my feet as hands, and had nearly ascended half-way up this

path, lying as close to the ground as possible, and carefully examining every spot before trusting my weight to it; when, on taking a sudden turn upwards, for the first time I perceived a man watching me with intense anxiety. He had recognised me before I had observed him, and for some reason had remained stationary until I reached the spot where he stood. As I had resided for some time in the village, and been in the constant habit of rambling far around the country, I felt rather surprised, and by no means pleased to be in the power of a perfect stranger, who was scanning me with a countenance not expressive of kindness or goodwill. He could with one stamp of his foot have loosened so much of the soil above as would have precipitated me into the sea below, without the power of remedy, or the chance of his ever being detected. However, being ignorant of any reason for anger on his part, I proceeded with the intention of passing him peaceably. He continued gazing at me silently until I approached him; then quietly turned and began to ascend. When he had reached the top of the cliff, he uncoiled a small rope which he held in his hand, and throwing it down assisted me considerably in the ascent. I had now an opportunity of scrutinizing him more accurately. He was ill-made; not above five feet four or five; had bad legs, awkward arms, and one shoulder higher than the other; his hair was red and shaggy; his eyes small and grey; his nose long, and much turned to one side; and his lips compressed. He wore a hat without a crown, tied round with a string; a large rusty frieze coat; knee-breeches unbuttoned at the knees; and not any shoes or stockings. He had the above mentioned coil of slight rope in his hand, but no weapon of any kind. When we had mutually surveyed each other, I thanked him for his kindness in assisting me to the top of the precipice.

He looked for an instant, and then replied—

"Thunder-an-age; but if it was not for the honour and glory of the green leaf which you have in your hat, but it is I would have made a borroch of you before you would have felt it itself. But what the dickins brought

you here? Faix, an you have a bould foot, anyhow. Let me now tell you for wanst, niver again let the sole of your foot kiss the face of this road, unless you want to make food for the divers among stones below."

So saying he threw himself on his hands and knees, and feet foremost, descended the path with a degree of celerity which I should have considered utterly impracticable half an hour before.

For a considerable time I kept aloof from the scene of this alarm. Almost a month had elapsed from the period of this occurrence, when the village was thrown into a state of much excitement. A village dance was held on the green, one Sunday afternoon. Around Neile, the piper, were gathered boys and girls, young men and maidens, while the favourite lass of the village was dancing with a gentleman, who had lately arrived. All was mirth and gaiety, when suddenly a man was observed running at the top of his speed from the direction of Skiah. The dance ceased. Every eye was fixed on him. He was covered with sweat and dust.

"Boys, can any of yees save me!" cried he, dashing in among us, and wiping off the sweat from his forehead with the sleeve of his coat. "Holy Virgin, can't one of yees hide me? The poliss are after me, and I'll be kilt, if yees don't help me!"

"Run to the rocks," cried out several voices at once, pointing to the ledge at the southern side.

"Tim, your sowl," cried one to a little fellow, "Tim, show the poor fellow the way to the Hag's Hole; and Tim"—here he whispered something in the child's ear; and in a moment afterwards they both started off at a slanting trot towards the left-hand cliff. The fugitive had out-stripped his pursuers more than he calculated, for he was far out of sight before they arrived. The dance, of course, had broken up, and the party separated, either to talk over the matter, or to turn to other amusements, when two policemen entered the village, and began to search for their man.

Every place where it was thought possible that he could be concealed was examined. Inquiries were made, but all to no effect, for the villagers either professed ignorance or refused to give information. The rocks were

tried over and over again; every nook, every grotto, the ledges of the amphitheatre were searched, even by torchlight, but fruitlessly; and late at night the police came back, professing their intention of returning to Kilrush on the following day.

On the succeeding Tuesday, about six o'clock in the evening, I took my hand-line and went to a favourite spot on the cliff to fish for braeme. The evening was the close of one of the loveliest days which had appeared that season. The cool sea-breeze so refreshing after the mid-day heat, gently rippled the waters beneath; and the red disk of the sun descended rapidly, as if anxious to cool itself in the mighty ocean. Having been successful with my baits, I lay down upon the grassy edge of the rock to enjoy the luxury of the hour. The evening shades had far advanced before I rose to return home. When in the act of drawing up the hand-line, I stooped over the cliff to see what prevented its yielding, for it had caught in some projection of the face of the cliff, when I perceived a canoe with four men, stealing beneath the land as close to the shore as safety would permit, and advancing in the direction of Bishop's Island. The lateness of the hour; the number of persons in the boat, usually only occupied by two; their distance from any landing place; and the cautious manner in which they were proceeding, impressed me forcibly with the idea that all was not as it ought to be. Idle persons are always meddling in matters which do not concern them; and being young and tolerably active, and my own master, I resolved at once to observe their motions, and ascertain, if possible, their object.

After some efforts to disengage the line, I was at last compelled to break it. Coiling up the remainder, I followed the boat, which had made considerable progress before I could come up with it. This line of coast is most dangerous to persons unacquainted with it. The ceilings of old caverns which advance far into the land have, in many instances, fallen in and left long narrow chasms, which a person often comes upon suddenly, not observing them until he is almost stepping into the depth beneath. These clefts sometimes extend nearly a quarter of a mile, and

are so numerous, that what would appear at first to be a walk of only one mile, is by this means prolonged to two or three. It may then be easily understood how much more quickly the canoe would advance than I could without considerable exertion. The darkness which had by this time much advanced increased the difficulty. I traced the boat, however, to very near Bishop's Island. There the men rested on their oars, and apparently listened attentively to ascertain if any sound was near. They frequently stooped over to whisper, their dark figures, perceived against the clear bright sea, approaching each other at intervals and receding again. All was so still that nothing could be heard but the rippling of the waters against the rocks below. At length a sound which resembled the hammering of a flint with a knife could be distinguished, and they looked towards the before mentioned descent to the cavern opposite the island several times with apparent anxiety and uncertainty. They then commenced steering towards it; and I immediately hastened to it, hoping in the darkness to escape observation. I succeeded beyond my expectations in reaching the turning point of the path, where it may be remembered that I first met with the man of the high shoulder, when, suddenly, I saw two persons, about ten yards beneath, stooping over the projecting fragment of the cliff. This sight at once stopped my progress. I stood petrified. While I was thus deliberating, my strength and courage oozing away, I was roused by one of the men seizing hold of the other by the arm, and saying in a loud whisper—

"Shawn, it is the devil's work intirely; we had best give over!"

"What do you mane?" replied the other. "Is it cod-livered ye're growing?"

"Why, Shawn, to tell you the truth, I cannot murther 'em in cool blood. It is the devil's work out an' out!"

"Thunder-an-age, but that's a fine thing anyhow. Murther, in troth, in cool blood! An will yees tell me what are they going to do to us, if it isn't to murther us all, an more of us than they are. Will they not shoot them below in the cave that is trusting to ourselves to save 'em. The

divil a bit of one of them but shall sleep sweet and aisy in the bottom of the say this blessed night ! An' shure they can shoot the fishes wid their pistols, if they want work for 'em. Whisht, whisht !" said he, seizing the other as if to hold him back, as the latter struggled as much as his position would permit him.

"Whisht, whisht, I tell yees ; do yees want to make 'em shoot us at wanst, man alive ! Let me alone, I tell yees ; I *will* do it."

And, with a kick of his foot, he sent a large fragment of the rock headlong down the precipice.

I scarcely had well seen what was done, ere a shriek from below told the fate of the unfortunate boat ; a cry or two for help, and all was silent as the night, while the two men turned to descend the path.

Partly from horror, and partly from fright, I lost the recollection of my situation, and uttered an involuntary groan. So unexpected a sound, in such a place, produced an alarming effect upon my auditors. Whether it was compunction for the deed which had seized the guilty pair, or terror, combined with a sense of guilt, I cannot now pretend to determine ; but they stood motionless for upwards of a minute. By lying close to the surface of the ground I succeeded in escaping their sight. They stood for a time utterly confounded. Encouraged by the effect which it produced, and now so far collected as to perceive the danger of my position, I repeated the groan, with a more mournful, and at the same time less natural tone.

"Blessed Virgin, save us !" said Shawn's companion, dreadfully alarmed.

"What are yees frightened at ?" said the other, evidently as much terrified, but endeavouring to brave it out. "Are yees a divil or a christhan — tell us that ?" said he, roaring out, trying with the effort to drown his fears.

I then collected all my energies, and uttered one of the most unearthly and violent shrieks that was ever heard under similar circumstances. The effect was instantaneous ; the next moment saw them sliding, or rather rolling down the pathway, and allowing me time sufficient to escape in perfect safety.

My first determination was to hasten back, and rouse the village ; but, upon second thoughts, it appeared advisable to act more cautiously. I proceeded, therefore, in all haste, to the house of a respectable resident at Kilkee, a gentleman who had lived there for some years, and was well acquainted with the localities, and most of the characters, in the neighbourhood. I roused him out of his bed at twelve o'clock, before which hour I could not reach his house, owing to the darkness of the night, and the caution necessary in finding my way. He listened with great attention ; and then for a moment seemed absorbed in thought.

"I will lay my life for it, that the fellow you speak of is Shawn Buie, the celebrated murderer of Catherine Delaney. He has been missing for some years, ever since that occurrence, and I will answer for it that he has returned."

"I think, sir," I replied, "that you are right ; for his associate several times repeated the name of Shawn, which I distinctly overheard. What kind of a looking person is he ?"

"He is rather a remarkable looking man : badly made, crooked nose, and cursed with a most atrocious expression of countenance."

"I am sure, then, that he is the person, and that I have seen him." I then related to him my interview with the stranger on the pathway a short time before.

"He is the very man ; and a more villainous ruffian never drew breath. But what was the green leaf he spoke of ?"

"Oh, it was a leaf of palm, which my servant put in my hat on the previous Sunday, and I partly forgot, and partly did not care, to remove it."

"Well, I can tell you, that you had as narrow an escape as most of your friends ; for if he suspected that you were likely to have discovered his hiding-place, he would as soon have hurled you from the path, as he did the rock you mention. But we must not lose our time, for he is a crafty devil, and as plentifully stored with resources as a wood fox. Come, we must get some help !"

We then proceeded to the houses of several friends, until we had collected a conclave of eight, and sat

down to consider what was best to be done. After some deliberation, we resolved to send to Kilrush for military aid; then to arm ourselves, and with our servants, to hasten to the spot, and keep a sharp look out, so as to prevent his escape. It was doubtful, however, that he would not have left the place before we arrived; but we sent instructions to the military to examine every house on their way within three miles of the neighbourhood; and to proceed as cautiously, and with as much celerity, as the nature of the circumstances might allow.

It was two o'clock before we reached our destination; we had proceeded very silently, stopping occasionally to observe whether we could distinguish sounds of any kind; and several times turning to the edge of the cliff to ascertain if any boats were visible on the sea. The morning's light was just dawning when we arrived; but neither sound of voice nor footstep was to be heard, or boat to be seen, or human figure on the cliffs; all was as still as death, except when the whispers of our own voices disturbed the morning calm. For a moment it was thought that a figure of a woman was seen darting under one of the cliffs, near the Puffing-hole; but so rapid was the motion, and so uncertain the light, and at the same time, such seemed to be the precarious position of a person in that place, that we concluded the whole to be merely the effect of imagination.

Having posted our little party at different points on the line of the cliffs, we waited at the head of the pathway leading to the cavern for the approach of the military.

After spending about three hours in feverish expectation, having risen for about the sixth time to refresh my limbs and my head in the cool breeze, I spied at a distance the approach of the military. They were coming by a line of road considerably to the left of the village, and were bringing with them a stranger, apparently in the character of a guide. Our messenger was also with them. After the usual salutations, their officer informed us, that they had searched every house on their way, where they thought it possible that the object of our pursuit could be lurking; that they were not able to discover any traces of him; and had

hired the stranger to lead them to the place of rendezvous. Some advised to procure boats, and go round to the front of the cavern by sea; others, that we should descend at once by the pathway, down which the guide professed his utter inability to lead them. After some discussion, it was proposed that I should act as leader, which my pride prevented me from refusing; although, to tell the truth, the specimen which I had enjoyed that night of the honour to be derived from such an expedition did not much encourage me. To decline, however, would have argued cowardice.

But how were we to be arranged? My knowledge of the localities about here now came to my assistance. I remembered that there was a projecting rock about a pistol-shot from the mouth of the cavern, and from which it could be distinctly covered, large enough to allow one man to stand upon it, and which, provided he could maintain himself in the position with one hand, would enable him to observe distinctly the proceedings below, and to fire upon any person coming out of it with a pistol or carbine. The question was then, who would venture there? The officer could not leave his men. After some consultation, it was agreed that Mr. R—, a young gentleman of considerable activity and bodily strength, who had joined our party on the evening before, should undertake it. Some presence of mind and coolness, as well as strength were required for this part of the undertaking, as the rock stood more than two hundred feet directly over the sea, and a glance downwards was quite sufficient to satisfy any reasonable person of the practicability of breaking his neck. He undertook to act his part, and with much the same sort of grateful feelings to my considerate friends, I prepared for mine. Four soldiers, with their officer, were to be my escort; seven more, with a corporal, and the remainder of the volunteering party, were to stop on the cliff and watch the proceedings from above. Just as we were about to descend, the officer called the corporal aside, and whispered in his ear, as he afterwards told me, to keep a close watch on their guide, whom he had every reason to suspect was not a true man.

I then began to lead the way. As we should descend with our faces to the rock, it was resolved that our guns should be fixed behind our backs until we reached the turn in the path. On we went, and had just descended a little below the turn, when, as I was taking my gun rightly in my hand, a shrill whistle from above rang among the rocks. In a moment we had our guns fixed, and every eye below the turn was directed towards the mouth of the cavern. In about half a minute we observed the head of a man extended from behind a piece of jutting rock; and almost at the same instant we heard the report of a gun above us, and saw the slate and dusty gravel of the rock dashed about the face, which disappeared before we could learn whether or not it was hit.

No sooner had I heard the shot, when the officer cried, "Now, my lads, down upon them." We rolled, tumbled, slid, jumped, down the remainder of the path, and were at the mouth of the cavern before we could have thought it possible the minute before. To cock our guns, present bayonets, and charge, was the work of a moment—we were in the centre of the cavern.

"Holy Vargin and blessed Saints defend us!" cried a shrill, squeaking, voice, from one side of the strange retreat. "Blessed Mother keep us—what's this at all at!"

"Hollo, my old lady!" cried the officer; "where are you? Come out my old damsel, and let us get a glimpse of you." And so saying, he, with one or two of the soldiers, groped his way towards the side from whence the voice proceeded.

"Oh, what are ye, at all at all? Sure, an' I thought it was my own Mick that was a coming home to me, and dhiving the cows before him—God bless him! Oh, thin, what!"

"Cows! my good friend," said the officer. "How the devil could cows get here; unless they were sea-calves you mean?"

"Och, thin, sure enough, but I thought I was at home; an' where am I, my jewel; an' who are ye?"

"Why, first and foremost, you are in possession of his Majesty the king's troops; and we are come here to take and possess ourselves of the person of a man called Shawn Buie, if you know such an one."

"Shawn Buie! Is it him that was drowned at the cliffs of Mohir you mane?—an' it'll be long before ye find him!"

"Indeed I'm thinking so, with you for our guide!" said one of the men; "so I think we must put you out of our way for a while."

"Thur a mon dioul!" said a voice from behind; and at the same moment the soldier staggered back beneath a blow from the direction in which the voice came. A figure darted to the mouth of the cavern; several shots were fired after him; but the darkness and the smoke prevented correct aim. A plunge into the sea was heard, and we all rushed out. He had dived, and the direction which he had taken under water we could not at once perceive. The noise of the shots below had awakened the attention of those above, and now every eye was strained to mark the spot where he rose.

"Wurrah sthru, wurrah sthru! will ye kill my child, ye murdering villins, that never did hurt nor harm to kaste nor christhan? Let him alone, I say agin; or I'll be the death of ye—ye red lobster!" said the old hag, who, at the first alarm, had sprung up, and following us out, had seized hold of the officer by the throat. One of the soldiers struck her with the butt end of his musket, to make her let go her hold; and in return received a blow from a stone on the head, which levelled him with the earth. The row now became general. Several soldiers fired into the cavern at once. A cry was heard, followed by a deep groan. For a moment I felt horrified; and would have given my best Rigby that we had not fired. The next thing, however, was to see what work we had done. We groped our way in, unmolested by the poor old woman, whom the violence of the blow and the cry of the wounded person had quite overcome—she had fainted. After a short time we found the body of a little boy, who was sent with the fugitive from the dancing party a few Sundays before. The poor little fellow was quite dead—he had been shot through the heart.

In the mean time, our friends above kept a sharp look out. As soon as Shawn Buie had risen to the surface of the water, he was saluted with a discharge of musketry, which, how-

ever, appeared to prove ineffectual in consequence of the deceptive distance. Several balls fell far short; some beyond; only one seemed to be well aimed. He did not, however, appear to be struck; but turned over and dived again like a well-experienced and powerful swimmer. I had returned from the cavern before he rose the second time; the officer pointed in the direction where he expected him to rise. I rested my rifle upon a jutting portion of rock, ready to fire; for I found that I had now too far involved myself to decline acting as I was commanded. After some time, having waited longer than we thought it possible for a living person to remain under water, we saw the bare feet of a man rise out of the sea, and then settle down, the body ascending slowly after them, and turning on its back.

"He is dead!" cried all at once.

"Who is dead? Is it my child? Have yees killed my child, you murdering divils? Have yees killed my child, I say agin? Och, then, has it come to this; that I"—and she fainted again.

I now ascended the cliff as speedily as I could, leaving the military to guard those below, in order to consult with my friends on the top as to the proper mode of proceeding. It was considered best to despatch messengers for two or three boats, which could convey the bodies and the old woman home, instead of forcing her, and dragging them, up the cliff. Three gentlemen set off forthwith, and I

remained above with the rest of the volunteers. All began again to assume the appearance of tranquillity. The stranger lay beside me, tied by the wrists and legs; his face swollen and bloody, which I was told was caused by a blow which he received from one of the guards when he gave the whistle that first startled us, which put a decided negative on any further signals from him. The body of Shawn Buie floated on the surface of the blue sea, rising up and down with every tossing wave.

After repeating the occurrence which happened in the cave more than once, we began to turn our eyes toward the line of coast from whence the boats should come. By degrees one of us observed the body to drift away close to Bishop's Island; but still we thought that, perhaps, the rising of the tide might have that effect. We turned our eyes towards Kilkee; and when we looked again, the body had vanished. We sprung to our feet—every eye was strained; but no vestige of his appearance remained, save the ruffling of the water where he had been. We looked until our eyes strained again. Some said, that a shark must have carried the body down; but that was negatived at once. Others said that he dived again; but it seemed impossible that he could be alive. We suggested; we contradicted; we looked; we strained; but all to no purpose—the body of Shawn Buie had vanished; and was never heard of more.

ROBERT OWEN AND HIS SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY.

THE Sicilian Cyclops may be a fable ; but it is a plain matter of fact that in England there exists a race of one-eyed men, who can only see life as in a picture, on a flat surface, with no foreground or background, no light or shade. All they see is one staring, expressionless flat ; the faculty which tones down one colour and throws out another is wanting : they are the men of one idea, and, therefore, of one eye. They cannot produce two images of one object, but either see double, as the drunken man ; or single, as the one-eyed man. In the one case, drunk with theory, the brain supposes there are separate objects, because it sees separate images ; in the other case, it sees the same object always in the same point of view. It is difficult to say which defect of vision misleads most ; but your thorough enthusiast is generally the victim of both mistakes. A one-eyed man under the effects of drink is more to be pitied than a blind man ; for the one, at least, has no illusions—all is darkness, and as he feels his steps he does not soon fall into the ditch. But what is more pitiable than the enthusiast who only sees from one point of view, and yet from that fixed point sees things double. His life is one long illusion, and the more sincere he is in walking by the inner light of his own imagination, the more hopelessly he goes astray. The life of Robert Owen is the life of a man who was born a sober and who died a drunken Cyclops—who was, by original or early infirmity, unable to see life from more than one point of view, but who added to that the other infirmity, that in middle age he got drunk with a theory, and never again was able to see objects singly ; and who, under this double delusion, outlived his generation, and only died the other day, the last believer in his singular opinions. Such a man's life is worth study, if not for the results he arrived at, at least for the singular way that he came to them.

Mr. Cobden is a Cyclops, so is Mr. Smith O'Brien. Wordsworth was a poetical, and Jeremy Bentham an utilitarian Cyclops. In all these remarkable men the other eye of the mind, by which we harmonize and proportionate truth—by which we see things in their relation to each other—was blind. They are men of one idea, but the little that they see they at least see truly. Not so with the enthusiast, whether, as Spinoza, God-drunk ; or as Auguste Comte, drunk with matter and positive laws ; or as Robert Owen, drunk with social reform. Not only is his field of vision limited, but, in that limited field, he cannot and will not see things as they are. Objects have lost their simplicity to him. It is not that he half creates, while he half perceives—which all idealists must do—but that he wholly creates his own perceptions. Like Dryden, in the "Hind and the Panther," he exclaims—

" Shall I my reason to my faith compel ?
And shall my sight, and touch, and taste rebel ?
Superior faculties are set aside ;
Shall their subservient organs be my guide ?"

Subordinating reason to faith, he at last subordinates sight to reason, and reaches the grand conclusion, that if facts are against him, it is so much the worse for the facts. Things are the creatures of thought, and not thought of things : the philosophy of common sense is turned upside down, and we are fairly, at last, among the Anthropophagi, whose heads beneath their shoulders grow.

We have to thank Mr. Sargent for a most readable and judicious summary of Robert Owen's social philosophy. It must have been no small trial of temper to wade through Owen's autobiography ; to bear this singular egoist company through a long life of nearly ninety years ; to allow for his humours, and to forgive the closing scene of a long life of mistaken philanthropy. The biographer who escapes the temptation of falling down to worship his hero, seldom escapes the

opposite danger of falling out with him, and flinging him away in a passion. Sometimes he is guilty of both, like the men of Lystra, who first sacrificed to Paul and Barnabas, and then stoned them. So the biographer who begins as a passionate idolater, ends as a passionate iconoclast. We tremble for Frederick the Great in the hands of Mr. Carlyle. We should not wonder if he will put him down at the end of his fourth volume as Fritz the Little, like Victor Hugo's *Napoleon le Petit*. Mr. Sargant has escaped both these temptations: he is moderate throughout in his praise and blame. An Owenite converted to common sense could not dismiss the dream of his youth more indulgently. All he asks is pity for Owen's errors, and respect for his sincerity; and the bitterest enemy to Socialism, the bloated aristocrat, the prelate in purple and fine linen, for whose especial use the Secularist reserves a place of punishment hereafter, will allow the claim, and will bury their hate of Owen's mistakes in the same grave with their love of the game laws.

Conservatives can the more readily forgive such extreme Radicalism as that of Owen's, if they bear in mind that the errors of one age are the truths of another. Coleridge taught a fine lesson of charity in the weighty remark, that the errors which we denounce so heartily may be only the refracted shadow of truths not yet risen above the horizon. As the preacher in the Welsh mountains, who mistook the shadow of his own brother for a giant, so Conservatism may see an enemy in the approaching form of a friend. The Socialism of Owen's day, that Eldon and Sidmouth challenged, as Hamlet did his father's ghost, clad in complete steel, now steals upon us in such a Christian guise, that we may speak with it. It is the ghost of Communism, baptized and given a Christian name. Cured of its atheism, has it not clergymen like Maurice and Kingsley for its godfathers, and the authoress of "Legendary and Christian Art" for its godmother? Shelley has been deprived of his children a second time; his intellectual progeny, like his natural, have been given out to nurse to pious relations—and the Association for the Promotion of Social Science, with bishops for chaplains, have open-

ed a reformatory to cure Socialism—that juvenile offender of the inherited depravity of its parents' atheism. It is a wise child that knows his father; but it is a wiser father that knows his child in these days of transformation. If Owen or Shelley could walk into the Congress of Social Reformers, held at Glasgow the other day, how they would stare at the religious surroundings of their progeny! Is this the positive bantling, the latest birth of time? How could an age that had outgrown superstition, thus fall back into the arms of that beldam, Religion? What had Christianity to say to the propagation of Socialism, that it should now adopt it as its own? The babe is of Egyptian, not of Hebrew birth—it refuses to be called the child of Solyman's daughter. Such would be the vain protest of the philanthropists of a former age, against the theo-philanthropists of our own. It is all of no use. Owen must resign his charge to a Christian nurse. Socialism is to be brought up as a good little Christian—its clerical sponsors go bail for its good behaviour—so Conservatism may now forget its fears, and turn social reformer. Lord Derby and Sir John Pakington lead the way.

Robert Owen was born on the 14th of May, 1771, at Newtown, Montgomeryshire. His father was a petty tradesman, who kept the post-office, and was looked up to as the village oracle—the importer of the news of the world—the repository of the secrets of Newtown. Young Owen was a precocious child, who read much, and who rose at last in the estimation of his parents so far as to become the confidential adviser of the adviser of Newtown. The child is father to the man; so that exaggerated firmness—a fixity of purpose which was Owen's fault in age—is seen in him in youth. His mother once reported him to his father for disobeying her. He was chastised in the rigorous way much in fashion a century ago. After refusing submission several times, each refusal being followed by a lash, he concluded with saying, "You may kill me, but I will not do it;" and so the contest ended. He was never chastised afterwards.

At ten years of age he was apprenticed to a Mr. McGuffog, a tradesman at Stamford, in Lincolnshire. Here he was treated as one of the family

and carefully instructed in the business, to his great benefit in after-life. At fourteen young Owen determined to push his fortunes in London, and made out a situation as a shop-assistant in the Borough-road. From thence he removed to Manchester, whither he was tempted by an advance of salary. And at nineteen years of age, we find him on the threshold of life—a youth with good moral principles, but already sceptical in his religious opinions—ambitious to rise, but with a keen eye to business, and altogether with more of the Manchester mill-owner in him than of the social reformer and visionary philanthropist.

Manchester made him a manufacturer, and Glasgow promoted him into a philosopher. During the latter years of last century, the cotton trade was taking root in Lancashire, and mills were springing up as if Sea Island cotton-down, wafted across the Atlantic, had cropped up in a marvellous growth of tall chimneys, vomiting smoke over moor and hill. This was the day when fortunes were made, and families founded that have since passed into the Peerage. If young Owen had stuck to his Manchester schemes, he might have written his name among the Peels, Struttas, and Marshalls—the founders of a new aristocracy. To all appearance this was to be his position in life. He had made a successful start in Manchester—had taken a large new factory, and set up on his own account. He then became manager and partner to a Mr. Drinkwater, whose fortunes he was fast retrieving, as well as beginning his own; but his destiny—or, as Owen would say, his “surroundings”—were against him. A dispute with Mr. Drinkwater led to a dissolution of partnership; and we find him at last joint manager of the Charlton Twist Company, with the duty of visiting customers in the North of England, which journey he was led to extend into Scotland. Mail-coaches had not been yet established, and it took two days and three nights unbroken travelling by post-carriages to go from Manchester to Glasgow. During one of these visits to Glasgow, Owen paid a visit to New Lanark, then a primitive manufacturing Scotch village, with four water-mills for cotton spinning, near the falls of the Clyde. Owen was pleased with the scenery and the situation of the mills; and, as

he stood in front of the buildings, he said to his companion, “Of all places that I have yet seen, I should prefer this in which to try an experiment I have long contemplated, and have wished to have an opportunity to put in practice.” At that time he had no reason to anticipate that his wish would be gratified.

It was “love first taught a monarch to be wise,” and so it was a marriage which paved the way for Owen entering the path of a Social Reformer. The proprietor of the New Lanark Mills, a Mr. Dale, was a widower, with five daughters, the eldest of whom had the care of the house and of her sisters. A Miss Spear, of Manchester, a mutual friend of both parties, had provided Owen with a letter of introduction to Miss Dale, which led to morning walks and an intimacy on both sides, which Miss Spear blew into a flame, by a judicious hint dropped, that Miss Dale was strongly prepossessed in his favour, and that if ever she married, he should be her husband.

Love, which is never at a loss for a stratagem, now suggested to him a plan for obtaining an introduction to Mr. Dale. He called upon him to ask whether it was a true report that the Lanark Mills were to be disposed of. Mr. Dale at first received his proposal coldly; but when Owen had satisfied him that he was in partnership with older men, so that the capital was forthcoming, he entertained the proposal seriously; and a visit of the other Manchester partners led to the sale of the works, and to the instalment of Owen as partner and resident manager of the New Lanark Twist Company.

The *ruse* for obtaining an introduction to Mr. Dale had succeeded so well, that he was now mill-owner in his stead. The father's objections to his daughter's marriage with an adventurer—(a land-louper, as he called him)—were not now insuperable, and the courtship ended as all such affairs ought to end, in a marriage, on the 30th September, 1799. Owen was astonished at the brevity of the ceremony. The interested parties assembled in the drawing-room. The Rev. Mr. Balfour, a minister of the Established Church of Scotland, desired the lady and gentleman to stand up, and asked them separately whether

each of them was willing to receive the other as husband or wife ; when, after a nod of assent from each, they were declared to be married.

A prosperous courtship had now installed Owen in the sphere of life in which he was to display his peculiar theories of social reform, and work out upon a couple of thousand factory hands the great problem of the regeneration of mankind, by bettering the sanitary and other surroundings of man's nature, which not only help to modify, but, according to Owen, actually create character. Bad as the factory system then was in England, it was, if possible, worse in Scotland. Serfdom lingered on still in some of the mining districts ; and the operative was treated as little better than a serf. To obtain a supply of hands, the workhouses farmed out their children to the mill-owners, who contracted to feed, clothe, and work them, on condition of relieving the ratepayers of such a burden. Mr. Dale, the late proprietor of the Lanark works, had done all in his power to alleviate the evils resulting from such a system. He had 500 children quartered on him, whom he housed in well-aired, spacious, clean rooms, while the food was abundant, and the clothing sufficient. But the chain of serfdom galled, notwithstanding. The children were sent to work at six years of age, and young and old toiled from six in the morning till seven in the evening ; and the night-school, however well meant by the benevolent proprietor, only added the toils of the mind to those of the body, and turned instruction into a fresh weariness. The inevitable results followed. The poor children hated their slavery. Many absconded : some were stunted and even dwarfed in stature : at thirteen to fifteen years old, when their apprenticeship ended, they commonly went off to Glasgow or Edinburgh, with no natural guardians, ignorant of the world, and altogether admirably trained for swelling the mass of vice and misery in the towns. Owen entirely exonerates Mr. Dale from all blame in the matter, contending that the authorities ought to have deferred the apprenticeship of the children till they were educated, and fit for labour. But, he says, with justice, if such

miseries followed under the best of masters, what must have been the result under the worst ?

Owen, who had now ten years' experience in the management of factories, found himself at last with a favourable case upon which to try his great experiment of remodelling mankind by improving his circumstances. He set to work at once. He set up shops for supplying good provisions at wholesale price, he refused to receive any more pauper children, and set up an infant school for the children of his operatives—not a night, but a day school—in which the little creatures were taught to dance and sing and the alphabet and the abacus were unseen and unknown. Instead of the "all work and no play" system, Owen established the "all play and no work" in the New Lanark schools ; and though it is probable he was too much in one extreme, as his predecessor had been too much in the other, still it was a fault in the right direction, and by its exaggeration perhaps called the attention of the age to the right mode of drawing out character by kindness. Mixed up with Owen's schemes for the amelioration of his workpeople, there seems to have been not a little pedantry. One of these was a four-sided piece of wood, about two inches long and one broad, with the sides painted respectively black, white, yellow, and blue ; one of these instruments being hung up near every person employed. The 2,500 toys had their positions arranged every day, according to the conduct of the worker during the preceding—white, indicating excellence ; yellow, moderate goodness ; blue, a neutral condition of morals ; and black, exceeding naughtiness. Owen, as he walked along the factory, fancied that he could thus take in by the eye the complexion of the moral character of every man, woman, and child in New Lanark ; and was delighted to find that though at first there was a predominance of black, with some blue, a little yellow, and scarcely any white, yet that gradually the black toned down into blue, the blue into yellow, and the yellow vanished in white, thus indicating the success of his darling scheme. He had only to persevere, he imagined, in this improving of

men's surroundings—draining, paving, lighting, washing, clothing, feeding—in order to charm to sleep the demon of discontent, and turn New Lanark into a Garden of Eden.

Owen was a one-eyed man from the first; but he was fast becoming blind with presumption and overweening with success. In the hands of a less obstinate theorist this Lanark project might have been carried on as prosperously as it had begun. But unhappily Owen had tagged on to his schemes of social reform a theory of the original goodness of human nature. The Jesuits of Paraguay treated the Indians as full-grown but mischievous children. They set them to work, and kept their minds from evil, by keeping down thinking and keeping up handicraft. Owen, in New Lanark, acted almost on the same system. He regarded mankind as a keeper of an asylum would so many irresponsible lunatics; he kept them busy, and thought to draw out moral good by driving away physical evil. The Jesuit and the Socialist theories of human nature are equally false. It will not do to keep men from evil by keeping them from the knowledge of good and evil. Simplicity is not innocence as the Paraguay divines and the Lanark philanthropist agreed to think it. You cannot so tutor man into good from without.

It is easy to see that as Owen began to outstep the bounds of prudence and to sink the character of a spirited and improving employer in that of a philanthropist and visionary, that his partners grew impatient of his projects and wished to curb him in the indulgence of these expensive reforms. The leading partners accordingly made a journey to Scotland, stayed several days at Owen's residence of Branfield, near the mills, inspected all the arrangements, and listened to the enthusiastic projects for the future. The result was, however, a vote of want of confidence in their manager. "Each of your propositions," they said, "is true individually, but as they lead to conclusions contrary to our education, habits, and practices, they must in the aggregate be erroneous; and we cannot proceed on such new principles of governing and extending this already very large establishment."

There is a logic in this seemingly

illogical resolution. It is like one of Liebig's formulas about carbon and heat, which may be true enough in the chemist's laboratory, but which break down in their application to the human organism. As a good cook is also a chemist, though an unconscious one, but the chemist is not always a good cook, so of reformatory schemes applied to that strange compound thing we call human nature. Chemical laws will not hold good in physiological cases, and so physiological laws will not work out moral results. So far from the lower producing the higher, it is more often the contrary way. As the vital powers suspend the action of chemical laws, so moral natures defy the action sometimes of physical influences either for better or worse.

Owen's scheme must have failed. His partners were wise in drawing off from an enthusiast, who, setting out with the manufacture of cotton twist, had conceived a scheme of emancipating mankind from the thralldom of vice and misery. The old partners were bought out, and new partners entered the concern, willing to risk their capital on an educational as well as a manufacturing scheme. And so Owen had a fresh start in life, with increased facilities for trying his generous experiment of reforming human nature from without.

The Manchester element had been soon eliminated. Owen was now a Glasgow manufacturer by profession, but a philanthropist in heart and soul—a prophet with a secret mission to regenerate mankind. Manchester was the new prophet's Medina—Glasgow was his Mecca. He turned now to look for followers, and Jeremy Bentham, William Allen, and Joseph Foster, were his Ali, his Abu Beker, and his Omar.

The Utilitarians and the Quakers were the first converts to the new religion. Sinking their differences on minor points, the disciples of Socialism agreed to join in working the Lanark Mills on a joint commercial and philanthropic basis. The Lanarkshire "Lo Allah ullah Allah!" ran as follows:—"By my own experience and reflection I have ascertained that human nature is radically good, and is capable of being trained, educated, and placed from birth in such a manner, that all ultimately (that is, as soon as

the gross errors and corruptions of the present false and wicked system are overcome and destroyed), must become united, good, wise, healthy, and happy."

Seven commercial men, principally Quakers, were willing to link their fortunes to Owen in working out this great experiment. The capital proposed to be raised was £130,000, in thirteen shares of £10,000 each, and of these shares Owen claimed five. The peculiarity of the arrangement was this, that the factory was not to be carried on as ordinary business for the mere profit of the principals, nor even as it had been carried on for a dozen years, for the joint advantage of principals and work people; but the profits, after setting aside five per cent. for interest on capital, were to be applied wholly to educational and philanthropic schemes. The mill was knocked down to the new proprietors for £114,100; the people of New Lanark illuminated their windows for joy at securing Owen as their philanthropic governor, and to the alarm of his Quaker companions from London, insisted upon unyoking the horses and drawing the carriage in triumph into New Lanark.

For many years the Lanark mills were as decided a commercial as a philanthropic success. If Owen had not been a social reformer he would undoubtedly have become a millionaire. For every undertaking he put his hand to prospered. He had a natural talent for managing men; and as an overseer of work he did not allow his benevolent feelings to blind his judgment as to the amount of work to be got out of the human machine. If he was merciful to the working man he was also just to the capitalist.

A brief account of the impression which New Lanark produced upon Dr. MacNab, who made a journey there to report upon it to the Duke of Kent, will give our readers some idea of the management of this model village and factory. The first place visited was the infant school, where children from two to four years of age were taught to dance and sing, and kept out of harm's way during the day time, and at evening returned to their mothers. Next the deputation visited the elder school. At the time of the visit, a psalm was being

sung, after which there was a prayer. Then followed the reading of a chapter of the New Testament, the boys and girls standing at opposite sides of the room, and repeating the verses alternately. Afterwards the deputation attended chapel, it being Sunday. The writer's mind was much excited by seeing a thousand persons out of so small a population as that of Lanark returning from church with smiling faces, and all decently dressed. An example is given of an old Highlander who had been at the place for twenty-five years. He held the office of general scavenger, and had come there with sixpence in his pocket, but he had made so good a living as to be able to educate a son for the ministry, and to have his daughter taught mantua-making, besides having a reserve in the savings' bank. Next day the deputation visited the playground, and then the play-room for wet weather, where the children were mustered; dances were gone through, boy pipers played Scotch national airs, and a drill-sergeant put them through a few simple military manoeuvres. Next they visited the public kitchen, a building 150 feet by 40, having kitchens and store-rooms on the lower story, and an upper story consisting of a large elegant dining-room, with a gallery for an orchestra at the end, and a library, with lobbies in the centre, and a room of equal size at the other end constructed for a lecture and concert room. The intention was to furnish a dinner at a fixed price to all who chose to come. A woman who was casually met carrying a piece of beef, said that in Glasgow it would have cost her ten-pence a pound, but that she had only paid seven-pence a pound for it. Mr. Owen had established provision shops in which the best food could be procured at cost price.

The moral results of this care and supervision appear to have been highly satisfactory. Drunkenness was discountenanced rather than suppressed by Owen's system; and the result was, that without any pledge or Maine Liquor Law, drunkenness was very unusual. For the number of females employed, 1380, the number of illegitimate births was remarkably low—on an average three a year—a number far below the average of Great Britain.

But we must draw our remarks upon New Lanark to a close. If the prophet of Islam had dissensions in his household, it was not permitted to the prophet of Socialism to make innovations in the manners and customs of factory life without remonstrance from his partners. As Mahomet bore a lasting grudge to the Jews for resisting his pretensions, so William Allen, a Quaker of strong Christian convictions, crossed Owen's path, and thwarted him in his endeavour to found a community independent of all religious principles. The Sabbath question, the Bible in school, forbidding profane music and dancing, were thorns in Owen's side, who had long since parted with all traditional beliefs, and had drawn down on himself the vehement dislike of all earnest Christians by his open rejection of Christianity. Among other peculiar opinions Owen had Spartan notions of dress, and kept the little boys in school unbreeched, beyond the age that propriety calls for these natural defences to modesty. The partners accordingly came to the resolution that, having considered the dress of the children, we are of opinion that decency requires that all males, as they arrive at the age of six years, should wear trousers, or drawers; we agree, therefore, that they shall be required to be so clothed.

After some dissension on these and similar matters, it was agreed that Owen should retire from the management as soon as a fit successor could be found. Owen finally retired in 1829, and Mr. Charles Walker succeeded.

The manufacturer, now let loose from the trammels of business, became the philanthropist and visionary. If Bacon complained that the philosopher of his day wanted lead and not feathers to his wings, so it was with Owen. Released from Lanark, he sprang aloft into Utopia. He had all along been a philanthropist under difficulties; now his difficulties were over, he had none to give account to of his proceedings, and they accordingly became vague and purposeless, beyond what we could have expected from a keen man of business, who had spent forty years of his life behind a counter or at a desk. In 1824 the prophet of Socialism first carried his views with him across the Atlantic.

He purchased an estate of thirty thousand acres in Indiana, from a colony of Germans, who called the place Harmony, and themselves Harmonians. Here Owen proposed to establish a Socialist community by the adoption of "a system of union and co-operation founded in a spirit of universal charity derived from a correct knowledge of the constitution of human nature." A constitution was given to this new society: "the object proposed is happiness; the principles adopted are equality of rights among adult men and women, co-operative union in business and amusement, community of property, kindness in action, courtesy in intercourse." It was hoped thereby to charm to sleep the evils of the old world—"competition and opposition, jealousy and dissension, extravagance and poverty, tyranny and slavery!" But, alas! Harmony was only a name. First came a split about religion, the old rock upon which the Lanark scheme had foundered. The attempt to expel nature with a fork failed, as it always will do. Men would be litigious, and self-seeking and prefer private to public good. Communism lingered on for a little time in Harmony in name only, and at last even the profession of communistic principles disappeared; the society was broken up, Owen was left with a large tract of land on his hands, and a town built by the enthusiasm of some poor German Lutherans—who, in their folly, had done what he, in his boasted wisdom, had utterly failed in. A new bubble rose, and danced before him, only to disappear like the former. A large grant of land was offered in Mexico, and thither Owen repaired, in hopes of finding a footing on which to work out his socialist scheme. Land in Texas was cheap; he was offered a tract of fifty leagues in width between the borders of the United States and Mexico; but it all came to nothing. The existing law in Mexico forbade the exercise of any religion but the Roman Catholic, and such a restriction was inconsistent with the fundamental principle of Owen's system of government. The President of Mexico held out hopes that this law should be repealed; but a change in Mexican administration happened; the liberal party fell from power; the new minister cared no-

thing for Owen, and so the whole scheme melted away into thin air.

Happily for Owen he had sunk nothing more substantial in Mexico than a few expectations of a community founded "on the principles of truth, charity, and knowledge;" and, as these expectations were not easily killed in such a confirmed enthusiast, he had only to reship his hopes of communism back to the old world, and begin as fresh as ever the attempt to regenerate mankind by the nostrum of socialist principles.

The scene of his third experiment in Communism was in Scotland, on an estate of 291 acres, called Orbiston, situated nine miles from Glasgow, and thirty-five from Edinburgh. A company was formed, with a capital of £50,000, and it was proposed to locate upon the lands a number of industrious families, some as agricultural, some as manufacturing labourers, who should live and labour in common—the profits of the whole concern, after deducting a moderate interest for the capitalists, to go to the benefit of the settlers. The scheme was set on foot in 1825, and lasted just two years. At first it was only intended to go as far as Socialism, that is, the adoption of the greatest possible amount of co-operation short of community of property. But Socialism soon developed into Communism; and notwithstanding the writer in the *Cornhill* of the article "*Unto This Last*" it was soon proved that when we give unto the lazy and improvident as unto the industrious and skilled labourer, we put a premium on indolence. The Orbiston scheme dragged on existence for a few months after its adoption of Communism; and then creditors put in an execution, the standing crops were sold, the furniture put up to auction, and in the end, the buildings, being utterly useless, were razed to the ground.

Owen's occupation as a planter of Utopias was no more. Too many schemes of this kind had failed under him to tempt adventurers to risk their capital again. The world might forget Robert Owen, but Robert Owen would not forget his mission. The prophet now retired to his cave; and as Mahomet there wrote his revelations on scraps of mutton bones and palm leaves, so Owen scattered

his utterances in the shape of essays and addresses to all kinds and classes of persons, from Majesty downwards. Monotonous as is the Koran, tame as its rhapsodies sound to our western ears, tamer and more monotonous still are the utterances of the prophet of Socialism. We were once favoured with a lecture on Mind Formation by a disciple of Owen, a Mr. Pemberton, who aspired once, we suppose, to be the Kalif to the true prophet; but so sleep-compelling was the lecture that we have never yet read it through, and believe that the initiated only can do so, as the monks of Mount Attos, in that somnambulist state, when falling into a trance, but having the eyes open, they see into the subject without turning over the pages.

From Socialism, to spirit-rapping, it is sad to trace the decline of Owen's intellect, before it darkened into second childishness and mere oblivion. The old man, who burst into a passionate abuse of all religion a year before his death, when he denounced religion "as the bane of humanity, and the cause of all its crimes, irrationalities, absurdities, and sufferings," was doomed to be the victim of a stupid superstition. Table-turning is a strange *pendant* to atheism, and the coarse hoax of a Mrs. Hayden, a strange retribution on the old Socialist, too incredulous and hard-headed to swallow the story of Christ's life and death. We have no mind to exult over the fallen; we have not Elijah's mantle, and therefore dare not use Elijah's irony against the worshippers of Baal. But surely, it calls for some reflection to see this faith element denied the bread of God in the house of God, and fain at last to fill its belly with the husks which the swine did eat. The pagan, in a creed outworn, was ashamed of spiritualism. One augur could not look at another in the days of Cicero; but credulity is the curse appointed for scepticism. And so a Hayden encourages a Bolton, and an old enthusiast is made the victim of a stale imposture, which a ploughboy at a fair would flout as a conjurer's trick. It is solemn to think that Auguste Comte's latter end, like that of Owen's, was one of abject superstition. As the Buddhist deifies annihilation, as Lucretius warms up nature into a lovely Venus Anadyomene,

so the French and English materialists,

"Who dropped their plummets down the
broad

Deep universe, and said, no God,
Nothing but matter,"

have ended by worshipping their own negations. Humanity in the person of Mademoiselle Clotilde de Vaud was the abstraction which old Comte clothed in flesh and blood and worshipped with the love of Abelard to Heloise, of David to Abishag. It is quite as sad to read of old Owen groping among the tombs of buried friends, and calling up the ghost of his mother, while the table rapped the letters of her maiden name to convince him it was her ghost. We gladly draw the curtain over this last pitiable freak of a doting old man, and turn to breathe fresh air by his dying bed in his mountain home, in Wales. In October, 1858, when the hand of death was on him, as he lay ill at the Victoria Hotel, Liverpool, the idea seized him that he would go to Newtown, "to lay his bones where they had come from." For once the ruling passion was not strong in death: the old Socialist dreamer had become a little child, and wished to breathe again the air that he first drew breath in, eighty-nine years before. Arriving in Newtown, his native place, he and his attendant adopted fictitious names, and stopping at the house where he was born, he gratified his curiosity by finding that the very room was well known. Again the whim seized him, and he returned through Shrewsbury to Liverpool. Again he must set out for Newtown, and this time to die. He went to an hotel, refused to take the prescription ordered by a medical attendant, or to see the rector, who called upon him as a clergyman. Owen suggested to him some visionary plan for the regeneration of Newtown, and requested him to confer

with the magistrates and other authorities on the subject. His eldest son arrived from London in time to receive his farewell and witness his departure.

The story of such a life carries with it its own lesson. He would have been a happier if an humbler man. He is a signal instance that the so-called utilitarian philosophy fails of its own professed end. Those who purposely shut out of view the higher and ulterior ends of man's being, do not even satisfy the requirements of his lower nature here below. The philanthropist who will be that and nothing else, misses his mark, even in that. Had Owen been content to go on educating and improving his Lanark operatives, he might have been less famous, but his failures would also have been less signal. So long as he was chained to the oar of duty he was a happy and a useful man. He dreamed dreams, it is true, but it was by night; he had not become a confirmed somnambulist hurrying to and fro over the earth in a coma state of Communism, aiming at the regeneration of all mankind, and not succeeding in managing a farm of 200 or more acres. Unhappily for Owen, he had conceived a kind of hierophobia in childhood which never left him. He saw in religion only a contrivance for making men cowards towards God and slaves to each other. He thus wanted the mainspring for all high action himself, and what he could not feel for himself he would not act upon in others. He was generous and liberal; he could use money, but he could not hoard it. In his early years at least, he was a shrewd man of business; and but for that dream of Communism, which darkened the last half of his life might have deserved a place with the Thorntons, Clarksons, Wilberforces, and Budgetts, to whom England and the world owe so much.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

WELD'S TWO MONTHS IN THE HIGHLANDS, ORCADIA, AND SKYE.—NELSON'S HAND-BOOK TO SCOTLAND.—DUNDONALD'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SEAMAN.—M'LEOD'S TRAVELS IN EASTERN AFRICA.—DE MOLEYNS ON THE LANDLORD AND TENANT ACTS.—AYLMER'S CRUISE IN THE PACIFIC.

MR. WELD'S holiday rambles bid fair to become annuals.* He has already published "Vacations in Ireland," "A Vacation Tour in the United States and Canada," and "The Pyrenees, West and East." With a vivid recollection of the amusement imparted by his preceding volumes, we anticipated equal refreshment from his present work; nor have we been disappointed. His migration in 1859 was to the Highlands, the Orkneys, and the island of Skye, whither he fled from the fierce midsummer sun, which had for weeks been broiling and blistering all London. What a contrast to the season just passed!

On his way to the highlands he was seized upon by a Scotch laird, who entertained him most hospitably at his seat in Peeblesshire, and lionized him in that fair county. Visiting the usually quiet little town of Peebles, they found the burghers seething with excitement, on the occasion of the inauguration of "The Chambers Institution," a suite of buildings presented to the town of his ancestors by Mr. William Chambers, and comprising a reading-room, a library of 18,000 volumes, a gallery of art, a museum of natural history, and a public hall. All honour to his public spirit. In our own capital we record with pleasure a recent instance of similar magnanimity on the part of Mr. Benjamin Lee Guinness, who has undertaken the restoration of St. Patrick's Cathedral at an estimated cost exceeding £20,000. Such noble conduct is deserving of all commendation.

The annual gathering of the British Association was in full force at the time our author reached Aberdeen, which the Scotch love to designate the Oxford of Scotland; but Mr. Weld appears to have considered it would not consist with the perfect *abandon* of his holiday to fall in with the peripatetic philosophers, albeit the "Red Lions" mustered in greater

force than usual. The Red Lions are a select club, who dine together once during the Association meeting. It includes in its numbers many members of great scientific eminence, but at their reunions the professional buskin is laid aside, comic songs are sung, and hilarity is testified by the philosophers growling in imitation of the animal from which the Society takes its name, the growls being accompanied by a general shaking of coat-tails. The amazement of the bewildered Scots at this undignified demeanour of the savans may be imagined.

Land travelling in Scotland, when you get beyond the iron roads, is as expensive as water-carriage is cheap. By steamer from Aberdeen to Wick the fare is but eighteen shillings, and the voyage of about ten hours' duration, while the cost of the land journey reaches four pounds, and occupies two days and a night. On all the Scotch rivers and lochs the fares on the steamers are remarkably low. One of the cheapest trips is that from Glasgow to and from Arrochar, at the head of Loch Long, a charming sail of about 100 miles, which can be made daily in the season for two shillings.

Mr. Weld reached Wick, the herring metropolis, in the midst of the fishing season, and gives a very interesting account of the origin and present condition of this important trade. The take of herrings is very uncertain: during one week, the average return from 1,000 boats amounted to 10,000 crans of 750 herrings each. On one night upwards of 13,000,000 herrings were taken, and had to be eviscerated and packed the following day. This process is thus graphically described from the personal observation of our author:—

"First, the herrings are carried, as fast as possible, in baskets, from the boats to the gutting-troughs, until the

* *Two Months in the Highlands, Orcadia, and Skye.* By Charles Richard Weld. London: Longman, Green, Longman, and Roberts. 1860

boats are emptied of their scaly treasures. Then the women, familiarly called *gutters*, pounce upon the herrings like birds of prey, seize their victims, and, with a rapidity of motion which baffles your eye, deprive the fish of its viscera. The operation, which a damsel not quite so repulsive as her companions obligingly performed for me at slow time, is thus effected:—The herring is seized in the left hand, and by two dexterous cuts, made with a sharp short knife, in the neck, an opening is effected, sufficiently large to enable the viscera and liver to be extracted. These, with the gills, are thrown into a barrel, the gutted fish being cast among his eviscerated companions. The Wick gutters—I timed them—gut, on an average, twenty-six herrings per minute."

Herrings are, fortunately, as wholesome as they are plentiful, and fully bear out the Dutch proverb, "When herring comes in, the doctor goes out." The Wick herrings are not, however, of such prime quality as those caught in Loch Fyne.

The shooting quarters of Brawl Castle, about seventeen miles northwest of Wick, was the rendezvous of a party of sportsmen, with whom Mr. Weld spent three weeks of his vacation. There they shot grouse, caught salmon and trout, and voted themselves supremely happy in their solitude. All, however, was not *couleur de rose*, the greatest drawback to their enjoyment being the gnats or midges which infest the moors, "every square yard swarming with millions of these little harpies, that pump the blood out of you with amazing savageness and insatiability." As a sporting residence Brawl Castle is unique, possessing the great advantage of having one of the best salmon and grilse rivers in the kingdom, running at the very door. For liberty to fish in this river so much as thirty pounds per month per rod is freely given, although the angler is only permitted to retain one fish each day.

Our author's visit to his shooting friends having terminated, he proceeded to Barrock House, the elegant mansion of Sir John Sinclair, which he describes as an oasis in the deserted moors of Caithness. Thence he visited the world-famous John o' Groat's house, and made an excursion to the Orkneys, pleasantly describing the geological features of the islands, and especially the asteropolis of Hugh

Miller, the Brogan Circle, and Odin Stone. Leaving Caithness, our author set out on a walking tour along the northern coast of Sutherland, where tourists are scarce, and the inns few and far between. At Cape Wrath he visited the lighthouse, and thus describes the magnificent view from the gallery outside the tower:—

"Heavens! what a view. Though not sufficiently clear to the south-west to enable us to see the Butt of Lewis, the eye ranged south far down the coast, headland after headland appearing until lost in the dim distance, and eastward other ranges of precipitous cliffs stretching away fringed by rocky islands,

'Salt and bare,
The haunt of seals and auks, and sea-mews'
clang.'

to the west—ocean, ocean, ocean—no land being between you and America."

He then proceeded further by the rocks and indentations of the western coast, falling in with a specimen of a curious religious sect who call themselves "The Men," and are only to be found in the far north of Scotland. These spiritual mountebanks repudiate all ecclesiastical authority, detest prelacy, liturgies, and Erastianism, and deem themselves sole judges of spiritual progress. They despise all theological learning, and pretend to divine inspiration. Their dress is a black cloak and a white cotton cap. In a very interesting pamphlet, called "The Church and her Accuser in the Far North," by Investigator, are to be found many particulars respecting these ignorant and artful fanatics.

The scenery of the seaboard of Sutherland is characterized by savage wildness, the roads winding through huge rocks, the stony giants of the north. Loch Inver our author recommends as "one of these places which you see with delight, remain at with pleasure, and leave with regret." Here "the Duke" has built a yacht-lodge, and the Duchess has had many paths made on the hill slopes leading to lovely scenes.

Scorning the usual routes, our enterprising tourist crossed Sutherland by the banks of Lochs Stack, More, and Shin, and made for the pleasant seaport of Golspie on the eastern coast, a village rapidly rising in importance under the fostering patronage of the Duke, whose castle of Dunrobin is hard by, and rejoicing in

an inn so renowned for its comfort, as to be a favourite resort for *nouveaux mariés*. The ducal residence is a large and splendid pile, having a grand display of towers, turrets, and pinnacles. Here the Duchess has fitted up a suite of apartments for the Queen, who has not, however, as yet honoured Dunrobin Castle with her presence.

From Golspie our author sailed to Burgh Head, the Ultimatum Ptoroton of the Romans, where he saw the subterranean bath of Alves, approached by a flight of steps cut out of the sandstone, and still supplied with water, and used by the neighbours; he also visited the ruins of Elgin Cathedral, described by Bishop Murray, as "the pride of the land, the glory of the realm, the delight of wayfarers and strangers, a praise and boast to every foreign nation."

Proceeding from Inverness by the Caledonian Canal to Oban, our author now entered upon the beaten track and found himself all at once among a motley crowd of tourists. From Oban he started for Skye, where, as a member of the Alpine Club, he was evidently more at home. He visited Storr rock and clambered up Quiraing, of which he writes—

"One thousand feet surmounted, and you stand on the threshold of the wonders of Quiraing. Conceive a mountain very steep on all sides but one, and on this almost precipitous. Conceive further, an opening in the face of the precipice, giving access to an area or elliptical platform, 300 feet by 160 feet, surrounded by huge obelisks and tower-like rocks, and you have some idea of Quiraing. It is, indeed, a most remarkable scene, and although I had heard much of its singularity, the reality greatly exceeded my expectations. The entrance to the area is guarded by an isolated pyramid, called the needle, some 300 feet high. Beyond this stands the platform, the more curious as it is not only nearly level but clothed with succulent grass, enamelled with a great variety of wild flowers, while it is girt with innumerable pinnacles and battlemented cliffs, fretted into the most fantastic shapes."

Travellers in Scotland are met in all directions by that intolerable nuisance, the bagpipe, and are even expected to pay for its discordant noises. We were not aware that at one time the bagpipers had a college at Duvegan, in Skye, under the direction of the Macrimmons, who were so celebrated

for their performance on the *Piob mhor*, that pupils resorted to them from all parts of the Highlands, to whom they gave certificates after the prescribed number of years' study. The caves in which they used to practise are still pointed out.

But the chief lions of Skye are the Cuchullin hills and Loch Coruisk, situate in the wildest and grandest part of the island. Our hardy Alpinist ascended Sgor-na-Strith, the hill of strife, from whose summit he enjoyed a most extensive view.

"Rising almost precipitously from the sea, and forming the promontory between Camasunary and Loch Scavaig, the view seaward is unimpeded—and what a view is this! To the east and west, mighty headlands girt with adamantine rocks, break the fierce waves, which expire foaming and moaning at their base; and to the south, between these headlands, stretches an apparently boundless sea, across which the crests of the isles of Rum and Egg fling their shadows. More immediately beneath is the isle of Soa, Loch Scavaig's breakwater; and turning our eyes inland, we look down upon Loch Coruisk, into whose dark waters we think we could cast a stone, so vertically do we seem to hang over them. Indeed, sitting astride this rock-eyrie, one leg dangles over Loch Coruisk, the other over the Bay of Camasunary, with its little green strath blending with the golden sand. Now, turning to the north, and sweeping the horizon from east to west, what do we see? Peaks and pinnacles, jagged crests and fantastic outlines; a wilderness of weird shapes, dark, solemn, and awful. Giant Sgor-na-Gillian is there, the monarch of the Cuchullins; and hear it, brother members of the Alpine Club, another peak a little to the south, laid down by enterprising Captain Wood, on the Admiralty chart, as being 3,212 feet high, and *inaccessible*.

"Surely some bold member of the Club will scale this Skye peak ere long, and tell us that it was but a stroll before breakfast. Nearer we see Sgor-Dubh-nidabheinn shouldering himself into notice, and dark, solemn, mysterious Blabheinn springing wall-like from the glen to the impressive height of 3,019 feet, and terminating in a ridge in some places only a foot broad.

"Conceive these mountains if you can—rib them with gleaming waterfalls—paint them with ever-changing hues, and fill the intervening spaces with gorges, ravines, and glens, dashed with purple gloom, and abysses filled with steaming mist, and you will have some

idea of the wondrous Cuchullins. Sunshine occasionally illumines their rugged crests, but the darkness of eternal night dwells in their gorges. No wonder that one of the great heroes in Ossian should be associated with them, nor that Dun-scaich, which is not far distant, should be the traditional residence of the King of this Isle of Mist."

Thus ended our author's pleasant tour, which is related in a light amusing style, and in which he has led us to striking scenery, none the less beautiful that it is easy of access, and in our own dominions. He started on his homeward journey in company with Captain Wood, the author of the only authentic chart of the coasts of Skye. We regret to observe that this was Captain Wood's last work. In the late "Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society," we notice the following tribute to this gallant public servant: "His long services on the west coast of Africa with Admiral Fitz William Owen, and on the north coast of America with Captain Kellett, told at length upon his constitution, and after a short illness he died on the 12th April, 1860. The mariner who frequents this stormy portion of the coast of Scotland, will have cause to remember with gratitude the name of James Wood."

Of the guide books to Scotland Mr. Weld speaks rather disparagingly. In the present year a new Hand-book,* arranged in numbered paragraphs after the manner of Murray's Continental Hand-books, has been brought out, of whose general accuracy and practical usefulness we are enabled to testify from personal observation.

THE second volume of Lord Dundonald's Autobiography† proceeds with a trenchant exposure of the persecutions to which he became subject by his outspoken denunciation of naval abuses; and certainly the facts and documents he produces go far to establish his charges against the Admiralty administration of his day. After the lapse of half a century he is enabled, by the courtesy of the present Lords of the Admiralty, to

make public charts and logs to which access was denied him by former boards. These charts supply a triumphant vindication of his conduct with reference to the attack upon the French fleet in Aix roads, and enable him to explain matters connected with the memorable court-martial on Lord Gambier. From these suppressed charts and the other evidences adduced by Lord Dundonald, it is clear that the vote of thanks of Parliament unjustly attributed to Lord Gambier the credit of the destruction of the French fleet, which had been conducted under the immediate direction of Lord Cochrane.

We do not think he is equally successful in explaining his escapade at Malta in 1811, which has been generally and deservedly censured. Being dissatisfied with the fees and charges of the Maltese Admiralty Court, which actually made him a loser instead of a gainer, by the condemnation of the numerous prizes taken by the *Impérieuse* in the Mediterranean; and, exasperated by the refusal of the Judge of that court to entertain his repeated applications for a revision of the Proctors' costs, he determined to take the law into his own hands. There is no doubt that the proceedings of the Proctor-Marshal were illegal, and as little that the steps adopted by Lord Cochrane were unjustifiable. By Act of Parliament a table of fees ought to have been suspended in court, in a conspicuous place. Lord Cochrane, however, in vain demanded the table, and searched for it in the court; but having accidentally found it wafered up behind the door of the judges' retiring chamber, he took it down and carried it off in triumph. A peremptory demand was made on him for its restoration, followed by his arrest for contempt of the judge's order. When arrested, he refused to walk to gaol, so that the officers were obliged to carry him in their arms. He subsequently escaped from the gaol, and arrived in England with the table of fees. On bringing the conduct of the Maltese Court of Admi-

* *Nelson's Hand-Book to Scotland for Tourists.* By the Rev. John M. Wilson. London and Edinburgh: T. Nelson and Sons. 1860.

† *The Autobiography of a Seaman.* By Thomas, Tenth Earl of Dundonald, G. C. B., Admiral of the Red, &c. Vol. II. London: Richard Bentley, New Burlington-street. 1860.

rality before the House of Commons, his motion for a committee to examine into the conduct of the judge and marshal was rejected without a division.

A Scottish writer has remarked that "the Cochranes have long been noted for an original and dashing turn of mind, which was sometimes called genius, sometimes eccentricity." This is true of Lord Dundonald, whose whole life has been marked by eccentricity and romance, of which his marriage offers an apt illustration. In opposition to his uncle, who was desirous of reinstating the future Earls of Dundonald in their ancient position, as regards wealth, and who offered to leave him his own large fortune if he espoused the daughter of a wealthy Admiralty Court official, he privately wedded his countess, at Annan, in Scotland. Consequently, he was cast off by his rich uncle, who, on the discovery of his marriage, took to himself a wife in his old age. It is pleasing to observe that the gallant seaman consoles himself with the reflection that he obtained an equivalent in the acquisition of a devoted wife, to whose amiability and discretion he loves to bear testimony.

Through very culpable carelessness Lord Dundonald became entangled in the meshes of the law in 1814, and the subject of a celebrated Stock Exchange trial, for an alleged offence against that fraternity. All the circumstances that led to this accusation are minutely related. On a false and mistaken charge he was, through the hostility of Chief Justice Ellenborough, most unjustly convicted. His sentence was vindictive—imprisonment, a fine of £1,000, and to stand in the pillory. His exclusion from professional employment and expulsion from the House of Commons followed. The electors of Westminster, however, unanimously re-elected him, and the public voice was so loud in his favour that the ignominious punishment of the pillory was dispensed with in his case, and abolished by Act of Parliament.

It is impossible to read his vindica-

tion of himself without being fully persuaded that he was innocent of the nefarious scheme laid to his charge, and the victim of a foul conspiracy. It was not until the present reign that he was restored to his rank and honours; but that unjust public sentence was never publicly reversed, nor the equally unjust fine inflicted on him remitted, and his unceasing efforts to obtain his back pay during the time of his unfair deprivation, were fruitless.

We cordially sympathize with the noble veteran, now in his 85th year, and on the brink of the grave,* who can no longer remain silent, but has, in passages of great power, energy, and fidelity, placed on record the leading facts of this case, as a solemn appeal to the judgment of posterity.

We conclude this brief notice of the "*Autobiography of a Seaman*," with the brave admiral's protest:—

"I will here repeat, in reply to writers who have assumed that I have been handsomely rewarded, that on no occasion did I ever receive the reward of a single shilling for any services which it was my good fortune to render to my country, beyond the ordinary pay of my rank and the good-service pension of £300 a year, conferred on me by Sir James Graham in 1844. Yet Lord Collingwood testified that with a single frigate I had done the work of an army, by keeping the French army from overrunning the Mediterranean coast of Spain. Neither for this nor the destruction of the enemy's ships in Aix Roads did I ever receive reward or thanks. With the exception of the Red Ribbon of the Bath, which, as the gift of my sovereign, I highly prize, my reward has been a life of unmerited suffering. Even the stipulations of the South American governments, to whom I gave freedom, are violated to this day, from a conviction that no sympathy will be accorded by the government of my own country.

"These are the requitals for my *hitherto unrewarded services*.

"Amongst the curiosities shown to visitors of the Bank of England, there was, and no doubt is still, a thousand pound bank-note, No. 8202, dated 26th June, 1815, on the back of which are endorsed the following words:—

"MY HEALTH HAVING SUFFERED BY LONG AND CLOSE CONFINEMENT, AND MY

* Lord Dundonald did not survive the completion of this work many days. His remains were interred with all honour in Westminster Abbey, and his banner as Knight of the Bath restored to its place in Henry VII.'s Chapel. A grateful country has at length done him ample justice, and inscribed his name on the roll of her naval heroes.

OPPRESSORS BEING RESOLVED TO DEPRIVE ME OF PROPERTY OR LIFE, I SUBMIT TO ROBBERY TO PROTECT MYSELF FROM MURDER, IN THE HOPE THAT I SHALL LIVE TO BRING THE DELINQUENTS TO JUSTICE. COCHRANE.

“King’s Bench Prison, July 3rd, 1815.”

“There is the reward bestowed on me by a ministerial faction memorably only for its political corruption.”

MR. M’LEOD is a Scotchman, and his remarks are characteristically shrewd.* He was appointed Consul of Mozambique, and sailed for that place in December, 1856, in the steamer “Ireland,” of the W.S.L. line of mail packets. He entered upon his duties of establishing legitimate commerce and abolishing the slave-trade on the east coast of Africa with energy and determination. But withal he entertained a high opinion of his own position as a “government” official, and rarely experienced the consideration he deemed his due.

In the “Ireland” he found his cabin a miserable dog-hole, the bill-of-fare delusive, and the water thick with rust. W.S.L. he interpreted “worst steam line.” On his arrival at Cape Town, his dignity was ruffled on finding that no suitable preparation had been made for the conveyance of “Her Britannic Majesty’s Consul” to his post; and when at last he reached his destination, the promised consular residence had not been supplied.

These troubles, however, were of small moment compared with his sufferings at Mozambique, where he set himself at once in direct antagonism to the slave-trade and all concerned in it, from the petty trader to the Portuguese Governor. This accursed traffic was nominally discountenanced by the Portuguese Government, who prevent the inhabitants of Mozambique from engaging in it; but send out officers on ill-paid and insignificant salaries, so that their only resource is to become slave-dealers themselves. These appointments are, therefore, eagerly sought after; and on their arrival at the Portuguese settlements, the officials strain all their energies to amass wealth by means of the slave-trade.

Mr. M’Leod exposes the “French Free Labour Emigration Trade,” under which title a large traffic in slaves is carried on from the east coast of Africa to the French colony of Réunion or Bourbon. The vessels employed in the service are from 200 to 1,000 tons burthen, and sail under the French flag. They start from the island of Réunion, one of the Mauritius islands, and in order to legalize their proceedings, have a government agent on board called a French Delegate. Ibo, off Cape Delgado, is the general rendezvous for these vessels. The price of the negroes averages thirty dollars a head, about half of which goes into the pockets of the Governor-General of Mozambique, the *Procureur du Roi*, the *Juge de Droit*, and the Governors of Ibo, Killimane, or any other Portuguese colony where the embarkation takes place. The ceremony of engaging the free labour of the Africans is gone through by an Arab interpreter, in the presence of the French Delegate, who is ignorant of the native language. The interpreter asks the slaves whether they voluntarily undertake to serve for five years at Réunion, and assures the Delegate of their ready consent.

On their arrival at Réunion, the free labourers are fairly treated, as in each district an officer, called Protector of Immigrants, is charged with the duty of seeing that the planters do not ill-use them, and that they receive in cash their monthly wages. To each labourer is given a *livret*, in which his name and that of his employer are inscribed. At the expiration of the five years the original importer is bound to transmit the slaves to their own country; but this is rarely required, as they generally prefer to remain in Réunion, where their services command high wages.

This mode of obtaining free labour has an appearance of plausibility; still, if countenanced by England, what is there to prevent vessels from South America, with an American delegate on board, from purchasing slaves in the same way, and calling them American free labourers?

The determined stand that Mr.

* *Travels in Eastern Africa, with the Narrative of a Residence in Mozambique.* By Lyons M’Leod, Esq. London: Hurst and Blackett, 1860.

M'Leod made against the slave trade in all its ramifications, brought down on him the hostility and persecution of all classes. The Governor extended to him but scant protection. His landlord turned him out of the house; the people refused to hire slaves to him as servants; the authorities refused to lend him Government slaves; so that H.B.M.'s Consul was reduced to light his fires, draw water from the well, and cut up firewood; while his wife and only maid, Rosa, cooked the meals, and washed the clothes.

Mr. M'Leod manfully held his post, despite all persecutions. He became known as the "Champion of the Slaves," and details some revolting instances of the cruelties practised by the Portuguese women towards their slaves, of which the following is an example:—

"A Mozambique lady having been convicted of some delinquency by the evidence of one of her female slaves, adopted this method of punishment, which, even among those who are in the habit of perpetrating, in that remote region, the horrors of the Inquisition, is spoken of with disgust. The unhappy girl was seized, and firmly secured; an egg was boiled, and, on being removed from the pot, was forcibly placed in the mouth of the wretched slave. A sail-needle was then driven as a skewer through both lips, when the girl was released, and the lady owner viewed her torments. This she-devil, not yet satisfied with the punishment inflicted on her fellow-being, ordered the slave-girl to be struck on both cheeks until the egg was broken, and the scalding contents went down her throat."

The slave-dealers, having at length entered into a regular conspiracy against the Consul, engaged a party of strangers to waylay him, from whom he narrowly escaped. The natives were ordered not to sell him any provisions, nor bring him firewood, and to harass his family, by disturbing his house by violent thumping at the door in the dead of the night. With difficulty he obtained a patrol to protect his house. His wife was attacked by fever, but the doctor brutally refused to attend her, and one who was forced to do so by the Government, almost poisoned her

with an over-dose of cream of tartar; so that it is not surprising that at last he hauled down his consular flag, and embarked for England.

Besides the very interesting account of his efforts to circumvent the slave-dealers, these volumes contain valuable information on the products of Eastern Africa; and the author states his willingness to supply a list of articles suited for a cargo which will find a ready market along the coast. He has also given us some carefully-prepared statistics of the Seychelle Islands. In an appendix are to be found a translation from the Portuguese of a description of the trees, herbs, and plants of a medicinal description, found about the town Tete, which is situated 120 leagues inland from Killimane, on the river Zambesi; and a list of the specimens of woods from the river Zambesi, to be seen at the rooms of the Royal Geographical Society in Whitehall-place.

Two very important measures, materially affecting the relation of landlord and tenant in this country, passed the Legislature in the last session. Every one interested in land should make himself familiar with the provisions of these enactments, which are likely to exercise a wide-spread influence. A very clear analysis of the new acts has been opportunely published by Mr. Thomas De Moleyns, Q.C.,* author of the "Land Owner's Practical Guide," a work which has vouched its usefulness by having reached a third edition.

The "Landed Property Improvement Act," and the "Landlord and Tenant Consolidation Act," are the short titles of the new laws. By the first, facilities are given for the execution of certain classes of improvements, such as drainage, the reclamation of boggy, marshy, or waste lands, protection by embankment, the making of roads and fences, the erection of farm-buildings, of stewards' and labourers' houses; all evidently required in most parts of the rural districts. Powers are provided for charging the limited owner and his successor with just proportions of the cost of these improvements. By the se-

* *The Landlord and Tenant Acts.* By Thomas De Moleyns, Esq., Q.C. Dublin: Hodges, Smith and Co. 1860.

cond part of this Act facilities are given to limited owners to grant extended leases; and under the third part tenants are encouraged to execute improvements, by being legally insured in the fruits of their outlay.

The "Landlord and Tenant Consolidation Act" repeals or alters forty old Acts of Parliament, from the 4 Edward I. to the 14 Victoria, and compresses into one code almost the whole of the landlord and tenant law of Ireland. It abolishes many technicalities, and simplifies procedure. In future all leases or contracts for tenancies for any greater term than from year to year must be in writing, signed by the landlord or his agent. Amongst other valuable alterations we observe that the vexed question of fixtures has been dealt with. All personal chattels, engines, and machinery, and their necessary buildings, if erected by the tenant, at his sole expense, for any purpose of trade, or manufacture, or agriculture, or for ornament, may henceforth be removed by the tenant; who must, however, compensate the landlord for any damage to the premises occasioned by their removal.

Then there are rights conferred by this Statute on landlords, and provisions made for their due enforcement. Proofs are simplified, and many valuable provisions made tending to prevent litigation and establish friendly relations between landlords and tenants.

It has been a common mode of dealing in Ireland for agents to receive payments "on account;" so that after a few years the rent account becomes complicated, and the tenant, not knowing how much he owes, lies completely at the mercy of the agent. The evils of such a want of system are met by the 47th section of this Statute, which enacts that after the 1st January, 1861, every receipt for rent shall state the gale for or on account of which the payment was made; and in default, the payment shall be deemed to have been made for or on account of the rent which became due on the gale day immediately preceding the payment, and shall be *prima facie* evidence that all previously accrued gales have been satisfied. In another instance a most important alteration

has been effected in proceedings by distress, as in future no distress can be legally made for rent which became due more than a year before the making of such distress (sec. 51). To counteract this deprivation of power from landlords, increased facilities are afforded for the recovery of the land by ejectment on non-payment of rent. The landlord need no longer wait for the expiration of the "days of grace," but may at once proceed by ejectment; and many other technicalities which hampered landlords in the assertion of their rights, are swept away:—

"All that will be necessary," says Mr. De Moleyns, "to be proved in ejectments will be the existence of a tenancy between the plaintiff or his trustee and the tenant, and that a year's rent was due at the time of bringing the ejectment. And at the trial all questions as to reversions, outstanding legal estates, and conditions of re-entry are done away with; and the merits and the law are at last to be determined together by the two simple tests—is there a tenancy between the plaintiff or his trustee and the defendant or other party served with the ejectment? and is a year's rent due?"

We have merely directed attention to a few of the prominent features of the new code, which it is incumbent on all landlords, tenants, and farmers to study for themselves. They will find its provisions clearly digested and ably explained in Mr. De Moleyns' useful treatise.

"GIVE me the coal and the corn, and I will give you the scenery; give me the substance, and I will give you as much as you can carry off in both eyes," shrewdly observes the searcher after material wealth. We confess, however, to greater sympathy with the lover of nature, who, on the opposite principle, stows away in his brain cheerful glimpses of scenery, and appropriates in his memory the striking incidents of his travels. Such an observant gleaner is the jovial midshipman, who has reproduced in the merry volumes under review,* the stores gathered in distant lands. Released from the routine of ship duty, the moment he touched the shore, he scampered off like a hound slipped from the leash to see whatever was most deserving of notice. At Madeira

* *A Cruise in the Pacific, from the Log of a Naval Officer.* Edited by Captain Fenton Aylmer. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1860.

he galloped on an indescribable donkey to the summit of the Curral des Freiras; at Rio de Janeiro he made an excursion to the wondrous Corcovado, and ascended the Organ mountains; at one of the Falkland Islands he thrust his adventurous hand into the curious nest of a penguin, who seized and held it until his yells brought aid to his rescue; in the sunny clime of Valparaiso he made fierce love to a Spanish donna; wandering over the island of Juan Fernandez, he quite envied Robinson Crusoe; he played cards with Queen Pomare, at Otaheite; and was almost tempted to settle amongst the lovely natives of that enchanting island, where labour is unknown; with the gentlemanly savages of the Marquesas he joined in the chase and subsequent devouring of wild porkers; he trembled over the crater of the volcano of Owhyhee; and overhauled the settlement of Vancouver.

Although fun and frolic predominate in these jottings from a sailor's log, yet his observations on the capabilities of the countries, the state of civilization of the natives, their customs and peculiarities, bear ample testimony to his ability and powers of reflection. His remarks on Vancouver's Island and British Columbia are valuable and suggestive.

While at Vancouver's Island our author deservedly obtained promotion, and had to await the arrival of his new ship. He employed this leisure time in ascending by the Columbia River to the Rocky Mountains. At 100 miles from its mouth this magnificent river is about half a mile wide, flowing in a strong unbroken stream. A motley crew of Chinooks, and other half-breeds, rowed him in an open canoe up the river. They bivouacked at night on its banks, sleeping in the open air, notwithstanding that at times their slumbers were disturbed by rattlesnakes crawling over their faces. At the Kettle Falls the river descends upwards of eighty feet. These falls are described as "most extraordinary, deriving the name of Kettle or Chaudière from the numberless caldron-like holes worn by the constant friction of the torrent on the hard rock. Within these the water whirls round with terrific force." Higher up, the river widens out into lakes of great extent. Passing these

the banks become gradually narrowed, and densely wooded, and the river impassable from the rapidity of the torrents. Leaving the canoe the party ascended the Grand Côte, reached a small deep lake regarded as the source of the Columbia, and ascending a pinnacle of the range of the Rocky Mountains, were rewarded by a view of the eastern and western worlds of America spread limitless before them.

The Indians of Vancouver's Island are by no means prepossessing in appearance. The tribe called Flatheads are absolutely frightful; their natural ugliness being increased by the custom of flattening their heads in childhood. On the birth of a child a prepared board is bound across its head by two leather bands passed back and forward through slits in the frame. This bandage is left on for a couple of years, by which time the growth of the head becomes settled in the desired direction. This self-wrought deformity does not, it appears, affect the intellect, which is described as particularly clear; and our author confesses to have been cleverly cheated by one of the flattest-headed gentlemen he ever met with. Another tribe indulges in the hideous practice of inserting a wedge of bone into the under lip, "the aperture being gradually enlarged, so as to permit a piece of wood three inches in circumference to be placed in it, the size denoting the dignity of the wearer."

The Indians choose romantic spots for their burial grounds, generally in a forest of dark pine trees, their sombre shadow imparting a solemn and funereal appearance to the place.

Every separate body is laid in a canoe, richly carved, or either raised from the ground upon wood supports placed upon a rock, or hung from the branch of a tree, a precaution taken to prevent their being torn by wild beasts. They have a method of embalming dead bodies by baking them, and then rubbing in a decoction of various herbs, the recipe for which they keep a great secret. In and around the canoe are placed articles for the use of the deceased in the future life, and all the cooking utensils are carefully pierced, to prevent their being a temptation to robbers. All that the dead have possessed in the way of ornaments and trinkets are hung upon them, even the mouth being filled with rings, beads, and shells."

One amusing characteristic of the

Fijians did not escape our author's keen sense of the ridiculous. The chiefs of this tribe are very tenacious of their dignity, and exacting in all outward marks of respect. It is the etiquette, or "bali mari," that if the master makes a false step and tumbles down, the servants must do so likewise. An amusing example of this custom must be our last extract from these entertaining volumes. One of these great men, attended by his two servants, dined on board with the officers one day, and took kindly to the champagne, imbibing glass after glass with great gusto; as might be expected, he became excited, and insisted on an escort to his home.

"Nothing loath to see the end, three of us went, and I certainly never regretted it, or laughed so much in my life. We had not gone two hundred yards, when his highness capsized, and came down with a run head foremost. What

was our astonishment, when down went the two followers also in precisely the same manner? Then up staggered the chief—ditto, his servants. A few steps further on up went the old fellow's toes, and this time he lit upon his beam end. By Jove, it was ditto with the followers too; and we, after assisting the dignitary to rise, kept half an eye behind, watching the movements going on, expecting the Jacks had been plying the servants with rum; but no, they rose with the greatest gravity, and marched on as steady as grenadiers, only going down as often as their master came to grief."

A humiliating custom enough, even for the uncivilized islanders; but after all not so degrading as the homage of the venerable statesman in attendance on Prince George, who used to fall down over and over again, and pretend to be shot dead when his royal master fired at him with his toy bow and arrows.

OLD PARIS.

VISITORS to Paris may have felt the want which we, as residents, have experienced, of a guide that should tell us what to observe of the old parts of the town, and inform us of the memorable points of their history. In the absence of any such *vade mecum*, we determined to make one, and shall be rewarded if any of our readers obtain, from the following extracts, half the pleasure we enjoy in visiting the penetralia of Paris, rendered attractive by knowing something of their historical associations. Till within these sixty years, the city was very rich in interesting edifices; but the vast alterations effected while embellishing the town to an unparalleled degree of magnificence, have inevitably destroyed many of the architectural relics that were sanctified in the eyes of the educated, and especially of the antiquary, by sentiments arising from their connexion with illustrious names and great events. The work of demolition, necessarily going on for more than twelve centuries, from the advent of Christianity, when an altar to Jupiter was displaced by a chapel since increased into the cathedral of Notre Dame, has so shifted the scenery of a

thousand places, that to refer to them as notable in the long drama is to speak of solemn temples, cloud-capp'd towers, and gorgeous palaces, that have left not a wreck behind. But the mere sites of some events have their interest. Although the Bastille is level with the ground, it lives in memory, and men will ever be curious to see the spot where this infamous dungeon stood. Let us, then, lead the reader into Old Paris, by pointing out some remarkable buildings and places on the islands and along the banks of the Seine.

A country curate is said to have thought to enhance the arguments of a sermon on the bounties of nature, by saying that Providence had made large rivers flow through great cities, forgetting that "man made the town." Paris owes its birth to the Seine, and, as M. Lavallée observes, in his recent charming history of this capital, its aggrandizement to religion. The oval-shaped *Ile de la Cité* is an egg, as it were, laid by the river, whence the French Empire issued. Our steps never take us into this island without recollecting that it is the venerable cradle, not only of Paris, but

of Frankish power. On one hand stands the *Palais de Justice*, on the site of the ancient residence of the kings of France, including the seat of parliament, or jurisprudence; on the other hand, the cathedral of Notre Dame:—being the two centres of law and religion in that great and troubled kingdom. Our first regards are due to the Christian Church, which is, in some measure, to Paris what St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey are to London—viz., the metropolitan temple where events of national importance were religiously celebrated, such as the foundation of new dynasties, by the coronations of King Pepin and the Emperor Napoleon, and royal baptisms and marriages; and where victories were commemorated by hanging the flags of conquered nations under the old sacred roof, while it trembled with the chanting of *Te Deum* and pealing of bells.

This splendid monument of early Teutonic piety occupies the place of the pagan altar already noticed as the first clue to the history of Paris. One of the stones of the altar, exhumed from beneath the choir, is to be seen in the museum of the Hotel Cluny, thus inscribed:—

“Tib. Caesare. Aug. Jovi. Optumo.
Maximo M. Nautae. Parisiac.
Publice. Posuerunt.”

Conjecture, based on this inscription, supposes that, during the reign of Tiberius, between A.D. 14 and 37, there existed a community of *Nautae* (navigators, or boatmen), called *Parisiac*, which seems to be Celtic for men of Paris, who erected this altar to Jove. Thus, the river was the attraction to the first inhabitants of its principal island, whose obscure history we shall now try to elucidate.

Turn we to the spot where power made its primary dwelling-place in Paris, the *Palais de Justice*, now a sumptuous modern edifice, very different from what it was as a primitive “palace.” M. Lavallée says:—“*Le palais est probablement d'origine romaine.*” This opinion, from the author of histories of France and of her capital, proves how little the Gaelic language has been studied by his compatriots. In truth, the key to the early history of Paris lies in the etymology of *palais*, a word indubitably analo-

gous to the Gaelic *pal-lis*, a palis-ado, or fort formed by palings. And the origin of the metropolis of England, and of a score of regal residences in Ireland and Scotland will be seen to be similar. Thorny Island, a swampy islet in the Thames, was chosen owing to its insular, secure situation, for fortification by an impaled camp, where subsequently arose the “palace” of Westminster, with its hall, in which the king administered justice, and held council or parliament. In like manner, Inisdubhghall, i.e. the “Island of the Black Foreigners,” at the entrance of the river Bann into Lough Neagh, was for centuries the surest stronghold of the kings of Tyrone; and an insular post in Loch Finlagan was the residence of the Lords of the Isles, the shores of the lake being guarded by their *luichd tighe*, that is, people of the house, or household troop. These Gaelic terms reconduct us to the *Lutetia Parisiorum* of Julius Caesar, words which have provoked various absurd etymologies. The names *Lutetia*, in the Commentaries of the conqueror, whose pen described what his sword had won, and in Lucian, *Lucotetia* in Strabo and Ptolemy, and *Leucotée* and *Lutée* in Romane-French, seem no other than forms of the above-cited Irish expression for the guard of a royal residence, and which is found indicating several districts, as “the Lughty,” in the County Monaghan, and another near Dungannon, anciently appropriated to the maintenance of the troops that severally supported certain wild Hibernian dynasties. Similarly, the hilly part of the west bank of the Seine, called *mons lucotitius*, may have been for the use of the Paris guardsmen, who were probably, like those who carried battle-axes for King Canute, for the Lord of the Isles, and for O'Neill and McMahon, of nautical, northern extraction.

Let us imagine what the primeval Parisians of Celtic origin actually were: a mere savage clan, one of the sixty-four tribes among whom Caesar found Gaul divided, differing from their descendants of our day almost *in toto cælo*, save situation; ranging over their little country while following their herd of cattle as it depastured the intervals between the forests of St. Cloud and Boulogne,

and driving it through marshes now the Champs Elysées, and across the river into the safety of the *Ile des Vaches*. But it seems before the advent of Cæsar, the Parisii were a foreign community of amphibious men-at-arms, not independent, but appearing to keep *Lutèce* for the great tribe called Senones, a people whose chief town was *Senlis*, or fort of the Sens tribe, which became the Christian metropolis of the post in question; and therefore we imagine those boatmen were cognate to the Danes who acted as guards in similar insular localities. The Romans, during their occupation of this place, introduced many warriors of foreign nations, designated "gentils," from *gens*, and "letes," or lords, to whom fiefs were granted, and who formed the nucleus of the first *franc*, or free, feudal masters of Gaul, in contradistinction to the native chiefs, called seigneurs because their titles arose from patriarchal or elder authority over their clans. A plan of Paris, drawn by Dulaure, to depict the few features of the place when under Roman domination, shows the garrison occupying what we deem the *Luchd-tighe*, of which the head quarters was the *Palais des Thermes*, or fortified baths, such as would be the special luxury of Roman soldiers and of Julian the Apostate, who was elected emperor in this very palace. The original palisadoed fort, with any buildings erected within it, was appropriated to the civil body, whence the island was called the Isle of the City; and a *platea domique negotiantium* was established, a place and house of exchange, or barter, which bequeathed its name to the present Pont au Change.

Obviously, these conquerors were friendly to the boatmen, or traffickers they found here, since the Seine was the only highway, until a few Roman roads were opened. Of these, the principal led from Senlis, and communicated with the island by the *pont aux changeur*, where custom was paid for merchandize, as appears by an inscription which remained till the seventeenth century, in the lower hall of the grand châtelet, in Latin characters, *Tributum Cæsaris*. Such was the formulary once known in Jerusalem, and wherever the eagles of Rome had flown;

but to find a second example of an emperor crowned at Paris, one must traverse 1,444 years, and pass to Napoleon.

After the retirement of those eagles, the fortunes of *Lutèce* changed; and from one of the humblest cities in the Roman dominions, it gradually became the capital of a great empire. The period is one of much obscurity; but we conceive that the *pal-lis* of the island came into the possession of some Gaulic king, as *Lon-don*, the ship-fort, fell to a British ruler; and that just as the latter called in Danes to guard him, the former enlisted some *francs*, or free lances, to do what Scotch archers and Swiss *cent gardes* subsequently did for the Bourbons. However this may have been, Chlovis, or Louis, made this palace his residence in the fifth century, and most of his successors lived here. The progress of the freemen of the Rhine westward is marked, among other vestiges, by Rheims having been their original capital. Their dynasty was afterwards deposed by the *maires* (stewards) *du palais* of Paris, on the day King Pepin proclaimed himself sovereign of Gaul; but his son, Charlemagne, the great leader of the free lances, preferred the old capital of Aix-la-Chapelle as his abode; and after his death, the Gallic metropolis becoming tributary to another Teutonic race, the Normans, sank to the condition of an inconsiderable town, governed by a "Comte de Paris," who, perhaps, was feudal lord over a mixed population of Frank, Latin, and Celtic extraction. At that period, three divisions marked this society as of various races; the *nobiles*, or known men, the *in-genus*, or free men, some, probably, semi-Latin ancestors of the city burgesses, and the *servi*, serfs, or servants. At the close of the ninth century, the inhabitants of the town were called of the *Ile des Francs*, and the surrounding country was created the dukedom of France, extending from Laon to Orleans, and from Pontoise to Montereau, and subsequently called Middle-France. In 987, possession of this town again changed the dynasty, giving the title of King of France to Hugh Capet, Count of Paris and Duke of France, in whose family the sceptre remained until "the sovereignty of the people" was proclaimed, and Louis Capet beheaded.

From this retrospect of the primary condition of the *Ile des Francs*, we may proceed to see how the city, of which it was the centre, enlarged from age to age, contemporaneously with the augmentation of the original kingdom of France. By turning from Dulaure's first plan to his second, of the town under the reign of Philip-Augustus, we see the change effected by Christianity, and by transference from Latin to Gothic domination. In the old, oval-shaped island, Jupiter's altar has been thrown down to make room for the altar of Notre Dame, and the worship of Bacchus, among the vines on *Mons Lucotitius*, displaced by that of the patroness-saint of Paris, Geneviève, who is pretended to have saved the town from Vandal invasion, under Attila. The *camp Romain* had ceased to hold a garrison, but members of the church militant of the Eternal City paraded in the *grand pré aux clercs*, and were high authorities in the young abbey of St. Germain and parish church of St. Severin, which is now a perfect example of a Roman Catholic church, handed down during seven centuries with hardly even ordinary architectural additions. Across the river, the town had enlarged, like a circle in the water; ring outside ring, from the central tower, St. Jacques de la Boucherie, still standing, as far as St. Germain l'Auxerrois, the most beautiful ecclesiastic building to be seen now in Paris. A town-wall, the first of the kind, enclosed each semicircular half of the city on either side the Seine, which divided it in equal halves, beginning on the right bank between that church and the *Tour du Louvre*, which was just erected; thence the wall ran outside St. Eustache church and round to the river again, where the hotel of the archbishop of Sens was built. Yet most of the land within the walls on both sides the river was under vine culture.

The third plan is of the reign of Francis I., after the town had witnessed great historic events and experienced much metamorphosis, old and dead portions having been renewed and considerable augmentations effected. During the reign of St. Louis the sceptre had begun to look for support to the strong hand of the people of this metropolis, with which, says an old writer, the kings of France have perpetually united

their fortune. On one occasion, as described by De Joinville, the good and sainted monarch was rescued from his rebellious barons by the townsmen, and brought home in triumph to the *Ile du Palais*. Very different a contemporary political event in an island in the Thames, where the Reform party among the English barons forced a great charter from their sovereign. In recompense for the affection St. Louis ever received from the townspeople, he was solicitous to improve his *maitresse-ville*. He founded the Sorbonne, which became the most famous school of theology in Christendom; liberated all the royal serfs, an example followed by some ecclesiastical lords: and gave the townsmen the right to guard themselves, by instituting the first *garde nationale*, a mere band of watchmen, apart from that of the *chevalier du guet d'uroi*, whose name is now the sign of a café in the Rue Rivoli, near the site of his watch-house. As time rolled on, the town grew; but, in 1420, surrendered to our Henry V. In vain the heroic Joan of Arc pitched her camp, to recover the city, near the Church of St. Roch, where, ages afterwards, General Bonaparte swept down the insurgent bourgeois with showers of grape-shot. Under Francis I. the second wall enclosed a semicircle reaching from the *Tour de Bois*, outside the castle of the Louvre, round to the *bastille*, outside the Temple, and to the *Bastille par excellence*. The site of the present garden of the Tuileries was occupied by the skimmers' and tile-makers' yards; a windmill stood on the summit of the *butte St. Roch*, where a wine-shop still preserves its picture as a sign; and there was a pig-market where is now the garden of the Palais Royal. The present boulevards—not even the rampart afterwards raised and then levelled to form them—did not exist; and nearly along their line ran a rivulet, now hidden underground, and then bordered by marshy swamps of ozers and willows. A *grange battelière*, or battlemented farm-house, stood near where is now the *Opéra Comique*.

The fourth and last plan we will cite is of the town under Louis Treize, when the principal increase had been the construction of the Tuileries Palace and of the rampart, fosse, and

wall on the site of the western half of the present boulevards. The town, as it then existed, is the Paris of the abundant memoirs of that and the subsequent reign. However, we must look back again to primitive times.

The *Ile du Palais*, or, as it is now called, *l'Ile de la Cité*, would take a volume to describe it with justice, since it contains the *Palais de Justice*, on the site of the original royal residence, which, in ages when the king sat in the judgment-hall or on his supreme throne, the famous despotic *lit de justice*, was the head quarters of the law, parliament, and government: and this island also contains the principal cathedral of France, besides the St. Chapelle, built by St. Louis, for reception of the supposed holy Crown of Thorns, and as a chapel for the palace; and the *Hôtel Dieu*, a very ancient poorhouse, liberally endowed by the saintly king, and now extended over the site of the original archiepiscopal palace. In short, it suffices to say that until the Revolution, this insular heart of the metropolis continued to be, as the seat of the parliament, the centre of law affairs, and, like "the City" in London, the centre of commercial business. At that epoch it counted no less than twenty-one churches or chapels, two convents, and fifty-two streets. But its aspect is declared to have been less pleasing and imposing than in the middle ages, when Philip Augustus kept court in its palace, the precincts of which were then less crowded than now. The first pavement in Paris was ordered by him, and laid down under his windows; and his successors took as much pride in embellishing the royal residence as Louis XIV. did in transferring it to Versailles. Even at this day, if our Gallic neighbours possessed the affection for Gothic architecture natural to our race, they could render the relics that remain of the ancient palace the nucleus of what might be the most remarkable building in Paris. The fine long façade of Norman towers and buildings on the *quai de l'Horloge* only requires a competent architect and a share of the metropolitan expenditure to make it a more noble and characteristic monument of the middle ages. Unhappily for the French people, in our views at least, their architectural aspirations are,

like their religious, political, and martial organizations, decidedly Roman. The handsome tall square tower, forming a corner of the palace, *la tour de l'horloge*, is as old as the year 1370, and owes its name to a clock placed in it, when clocks were rare, by Charles V. Above may be remarked the square chamber of the guard, or watchmen, perched aloft, to look up and down the river for the approach of enemies. Higher still is the lantern, the bell of which, called *Tocsin du Palais*, repeated the signal from St. Germain de l'Auxerrois for the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day. The clock was restored under Henry III., and ornamented by Jean Goujon, whose genius lives opposite in the exquisite sculpture on the façade of the Louvre Gallery. There is a date, 1585, above the present splendidly adorned clock, implying that its fashion is of that period.

The streets in this island have not much interest for foreigners. Some of the most curious have been displaced by new arteries, opened by the First and Third Napoleons, and named after their victories, as the *Rue d'Arcole* and *Boulevard Sebastopol*. One of the most ancient, the *Rue de la Calandre*, i.e. of the mangle, will entice Englishmen through its narrow windings by the memory that, in 1420, our Henry V. made his entry through it to the palace. The still narrower lane, called *Aux Fèves*, i.e., beans, is a misnomer for *fevres*, from *fober*, a fabricator; whence *orfèvres*, or workers in gold, who cluster together on the quay hard by, known by their name. The Place d'Auphine, leading to a well-known office, the Prefecture of Police, contains several houses remarkable for their exterior aspect, and particularly for the gratings guarding the windows of their ground-floors, precautions evidently dating from before the time when the chief of the police became their near neighbour.

The *Rue des Marmosets* probably took its name from a sign of the marmoset monkey, and will live in the history of sanitary reform by the following remark, made by a medical man who resided here in the beginning of the reign of the *Grand Monarque*, when the streets of the city were so foul they could not be walked in without boots. This doctor observed that his

brass fire-irons, though cleaned every morning, became spotted daily with verdigris, until after the police had, in 1663, caused the streets to be cleaned, when these spots did not reappear; and he argued hence that corrupted air had caused many of the maladies his art had been called in to cure.

The most interesting part of the old palace, on account of its many melancholy associations connected with the revolution, is the *Conciergerie*, which was the prison of the palace when it was a royal residence. Its name is derived from *Concierge*, keeper, who was the chief of a jurisdiction called *bailliage*, and had the title of *Bailli du Palais*. The buildings forming this prison retain the character of those feudal times, which are still held in evil memory by the French. A full and good description of this ancient dungeon and its present use is given in Galigani's Guide. In one of the chambers, low and vaulted, Marie Antoinette was incarcerated until her detestable execution. The room in which the present Emperor was confined, after the affair of Boulogne, cannot be visited, being occupied by the family of a functionary. At the entrance to the *Conciergerie*, the guillotine carts used to receive the victims of the reign of terror.

Having suggested that this ancient palace might be restored to the architectural character of a Norman building, somewhat emulous of the palace of Westminster, which, as we have seen, it resembles in origin, we must observe some essential and pregnant differences between the political constitution of its monarchy and parliament and those of England. The Paris parliament did not resemble the English institution, a legislative council, representing the nation by two chambers, one hereditary, the other elective. The French assembly was a mere court of jurisdiction, subordinate to decrees of the crown. It was therefore not a supreme court, though one of appeal, and was subdivided into a grand chamber, three chambers of inquest and petition, and a criminal chamber; and was composed, first, of the princes of the blood and of peers; and secondly, of a chief president and nine inferior presidents, 130 councillors, 3 attorneys-general, 3 advocates-general, and

18 substitutes, 22 recorders, 27 door-keepers, 330 attorneys, and 500 advocates. Within its jurisdiction were 172 lower tribunals, called presidences, baillages, seneschalries, and châtelaines, belonging to the kingdom of France, according to its mediæval dimensions, excluding the remote provinces. Such having been the constitution of this assembly, it clearly was no parliament, in the English acceptance of the term. To attempt an account of the cathedral and holy chapel is beyond our space. The latter has recently been restored, and is considered the richest specimen of ecclesiastical architecture for its size in Christendom. Its well known origin is thus described by the talented writer on local antiquities, the "Bibliophile Jacob":—

"The pious King Louis IX. having bought from Baudoin, Emperor of Constantinople, a piece of the true cross, the crown of thorns of Jesus Christ, and some other more or less authentic monuments of the Passion, did not consider his chapel worthy of serving as tabernacle to these relics, which he transported upon his shoulders from the Faubourg St. Antoine to the palace, walking barefoot, clothed in wool, and with his head uncovered, amidst the acclamations of the people, the chaunting of psalms, and the pealing of bells; he therefore commanded, says a chronicler, that a chapel should be commenced, of marvellous beauty, which should be worthy of containing such great treasures."

The Ile St. Louis was called after this ninth king of this name, whose piety and justice gained him his special title, and whose surpassing traits of character and zealous conduct in crusades are simply and charmingly portrayed by his noble companion in arms, De Joinville. This island, formed by junction of the isles of Our Lady and of the Cows, was, two centuries back, the peculiar abode of financiers and the magistrature, or men of business of the city; and as such, wore a special aspect, quiet, grave, and serious, which it has not altogether lost, being to this day a quarter where, owing to the peaceable conduct of its inhabitants, the absence of warehouses, and its numerous private mansions, a physiognomy resembling that of a cathedral town is preserved. Sanctimony dwells here, and repels its opposites: particularly refusing place to what the Greeks styled

hétère, and the gay world calls the *demi-monde*: a repugnance explained by the habits of this isolated world, of whom all are related, or at least known to each other, and retain the austere manners of the ancient magistrature. "Each house," says an author quoted by M. Lavallée, "has the traditions of its old masters; order and work, as well as other domestic virtues, form the character of the merchants dwelling here; and the labouring class, who people the upper stories, are remarkable for their decent and virtuous comportment."

The *Hotel Lambert*, at the upper end of the island, has a shield over its portal, in the court, inscribed with the date (1640) of its construction, and the names Le Vau, its architect, and Le Sueur and Le Brun, its decorators. This fine house is rich in historical souvenirs, as well as in elaborate ornament: Voltaire lived in it when he formed the plan of the *Henriade*. The mansion was then the property of the Marquis Du Châtelet, and the philosopher is understood to have inhabited its "cabinet des Muses" four years. Writing to Frederick the Great, he says:—"It is a house made for a king who would be a philosopher." During the revolution M. de Montalivet bought it, and in the gallery, Napoleon, in 1815, held a last conference with his minister Montalivet, when he found that all was lost. The large and handsome *hotel* in the main street, now occupied by the Gendarmerie Impériale, is worth looking at for its exterior ornaments. There are also some old mansions on the East Quay, as the *Hotel de Lausan*, built in 1657. The *Hotel Bretonvilliers*, on the *Quai de Béthune*, formerly the *Quai des Balcons*, enjoyed so brilliant a position on the river that a writer declared:—"After the Seraglio of Constantinople, it is the best situated building in the world." On the *Quai d'Orleans* was the *Hotel Turgot*, where this great political economist and minister died in 1783. At No. 11, *Quai Napoleon*, is a house, on the site of one believed to have been that inhabited by Abelard and Héloïse; the door bears the monogram and portraits of these unfortunate lovers. The corner-house, No. 1, *Rue Basse des Ursins*, a low, dirty street, is said to have been inhabited by the malig-

nant Canon Fulbert. As to the modern pseudo residence of the celebrated lovers, very likely it occupied the site of the house of Héloïse's father. The principal door is No. 1, *Rue des Chantres*. In the interior of the court we read—

"ABELARD, HELOISE, 1118."

This pious record was doubtless made on rebuilding the original house, which the tradition of Abelard's learning and misfortunes had rendered sacred. At that early period, the situation of the house in question must have been peculiarly insulated and secluded, an apt bower for study and love. The visitor can pass across to *Père la Chaise*, and see the monument, where, in effigy, as in body at the *Paraclete*, the wish attributed to Héloïse seems fulfilled—

"May one kind grave unite each hapless name,

And graft my love immortal on thy fame."

Even at the present day the Island of St. Louis, otherwise the Isles of Our Lady and of the Cows, inspires sentiments appropriate to its religious and pastoral names. Isolated from the great city, it breathes a quieter air, and yet commands, from its quays and balconies over the Seine, gay prospects all around. In early ages, before the island was built over, it seems to have been occasionally used as a place of festival and *Champ de Mars*.

A contemporary account of fêtes given by the town in the year 1313, on the occasion of the sons of Philip le Bel being knighted, depicts some points in French manners that have descended to the festivals of the present day. In honour of that chivalrous event there were not only luxurious banquets in the hotels of the young princes, but the streets and public places were the scenes of spectacles and games such as mediæval Parisian human nature specially delighted in. "One saw," says our eye-witness, "savage men making great merriment, *mener grand rigolas*;" these originals of clowns in the ring and Mr. Merriman representing either rude peasants from remote provinces, or "salvages" of various sorts; and were, doubtless, as apt at making merry as is the living mimic actress, Mademoiselle "Rigolboche." Then there were *ribauds*, revellers, in white shirts, who are described as fascina-

ting to look at, for their gaiety and gracefulness, evidently archetypes of the Pierrots in *les bals de l'Opéra*; and there were wild beasts, bears, with their leaders, spotted pards, apes, and dromedaries, walking in procession. In every cross-street children were tilting in a tourney, probably much like the hobby-horse turn-about, or tilt-at-the-ring, which still makes the young world in the Champs Elysées happy. On stages erected for dancers in open places, "*des dames, cariolantes de beaux tours*," charmed and astonished the multitude with fine evolutions. Fountains of claret flowed in the streets; and the grand watch, all in uniform, acted as guards, while the whole town was ball-going, masquerading, and dancing.

This picture of Parisian pleasure five hundred years ago is but a pre-raphaelite pendant of what any one, who saw the *fête de l'Empereur* on the 15th of last August, could draw; the ancient and just custom of pleasing the populace on the festival days of the ruling dynasty being still observed, and that, too, with the addition of appliances of modern times, in the brilliant forms of fireworks and illuminations, the stunning sounds of salvos of cannon, and irresistible attraction of a balloon—yet not omitting some old delectable shapes, such as never forgetting to distribute bread and wine to the poor, providing theatres for pantomimes, acrobats, and rope-dancers in the open air; *mâts de cognac*, or greased masts, up which Cockney swarm for prizes; popinjays to shoot at, tournaments in boats on the river, a splendid regatta, for competition with sail and oar, and other free entertainments, besides an immense concourse of every sort of public amusement. In both instances, the military ingredient was not absent, entering, on the latter occasion, as a *pantomime militaire*, which was repeated alternately in two open theatres on the esplanade of the Invalides; and on the former, as a review of the city watchmen on the island of Notre Dame, when all the virile population of the town turned out richly clothed and armed. It should be observed that the object of this gathering was the preaching of a crusade, and that the King and his two sons donned the sign of the cross, as zealously as Napoleon the Third has recently sent an

army to Syria. That martial array excited such admiration, it was repeated a few days after for Edward I., King of England, in the famous field of the clergy, or *Pre-aux-Clercs*; and our eye-witness declares the English were "greatly astonished" at the display of rich and noble people who sallied from the town, and to see no less than 20,000 horse and 30,000 foot parade in review, the Paris volunteers of A.D. 1313.

The first bridge formed to connect the city, *par excellence* of Paris on the island of the Fraucs, with the Faubourg, or false town, on right bank, was guarded by a petit châtelet, or little castle, at the island, and a grand châtelet on the land side, the two fortalices famous in the town history. The larger one, serving as gateway to the bridge, stood on the river bank, near the still standing and beautiful belfry of the Church of St. Jacques, and its tall, Norman, circular tower and crenellated turrets, must have rendered this veteran relic of early French architecture a conspicuous and vigilant sentinel. At once, a fortress, a chief seat of jurisdiction, and a prison, it was the theatre of numerous tragedies: the most bloody were the massacre, in 1418, of the Armagnacs, which led to Henry the Fifth's invasion; and a slaughter of 216 prisoners in 1792.

The prison Châtelet contained chambers and cells, whose names suggest horrors such as were too common in factious, warlike ages, were not wholly extinct in England until Howard descended into the hell of her dungeons, and were rife this very year in Naples and Sicily. Out of sixteen of these compartments, ten were less dreadful than the rest, because the imprisoned could pay certain fees; yet some of their names, *les Chaines*, *la Boucherie*, *la Motte* (the turf), *la Grièche* (the shrew), and *Barbarie* imply the miseries of their denizens, though less than those of wretched prisoners in *La Fosse*, *le Puits*, *le Gourdain* (the bludgeon), *la Fin d'aise* (end of ease), which was full of dirt and reptiles, and *les Oubliettes*, all presenting horrible ideas to the mind. This castle was demolished in 1802, and its site is now the river side of the handsome Place du Châtelet.

On the island side of the river stood the Petit Châtelet, near the site of a

Roman prison, called by Gratian, who saw it, *Carcer Glaucini*. This fortalice was the gate of insular Paris under St. Louis, who fixed a toll to be paid on entering the city, one of the items of which is curious, ordaining that a monkey for sale should pay four deniers toll; but if belonging to a *joculateur*, juggler, or joker, he might save the tax by making the animal dance before the toll-taker; whence the proverb, "*Payer en monnaie de singe*," that is to say, in grimaces. A ballad-singer was allowed to sing a *geste*, or gesticular song, instead of paying toll. The prison here was in two respects a sort of chapel of ease to that of the larger châtelet, being seldom used save when the latter was full, and being, even in the fourteenth century, airy and secure, excepting three dungeons, or *chartres passes*, where the inmates could not live long for want of air.

An engraved "Veüe et perspective de la Place d'Auphine," gives, besides the orthography of the title of the eldest son of the king of France, a lively picture of this place and the Pont-Neuf at the beginning of the last century, when it had been formed on the junction of the two islets below the Ile du Palais. Three coaches-and-six, one of them with four footmen hanging on behind, and the foremost pair of horses guided by a postilion, are represented traversing the bridge; not to speak of a coach and pair, the scorn of well-married beauties, or of a still homelier vehicle, a sedan-chair on wheels. On either side the bridge are little booths, such as now sell *bambelotier*, toys, *bric-a-brac*, curiosities, and *gateaux*, cakes and gingerbread, in the Champs Elysées. There are also the lamp-irons, tall, iron, and gallows-shaped, with a lantern suspended where, subsequently sometimes hung a human being; for, in the beginning of the revolution, when the mob executed their pleasure on individuals against whom their suspicions were directed, these lamp irons served for gibbets, and the lines by which other lanterns were disposed across streets were ready halters. Hence the cry of "*Les aristocrates à la lanterne*." The answer of the Abbe Maury is well known: "*Eh! mes amis, quand vous m'aurez mis à la lanterne, est-ce que vous y verrez plus clair?*"

Another old engraving in our collection, entitled "*Incendie du Corps de Garde sur le Pont Neuf, le 29 Aout, 1788*," vividly depicts this first among the early scenes of the revolution, occasioned by a conflict between the people and the watchmen on foot and on horseback, who had charged the mob on the pavements of the quays, on which the people, in revenge, fired the watch-house, and burnt, on the Place d'Auphine, effigies of two of the king's ministers, forming the blazing pile by heaping up the sentry boxes and other spoils of the different watch posts.

Taking another view, presented by an older print, looking up the river from the ancient *Pont Barbier*, which spanned the Seine below the demolished *Tour Neuve*, where the Louvre gallery joined the Tuileries, we gain a satisfactory idea of the splendour of that city scene in the reign of the Grand Monarque. This rare engraving accurately depicts, on the left hand, the picture gallery, with small, crooked, and narrow quays; the *Tour St. Jacques*, still ornamenting the skyline; the heavy, high-pitched roof and corner turrets of the "Châtelet," and standing above the water, blinding the second arch of the bridge, *La Pompe*. The towers of St. Jean, St. Gervais, and of three other churches appear in the distance: all, save one to disappear before our day. On the "Ile du Palais," the lofty donjon called the "Tower of the Clock" pierces the sky with its sharp-peaked lantern, as nearer do the spires or pinnacles of the Holy Chapel and Notre Dame—peculiar spires, recently renewed, and though not admirable to our taste, to be accepted as being as characteristic of old Paris as minarets are of eastern towns and pagodas of far eastern cities. The foreground, the river, broad at this point, is represented as alive with boats and barges, the latter heavily laden, as they well might be in times when the Seine supplied the place of royal roads and iron railways. The west bank of the stream showed not even crooked wharfs, such as were on the other side; the engraving, dating before the time when the noble quays, which now, like those of Dublin, form a principal beauty of the metropolis, had not been constructed. Residents in the houses of the present

Quai Voltaire could step down a beach into the water. Beyond there stood a famous building, the *Tour de Nesle*, where the *Institut* now stands. This castle, the town-house of the noble family of the name, was one of the largest of the private residences which were the ornament of the old metropolis. Its towers, or donjons, rose from the water's edge to a great height, and wore machicolations, battlements, watch-turrets, loop-holes, and other features of feudal power, as if it were a solitary fortress commanding a savage region, instead of the dwelling of a mere subject under the walls of his sovereign's palace, and in the throng of a populous city. The times, however, were wild when that stronghold was erected, with its barred and portcullised gateway, flanked by semi-circular towers, and its thick-walled *corps de logis*. Brantôme relates the well-known tradition of the wicked queen who lived in this tower, and who was used to watch for *quelque sorte de gens* among the passers whose looks pleased her, and having beckoned one up, used to finish the interview by precipitating him into the river. "I cannot say," says Brantôme, "that this story is true; but the most of Paris affirms it, and there is no one who does not tell it when showing the tower." A town poet, in a "ballad to the ladies," written in 1641, asks:—

Où est la reine,
Qui commanda que Buridan
Fût jeté en un sac en Seine?

Her victim, Jean Buridan, was a distinguished student in the university, and the royal syren seems to have been Jeanne, Countess of Burgundy, and wife of Philip-le-Long; she inhabited this tower after the death of her husband, and died here in the year 1329. It appears, nevertheless, that if Buridan were thrown into the river, he was saved, for he was living in 1348. In 1538, workmen digging the ground near this castle, where the Rue Guénégaud was opened, found eleven cellars, and in one of them the body of a man in complete armour. Subsequently, in 1574, another lady habitant of this castle showed a different, yet still a strange disposition—Henrietta of Cleves, wife of the Duc de Nevers: she brought hither the head of Co-

conas her lover, which had been exposed on a stake in the public place of execution, having gone alone during the night and carried it off; and, causing it to be embalmed, treasured it in a wardrobe behind her bed. Behind the public gateway called the *Porte de Nesle* there figures on the engraving the "Hotel de Nevers," a lofty and stately building, long ago demolished. The agreeable author, Lavallée, has this pleasing passage on the old aspect of the river, before it was hemmed in by walls:—

"One of the greatest beauties of Paris consists in that double line of broad stone causeways which forms two impassable barriers against the flood, and upon which rise two rows, sometimes of superb palaces, at other times of antique houses, which obtain from their situation, the wide space and open air, a monumental aspect. The quays can scarcely date back two centuries; the greater part of them have been either built or reconstructed fifty years since. Our fathers forgave in the Seine its caprices, its anger, its inundations, provided that they might enjoy on its banks the fresh verdure of the reeds and willows; their boats, so full, so numerous, had easy access to it; their houses, their mills, bathed their feet in its waves, their tanyards, towing-houses, and bleaching floors dipped in it at will.

"The Seine was then, more than in our days, important and dear to the Parisians; when the town was collected on its borders and in its islands; when every one had his part of its waters and its benefits, when it was, for want of roads, the only highway for commerce. Therefore no one desired to withdraw from it, and, as if space failed them, the people pressed one upon another the streets bordering the river; they built houses of prodigious height upon its banks; they even covered the bridges with constructions, which became the dearest, the most frequented, and the most elegant habitations in the town. To imprison the nourishing flood within walls would have seemed as strange as useless; so they contented themselves for long with erecting, in the places where it took too much liberty, a few *palées*, or rows of stakes, and some wooden *estacades*; it was thus at the bridge of la Grève, the bridge Saint Laudry, the bridge of the Louvre, where the *naulées*, laden with wines, grains, wood, and fruit, landed. But when the population had increased; when the industrious making use of the river had changed its shores into a sewer of mud and filth; when the inundations had carried away the bridges and houses

on its banks twenty or thirty times—genuine quays began to be constructed.”

One of the quaint, coloured lithographs of “*Le Vieux Paris*,” recently published, is a view of *La Pompe de la Samaritaine*, a large building constructed under Henri Quatre, with a great pump for supplying the Tuileries palace and gardens with water, and so called because on its front was an image of the Samaritan woman giving Christ water to drink. From under these figures flowed a stream of pure water into a marble basin; above their heads was a clock, probably the first set up in Paris, and, like that fresh fountain—a useful public benefit; while above again was an open turret, with a great bell, and a *jacquemart*, or James with the Hammer, who, like the figures of St. Dunstan’s Church in London, struck the hours. This quaint and serviceable building stood between the Pont Neuf and the old castle of the Louvre, which, with other picturesque edifices in the vicinity, is shown in the lithograph. It was demolished in 1813, and its site is now occupied by the “*Bains de la Samaritaine*,” offering some compensation for the loss of the old public building.

To describe all “*Demolished Paris*” would demand much more “word-painting” than our steel-pen could attempt, and our ambition is merely to give a rude tracing of a few principal details that made up the picture of mediæval Paris: but which, like the Bastille and the cluster of churches, and fine houses within the *carrousel*, or present court of the Tuileries, have disappeared, leaving *rase tabula*, and appealing to our ideas only through drawings and descriptions. Of such things now vanished into thin air, was an hotel near the Carrousel, once a temple of the *beau-monde*, and demanding a brighter sketch than the following:—

“The *Hotel Rambouillet* was so called, for the first time, upon being inhabited by Charles d’Angennes, Marquis de Rambouillet, who had married Made-moiselle de Vivonne, daughter of the Marquis of Pisani, and who, after the death of his father-in-law, took up his residence in the Hotel de Pisani, which he almost entirely rebuilt, and which henceforth became known as the rendez-vous of wit, poetry, and fashion, under

the famous name of the Hotel Rambouillet. Here the graceful and accomplished Catherine de Vivonne held her court, surrounded by all the *beaux esprits* and eminent writers of the day; and so renowned did this house become, that for a long time it bore the name of the *Par-nasse Français*. It was a Court of Literature, where to be admitted was to hold a high rank in the world of letters, while those to whom an entrance was denied might aspire to celebrity in vain. ‘This hotel,’ says St. Simon, ‘was a kind of academy of gallantry, of virtue, and of science, and the rendezvous of all that was most distinguished in quality and merit—a tribunal which it was necessary to consult, and whose decision had a great weight as regarded the conduct and reputation of persons of the court and of fashion, at least as touching the sort of things subject to criticism there.’”

With this hotel commenced the curious and interesting history of the *Paris Salons*. It was here that first arose that wonderful art of conversation which became, for more than two centuries, the glory of France, and made Paris the queen of wit, taste, and civilization. However, the Hotel Rambouillet, this select club of persons united by the commerce of the mind, after having exercised the most delicate influence on the manners of high society, on taste and literature, fell into ridicule by its affectation and pedantry, and became a butt for the sarcasms of Molière in his *Précieuses Ridicules*. This hotel was a large house, built of brick, and highly ornamented in stone, as was then the custom in large buildings. The interior was decorated with the richest taste; four large suites of apartments formed the main building; in the most extensive of these the Marquis received his distinguished company. Voiture speaks of one room called the *Chambre bleue*, superbly decorated with blue velvet, ornamented with gold and silver. The windows reaching from the ceiling to the ground, gave a view of the fine gardens with which the house was surrounded. This embellishment, till then unknown, was attributed to the suggestion of the Marchioness, as well as the elegant and commodious distribution of the apartments, which was such as to become a model for many other hotels and mansions.

M. Fournier, the Paris archæologic Edipus, who reads some of the enigmas his native city offers, has a whole

chapter on the origin of the name of the famous Morgue :—

"You know," he writes, "that sinister-looking little edifice on the quay of the Marché-Neuf, called *La Morgue*. It seems, thank goodness, the authorities dream of demolishing this hideosity, which, truly, has too long wounded the feelings of passers-by. Fortunately, the designer of the Boulevard Sebastopol saw that this funereal shop stands in the way; and their municipal susceptibilities—I was nearly writing sensibilities—awoke, and decided that this boulevard, one of the finest ornaments of the great town, could not suffer such a neighbour, so the accursed building is definitively condemned."

Our riddle-reader then gives the following explanation of the name of this singular show-house of the unknown dead :—

"There existed at the *Châtelets* of Paris, in the great as well as in the small, a low gaol called the second postern, where it was the custom to bring the newly-arrived prisoners, in order to make them pass under inspection. The presence of all the turnkeys was required; they were obliged to examine their new guest with the most scrupulous attention, that they may be able to recognise him in case he should, dissatisfied with his society, have a mind to escape. Now—and old glossaries prove it—you must know that in those times the word *morgue* was used to designate the fixed and interrogatory gaze which was obligatory in this sort of inspection. It is for this reason even that this word is used to denote the insolent manner of certain fools, who imagine that they have the right to examine into one's very eyes and to measure one from head to foot."

The terrible name, Bastille, generally deemed peculiar to the fortress which became famous by this title, is a generic one for an edifice having battlements, that is to say, fortified, or in Latin-French, *bastillée*. This castellated barrack, built in the fourteenth century, as a stronghold against the English, was to the French capital what the Tower was to London, viz., a garrisoned fortress, a secure residence for the sovereign, and a state prison. Its massive rectangular form, crenellated curtain walls and towers, and narrow loop-holes for defence, are accurately drawn in an old engraving, representing part of this fortress and the smart Port St. Antoine; and, better again, there is

a model of it in earthenware in the Museum of the Porcelain Manufactory at Sèvres, on a large scale, about six feet long and four high, and to be relied on, having been presented to the National Convention. This bastille, the donjon keep, or dungeon of the royal palace of St. Paul, was not merely a gloomy prison, but a mediæval castle, and the theatre, in 1518, of a magnificent festival given by Francis I.; on which occasion the walls of the inner court were lined with rich cloth, and twelve hundred torches turned night into day.

As a state prison its walls incarcerated some of the most illustrious personages of French history, as those of London Tower were contemporaneously used to confine such men as Sir Walter Raleigh, Surrey, and other real or suspected traitors. Among the famous prisoners were the Duc de Biron, who was beheaded here, several great enemies of Richelieu, the inscrutable Man in the Iron Mask, a number of hapless Huguenots, the insolent Voltaire, and Lally-Tollendal, the high-minded Irish-Frenchman, the noble protester against the excesses of the Revolution. During the reign of the last despotic monarchs, it was used as a sort of stone Siberia, for shutting up until death many innocent victims to fierce party and even family hatred by abuse of the system of royal *lettres de cachet*, which, being purchaseable, were sometimes obtained for the nefarious purpose of consigning offending persons to prisons known by the significant name of oubliettes. Such being the abominable perversion of power in a country where *habeas corpus*, or the right to demand trial by jury, did not exist, we can hardly marvel that one of the first acts of the insurgents of 1789 was to seize this instrument of tyranny, or that it was demolished by order of the National Assembly. The objection may occur, particularly to an antiquary, if a mere admirer of old stones, without much regard to the feelings they once inspired, whether it was well to wreak revenge on a mere building, which, however its use had been abused, need not have been destroyed. Assuredly it was very well to liberate the prisoners unjustly and cruelly confined there. Read Sterne's picture of a wretched captive, when he himself was told he might be sent

to this dungeon for being in Paris without a passport, and his touching application :—"I can't get out !" said the starling. "God help thee !" said Sterne, "but I'll let thee out, cost what it will !" The cry of a caged bird overthrew all systematic reasonings on the Bastille. If we saw that horrible prison as the men who took, and those who destroyed it, saw it, we should understand the just rage of the populace, and also that the National Assembly feared lest, should they succumb in their contest with monarchy, some of their body might end their days there. The capture and demolition of this symbol of the *ancien régime* was the first signal of a revolution which overturned the Old World.

After its destruction, patriotic festivals were held on its site ; the most brilliant and joyous was given after the ground was partly cleared ; the strangest and most pagan was in 1793, when popular folly had taken the dark form of licentious heathenism ;—subsequently, during the reign of terror, when the mob monarch was the tyrant, a scaffold was erected here, and more men were guillotined in one year than the old prison had held. Its site now forms the Place de la Bastille, and the moat is converted into a basin for vessels passing through the new canal. The splendid column in the centre stands where the middle of a bastioned curtain defended the front of the building, which was fifty paces from where the column stands.

It is not mere idle curiosity that is gratified by visiting the metropolis of France, history in hand, and studying its eloquent past by the lights and relics that remain. Not in vain did the heart of this mighty kingdom live and throb for ages. Often it assumed to be the centre of European civilization ; and assuredly at one period it held the torch of intelligence on high, when surrounding nations were illuminated by its learning and literature. And even when the flame grew fierce, its very terribleness, and the still burning ashes of the conflagration it kindled, serve as warnings. The children of the city, whose traditions tell them what their fathers suffered in feudal times, find cause for thankfulness in the broad results of the Revo-

lution : their contrasts with the past are in favour of the present, and they see heroism and happy effects in that great political change, where a foreigner is perhaps too apt to see but the evil side. Yet, verily, the sons of France also look back with honourable pride and just glory to many passages in their ancient history ; to great and sacred works of religion, noble patriotism, and illustrious bravery. Such records gratify them more than they can interest a stranger ; but every one must be pleased with such a paragraph as this from the authors of the *Dictionnaire de Paris*, a work composed from the city archives :—

"In studying all these documents," say they, "we have learnt to honour the past. In the royal edicts, in the *Arrets* of Council, the intervention of the royalty is full of nobleness and dignity. In an edict of 1636, concerning the *Hôpital Général*, Louis XIV. expresses himself thus :—"Considering poor mendicants as living members of Jesus Christ, and not as useless members of the state, and acting in the conduct of so great a work, not as a police ordinance, but on the sole motive of charity, &c."

The authors then quote the edict of 1751, establishing the Military School ; and pay the following tribute to the chief municipal authorities, whose enterprise during several centuries enriched the city, and whose wisdom governed it :—

"The registers of the Hotel de Ville have revealed to us not only the great talents which distinguished the old provosts of merchants, but also that spirit of justice, that love of equity which ennobled them. It is sometimes of great and lasting institutions as of grand edifices, time makes their antiquity the age of their beauty ; and so the Provostship of Paris, which had lasted five centuries when it was abolished, was vigorous and magnificent even in its last moments."

Having rendered this homage to the ancient municipal institution, those writers proceeded to show what the succeeding authorities had effected in enlarging, renewing, and embellishing Paris. They wrote in 1844 ; and, though marvels had been done, these are hardly marvels to the many wonders accomplished since.

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